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Good for the Spotter of Spotless Town!
He spotted a spot on the Butcher's gown.
'T would not be meet, for justice' sake,
To roast the Butcher at the steak,
And so behind the bars he'll go.
Bars of what?— **SAPOLIO**

B. T. Babbitt's

1776

Soap Powder

takes the dirt and leaves the clothes

THE

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A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

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THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.

It is now full thirty years, and more, since the processes of Reconstruction were finished, and the southern states restored to their place in the Union. Those thirty years have counted for more than any other thirty in our history, so great have been the speed and range of our development, so comprehensive and irresistible has been the sweep of change amongst us. We have come out of the atmosphere of the sixties. The time seems remote, historic, not of our day. We have dropped its thinking, lost its passion, forgot its anxieties, and should be ready to speak of it, not as partisans, but as historians.

Most troublesome questions are thus handed over, sooner or later, to the historian. It is his vexation that they do not cease to be troublesome because they have been finished with by statesmen, and laid aside as practically settled. To him are left all the intellectual and moral difficulties, and the subtle, hazardous, responsible business of determining what was well done, what ill done; where motive ran clear and just, where clouded by passion, poisoned by personal ambition, or darkened by malevolence. More of the elements of every policy are visible to him than can have been visible to the actors on the scene itself; but he cannot always be certain which they saw, which they did not see. He is deciding old questions in a new light. He is dangerously cool in dealing with questions of passion; too much informed about questions which had, in fact, to be settled upon a momentary and first impression; scrupulous in view of things which happened afterward, as well as of things which happened before the acts upon which he is sitting in judgment. It is a wonder that historians who take their business seriously can sleep at night.

Reconstruction is still revolutionary matter. Those who delve in it find it like a banked fire, still hot and fiery within, for all it has lain under the ashes a whole generation; and a thing to take fire from. It is hard to construct an argument here which shall not be heated, a source of passion no less than of light. And then the test of the stuff must be so various. The American historian must be both constitutional lawyer and statesman in the judgments he utters; and the American constitutional lawyer must always apply, not a single, but a double standard. He must insist on the plain, explicit command and letter of the law, and yet he must not be impracticable. Institutions must live and take their growth, and the laws which clothe them must be no strait-jacket, but rather living tissue, themselves containing the power of normal growth and healthful expansion. The powers of government must make shift to live and adapt themselves to circumstances: it would be the very negation of wise conservatism to throttle them with definitions too precise and rigid.

Such difficulties, however, are happily more formidable in the mass than in detail; and even the period of Reconstruction can now be judged fairly enough,

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with but a little tolerance, breadth, and moderation added to the just modicum of knowledge. Some things about it are very plain, — among the rest, that it is a period too little studied as yet, and of capital importance in our constitutional history. Indeed, it is not too much to say that there crosses it, in full sight of every one who will look, a great rift, which breaks, and must always break, the continuity and harmony of our constitutional development. The national government which came out of Reconstruction was not the national government which went into it. The civil war had given leave to one set of revolutionary forces; Reconstruction gave leave to another still more formidable. The effects of the first were temporary, the inevitable accompaniments of civil war and armed violence; the effects of the second were permanent, and struck to the very centre of our forms of government. Any narrative of the facts, however brief, carries that conclusion upon its surface.

The war had been fought to preserve the Union, to dislodge and drive out by force the doctrine of the right of secession. The southern states *could* not legally leave the Union, — such had been the doctrine of the victorious states whose armies won under Grant and Sherman, — and the federal government had been able to prevent their leaving, in fact. In strict theory, though their people had been in revolt, under organizations which called themselves states, and which had thrown off all allegiance to the older Union and formed a new confederation of their own, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, and Tennessee, the historic states once solemnly embodied in the Union, had never gone out of it, could never go out of it and remain states. In fact, nevertheless, their representatives had withdrawn from the federal House and Senate; their several governments, without change of form or personnel, had declared themselves no longer joined with the rest of the states in purpose or allegiance, had arranged a new and separate partnership, and had for four years maintained an organized resistance to the armies of the Union which they had renounced. Now that their resistance had been overcome and their confederacy destroyed, how were they to be treated? As if they had been all the while in the Union, whether they would or no, and were now at last simply brought to their senses again, to take up their old-time rights and duties intact, resume their familiar functions within the Union as if nothing had happened? The theory of the case was tolerably clear; and the Supreme Court of the United States presently supplied lawyers, if not statesmen, with a clear enough formulation of it. The Constitution, it said (for example, in the celebrated case of Texas *vs.* White, decided in 1868), had created an indestructible Union of indestructible states. The eleven states which had attempted to secede had not been destroyed by their secession. Everything that they had done to bring about secession or maintain resistance to the Union was absolutely null and void, and without legal effect; but their laws passed for other purposes, even those passed while they were in fact maintaining their resolution of secession and defying the authority of the national government, were valid, and must be given effect to in respect of all the ordinary concerns of business, property, and personal obligation, just as if they had been passed in ordinary times and under ordinary circumstances. The states had lost no legitimate authority; their acts were invalid only in respect of what they had never had the right to do.

But it was infinitely hard to translate such principles into a practicable rule of statesmanship. It was as difficult and hazardous a matter to reinstate the states as it would have been had their

le[illegible]t to secede been first admitted, a[illegible]en destroyed by the revolutionary fo[illegible]e of arms. It became, whatever the theory, in fact a process of reconstruction. Had Mr. Lincoln lived, perhaps the whole of the delicate business might have been carried through with dignity, good temper, and simplicity of method; with all necessary concessions to passion, with no pedantic insistence upon consistent and uniform rules, with sensible irregularities and compromises, and yet with a straightforward, frank, and open way of management which would have assisted to find for every influence its natural and legitimate and quieting effect. It was of the nature of Mr. Lincoln's mind to reduce complex situations to their simples, to guide men without irritating them, to go forward and be practical without being radical, — to serve as a genial force which supplied heat enough to keep action warm, and yet minimized the friction and eased the whole progress of affairs.

It was characteristic of him that he had kept his own theory clear and unconfused throughout the whole struggle to bring the southern people back to their allegiance to the Union. He had never recognized any man who spoke or acted for the southern people in the matter of secession as the representative of any government whatever. It was, in his view, not the southern states which had taken up arms against the Union, but merely the people dwelling within them. State lines defined the territory within which rebellion had spread and men had organized under arms to destroy the Union; but their organization had been effected without color of law; that could not be a state, in any legal meaning of the term, which denied what was the indispensable prerequisite of its every exercise of political functions, its membership in the Union. He was not fighting states, therefore, or a confederacy of states, but only a body of people who refused to act as states, and could not, if they would, form another Union. What he wished and strove for, without passion save for the accomplishment of his purpose, without enmity against persons, and yet with burning hostility against what the southerners meant to do, was to bring the people of the southern states once more to submission and allegiance; to assist them, when subdued, to rehabilitate the states whose territory and resources, whose very organization, they had used to effect a revolution; to do whatever the circumstances and his own powers, whether as President or merely as an influential man and earnest friend of peace, might render possible to put them back, defeated, but not conquered or degraded, into the old-time hierarchy of the Union.

There were difficulties and passions in the way which possibly even Mr. Lincoln could not have forced within any plan of good will and simple restoration; but he had made a hopeful beginning before he died. He had issued a proclamation of amnesty so early as 1863, offering pardon and restoration to civil rights to all who would abandon resistance to the authority of the Union, and take the oath of unreserved loyalty and submission which he prescribed; and as the war drew to an end, and he saw the power of the Union steadily prevail, now here, now there, throughout an ever increasing area, he earnestly begged that those who had taken the oath and returned to their allegiance would unite in positive and concerted action, organize their states upon the old footing, and make ready for a full restoration of the old conditions. Let those who had taken the oath, and were ready to bind themselves in all good faith to accept the acts and proclamations of the federal government in the matter of slavery, — let all, in short, who were willing to accept the actual results of the war, organize themselves and set up governments made conformable to the new order of things, and he would recognize them as the people

of the states within which they acted, ask Congress to admit their representatives, and aid them to gain in all respects full acknowledgment and enjoyment of statehood, even though the persons who thus acted were but a tenth part of the original voters of their states. He would not insist upon even so many as a tenth, if only he could get *some* body of loyal citizens to deal and coöperate with in this all-important matter upon which he had set his heart; that the roster of the states might be complete again, and some healing process follow the bitter anguish of the war.

Andrew Johnson promptly made up his mind, when summoned to the presidency, to carry out Mr. Lincoln's plan, practically without modification; and he knew clearly what Mr. Lincoln's plan had been, for he himself had restored Tennessee upon that plan, as the President's agent and representative. As military governor of the state, he had successfully organized a new government out of abundant material, for Tennessee was full of men who had had no sympathy with secession; and the government which he had organized had gone into full and vigorous operation during that very spring which saw him become first Vice President, and then President. In Louisiana and Arkansas similar governments had been set up even before Mr. Lincoln's death. Congress had not recognized them, indeed; and it did not, until a year had gone by, recognize even Tennessee, though her case was the simplest of all. Within her borders the southern revolt had been, not solid and of a piece, but a thing of frayed edges and a very doubtful texture of opinion. But, though Congress doubted, the plan had at least proved practicable, and Mr. Johnson thought it also safe and direct.

Mr. Johnson himself, unhappily, was not safe. He had been put on the same ticket with Mr. Lincoln upon grounds of expediency such as have too often created Vice Presidents of the United States. Like a great many ot[illegible] nesseeans, he had been stanch a[illegible] wavering in his adherence to the Union, even after his state had cast the Union off; but he was in all other respects a Democrat of the old order rather than a Republican of the new, and when he became President the rank and file of the Republicans in Congress looked upon him askance, as was natural. He himself saw to it, besides, that nobody should relish or trust him whom bad temper could alienate. He was self-willed, imperious, implacable; as headstrong and tempestuous as Jackson, without Jackson's power of attracting men, and making and holding parties. At first, knowing him a radical by nature, some of the radical leaders in Congress had been inclined to trust him; had even hailed his accession to the presidency with open satisfaction, having chafed under Lincoln's power to restrain them. "Johnson, we have faith in you!" Senator Wade had exclaimed. "By the gods, there will be no trouble now in running the government!" But Johnson was careful that there should be trouble. He was determined to lead as Lincoln had led, but without Lincoln's insight, skill, or sweetness of temper,—by power and self-assertion rather than by persuasion and the slow arts of management and patient accommodation; and the houses came to an open breach with him almost at once.

Moreover, there was one very serious and radical objection to Mr. Lincoln's plan for restoring the states, which would in all likelihood have forced even him to modify it in many essential particulars, if not to abandon it altogether. He had foreseen difficulties, himself, and had told Congress that his plan was meant to serve only as a suggestion, around which opinion might have an opportunity to form, and out of which some practicable method might be drawn. He had not meant to insist upon it, but only to try it. The main difficulty was that it did not meet the wishes of the congressional

leaders with regard to the protection of the negroes in their new rights as freemen. The men whom Mr. Lincoln had called upon to reorganize the state governments of the South were, indeed, those who were readiest to accept the results of the war, in respect of the abolition of slavery as well as in all other matters. No doubt they were in the beginning men who had never felt any strong belief in the right of secession, — men who had even withstood the purpose of secession as long as they could, and had wished all along to see the old Union restored. They were a minority now, and it might be pretty safely assumed that they had been a minority from the outset in all this fatal business. But they were white men, bred to all the opinions which necessarily went along with the existence and practice of slavery. They would certainly not wish to give the negroes political rights. They might be counted on, on the contrary, to keep them still as much as possible under restraint and tutelage. They would probably accept nothing but the form of freedom for the one-time slaves, and their rule would be doubly unpalatable to the men in the North who had gone all these weary years through, either in person or in heart, with the northern armies upon their mission of emancipation.

The actual course of events speedily afforded means for justifying these apprehensions. Throughout 1865 Mr. Johnson pushed the presidential process of reconstruction successfully and rapidly forward. Provisional governors of his own appointment in the South saw to it that conventions were elected by the voters who had taken the oath prescribed in the amnesty proclamation, which Mr. Johnson had reissued, with little change either of form or of substance; those conventions proceeded at once to revise the state constitutions under the supervision of the provisional governors, who in their turn acted now and again under direct telegraphic instructions from the President in Washington; the several ordinances of secession were repealed, the war debts of the states were repudiated, and the legislatures set up under the new constitutions hastened to accept and ratify the Thirteenth Amendment, abolishing slavery, as the President demanded. By December of the very year of his inauguration, every southern state except Florida and Texas had gone through the required process, and was once more, so far as the President was concerned, in its normal relations with the federal government. The federal courts resumed their sessions in the restored states, and the Supreme Court called up the southern cases from its docket. On December 18, 1865, the Secretary of State formally proclaimed the Thirteenth Amendment ratified by the vote of twenty-seven states, and thereby legally embodied in the Constitution, though eight of the twenty-seven were states which the President had thus of his own motion reconstructed. Without their votes the amendment would have lacked the constitutional three-fourths majority.

The President had required nothing of the new states with regard to the suffrage; that was a matter, as he truly said, in respect of which the several states had "rightfully exercised" their free and independent choice "from the origin of the government to the present day;" and of course they had no thought of admitting the negroes to the suffrage. Moreover, the new governments, once organized, fell more and more entirely into the hands of the very persons who had actively participated in secession. The President's proclamation of amnesty had, indeed, excepted certain classes of persons from the privilege of taking the oath which would make them voters again, under his arrangements for reconstruction: those who had taken a prominent official part in secession, or who had left the service of the United States for

the service of the Confederate government. But a majority of the southerners were still at liberty to avail themselves of the privilege of accepting the new order of things; and it was to their interest to do so, in order that the new arrangements might be shaped as nearly as possible to their own liking. What was to their liking, however, proved as distasteful to Congress as had been expected. The use they made of their restored power brought absolute shipwreck upon the President's plans, and radically altered the whole process of reconstruction.

An extraordinary and very perilous state of affairs had been created in the South by the sudden and absolute emancipation of the negroes, and it was not strange that the southern legislatures should deem it necessary to take extraordinary steps to guard against the manifest and pressing dangers which it entailed. Here was a vast "laboring, landless, homeless class," once slaves, now free; unpracticed in liberty, unschooled in self-control; never sobered by the discipline of self-support, never established in any habit of prudence; excited by a freedom they did not understand, exalted by false hopes; bewildered and without leaders, and yet insolent and aggressive; sick of work, covetous of pleasure, — a host of dusky children untimely put out of school. In some of the states they outnumbered the whites, — notably in Mississippi and South Carolina. They were a danger to themselves as well as to those whom they had once served, and now feared and suspected; and the very legislatures which had accepted the Thirteenth Amendment hastened to pass laws which should put them under new restraints. Stringent regulations were adopted with regard to contracts for labor, and with regard to the prevention of vagrancy. Penalties were denounced against those who refused to work at the current rates of wages. Fines were imposed upon a great number and variety of petty offenses, such as the new freemen were most likely to commit; and it was provided that, in the (extremely probable) event of the non-payment of these fines, the culprits should be hired out to labor by judicial process. In some instances an elaborate system of compulsory apprenticeship was established for negroes under age, providing that they should be bound out to labor. In certain states the negroes were required to sign written contracts of labor, and were forbidden to do job work without first obtaining licenses from the police authorities of their places of residence. Those who failed to obtain licenses were liable to the charge of vagrancy, and upon that charge could be arrested, fined, and put to compulsory labor. There was not everywhere the same rigor; but there was everywhere the same determination to hold the negroes very watchfully, and, if need were, very sternly, within bounds in the exercise of their unaccustomed freedom; and in many cases the restraints imposed went the length of a veritable "involuntary servitude."

Congress had not waited to see these things done before attempting to help the negroes to make use of their freedom, — and self-defensive use of it, at that. By an act of March 3, 1865, it established, as a branch of the War Department, a Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands, which was authorized and empowered to assist the one-time slaves in finding means of subsistence, and in making good their new privileges and immunities as citizens. The officials of this bureau, with the War Department behind them, had gone the whole length of their extensive authority; putting away from the outset all ideas of accommodation, and preferring the interests of their wards to the interests of peaceable, wholesome, and healing progress. No doubt that was inevitable. What they did was but the final and direct application of the rigorous,

unsentimental logic of events. The negroes, at any rate, had the full advantage of the federal power. A very active and officious branch of the War Department saw to it that the new disabilities which the southern legislatures sought to put upon them should as far as possible be rendered inoperative.

That, however, did not suffice to sweeten the temper of Congress. The fact remained that Mr. Johnson had rehabilitated the governments of the southern states without asking the leave of the houses; that the legislatures which he had authorized them to call together had sought, in the very same sessions in which they gave their assent to the emancipating amendment, virtually to undo the work of emancipation, substituting a slavery of legal restraints and disabilities for a slavery of private ownership; and that these same legislatures had sent men to Washington, to seek admission to the Senate, who were known, many of them, still openly to avow their unshaken belief in the right of secession. The southern voters, too, who had qualified by taking the oath prescribed by the President's proclamation, had in most instances sent men similarly unconvinced to ask admission to the House of Representatives. Here was indeed a surrender of all the advantages of the contest of arms, as it seemed to the radicals, — very generous, no doubt, but done by a Tennesseean and a Democrat, who was evidently a little more than generous; done, too, to exalt the Executive above Congress; in any light, perilous and not to be tolerated. Even those who were not radicals wished that the restoration of the states, which all admitted to be necessary, had been effected in some other way, and safeguarded against this manifest error, as all deemed it, of putting the negroes back into the hands of those who had been their masters, and would not now willingly consent to be their fellow citizens.

Congress, accordingly, determined to take matters into its own hands. With the southern representatives excluded, there was a Republican majority in both houses strong enough to do what it pleased, even to the overriding, if necessary, of the President's vetoes. Upon assembling for their regular session in December, 1865, therefore, the House and Senate at once set up, by concurrent resolution, a joint committee of nine Representatives and six Senators, which was instructed to inquire into all the conditions obtaining in the southern states, and, after sufficient inquiry, advise the houses upon the question whether, under the governments which Mr. Johnson had given them, those states were entitled to representation. To this committee, in other words, was intrusted the whole guidance of Congress in the all-important and delicate business of the full rehabilitation of the southern states as members of the Union. By February, 1866, it had virtually been settled that the admission of their representatives to Congress should await the action of the reconstruction committee; and that purpose was very consistently adhered to. An exception was made in the case of Tennessee, but in her case only. The houses presently agreed to be satisfied with her "reconstruction," and admitted her representatives to their seats in both House and Senate by an act of the 24th of July, 1865. But the other states were put off until the joint committee had forced them through a process of "Thorough," which began their reconstruction at the very beginning, again, and executed at every stage the methods preferred by the houses. The leader throughout the drastic business was Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, the chairman of the committee, the leader of the House. He was foremost among the radicals, and drew a following about him, much as Stephen Douglas had attached thoroughgoing Democrats to himself, in the old days when the legislative battles were being fought over the extension of slavery into the territories, —

by audacity, plain speaking, and the straightforward energy of unhesitating opinion. He gave directness and speed to all he proposed. He understood better than Douglas did the coarse work of hewing out practicable paths of action in the midst of opinions and interests at odds. He had no timidity, no scruples about keeping to constitutional lines of policy, no regard or thought for the sensibilities of the minority, — being rough-hewn and without embarrassing sensibilities himself, — an ideal radical for the service of the moment.

Careful men, trained in the older ways of statesmanship and accustomed to reading the Constitution into all that they did, tried to form some consistent theory of constitutional right with regard to the way in which Congress ought to deal with this new and unprecedented situation. The southern states were still "states" within the meaning of the Constitution as the Supreme Court had interpreted it. They were communities of free citizens; each had kept its territorial boundaries unchanged, unmistakable; in each there was an organized government, "sanctioned and limited by a written constitution, and established by the consent of the governed." Their officers of government, like their people, had for a time, indeed, repudiated the authority of the federal government; but they were now ready to acknowledge that authority again, and could resume their normal relations with the other states at a moment's notice, with all proper submission. Both Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Johnson had acted in part upon these assumptions. They had objected only that the governments actually in existence at the close of the war had been chosen by persons who were in fact insurgents, and that their officers had served to organize rebellion. Let those citizens of the South who had made submission, and who had been pardoned under the President's proclamation, reconstitute their governments, repudiating their old leaders, and the only taint upon their statehood would be removed: the Executive would recognize them as again normally constituted members of the Union.

Not many members of Congress, however, accepted this view. The Republican party, it was true, had entered upon the war emphatically disavowing either wish or purpose to interfere with the constitutional rights of the states; declaring its sole object to be the preservation of the Union, — the denial of a single particular right which it could not but view as revolutionary. But war had brought many things in its train. The heat and struggle of those four tremendous years had burned and scarred the body of affairs with many an ineffaceable fact, which could not now be overlooked. Legally or illegally, as states or as bodies of individuals merely, the southern people had been at war with the Union; the slaves had been freed by force of arms; their freedom had now been incorporated in the supreme law of the land, and must be made good to them; there was manifest danger that too liberal a theory of restoration would bring about an impossible tangle of principles, an intolerable contradiction between fact and fact. Mr. Sumner held that, by resisting the authority of the Union, of which they were members, the southern states had simply committed suicide, destroying their own institutions along with their allegiance to the federal government. They ceased to be states, he said, when they ceased to fulfill the duties imposed upon them by the fundamental law of the land. Others declined any such doctrine. They adhered, with an instinct almost of affection, to the idea of a veritable federal Union; rejected Mr. Sumner's presupposition that the states were only subordinate parts of a consolidated national government; and insisted that, whatever rights they had for a time forfeited, the southern states were at least not destroyed, but only estopped from ex-

ercising their ordinary functions within the Union, pending a readjustment.

Theories made Mr. Stevens very impatient. It made little difference with him whether the southern states had forfeited their rights by suicide, or temporary disorganization, or individual rebellion. As a matter of fact, every department of the federal government, the courts included, had declared the citizens of those states public enemies; the Constitution itself had been for four years practically laid aside, so far as they were concerned, as a document of peace; they had been overwhelmed by force, and were now held in subjection under military rule, like conquered provinces. It was just as well, he thought, to act upon the facts, and let theories alone. It was enough that all Congressmen were agreed — at any rate, all who were allowed a voice in the matter — that it was properly the part of Congress, and not of the Executive, to bring order out of the chaos: to see that federal supremacy and federal law were made good in the South; the legal changes brought about by the war forced upon its acceptance; and the negroes secured in the enjoyment of the equality and even the privileges of citizens, in accordance with the federal guarantee that there should be a republican form of government in every state, — a government founded upon the consent of a majority of its adult subjects. The essential point was that Congress, the lawmaking power, should be in control. The President had been too easy to satisfy, too prompt, and too lenient. Mr. Stevens consented once and again that the language of fine-drawn theories of constitutional right should be used in the reports of the joint Committee on Reconstruction, in which he managed to be master; but the motto of the committee in all practical matters was his motto of "Thorough," and its policy made Congress supreme.

The year 1866 passed, with all things at sixes and sevens. So far as the President was concerned, most of the southern states were already reconstructed, and had resumed their places in the Union. Their assent had made the Thirteenth Amendment a part of the Constitution. And yet Congress forbade the withdrawal of the troops, refused admittance to the southern representatives, and set aside southern laws through the action of the Freedmen's Bureau and the military authorities. By 1867 it had made up its mind what to do to bring the business to a conclusion. 1866 had at least cleared its mind and defined its purposes. Congress had still further tested and made proof of the temper of the South. In June it had adopted a Fourteenth Amendment, which secured to the blacks the status of citizens, both of the United States and of the several states of their residence, authorized a reduction in the representation in Congress of states which refused them the suffrage, excluded the more prominent servants of the Confederacy from federal office until Congress should pardon them, and invalidated all debts or obligations "incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States;" and this amendment had been submitted to the vote of the states which Congress had refused to recognize as well as to the vote of those represented in the houses. Tennessee had promptly adopted it, and had been as promptly admitted to representation. But the other southern states, as promptly as they could, had begun, one by one, to reject it. Their action confirmed the houses in their attitude toward Reconstruction.

Congressional views and purposes were cleared the while with regard to the President, also. He had not been firm; he had been stubborn and bitter. He would yield nothing; vetoed the measures upon which Congress was most steadfastly minded to insist; alienated his very friends by attacking Congress in public with gross insult and abuse;

and lost credit with everybody. It came to a direct issue, the President against Congress: they went to the country with their quarrel in the congressional elections, which fell opportunely in the autumn of 1866, and the President lost utterly. Until then some had hesitated to override his vetoes, but after that no one hesitated. 1867 saw Congress go triumphantly forward with its policy of reconstruction *ab initio.*

In July, 1866, it had overridden a veto to continue and enlarge the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau, in a bill which directed that public lands should be sold to the negroes upon easy terms, that the property of the Confederate government should be appropriated for their education, and that their new-made rights should be protected by military authority. In March, 1867, two acts, passed over the President's vetoes, instituted the new process of reconstruction, followed and completed by another act in July of the same year. The southern states, with the exception, of course, of Tennessee, were grouped in five military districts, each of which was put under the command of a general of the United States. These commanders were made practically absolute rulers, until the task of reconstruction should be ended. It was declared by the Reconstruction Acts that no other legal state governments existed in the ten states concerned. It was made the business of the district commanders to erect such governments as Congress prescribed. They were to enroll in each state, upon oath, all male citizens of one year's residence, not disqualified by reason of felony or excluded under the terms of the proposed Fourteenth Amendment, "of whatever race, color, or previous condition" they might be; the persons thus registered were to choose constitutional conventions, confining their choice of delegates to registered voters like themselves; these conventions were to be directed to frame state constitutions, which should extend the suffrage to all who had been permitted by the military authorities to enroll for the purpose of taking part in the election of delegates; and the constitutions were to be submitted to the same body of voters for ratification. When Congress had approved the constitutions thus framed and accepted, and when the legislatures constituted under them had adopted the Fourteenth Amendment, the states thus reorganized were to be readmitted to representation in Congress, and in all respects fully reinstated as members of the Union; but not before. Meanwhile, the civil governments already existing within them, though illegal, were to be permitted to stand; but as "provisional only, and in all respects subject to the paramount authority of the United States at any time to abolish, control, or supersede the same."

Such was the process which was rigorously and consistently carried through during the memorable years 1867–70; and upon the states which proved most difficult and recalcitrant Congress did not hesitate from time to time to impose new conditions of recognition and reinstatement before an end was made. By the close of July, 1868, the reconstruction and reinstatement of Arkansas, the two Carolinas, Florida, Alabama, and Louisiana had been completed. Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas were obliged to wait until the opening of 1870, because their voters would not adopt the constitutions offered them by their reconstructing conventions; and Georgia was held off a few months longer, because she persisted in attempting to exclude negroes from the right to hold office. These four states, as a consequence, were obliged to accept, as a condition precedent to their reinstatement, not only the Fourteenth Amendment, but a Fifteenth also, which Congress had passed in February, 1869, and which forbade either the United States

or any state to withhold from any citizen the right to vote "on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." The military commanders, meanwhile, used or withheld their hand of power according to their several temperaments. They could deal with the provisional civil governments as they pleased, — could remove officials, annul laws, regulate administration, at will. Some were dictatorial and petty; some were temperate and guarded in their use of authority, with a creditable instinct of statesmanship; almost all were straightforward and executive, as might have been expected of soldiers.

Whatever their mistakes or weaknesses of temper or of judgment, what followed the reconstruction they effected was in almost every instance much worse than what had had to be endured under military rule. The first practical result of reconstruction under the acts of 1867 was the disfranchisement, for several weary years, of the better whites, and the consequent giving over of the southern governments into the hands of the negroes. And yet not into their hands, after all. They were but children still; and unscrupulous men, "carpetbaggers," — men not come to be citizens, but come upon an expedition of profit, come to make the name of Republican forever hateful in the South, — came out of the North to use the negroes as tools for their own selfish ends; and succeeded, to the utmost fulfillment of their dreams. Negro majorities for a little while filled the southern legislatures; but they won no power or profit for themselves, beyond a pittance here and there for a bribe. Their leaders, strangers and adventurers, got the lucrative offices, the handling of the state moneys raised by loan, and of the taxes spent no one knew how. Here and there an able and upright man cleansed administration, checked corruption, served them as a real friend and an honest leader; but not for long. The negroes were exalted; the states were misgoverned and looted in their name; and a few men, not of their number, not really of their interest, went away with the gains. They were left to carry the discredit and reap the consequences of ruin, when at last the whites who were real citizens got control again.

But that dark chapter of history is no part of our present story. We are here concerned, rather, with the far-reaching constitutional and political influences and results of Reconstruction. That it was a revolutionary process is written upon its face throughout; but how deep did the revolution go? What permanent marks has it left upon the great structure of government, federal, republican; a partnership of equal states, and yet a solidly coherent national power, which the fathers erected?

First of all, it is clear to every one who looks straight upon the facts, every veil of theory withdrawn, and the naked body of affairs uncovered to meet the direct question of the eye, that civil war discovered the foundations of our government to be in fact unwritten; set deep in a sentiment which constitutions can neither originate nor limit. The law of the Constitution reigned until war came. Then the stage was cleared, and the forces of a mighty sentiment, hitherto unorganized, deployed upon it. A thing had happened for which the Constitution had made no provision. In the Constitution were written the rules by which the associated states should live in concert and union, with no word added touching days of discord or disruption; nothing about the use of force to keep or to break the authority ordained in its quiet sentences, written, it would seem, for lawyers, not for soldiers. When the war came, therefore, and questions were broached to which it gave no answer, the ultimate foundation of the structure was laid bare: physical force, sustained by the stern loves and rooted predilections of masses of men, the strong ingrained prejudices

which are the fibre of every system of government. What gave the war its passion, its hot energy as of a tragedy from end to end, was that in it sentiment met sentiment, conviction conviction. It was the sentiment, not of all, but of the efficient majority, the conviction of the major part, that won. A minority, eager and absolute in another conviction, devoted to the utmost pitch of self-sacrifice to an opposite and incompatible ideal, was crushed and overwhelmed. It was that which gave an epic breadth and majesty to the awful clash between bodies of men in all things else of one strain and breeding; it was that which brought the bitterness of death upon the side which lost, and the dangerous intoxication of an absolute triumph upon the side which won. But it unmistakably uncovered the foundations of force upon which the Union rested.

It did more. The sentiment of union and nationality, never before aroused to full consciousness or knowledge of its own thought and aspirations, was henceforth a new thing, aggressive and aware of a sort of conquest. It had seen its legions and felt its might in the field. It saw the very Constitution, for whose maintenance and defense it had acquired the discipline of arms, itself subordinated for a time to the practical emergencies of war, in order that the triumph might be the more unimpeded and complete; and it naturally deemed nationality henceforth a thing above law. As much as possible, — so far as could be without serious embarrassment, — the forms of the fundamental law had indeed been respected and observed; but wherever the law clogged or did not suffice, it had been laid aside and ignored. It was so much the easier, therefore, to heed its restrictions lightly, when the war was over, and it became necessary to force the southern states to accept the new model. The real revolution was not so much in the form as in the spirit of affairs. The spirit and temper and method of a federal Union had given place, now that all the spaces of the air had been swept and changed by the merciless winds of war, to a spirit which was consciously national and of a new age.

It was this spirit which brushed theories and technicalities aside, and impressed its touch of revolution on the law itself. And not only upon the law, but also upon the processes of lawmaking, and upon the relative positions of the President and Congress in the general constitutional scheme of the government, seeming to change its very administrative structure. While the war lasted the President had been master; the war ended, and Mr. Lincoln gone, Congress pushed its way to the front, and began to transmute fact into law, law into fact. In some matters it treated all the states alike. The Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth amendments bound all the states at once, North and West as well as South. But that was, after all, a mere equality of form. The amendments were aimed, of course, at the states which had had slaves and had attempted secession, and did not materially affect any others. The votes which incorporated them in the Constitution were voluntary on the part of the states whose institutions they did not affect, involuntary on the part of the states whose institutions they revolutionized. These states were then under military rule. Congress had declared their whole political organization to be illegal; had excluded their representatives from their seats in the houses; and yet demanded that they assent, as states, to the amendment of the Constitution as a condition precedent to their reinstatement in the Union! No anomaly or contradiction of lawyers' terms was suffered to stand in the way of the supremacy of the lawmaking branch of the general government. The Constitution knew no such process as this of Reconstruction, and could furnish no rules for it. Two years and a half be-

fore the Fifteenth Amendment was adopted by Congress, three years and a half before it was put in force by its adoption by the states, Congress had by mere act forced the southern states, by the hands of military governors, to put the negroes upon the roll of their voters. It had dictated to them a radical revision of their constitutions, whose items should be framed to meet the views of the houses rather than the views of their own electors. It had pulled about and rearranged what local institutions it saw fit, and then had obliged the communities affected to accept its alterations as the price of their reinstatement as self-governing bodies politic within the Union.

It may be that much, if not all, of this would have been inevitable under any leadership, the temper of the times and the posture of affairs being what they were; and it is certain that it was inevitable under the actual circumstances of leadership then existing at Washington. But to assess that matter is to reckon with causes. For the moment we are concerned only with consequences, and are neither justifying nor condemning, but only comprehending. The courts of the United States have held that the southern states never were out of the Union; and yet they have justified the action of Congress throughout the process of Reconstruction, on the ground that it was no more than a proper performance by Congress of a legal duty, under the clause of the Constitution which guarantees to every state a republican form of government. It was making the southern governments republican by securing full standing and legislative representation as citizens for the negroes. But Congress went beyond that. It not only dictated to the states it was reconstructing what their suffrage should be; it also required that they should never afterward narrow that suffrage. It required of Virginia, Texas, and Mississippi that they should accord to the negroes not only the right to vote, but also the right to hold political office; and that they should grant to all their citizens equal school privileges, and never afterward abridge them. So far as the right to vote was concerned, the Fifteenth Amendment subsequently imposed the same disability with regard to withholding the suffrage upon all the states alike; but the southern states were also forbidden by mere federal statute to restrict it on any other ground; and in the cases of Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas Congress assumed the right, which the Constitution nowhere accorded it, to regulate admission to political office and the privileges of public education.

South Carolina and Mississippi, Louisiana and North Carolina, have since changed the basis of their suffrage, notwithstanding; Virginia and Mississippi and Texas might now, no doubt, reorganize their educational system as they pleased, without endangering their status in the Union, or even meeting rebuke at the hands of the federal courts. The temper of the times has changed; the federal structure has settled to a normal balance of parts and functions again; and the states are in fact unfettered except by the terms of the Constitution itself. It is marvelous what healing and oblivion peace has wrought, how the traces of Reconstruction have worn away. But a certain deep effect abides. It is within, not upon the surface. It is of the spirit, not of the body. A revolution was carried through when war was done which may be better comprehended if likened to England's subtle making over, that memorable year 1688. Though she punctiliously kept to the forms of her law, England then dismissed a king almost as, in later years, she would have dismissed a minister; though she preserved the procedure of her constitution intact, she in fact gave a final touch of change to its spirit. She struck irresponsible power away, and made her government once for all a constitutional

government. The change had been insensibly a-making for many a long age; but now it was accomplished consciously and at a stroke. Her constitution, finished, was not what it had been until this last stroke was given, — when silent forces had at last found sudden voice, and the culminating change was deliberately made.

Nearly the same can be said of the effect of the war and of the reconstruction of the southern states upon our own government. It was a revolution of consciousness, — of mind and purpose. A government which had been in its spirit federal became, almost of a sudden, national in temper and point of view. The national spirit had long been a-making. Many a silent force, which grew quite unobserved, from generation to generation, in pervasiveness and might, in quiet times of wholesome peace and mere increase of nature, had been breeding these thoughts which now sprang so vividly into consciousness. The very growth of the nation, the very lapse of time and uninterrupted habit of united action, the mere mixture and movement and distribution of populations, the mere accretions of policy, the mere consolidation of interests, had been building and strengthening new tissue of nationality the years through, and drawing links stronger than links of steel round about the invisible body of common thought and purpose which is the substance of nations. When the great crisis of secession came, men knew at once how their spirits were ruled, men of the South as well as men of the North, — in what institutions and conceptions of government their blood was fixed to run; and a great and instant readjustment took place, which was for the South, the minority, practically the readjustment of conquest and fundamental reconstruction, but which was for the North, the region which had been transformed, nothing more than an awakening.

It cannot be said that the forms of the Constitution were observed in this quick change as the forms of the English constitution had been observed when the Stuarts were finally shown the door. There were no forms for such a business. For several years, therefore, Congress was permitted to do by statute what, under the long-practiced conceptions of our federal law, could properly be done only by constitutional amendment. The necessity for that gone by, it was suffered to embody what it had already enacted and put into force as law into the Constitution, not by the free will of the country at large, but by the compulsions of mere force exercised upon a minority whose assent was necessary to the formal completion of its policy. The result restored, practically entire, the forms of the Constitution; but not before new methods and irregular, the methods of majorities, but not the methods of law, had been openly learned and practiced, and learned in a way not likely to be forgot. Changes of law in the end gave authentic body to many of the most significant changes of thought which had come, with its new consciousness, to the nation. A citizenship of the United States was created; additional private civil rights were taken within the jurisdiction of the general government; additional prohibitions were put upon the states; the suffrage was in a measure made subject to national regulation. But the real change was the change of air, — a change of conception with regard to the power of Congress, the guiding and compulsive efficacy of national legislation, the relation of the life of the land to the supremacy of the national law-making body. All policy thenceforth wore a different aspect.

We realize it now, in the presence of novel enterprises, at the threshold of an unlooked-for future. It is evident that empire is an affair of strong government, and not of the nice and somewhat artificial poise or of the delicate compromises of structure and authority charac-

teristic of a mere federal partnership. Undoubtedly, the impulse of expansion is the natural and wholesome impulse which comes with a consciousness of matured strength; but it is also a direct result of that national spirit which the war between the states cried so wide awake, and to which the processes of Reconstruction gave the subtle assurance of practically unimpeded sway and a free choice of means. The revolution lies there, as natural as it was remarkable and full of prophecy. It is this which makes the whole period of Reconstruction so peculiarly worthy of our study. Every step of the policy, every feature of the time, which wrought this subtle transformation, should receive our careful scrutiny. We are now far enough removed from the time to make that scrutiny both close and dispassionate. A new age gives it a new significance.

Woodrow Wilson.

THE TIME-SPIRIT OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Had we the faculty of the Greeks for embodying our perceptions of life in beautiful or terrifying myths, we should probably possess some legend of a Sphinx who lay across the path of entrance into life, and forced each generation to answer her conundrum of the correct formula for the search of the highest human good. In the legend, each generation would cast aside with contempt its predecessor's efforts at the solution of the enigma, and enter gayly upon the task of demonstrating the triumphant wisdom of its guess at the world-old problems.

It was after some such fashion as this that the last century — nineteenth of its era — came into being. Flushed, happy, confident, it came an army with banners; every standard having blazoned upon it in letters of gold the magic device, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." Here was a potent formula indeed!

How we hustled the poor painted, formal, withered old eighteenth century out at the nether gate! — smashing its idols, toppling over its altars, tearing down its tarnished hangings of royalty from the walls, and bundling its poor antiquated furniture of authority out of the window. All doors were flung wide; the barriers of caste, class, sex, religion, race, were burst open, and light poured in. The gloomy Ghettos were emptied of their silent, stubborn, cringing population, — forged by the hammer of Christian hate through two thousand years into a race as keen, compact, and flexible as steel. The slave stood up free of bonds; half exultant, half frightened, at the liberty that brought with it responsibilities heavier and more inexorable than the old shackles. Woman caught her breath and lifted up her arms. The old superstitious Asiatic curse fixed upon her by the Church was scornfully laughed away. She was as free as the Roman woman again, — free to be proud of her sex, free to wed where she chose, free to claim as her own the child for whom she had travailed to give it life.

A vast bonfire was made of the stake, the wheel, the gyve; of crowns, of orders, of robes of state. All wrongs were to be righted, all oppressions redressed, all inequalities leveled, all cruelties forbidden. Men shuddered when they thought of the cruelties of the past, shuddered when they talked of the execution of Calas. Such a crime would never be possible in this new golden age. Only of oppression and cruelty was vice bred. Given perfect liberty and perfect justice, the warring world would become

Arcadia once more. Lions, if not hunted, if judiciously trained by the constant instilling of virtuous maxims, would acquire a perfect disgust for mutton; and lambs would consequently lie down beside them, would grow as courageous and self-reliant as wolves.

What a beautiful time it was, those first thrilling days of the new era! How the spirit dilates in contemplating it, even now! The heart beat with the noble new emotions, the cheek flushed, the eye glistened with sensibility's ready tear. It was so pleasant to be good, to be kind, to be just; to feel that even the bonds of nationality were cast aside, and that all mankind were brothers, striving only for preëminence in virtue. The heart could hardly hold without delicious pain this broad flood of universal human-kindness.

It was then that Anarcharsis Clootz presented to the National Assembly his famous "deputation of mankind."

"On the 19th evening of June, 1790, the sun's slant rays lighted a spectacle such as our foolish little planet has not often to show. Anarcharsis Clootz entering the august *Salle de Manège* with the human species at his heels. Swedes, Spaniards, Polacks, Turks, Chaldeans, Greeks, dwellers in Mesopotamia, come to claim place in the grand Federation, having an undoubted interest in it. . . . In the meantime we invite them to the honors of the sitting, *honneur de la séance.* A long-flowing Turk, for rejoinder, bows with Eastern solemnity, and utters articulate sounds; but, owing to his imperfect knowledge of the French dialect, his words are like spilt water; the thought he had in him remains conjectural to this day. . . . To such things does the august National Assembly ever and anon cheerfully listen, suspending its regenerative labors."

It was at this time that big words beginning with capital letters made their appearance, and were taken very seriously. One talked of the Good, the True, the Beautiful, and the Ideal, and felt one's bosom splendidly inflated by these capitalized mouthfuls. There were other nice phrases much affected at the time, — the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World, la République de Genre Humain. The new generation was intoxicated with its new theory of life, with its own admirable sentiments.

Discrepancies existed, no doubt. The fine theories were not always put into complete practice. While the glittering phrases of the Declaration of Independence were declaring all men free and equal, some million of slaves were helping to develop the new country with their enforced labor. The original owners of the soil were being mercilessly hunted like vermin, and the women of America had scarcely more legal claim to their property, their children, or their own persons than had the negro slaves. Nor did the framers of the Declaration show any undue haste in setting about abolishing these anomalies. The National Assembly of France decreed liberty, equality, and fraternity to all men, and hurried to cut off the heads and confiscate the property of all those equal brothers who took the liberty of differing with them.

But it was a poor nature that would boggle at a few inconsistencies, would quench this fresh enthusiasm with carping criticism. After all, mere facts were unimportant. Given the proper emotion, the lofty sentiment of liberty and goodness, the rest would come right of itself.

It was a period of upheaval, of political and social chaos. A new heaven and a new earth — so they believed — were to be created by this virile young generation, which had rid itself of the useless lumber of the past. Emotion displayed itself in a thousand forms: in iconoclastic rages against wrong, — rages which could be exhausted only by the destruction of customs, laws, and religions that had bound the western

world for two thousand years; in sanguinary furies against oppression which were to be satiated only by seas of blood. It showed itself in floods of sympathy for the weak that swept away weak and strong together in equal ruin. It was demonstrated in convulsions of philanthropy so violent that a man might not refuse the offered brotherhood and kindness save at the price of his life.

The cold dictates of the head were ignored. The heart was the only guide.

Who can wonder that, driven by this wind of feeling and with the rudder thrown overboard, the ship pursued an erratic and contradictory course?

From this point of view, one is no longer astounded at the lack of consistency of the Déclaration des Droits de l'Homme that declared: "All men are born and continue free and equal in rights;" "Society is an association of men to preserve the rights of man;" "Freedom of speech is one of the most precious of rights." Nor yet that France, crying aloud these noble phrases, slaughtered the most silent and humble who were supposed to maintain even secret thoughts opposed to the opinions of the majority. It is no longer surprising to read the generous sentiments of our own Declaration, and to remember the persecutions, confiscations, and burnings that drove thirty thousand of those not in sympathy with the Revolution over the borders of the New England states into Canada, and hunted a multitude from the South into Spanish Louisiana. One is no longer amazed to hear de Tocqueville declare that in no place had he found so little independence of thought as in this country during the early years of the republic. The revolutionary sentimentalist by the word "liberty" meant only liberty to think as he himself did. All the history of man is a record that there is nothing crueler than a tender heart ungoverned by a cooler head. It is in this same spirit that the inquisitor, yearning in noble anguish over souls, burns the recalcitrant. It is plain to him that such as are so gross and vicious as to refuse to fall in with his admirable intentions for their eternal welfare can be worthy of nothing gentler than fire.

But, whatever the discrepancies might be, the state of feeling was, of course, vastly more wholesome, more promising, than the dry formalism, the frivolous cynicism, which it had annihilated, and out of which it had been bred.

The delicate, fastidious, selfish formalists of the eighteenth century were naturally aghast at the generation to which they had given birth. It was as if an elderly dainty cat had been delivered of a blundering, slobbering mastiff puppy, a beast which was to tear its disgusted and terrified parent in pieces. No doubt they asked themselves in horror, "When did we generate this wild animal, that sheds ridiculous tears even while drinking our blood?" — not seeing that the creature was the natural child, the natural reaction from the selfish shortsightedness of "Que ne mangent-ils de la brioche?" from the frigid sneer of "Après nous le déluge."

The torrent of emotionalism to which the early part of the nineteenth century gave itself up is amazing to our colder time. It manifested itself not only in its public policy, in its schemes of universal regeneration; it was also visible in its whole attitude toward life.

Madame Necker could so ill bear the thought of her friend Moulton's departure, after a short visit, that he was obliged to leave secretly and without a farewell. She fainted when she learned the truth, and says: "I gave myself up to all the bitterness of grief. The most gloomy ideas presented themselves to my desolate heart, and torrents of tears could not diminish the weight that seemed to suffocate me." And all this despair over the departure of an amiable old gentleman from Paris to Geneva!

This young emotionalism had no reserves. The most secret sentiments of

the heart were openly displayed, discussed. Tears were always flowing. Nothing was too sacred for verbal expression. The people of that day wrote out their prayers, formal compositions of exquisite sentiments, and handed them about among their friends, as Italian gentlemen did sonnets in the *quattrocento*. On every anniversary or special occasion they penned lengthy epistles, full of high-sounding phrases and invocations to friends living under the same roof, who received these letters next morning with the breakfast tray, and shed delicious tears over them into their chocolate.

A "delicate female" was a creature so finely constituted that the slightest shock caused hysterics or a swoon, and it was useless to hope for her recovery until the person guilty of the blow to her sensitiveness had shed the salt moisture of repentance upon her cold and lifeless hand, and had wildly adjured her to "*live;*" after which her friends of the same sex, themselves tremulous and much shaken by the mere sight of such sensibility, "recovered her with an exhibition of lavender water," or with some of those cordials which they all carried in their capacious pockets for just such exigencies. Nor did the delicate female monopolize all the delicacy and emotionalism. The "man of feeling" was her fitting mate, and the manly tear was as fluent and frequent as the drop in Beauty's eye. Swooning was not so much in his line; there was, perhaps, less competition for the privilege of supporting his languishing frame, but a mortal paleness was no stranger to his sensitive countenance, his features contracted in agony over the smallest annoyance, and he had an ominous fashion of rushing madly from the presence of the fair one in a way that left all his female relatives panting with apprehension, though long experience might have taught them that nothing serious ever came of it.

Thus the nineteenth century entered upon its experiment with the eternal verities, beginning gloriously; palpitating with generous emotion; ready with its "blazing ubiquities" to light the way to the millennium. The truth had been discovered, and needed but to be thoroughly applied to insure perfect happiness. A few adherents of the old order clung to their traditions, but by 1840 the tide of liberalism had risen to flood. The minority were overawed and dumb. To suggest doubts of the impeccable ideals of democracy was to awaken only contempt, as if one were to dispute the theory of gravity. It was *chose jugée*. It did not admit of question. The theory, having swept away all opposition, had free play for the creation of Arcadias. Alas! in a very similar fashion, in the eighteenth period of our era, had authority cleared the ground. It had burned, hanged, shut up in Bastilles, all cavilers; and just as the scheme had a chance to work, it crumbled suddenly to pieces in the blood and smoke of revolutions. Democracy, from the very nature of its principles, had no fear of a like tragedy; but it had decreed liberty, and liberty began to be taken to doubt its conclusions. Voices arose here and there bewailing the lentils and the fleshpots of the ruined house of bondage. Democracy had brought much good,—that was not denied. But what had it done with the old dear things it had swept away?—the sweet loyalties that bound server to served; the tender lights of faith; the mutual warm ties of that enormous social and political edifice reared by feudalism, which hid black dungeons and noisome cloacæ, perhaps, but which was rich with beauty and glorious with romance. The ugly rectangular wholesome edifice which democracy had substituted as a dwelling for the soul of man, with its crude, fierce lights, left many homesick for the past, with its inconveniences, its ruined beauties, and its hoary charm.

These plaints were swelled, too, by the hard, unsentimental voice of Science, who began to demonstrate the fallacies of the heart's ardent reasoning. Democracy had decreed with thunderous finality that the feeble should be by law placed in eternal equality with the strong, and this was announced as the evident intention of beneficent Nature. Science relentlessly showed that Nature was not beneficent, and even undertook to prove that she was a heartless snob; that to "Nature's darling, the Strong," she ruthlessly sacrificed multitudes of the feeble. Science tore away the veil through which sentiment had seen the peaceful fields, and showed the faint-flushed orchard blossoms, the delicate springing grass, the insects floating on the perfumed breeze, the birds singing the praise of Nature's God, — all, all engaged in a fierce battle for existence; trampling on the weak, snatching at food and place, brutally crushing the feeble.

Democracy had made itself the champion of the humble, and had cursed the greedy and powerful. Science proved that not the meek and the unaggressive were the fittest and noblest, as was shown by their failing to survive in that terrible struggle for life, of which the human mêlée was but an articulate expression.

The conviction that humanity had once known perfect equality, that freedom had been filched by the unscrupulous, was shown to be quite unfounded. Rousseau's Contrat Social was made ridiculous by Darwin's Descent of Man. All research tended to prove that from the earliest Pliocene it was not the weak nor the humble, but he who

> "Stole the steadiest canoe,
> Eat the quarry others slew,
> Died, and took the finest grave,"

who had founded families, developed races, brought order out of chaos, had made civilizations possible, had ordained peace and security, and had been the force of upward evolution. It was thus that the freedom which the heart had given to the head was used to prove how fallible that generous heart was.

Then out of all of this new knowledge, this groping regret, there arose with excursions and alarums one of democracy's most trenchant foes, — Carlyle; the first who dared frankly to impeach the new ruler, to question his decrees. Through all his vociferousness; through all his droning tautology, his buzzing, banging, and butting among phrases, like an angry cockchafer; through the general egregiousness of his intolerable style, there rang out clear once again the pæan of the strong. Here was no talk of the rights of man. His right, as of old, was to do his duty and walk in the fear of the Lord.

"A king or leader in all bodies of men there must be," he says. "Be their work what it may, there is one man here who by character, faculty, and position is fittest of all to do it."

For the aggregate wisdom of the multitude, to which democracy pinned its faith, he had only scorn: —

"To find a Parliament more and more the expression of the people could, unless the people chanced to be wise, give no satisfaction. . . . But to find some sort of King made in the image of God who could a little achieve for the people, if not their spoken wishes, yet their dumb wants, and what they would at last find to be their instinctive will, — which is a far different matter usually in this babbling world of ours," — that was the thing to be desired. "He who is to be my ruler, whose will is higher than my will, was chosen for me by heaven. Neither, except in obedience to the heaven-chosen, is freedom so much as conceivable."

Here was the old doctrine of divine right come to life again, and masquerading in democratic garments.

The democratic theory did not fall into ruins even at the blast of Carlyle's stertorous trumpet, but the serious-minded of his day were deeply stirred by the

seer's scornful words, more especially since that comfortable middle-class prosperity and content, to which the democrat pointed as the best testimony to the virtue of his doctrines, was being attacked at the same time from another quarter. Not only did Carlyle contemptuously declare that this bourgeois prosperity was a thing unimportant, almost contemptible, but the proletarian — a new factor in the argument — began to mutter and growl that he had not had his proper share in it, and that he found it as oppressive and unjust as he had found the arrogant prosperity of the nobles.

That old man vociferous has long since passed to where, beyond these voices, there is peace; but the obscure muttering of the man in the street, which was once but a vague undertone, has grown to an open menace. We of the middle classes who threw off the yoke of the aristocracy clamored just such impeachments, a century back. We are amazed to hear them now turned against ourselves. To us this seems an admirable world that we have made; orderly, peaceable, prosperous. We see no fault in it. It has not worked out, perhaps, on as generous lines as we had planned, but, on the whole, each man gets, we think, his deserts.

We begin to ask ourselves, wonderingly, if that aristocrat of the eighteenth century may not have seen his world in the same way. He paid no taxes, but he considered that he did his just share of work for the body politic; he fought, he legislated, he administered. Perhaps it seemed a good world to him, — well arranged. Perhaps he was as honestly indignant at our protests as we are at those of our accusers to-day. We thought ourselves intolerably oppressed by his expenditure of the money we earned, by his monopoly of place and power; but we argue in our turn that, as we are the brains of the new civilization, we should have all the consequent privileges. What, we ask ourselves, do these mad creatures (who are very well treated) mean by their talk of slavery, of wage slavery? How can there be right or reason in their contention that the laborer rather than the capitalist should have the profit of labor? Does not the capitalist, as did the noble, govern, administer, defend?

Attacked, abused, execrated, we begin to sympathize with those dead nobles, who were perhaps as honest, as well meaning, as we feel ourselves to be; who were as annoyed, as disgusted, as little convinced, by our arguments as we are by those which accuse us in our turn of being greedy, idle feeders upon the sweat of others. Perhaps to them the established order of things seemed as just and eternal as it does to us. We begin to understand, we begin to sympathize with, the dead aristocrats.

For one hundred years, now, democracy has been dominant, has had a free hand for the full application of its hypotheses of life. It is well to brush aside conventionalities and cant, and reckon up the results of this century-long reign of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

The millennium still remains a mirage upon the horizon of hope. Many abuses have been swept away, but power still uses its strength to brush the feeble from its path and grasp the things to be desired. Out of the triumphant bourgeoisie has grown a class as proud and strong as the aristocracy it supplanted. It has wealth, luxury, and power, such as the nobles never dreamed of. The *lettres de cachet* are no longer in use, and tax farmers are mere tradition; but financiers, by a stroke of the pen, can levy a tax upon the whole land whose results make the horde of Fouquet absurd, and the payers of the impost are as helpless as any inmate of the cells of the Ile Sainte Marguerite. Capital organizes itself into incredibly potent aggregations, and labor in its turn has built up a despotism far reaching and unescapable as the Lex Romanorum, such as the work-

man under the old régime would never have tolerated. The two are arrayed against each other in struggles of ever increasing intensity.

After a hundred years of acceptance of the principle of the brotherhood of man, all nations are exaggerating their barriers and differences. The Celt revives and renews his hatred of the Saxon. In Ireland and in Wales the aboriginal tongues and literatures are being disinterred and taught, as a means of loosening the corporate nationalism of the British Isles. The Bretons protest against the appellation of Frenchmen. Hungary has repudiated the German language, and the Hungarians, Czechs, and Bohemians, held together by the bond of Austrian government, are restive and mutually repellent. The Empire of Spain has fallen into jealous and unsympathetic fragments. The continent of Europe is dominated by two autocratic sovereigns, who overawe their neighbors by the consistent and continuous policy possible only to a despotism. France and the republics of South America are the prey of a military clique and a horde of adventurers who only alternate dictators. The armaments of the world are so prodigious that each nation fears to use its dangerous weapon. The barriers of increasing tariffs wall peoples apart. The great nations are dividing the weak ones as lions do their prey. Universal fraternity has become the dimmest of dreams.

And America! America, the supreme demonstration and embodiment of the democratic ideal, — what of her? America has embarked upon imperial wars, refuses sanctuary to the poor as inadmissible paupers, and laughs at the claim to brotherhood or citizenship of any man with a yellow skin.

That Church which, by the very nature of her being, is most opposed to liberty of thought or conscience is more powerful than ever, and sees a great body of Protestants ardently repudiating its protests against arbitrary religious government, and earnestly endeavoring to assimilate its beliefs and rule to her ancient example. The Ghetto is open, but the Jew is still hated and oppressed. A Calas is no longer sacrificed to bigoted churchmen, but an intolerant Catholic nation makes possible an *affaire Dreyfus*. After a century of democracy, Zola is called upon to take up once again the protests of Voltaire.

Thus time has one by one burst and scattered the iridescent bubbles of democracy's sentimental hopes.

What wonder is it, then, that so significant a change has taken place in our attitude toward ourselves? We, who believed ourselves the regenerators of the world, are now humbler of mood. *Man*, who spelled himself with reverent large letters, who pictured a universe created solely for his needs, who imagined a Deity flattered by his homage and wounded by his disrespect, who had but to observe a respectable code of morals to be received into eternal happiness with all the august honors due a condescending monarch, has fallen to the humility of such admissions as these: —

"What a monstrous spectre is this man, the disease of the agglutinated dust, lifting alternate feet or lying drugged with slumber; killing, feeding, growing, bringing forth small copies of himself; grown up with hair like grass, fitted with eyes that glitter in his face; a thing to set children screaming! . . . Poor soul, here for so little, cast among so many hardships, filled with desires so incommensurate and so inconsistent; savagely surrounded, savagely descended, irremediably condemned to prey upon his fellow lives; . . . infinitely childish, often admirably valiant, often touchingly kind; sitting down to debate of right or wrong and the attributes of the deity; rising up to battle for an egg or die for an idea. . . . To touch the heart of his mystery we find in him one thought, strange to the point of lunacy,

— the thought of duty, the thought of something owing to himself, to his neighbor, to his God; an ideal of decency to which he would rise if possible; a limit of shame below which, if it be possible, he will not stoop. . . . Not in man alone, but we trace it in dogs and cats whom we know fairly well, and doubtless some similar point of honor sways the elephant, the oyster, and the louse, of whom we know so little."

Alas, poor Yorick! how a century of self-contemplation has humbled him!

It is thus the successors of Rousseau, of Châteaubriand, of the believers in the perfectibility of man, speak, — saying calmly, "The Empire of this world belongs to force." And again: "Hitherto, in our judgments of men, we have taken for our masters the oracles and poets, and like them we have received for certain truths the noble dreams of our imaginations and the imperious suggestions of our hearts. We have bound ourselves by the partiality of religious divinations, and we have shaped our doctrines by our instincts and our vexations. . . . Science at last approaches with exact and penetrating implements; . . . and in this employment of science, in this conception of things, there is a new art, a new morality, a new polity, a new religion, and it is in the present time our task to discover them."

Along with this changed attitude has come an alteration in our heroic ideals. For the sentimental rubbish, the dripping egotism, of a Werther, of a Manfred, in whom the young of their day found the most adequate expression of their self-consciousness, we have substituted the Stevenson and the Kipling hero, hard-headed, silent, practical, scornful of abstractions, contemptuous of emotions; who has but two dominant notions, patriotism and duty; who keeps his pores open and his mouth shut.

The old democratic shibboleths remain on our lips, and still pass current as if they were truisms, but we have ceased to live by their precepts. We have lost our youthful cocksureness and intolerance in imposing them upon others. We realize that, despite all we have so proudly decreed, the strong still rule, and often plunder the weak; that the weak still rage, and impotently imagine a vain thing of legislation as a means of redressing the eternal inequality of life. We see the flaws in our tyranny of commercialism and militarism. We regard ourselves — our erstwhile important and impeccable selves — with half-humorous leniency.

Much of good we gave. How could any ideal so tender, so high of purpose, fail of righting a thousand wrongs? How could all those floods of sweet, foolish tears leave the soil of life quite hard and dry, or fail to cause a thousand lovely flowers of goodness and gentleness to bloom?

That we have not solved the riddle of the Sphinx is hardly cause for wonder or shame. Neither will our successors find the answer, but it will be interesting to see the nature of their guess. It is plain that our formula will not serve for them, but the new programme is not yet announced. The newcomers are thoughtful and silent, daunted perhaps by the failure of our own drums and shoutings.

Will the wage earners shear the bourgeoisie, as we shore the nobles a century ago? Or will Liberty sell herself to authority, for protection from the dry hopelessness of socialism or the turmoil of anarchy? Or will the new generation evolve some thought undreamed of, some new and happier guess at the great central truth which forever allures and forever eludes our grasp?

Elizabeth Bisland.

THE EMPRESS DOWAGER.

A STRUGGLING mass of humanity was crowding out of the northeast gate of the Forbidden City. Order, etiquette, ceremony, — none of these amenities of life, customary to the existence of the Son of Heaven, was apparent on this occasion. Here a stalwart Manchu was shouting for a chair, but none was to be had at any price. Eunuchs, loaded with spoils, contested the right of way with the poor creatures of the harem. "Sauve qui peut!" was the motto of all. The Son of Heaven, Hsien Fêng, had ordered his chair, and, without troubling about his council, had ridden off unceremoniously, leaving his courtiers, women, and eunuchs to follow as best they could. Unused to contact with the world, these poor creatures trailed in the wake of their lord and master, many of them falling by the wayside, without notice save that of a cruel taunt from some coarse eunuch.

We may turn our eyes from the rest of the Manchu women, on their toilsome journey that hot summer day of 1860, and observe one among them. Although somewhat taller than the others, she would not have attracted attention on that account. Manchu women have not adopted the Chinese fashion of compressing the feet, and this one, although burdened with a boy of five, stepped out as if she did not know what fatigue meant. There was determination in her very step. She was twenty-four or twenty-five years old, had blue-black hair and regular Tartar features, with large, bold eyes. In every movement there was a special but almost mechanical alertness as regarded her boy. It would have been impossible to state if she loved the child or not; but there would have been no difficulty in discovering that whatever passions she possessed — it was evident that she was passionate — centred in the child.

She was one of the eighty-one third-class wives to which the Son of Heaven is entitled, — one of eighty-one nameless toys of her lord and master. There is probably nothing but malicious invention in the story that she had been a slave girl. It is not from that class that the harem of the Emperor is filled. This might have been the case in the days of Kang-hí or Kien-lung, who were in touch with their people; but it was next to impossible with a palace-bred weakling, like the man who was now running away from a shadow. Her motherhood — always honorable in China, especially when the child is a boy — had excited the envy, hatred, and malice of her less favored sisters. Hers had been a hard life. She had been tormented with the law of Confucius, declaring that the child she had borne was not hers, but that of the Empress, if the latter should not present the monarch with an heir. She knew that she was no more than a handmaid. "There are three kinds of filial impiety, the gravest of which is to be without male descendants," declares Mencius, after Confucius the greatest sage. (Who should, in such a case, make the sacrificial offerings before the tablets of the ancestors?) Therefore, if a man has no children at the age of forty, he is expected to take another wife. The first, however, retains her original position; and if children are born of the second, they belong by law to the first, or legal wife.

These third-class wives are usually nameless; they may be distinguished by numbers, but after they have borne a son they are known as the mother of that boy. Wholly uneducated and illiterate, the women of the harem vegetate through their melancholy lives, and die without leaving a trace. During the two centuries since the Manchu established the dynasty, not one of all the successive

occupants of the women's apartments in the Purple Forbidden was known even by name. But this woman, stolidly plodding along the dusty and rocky ruts, would form a rude exception.

Yeh-ho, or Hot Springs, was reached in safety, and couriers informed the Son of Heaven of the arrival of the barbarians in Peking, and later of their withdrawal. This was beyond his comprehension, for it was inexplicable by precedent.

The British and French plenipotentiaries, on their part, knew nothing of Chinese conditions, and were wholly at a loss with regard to Oriental ratiocination, which few of us can follow even at this day. The act which appeared as wanton barbarism, the burning of the summer palace, was the only penalty that made an impression. The comparatively lenient conditions of peace produced a feeling of relief, but at the same time a firm belief that it was only the consciousness of impotence or inferiority which restrained the allies from demanding or taking more.

It was not only mental but also physical decadence which had overtaken the Ta Tsing dynasty. Hsien Fêng, while trying to maintain the traditional superiority of the Middle Kingdom and his own supremacy over all the monarchs in his capacity of Tien tsz', or Son of Heaven, did not act the part of a man. To do him justice, however, it is admitted that he was facing conditions which were wholly beyond his comprehension. Prior to the war with England China was the Middle Kingdom, and might even call itself the Middle Flowery Kingdom, without much exaggeration. The potentates of the adjacent countries looked upon the Son of Heaven as upon their oldest brother, whom they had been taught to revere. The great monarch at Peking received their homage with benevolent condescension, as became his superior rank. When they sent him congratulations and presents on New Year's Day, he accepted both, but gave more expensive presents in return. If they had trouble with their subjects, and appealed to him, he was ready to go to their assistance without remuneration or even reimbursement. Our sinologues translated this relationship by the word "tributary," because the idea has no existence in the Occident, and we have no word to express it. It is Oriental in conception, and arises from the Confucian formation of the state, in which the family, and not the individual, constitutes the unit.

The only nations having intercourse with China had received whatever civilization they possessed from the Middle Kingdom. In the early days of the Ta Tsing dynasty, Europeans had, indeed, come to China, but, whether engaged in trade or in the propagation of the gospel, they had humbly obeyed the imperial decrees. Historical precedent, therefore, served to confirm Hsien Fêng's belief in his own supremacy. He was quite willing that the barbarians should trade with his people. In theory, at least, the autocrat at Peking ruled by benevolence, and he was prepared to extend his good will to the unfortunate inhabitants of countries less favored than the Middle Kingdom, to whom its tea and other products were a necessary of life. He was not averse to receiving their ambassadors and to showing them kindness, provided they observed the traditional rules of etiquette and paid him the homage that was his due. It was this question of homage and etiquette which caused the war with Great Britain and France, and which drove Hsien Fêng from his capital, a fugitive, to his palace at Yeh-ho.

Hsien Fêng was urged by his brother, Prince Kung, to return to the capital. He refused. Scarcely had the court settled at the Hot Springs palace, when one of the older attendants remembered that the spell of the Fêng-shui, the spirit of air and water, whose undisturbed repose is essential to prosperity or "luck," was

broken, because the grandfather of the Emperor, Kia King, had died at Yeh-ho. From the moment when Hsien Fêng was reminded of this event a dark shadow enshrouded him and his court. He felt that he was a doomed man, and neither astrologer nor geomancer, steeped as such were in the murky waters of superstition, could bring relief. The Emperor died in the spring of the following year.

Who shall unravel the intrigues fostered by his anticipated demise? Legal issue there was none, save a girl, and girls have no legal existence. The boy whom we have seen carried or led by his vigorous mother was the undisputed heir, and it was known that the deceased monarch had appointed a council of regency. It was also said that some leading Manchu had combined to obtain possession of the boy, and thereby proclaim themselves regents *de facto*. Whatever schemes and plots concentrated about the child heir were defeated by the flight of the Empress together with the mother and child.

This event marks the beginning of a government by palace intrigue, in which eunuchs took a leading part. Such government is not without precedent, although it is almost purely Oriental. These intrigues have had their day in Constantinople and Moscow, where Occidental thought struggles with Oriental conditions. It was only through the eunuchs that the mother of the heir could approach the legal wife of the dying Emperor, and come to an understanding with her; and it was only by enlisting the services of the leading eunuchs that preparations for flight could be made. Concealment was comparatively easy, since the ceremonies attending the funeral engrossed the attention of the superstitious Manchu. The two women with the boy arrived safely at Peking, and enlisted the sympathy of Prince Kung.

The mother had decided, upon making her arrangement with the real Empress Dowager, that the heir should be proclaimed by the two characters standing for "Fortunate Union." Her ambition, at the time of her flight, went no further. But as soon as her interview with Prince Kung had shown her the way of revenge upon her enemies, she determined that she, and she alone, should be supreme in the Purple Forbidden City. A remnant of Seng Koling-sing's braves were dispatched to Yeh-ho, and before the conspirators could devise means of safety they were seized and beheaded. The same fate overtook the eunuchs who had incurred the hatred of the Manchu women. As to the fate of the occupants of the harem, life is held cheaply in China, and women are mere chattels at the best. The child was at once proclaimed Emperor under the title of Tung Chih, or United Rule; thus commemorating the agreement between the Empress Dowager and her former handmaid.

The arrangement was not only lawless, but it violated the highest statutes of the country; and it seems strange that the Chinese, so punctilious as to precedent, and horrified at the very idea of a woman being consulted in men's affairs, should have submitted without a murmur. It must be remembered, however, that at this time the Yang-tsz' provinces, the first to be informed of the usurpation, were in the throes of the Tai P'ing rebellion, and that their viceroys had all they could do to maintain their own authority. Besides, the occupation of the capital by a hostile army, and its subsequent release, had set every precedent at naught. The time was, consequently, singularly propitious; and when the rebellion was subdued, and the country had settled down, the viceroys faced an accomplished fact, to which they submitted with the stoicism of the race. An imperial decree had imparted official significance to the hitherto nameless woman. She was given the title of Tsze Hsi An, or Mother of the Sovereign. Inasmuch as this act provoked no opposition, as it

undoubtedly would have done but for the vigorous measures upon her enemies at Yeh-ho, the title was soon afterward supplemented by that of Empress of the West, to distinguish her from the Empress Dowager, who received the title of Empress of the East.

The first ten years of her reign may be termed tentative. She was alert by nature, and had demonstrated her innate powers of intrigue. These faculties were ever on the watch. When a high Manchu approached her with broad insinuations that the Empress of the East was plotting against her, she suddenly confronted him with that less masculine woman, and discovered that he had come to her rival with a similar tale. Calling her chief eunuch, she ordered a box of gold leaf to be brought, and scornfully compelled the mischief-maker to swallow enough to stop his tongue forever.

With the palace eunuchs attached to her, — for she was extravagant in her rewards for faithful services, — she could bid defiance to any plot. The autonomy of the provinces rendered each one obedient to the viceroy appointed over it. The people do not take any part whatever in the government. So long as the taxation remains within reasonable limits, it is immaterial who holds the vermilion pencil at Peking; and the literati, who, as candidates for office, stand between the government and the people, look to the former for preferment, and are not disposed to interfere so long as the violation of Confucian law does not threaten their privileges or existence.

The administration rested chiefly in the hands of Prince Kung, known to the foreigners as Prince Regent. When, however, Tung Chih approached his majority, Tsze Hsi An began to look for support among the prominent officials of Chinese birth, and with rare intuition selected two men of very different character, Li Hung Chang and Chang Chih Tung. The former had rendered valuable services during the Tai P'ing rebellion, where he had proved an unscrupulous, crafty, and daring leader, but fond of wealth. Chang Chih Tung, on the contrary, had patriotic impulses, was opposed to the "foreign devils," but was honest and far-sighted. These two officials were called to Peking, where Li Hung Chang, who had kept in his own service some of the troops drilled by "Chinese Gordon," was appointed to the important position of viceroy of Chih-lí.

When her son was sixteen years old Tsze Hsi An selected a wife for him, and he was duly proclaimed Emperor and installed upon the Dragon Throne. The foreign ministers, accredited to Peking, now claimed the right of presenting their credentials to the sovereign in person, and, after many months of weary negotiations, were finally admitted into the hall where the ambassadors of younger nations had paid their homage and presented the offerings of their respective monarchs. Thus the ministers discovered, but too late, that by tolerating this reception they had acknowledged China's superiority!

It is beyond doubt that Tsze Hsi An was the real ruler during the life of her son. Filial piety, the one inexorable law of China, which, in its ramification into ancestral worship, constitutes the religion, since it is the tie which binds the nation into homogeneity, holds every son in bondage during the life of his parents. Tung Chih, however, was both vicious and stubborn, and threatened his mother's autocracy. She must have taken a dislike to him, as her actions immediately after his death indicate.

He died in the spring of 1875, from an attack of smallpox, leaving his wife pregnant. Sudden as was his death, Tsze Hsi An, now Mother of the Sovereign no longer, took instant and apparently preconcerted measures to retain her authority. The breath had scarcely left the body before messengers were on their way to summon such Manchu no-

bles as were well disposed toward her. She invited none possessed of independence or respect of the statutes. At the same time Li Hung Chang was ordered to hold his troops in readiness. When the council convened, she simply notified its members that she had selected Tsai-tien, the three-and-a-half-year-old son of Prince Chung, as the heir to the throne. The Manchu looked aghast. What if Tung Chih's unborn child should prove to be a son? Tsze Hsi An asserted, impatiently but positively, that she would have no grandson. To the almost insurmountable objection that Tsai-tien was of the same generation as Tung Chih, and was therefore excluded from worshiping at his tablets, she replied that her "husband," the late Hsien Fêng, dead these fourteen years, had adopted the boy by "posthumous act." This brazen suggestion stifled all opposition. The child was sent for in the dead of night, and brought to the ghostly council chamber, where all present, including his own father, prostrated themselves before him. He was proclaimed Emperor under the title of Kuang Hsu, or Illustrious Successor.

The supposed adoption by Hsien Fêng restored to Tsze Hsi An her title, or as much right as she had to it while the Empress of the East was still living. But this violation of China's most sacred law, that of ancestral worship, provoked so much opposition that Li Hung Chang's troops were called upon to seize numerous victims for the executioner. Blood flowed freely at Peking; but it served only to prove that the country at large could be ruled from the capital by the aid of a handful of loyal viceroys, and in defiance of every law. The high-handed action of one who was in every respect a usurper caused scarcely a comment in the provinces.

The foreign ministers were, of course, accredited to the *de facto* powers, and, even if they had been acquainted with the facts, would have had no cause to interfere. Li Hung Chang was promoted to the Grand Secretariat, a position hitherto reserved exclusively to a Manchu, and Tsze Hsi An was as much the sole regent or ruler as after the death of the Empress of the East in 1881. She did not attempt to interfere with the machinery of the government, except in the appointment of the viceroys and leading officials, and in appropriating a good share of the revenue to herself. It seems that, as she grew older, the desire to accumulate wealth increased, — a desire easily gratified with the opportunity afforded to her.

Ruthless in her methods, she ordered Alutch, Tung Chih's widow, to commit suicide. After this, even the Manchu fathers, little as they value their daughters, were not anxious to furnish a bride to Kuang Hsu when he approached his majority. His adoptive mother selected one of her own nieces, and after the wedding Kuang Hsu was duly installed. Tsze Hsi An withdrew to the Eho Park palace, which had been prepared for her, but by no means released her hold upon the government. The Peking Gazette, the official organ of the administration, bears ample evidence that every decree emanating from Kuang Hsu had been previously submitted to, and approved by, the imperious woman.

She might have continued to enjoy her authority, if the uniform success of all her schemes had not caused her ambition to go beyond the bounds controlled by palace intrigue. She was sixty years old in 1894, and this birthday, the occasion of great honor in the life of the Chinese, was to be appropriately celebrated. The viceroys were notified by imperial edict, and received more privately a strong hint as to the presents that would be acceptable to "her who must be obeyed." It was expected that this celebration would be made remarkable by Japan's humiliation. It is certain that Li Hung Chang was devoted to her, and acted entirely upon her or-

ders. It is equally certain that Yuan Shi Kai, the Chinese minister-resident in Korea, was appointed by, and was a creature of, the viceroy of Chih-lí; nor can it be denied that, beginning with the assassination of Kim-ôk-Kyun, the pro-Japanese Korean refugee, on the 24th of March, 1894, everything was done by the Chinese government to insult Japan. That proud nation had, indeed, ample cause for resentment, even though its alleged cause of China's suzerainty over Korea was ridiculous, and served only to justify the war before the civilized world. Li Hung Chang could have made peace at any time before the battle of A-san. That he did not do so, well informed as he was as to Japan's strength, goes far to prove that he was impelled by a power superior to his own; that is, by Tsze Hsi An.

When the Chinese fleet was destroyed and Port Arthur taken, the woman remembered the time of her flight, and grew frightened. Her trepidation increased a thousandfold when the capture of Wei-hai-wei left the road to Peking open to the victorious foe. Her scornful behest, "to drive the *wo-jin* [pygmies] back to their lair," had been answered by the stirring sounds of Kimigayo, the Japanese national anthem. She remembered, but too late, that the enemy, in this case, was no barbarian ignorant of Chinese law and precedent, but a deeply insulted people to whom both were an open book. She knew that she had forfeited her life many times by her crimes against the statutes, and that the flimsy pretext of her adoptive motherhood, whatever influence it might exert upon the weakling on the throne, would not save her from the anger of Japanese statesmen. She commanded and implored Li Hung Chang to prevent the Japanese from entering Peking, and authorized him to make peace at any price. Her fright assumed such dimensions that she actually withdrew from the government, and, intending to use the Emperor as a scapegoat, thrust the vermilion pencil into the untrained fingers of astonished Kuang Hsu.

Those fingers, weak as they were, grasped the pencil with greater firmness than Tsze Hsi An had expected. Peace was concluded upon comparatively easy terms, for Marquis Ito was unwilling to be the cause of China's disintegration. But when Kuang Hsu scrutinized the sacrifices imposed upon China, and found how the vast empire had been shamefully defeated by its small but wiry foe, he inquired into the causes producing such abnormal results. The consequences of this inquiry were soon visible in the innovations ordered in no uncertain tone, and published in the imperial yellow Court Journal.

Tsze Hsi An had evidently relinquished her authority prematurely. It was quite clear that Kuang Hsu intended to be Emperor in deed as well as in name. He showed the relative authority of Tsze Hsi An and himself, upon the return of Li Hung Chang from the coronation ceremonies at Moscow. The statesman, upon arrival at Peking, hastened to Eho Park to pay his respects to its owner. When Kuang Hsu heard of it, he reproved him publicly as failing in homage due to the Emperor, deprived him of his yellow jacket, and kept him prostrate upon the stone floor for such a long time that the old man was made seriously ill.

The reforms inaugurated under the new régime demanded a vast supply of money, and threatened the revenues of Tsze Hsi An as well as the perquisites of courtiers and officials. Worse than this, the influence of Sir Robert Hart was increasing rapidly, and unpleasant inquiries as to the disbursement of large amounts of specie might take place at any time. To crown the danger threatening Chinese officialdom, Tsze Hsi An was rapidly losing whatever influence she still possessed, and even she might be called to account for past misdeeds.

The *coup d'état* of the 21st of August,

1898, excites less wonder than the fact that it was so long in maturing. Tsze Hsi An needed all her previous experience in palace intrigue to spin the web with due secrecy, since a single traitor among that host of eunuchs would have been fatal to her. That there was such danger was proved at the last moment, when Kuang Hsu was warned. It was too late! As he was trying to escape to the British Legation, he was seized by one of the head eunuchs, and unceremoniously carried back and placed under arrest. Tsze Hsi An reëntered the Purple Forbidden City, and openly resumed her authority.

It would be profitless and beyond the scope of this article to consider what the ministers of the great powers might or should have done. Moderate but firm interference at that time could, beyond doubt, have solved the problem of China's rejuvenation. The nations most interested in this desirable object were represented by men to whom China was a closed book. Neither Mr. Conger nor Sir Claude Macdonald could be expected to master the art of diplomacy, or to acquire a correct knowledge of China by intuition. Tsze Hsi An, silently recognized, satisfied the frightened officials by her wholesale abrogation of the decrees issued by the ex-Emperor, and thereby gained their approbation. She was seated more firmly on the throne than ever.

But one difficulty confronted her. She had never dealt directly with the barbarians; and of the two men who had saved her this trouble, Prince Kung was dead, and Li Hung Chang, who had experience in carrying out her orders, absolutely declined the responsibility. In this connection, her long training in palace intrigue proved of no avail; and among her creatures of the Tsung-li-yamên there was not one competent to take the lead.

What increased the difficulty was that two powers, at least, could read between the lines, and knew that she had no shadow of right for her high-handed proceedings. Russia and Japan knew China well, and either could at any time render her position untenable. That neither of them did so was, as she well knew, not on her account, but from motives of policy. Russia's information was held over her head like the sword of Damocles, until its presence drove her almost mad. Japan, on the contrary, in its desire to preserve China's integrity as a guarantee for its own independence, was disposed to be more friendly. At last she decided to trust Japan; but when about to negotiate an offensive-defensive treaty, M. de Giers interfered by declaring that "such a treaty would be considered as an unfriendly act by his government."

Thus, at the beginning of the year 1900, Tsze Hsi An was harassed upon every side. All her experience in the evasion of danger pointed toward the shedding of blood as the only certain means of success. It seems as if she had adopted as motto the gory platform of Robespierre: "Il n'y a que les morts qui ne reviennent pas." That was the only solution which she was able to discover, and she seized upon it with avidity. Her experience was not broad enough to forecast the result, while her superstition, ignorance, and hope led her to accept the supposed invulnerability of the Boxers as an established fact. When that illusion vanished, and the allies appeared at T'ung Chow, fourteen miles from Peking, she fled, taking with her sixty-nine carts filled with the most valuable wealth, and poor Kuang Hsu, who was to serve as a hostage for her own safety and immunity.

Strong as she is physically, and mentally as regards determination, it is scarcely to be expected that this woman, now sixty-six years old, will long survive the incredible hardships of a journey of more than six hundred miles. Yet the same danger besets Kuang Hsu, whose health

has been at no time good. The question is whether her death will in any way alter the circumstances or affect China's future. But from her life the lesson may be learned that no law, however sacred it may be, is considered inviolable in the Middle Kingdom, and that, aided by loyal viceroys, the regeneration of China may be initiated and directed from Peking, without any serious opposition, so long as local interests and traditions are not ruthlessly sacrificed. While with nations of the Occident reforms usually begin among the people, the recent history of Japan is ample proof that the reverse is the case in the Orient. That history also demonstrates the feasibility of gradually infusing new life and aims of life by influencing the literati who stand between the throne and the people, and exert no little pressure upon both. Their number, small if compared with the dense population, renders such regeneracy possible. A gradual change in the programme of the triennial examinations, and a liberal revision of the salary list, together with the abolition of the fee system, should limit the attempts at reform during at least one decade. By watching the effect thus produced, further measures tending in the same direction might be inaugurated. But if, looking toward the wealth concealed within China's soil, violent means are adopted either to reach those treasures or to introduce reforms having in view the same end, the whole of China may be roused to a war compared to which the late Boxer movement was mere child's play.

R. Van Bergen.

PENELOPE'S IRISH EXPERIENCES.[1]

PART THIRD.

XII.

"See where Mononia's heroes lie, proud Owen More's descendants, —
'T is they that won the glorious name and had the grand attendants! "

It was a charming thing for us when Dr. La Touche gave us introductions to the Colquhouns of Ardnagreena; and when they, in turn, took us to tea with Lord and Lady Killbally at Balkilly Castle. I don't know what there is about us: we try to live a sequestered life, but there are certain kind forces in the universe that are always bringing us in contact with the good, the great, and the powerful. Francesca enjoys it, but secretly fears to have her democracy undermined. Salemina wonders modestly at her good fortune. I accept it as the graceful tribute of an old civilization to a younger one; the older men grow the better they like girls of sixteen, and why should n't the same thing be true of countries?

As long ago as 1589, one of the English "undertakers" who obtained some of the confiscated Desmond lands in Munster wrote of the "better sorte" of Irish: "Although they did never see you before, they will make you the best cheare their country yieldeth for two or three days, and take not anything therefor. . . . They have a common saying which I am persuaded they speake unfeinedly, which is, 'Defend me and spend me.' Yet many doe utterly mislike this or any good thing that the poor Irishman dothe."

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This certificate of character from an "undertaker" of the sixteenth century certainly speaks volumes for Irish amiability and hospitality, since it was given at a time when grievances were as real as plenty; when unutterable resentment must have been rankling in many minds; and when those traditions were growing which have colored the whole texture of Irish thought, until, with the poor and unlettered, to be "agin the government" is an inherited instinct, to be obliterated only by time.

We supplement Mrs. Mullarkey's helter-skelter meals with frequent luncheons and dinners with our new friends, who send us home on our jaunting car laden with flowers, fruit, even with jellies and jams. Lady Killbally forces us to take three cups of tea and a half dozen marmalade sandwiches whenever we go to the Castle; for I apologized for our appetites, one day, by telling her that we had lunched somewhat frugally, the meal being sweetened, however, by Molly's explanation that there was a fresh sole in the house, but she thought she would not inthrude on it before dinner!

We asked, on our arrival at Knockarney House, if we might breakfast at a regular hour, — say eight thirty. Mrs. Mullarkey agreed, with that suavity which is, after her untidiness, her distinguishing characteristic; but notwithstanding this arrangement we break our fast sometimes at nine forty, sometimes at nine twenty, sometimes at nine, but never earlier. In order to achieve this much, we are obliged to rise early and make a combined attack on the executive and culinary departments. One morning I opened the door leading from the hall into the back part of the establishment, but closed it hastily, having interrupted the toilets of three young children, whose existence I had never suspected, and of Mr. Mullarkey, whom I had thought dead for many years. Each child had donned one article of clothing, and was apparently searching for the mate to it, whatever it chanced to be. Mrs. Mullarkey was fully clothed, and was about to administer correction to one of the children, who, unfortunately for him, was not. I retired to my apartment to report progress, but did not describe the scene minutely, nor mention the fact that I had seen Salemina's ivory-backed hairbrush put to excellent if somewhat unusual and unaccustomed service.

Each party in the house eats in solitary splendor, like the MacDermott, Prince of Coolavin. That royal personage of County Sligo, I believe, did not allow his wife or his children (who must have had the MacDermott blood in their veins, even if somewhat diluted) to sit at table with him. This method introduces the last element of confusion into the household arrangements, and on two occasions we have had our custard pudding or stewed fruit served in our bedrooms a full hour after we have finished dinner. We have reasons for wishing to be first to enter the dining room, and we walk in with eyes fixed on the ceiling, by far the cleanest part of the place. Having wended our way through an underbrush of corks, with an empty bottle here and there, and stumbled over the holes in the carpet, we arrive at our table in the window. It is as beautiful as heaven outside, and the tablecloth is at least cleaner than it will be later, for Mrs. Waterford of Mullinavat has an unsteady hand.

When Oonah brings in the toast rack now she balances it carefully, remembering the morning when she dropped it on the floor, but picked up the slices and offered them to Salemina. Never shall I forget that dear martyr's expression, which was as if she had made up her mind to renounce Ireland and leave her to her fate. I know she often must wonder if Dr. La Touche's servants, like Mrs. Mullarkey's, feel of the potatoes to see whether they are warm or cold!

At ten thirty there is great confusion and laughter and excitement, for the

sportsmen are setting out for the day, and the car has been waiting at the door for an hour. Oonah is caroling up and down the long passage, laden with dishes, her cheerfulness not in the least impaired by having served seven or eight separate breakfasts. Molly has spilled a jug of milk, and is wiping it up with a child's undershirt. The Glasgy man is telling them that yesterday they forgot the corkscrew, the salt, the cup, and the jam from the luncheon basket, — facts so mirth-provoking that Molly wipes tears of pleasure from her eyes with the milky undershirt, and Oonah sets the hot-water jug and the coffeepot on the stairs to have her laugh out comfortably. When once the car departs, comparative quiet reigns in and about the house until the passing bicyclers appear for luncheon or tea, when Oonah picks up the napkins that we have rolled into wads and flung under the dining table, and spreads them on tea trays, as appetizing details for the weary traveler. There would naturally be more time for housework if so large a portion of the day were not spent in pleasant interchange of thought and speech. I can well understand Mrs. Colquhoun's objections to the housing of the Dublin poor in tenements, — even in those of a better kind than the present horrible examples; for wherever they are huddled together in any numbers they will devote most of their time to conversation. To them, talking is more attractive than eating; it even adds a new joy to drinking; and if I may judge from the groups I have seen gossiping over a turf fire till midnight, it is preferable to sleeping. But do not suppose they will bubble over with joke and repartee, with racy anecdote, to every casual newcomer. The tourist who looks upon the Irishman as the merry-andrew of the English-speaking world, and who expects every jarvey he meets to be as whimsical as Mickey Free, will be disappointed. I have strong suspicions that ragged, jovial Mickey Free himself, delicious as he is, was created by Lever to satisfy the Anglo-Saxon idea of the low-comedy Irishman. You will live in the Emerald Isle for many a month, and not meet the clown or the villain so familiar to you in modern Irish plays. Dramatists have made a stage Irishman to suit themselves, and the public and the gallery are disappointed if anything more reasonable is substituted for him. You will find, too, that you do not easily gain Paddy's confidence. Misled by his careless, reckless impetuosity of demeanor, you might expect to be the confidant of his joys and sorrows, his hopes and expectations, his faiths and beliefs, his aspirations, fears, longings, at the first interview. Not at all; you will sooner be admitted to a glimpse of the traveling Scotsman's or the Englishman's inner life, family history, personal ambition. Glacial enough at first and far less voluble, he melts soon enough, if he likes you. Meantime, your impulsive Irish friend gives himself as freely at the first interview as at the twentieth; and you know him as well at the end of a week as you are likely to at the end of a year. He is a product of the past, be he gentleman or peasant. A few hundred years of necessary reserve concerning articles of political and religious belief have bred caution and prudence in stronger natures, cunning and hypocrisy in weaker ones.

XIII.

"The light-hearted daughters of Erin,
Like the wild mountain deer they can bound;
Their feet never touch the green island,
But music is struck from the ground.
And oft in the glens and green meadows,
The ould jig they dance with such grace,
That even the daisies they tread on,
Look up with delight in their face."

One of our favorite diversions is an occasional glimpse of a "crossroads dance" on a pleasant Sunday afternoon, when all the young people of the district are gathered together. Their re-

ligious duties are over with their confessions and their masses, and the priests encourage these decorous Sabbath gayeties. A place is generally chosen where two or four roads meet, and the dancers come from the scattered farmhouses in every direction. In Ballyfuchsia, they dance on a flat piece of road under some fir trees and larches, with stretches of mountain covered with yellow gorse or purple heather and the quiet lakes lying in the distance. A message comes down to us at Ardnagreena — where we commonly spend our Sunday afternoons — that they expect a good dance, and the blind boy is coming to fiddle; and "so if you will be coming up, it 's welcome you 'll be." We join them about five o'clock, — passing, on our way, groups of "boys" of all ages from sixteen upwards, walking in twos and threes, and parties of three or four girls by themselves; for it would not be etiquette for the boys and girls to walk together, such strictness is observed in these matters about here.

When we reach the rendezvous we find quite a crowd of young men and maidens assembled; the girls all at one side of the road, neatly dressed in dark skirts and light blouses, with the national woolen shawl over their heads. Two wide stone walls, or dikes, with turf on top, make capital seats, and the boys are at the opposite side, as custom demands. When a young man wants a partner, he steps across the road and asks a colleen, who lays aside her shawl, generally giving it to a younger sister to keep until the dance is over, when the girls go back to their own side of the road and put on their shawls again. Upon our arrival we find the "sets" are already in progress; a "set" being a dance like a very intricate and very long quadrille. We are greeted with many friendly words, and the young boatmen and farmers' sons ask the ladies, "Will you be pleased to dance, miss?" Some of them are shy, and say they are not familiar with the steps; but their would-be partners remark encouragingly: "Sure, and what matter? I 'll see you through." Soon all are dancing, and the state of the road is being discussed with as much interest as the floor of a ballroom. Eager directions are given to the more ignorant newcomers, such as "Twirl your girl, captain!" or "Turn your back to your face!" — rather a difficult direction to carry out, but one which conveys its meaning. Salemina confided to her partner that she feared she was getting a bit old to dance. He looked at her gray hair carefully for a moment, and then said chivalrously: "I 'd not say that that was old age, ma'am. I 'd say it was eddication."

When the sets, which are very long and very decorous, are finished, sometimes a jig is danced for our benefit. The spectators make a ring, and the chosen dancers go into the middle, where their steps are watched by a most critical and discriminating audience with the most minute and intense interest. Our Molly is one of the best jig dancers among the girls here (would that she were half as clever at cooking!); but if you want to see an artist of the first rank, you must watch Kitty O'Rourke, from the neighboring village of Dooclone. The half door of the barn is carried into the ring by one or two of her admirers, whom she numbers by the score, and on this she dances her famous jig polthogue, sometimes alone and sometimes with Art Rooney, the only worthy partner for her in the kingdom of Kerry. Art's mother, "Bid" Rooney, is a keen matchmaker, and we heard her the other day advising her son, who was going to Dooclone to have a "weeny court" with his colleen, to put a clane shirt on him in the middle of the week, and disthract Kitty intirely by showin' her he had three of thim, annyway!

Kitty is a beauty, and does n't need to be made "purty wid cows," — a feat that the old Irishman proposed to do when

he was consummating a match for his plain daughter. But the gifts of the gods seldom come singly, and Kitty is well fortuned as well as beautiful: fifty pounds, her own bedstead and its fittings, a cow, a pig, and a web of linen are supposed to be the dazzling total, so that it is small wonder her deluderin' ways are maddening half the boys in Ballyfuchsia and Dooclone. She has the prettiest pair of feet in the County Kerry, and when they are encased in a smart pair of shoes, bought for her by Art's rival, the big constable from Ballyfuchsia barracks, how they do twinkle and caper over that half barn door, to be sure! Even Murty, the blind fiddler, seems intoxicated by the plaudits of the bystanders, and he certainly never plays so well for anybody as for Kitty of the Meadow. Blindness is still common in Ireland, owing to the smoke in these wretched cabins, where sometimes a hole in the roof is the only chimney; and although the scores of blind fiddlers no longer traverse the land, finding a welcome at all firesides, they are still to be found in every community. Blind Murty is a favorite guest at the Rooneys' cabin, which is never so full that there is not room for one more. There is a small wooden bed in the main room, a settle that opens out at night, with hens in the straw underneath, where a board keeps them safely within until they have finished laying. There are six children beside Art, and my ambition is to photograph, or, still better, to sketch the family circle together; the hens cackling under the settle, the pig ("him as pays the rint") snoring in the doorway, as a proprietor should, while the children are picturesquely grouped about. I never succeed, because Mrs. Rooney sees us as we turn into the lane, and calls to the family to make itself ready, as quality 's comin' in sight. The older children can scramble under the bed, slip shoes over their bare feet, and be out in front of the cabin without the loss of a single minute. "Mickey jew'l," the baby, who is only four, but "who can handle a stick as bould as a man," is generally clad in a ragged skirt, slit every few inches from waist to hem, so that it resembles a cotton fringe. The little coateen that tops this costume is sometimes, by way of diversion, transferred to the dog, who runs off with it; but if we appear at this unlucky moment, there is a stylish yoke of pink ribbon and soiled lace which one of the girls pins over Mickey jew'l's naked shoulders.

Moya, who has this eye for picturesque propriety, is a great friend of mine, and has many questions about the Big Country when we take our walks. She longs to emigrate, but the time is not ripe yet. "The girls that come back has a lovely style to thim," she says wistfully, "but they 're so polite they can't live in the cabins anny more and be contint." The "boys" are not always so improved, she thinks. "You 'd niver find a boy in Ballyfuchsia that would say annything rude to a girl; but when they come back from Ameriky, it 's too free they 've grown intirely." It is a dull life for them, she says, when they have once been away; though to be sure Ballyfuchsia is a pleasanter place than Dooclone, where the priest does not approve of dancing, and, however secretly you may do it, the curate hears of it, and will speak your name in church.

It was Moya who told me of Kitty's fortune. "She 's not the match that Farmer Brodigan's daughter Kathleen is, to be sure; for he 's a rich man, and has given her an iligant eddication in Cork, so that she can look high for a husband. She won't be takin' up wid anny of our boys, wid her two hundred pounds and her twenty cows and her pianya. Och, it 's a thriminjus player she is, ma'am. She 's that quick and that strong that you 'd say she would n't lave a string on it."

Some of the young men and girls never see each other before the marriage,

Moya says. "But sure," she adds shyly, "I 'd niver be contint with that, though some love matches does n't turn out anny better than the others."

"I hope it will be a love match with you, and that I shall dance at your wedding, Moya," I say to her smilingly.

"Faith, I 'm thinkin' my husband's intinded mother died an old maid in Dublin," she answers merrily. "It 's a small fortune I 'll be havin', and few lovers; but you 'll be soon dancing at Kathleen Brodigan's wedding, or Kitty O'Rourke's, maybe."

I do not pretend to understand these humble romances, with their foundations of cows and linen, which are after all no more sordid than bank stock and trousseaux from Paris. The sentiment of the Irish peasant lover seems to be frankly and truly expressed in the verses: —

"Oh! Moya 's wise and beautiful, has wealth in plenteous store,
And fortune fine in calves and kine, and lovers half a score;
Her faintest smile would saints beguile, or sinners captivate,
Oh! I think a dale of Moya, but I 'll surely marry Kate.

. . . . . .

Now to let you know the raison why I cannot have my way,
Nor bid my heart decide the part the lover must obey —
The calves and kine of Kate are nine, while Moya owns but eight,
So with all my love for Moya I 'm compelled to marry Kate!"

I gave Moya a lace neckerchief, the other day, and she was rarely pleased, running into the cabin with it and showing it to her mother with great pride. After we had walked a bit down the boreen she excused herself for an instant, and, returning to my side, explained that she had gone back to ask her mother to mind the kerchief, and not let the "cow knock it"!

Lady Killbally tells us that some of the girls who work in the mills deny themselves proper food, and live on bread and tea for a month, to save the price of a gay ribbon. This is trying, no doubt, to a philanthropist, but is it not partly a starved sense of beauty asserting itself? If it has none of the usual outlets, where can imagination express itself if not in some paltry thing like a ribbon?

XIV.

"My love 's an arbutus by the waters of Lene,
So slender and shapely in her girdle of green."

Mrs. Mullarkey cannot spoil this paradise for us. When I wake in the morning, the fuchsia tree outside my window is such a glorious mass of color that it distracts my eyes from the unwashed glass. The air is still; the mountains in the far distance are clear purple; everything is fresh-washed and purified for the new day. Francesca and I leave the house sleeping, and make our way to the bogs. We love to sit under a blossoming sloe bush and see the silver pools glistening here and there in the turf cuttings, and watch the transparent vapor rising from the red-brown or the purple-shadowed bog fields. Dinnis Rooney, half awake, leisurely, silent, is moving among the stacks with his creel. There is a moist, rich fragrance of meadowsweet and bog myrtle in the air; and how fresh and wild and verdant it is! How the missel thrushes sing in the woods, and the plaintive note of the curlew gives the last touch of mysterious tenderness to the scene.

As for Lough Lein itself, who could speak its loveliness, lying like a crystal mirror beneath the black Reeks of the McGillicuddy, where, in the mountain fastnesses, lie spellbound the sleeping warriors who, with their bridles and broadswords in hand, await but the word to give Erin her own! When we glide along the surface of the lakes, on some bright day after a heavy rain; when we look down through the clear water on tiny submerged islets, with their grasses

and drowned daisies glancing up at us from the blue; when we moor the boat and climb the hillsides, we are dazzled by the luxuriant beauty of it all. It hardly seems real, — it is too green, too perfect, to be believed; and one thinks of some fairy drop scene, painted by cunning-fingered elves and sprites, who might have a wee folk's way of mixing roses and rainbows, dew-drenched greens and sun-warmed yellows; showing the picture to you first all burnished, glittering and radiant, then "veiled in mist and diamonded with showers." We climb, climb, up, up, into the heart of the leafy loveliness; peering down into dewy dingles, stopping now and again to watch one of the countless streams as it tinkles and gurgles down an emerald ravine to join the lakes. The way is strewn with lichens and mosses; rich green hollies and arbutus surround us on every side; the ivy hangs in sweet disorder from the rocks; and when we reach the innermost recess of the glen we can find moist green jungles of ferns and bracken, a very bending, curling forest of fronds: —

"The fairy's tall palm tree, the heath bird's fresh nest,
And the couch the red deer deems the sweetest and best."

Carrantual rears its crested head high above the other mountains, and on its summits Shon the Outlaw, footsore, weary, slept; sighing, "For once, thank God, I am above all my enemies."

You must go to sweet Innisfallen, too, and you must not be prosaic or incredulous at the boatman's stories, or turn the "bodthered ear to them." These are no ordinary hillsides: not only do the wee folk troop through the frond forests nightly, but great heroic figures of romance have stalked majestically along these mountain summits. Every waterfall foaming and dashing from its rocky bed in the glen has a legend in the toss and swirl of the water.

Can't you see the O'Sullivan, famous for fleetness of foot and prowess in the chase, starting forth in the cool o' the morn to hunt the red deer? His dogs sniff the heather; a splendid stag bounds across the path; swift as lightning the dogs follow the scent across moors and glens. Throughout the long day the chieftain chases the stag, until at nightfall, weary and thirsty, he loses the scent, and blows a blast on his horn to call the dogs homeward.

And then he hears a voice: "O'Sullivan, turn back!"

He looks over his shoulder to behold the great Finn McCool, central figure in centuries of romance.

"Why do you dare chase my stag?" he asks.

"Because it is the finest man ever saw," answers the chieftain composedly.

"You are a valiant man," says the hero, pleased with the reply; "and as you thirst from the long chase, I will give you to drink." So he crunched his giant heel into the rock, and forth burst the waters, seething and roaring as they do to this day; and may the divil fly away wid me if I've spoke an unthrue word, ma'am!

Come to Lough Lein as did we, too early for the crowd of sightseers; but when the "long light shakes across the lakes," the blackest arts of the tourist (and they are as black as they are many) cannot break the spell. Sitting on one of these hillsides, we heard a bugle call taken up and repeated in delicate, ethereal echoes, — sweet enough, indeed, to be worthy of the fairy buglers who are supposed to pass the sound along their lines from crag to crag, until it faints and dies in silence. And then came the Lament for Owen Roe O'Neill. We were thrilled to the very heart with the sorrowful strains; and when we issued from our leafy covert, and rounded the point of rocks from which the sound came, we found a fat man in uniform playing the bugle. "Cook's Tours" was embroidered on his cap; and I have no doubt that he is a good husband and father,

even a good citizen, but he is a blight upon the landscape, and fancy cannot breathe in his presence. The typical tourist should be encouraged within bounds, both because he is of some benefit to Ireland, and because Ireland is of inestimable benefit to him; but he should not be allowed to jeer and laugh at the legends (the gentle smile of sophisticated unbelief, with its twinkle of amusement, is unknown to and forever beyond him); and above all, he should never be allowed to carry or to play on a concertina, for this is the unpardonable sin.

We had an adventure yesterday. We were to dine at eight o'clock at Balkilly Castle, where Dr. La Touche is staying the week end with Lord and Lady Killbally. We had been spending an hour or two after tea in writing an Irish letter, and were a bit late in dressing. These letters, written in the vernacular, are a favorite diversion of ours when visiting in foreign lands; and they are very easily done when once you have caught the idioms, for you can always supplement your slender store of words and expressions with choice selections from native authors.

What Francesca and I wore to the Castle dinner is, alas, no longer of any consequence to the community at large. In the mysterious purposes of that third volume which we seem to be living in Ireland, Francesca's beauty and mine, her hats and frocks as well as mine, are all reduced to the background; but Salemina's toilette had cost us some thought. When she first issued from the discreet and decorous fastnesses of Salem society, she had never donned any dinner dress that was not as high at the throat and as long in the sleeves as the Puritan mothers ever wore to meeting. In England she lapsed sufficiently from the rigid Salem standard to adopt a timid compromise; in Scotland we coaxed her into still further modernities, until now she is completely enfranchised. We achieved this at considerable trouble, but do not grudge the time spent in persuasion when we see her *en grande toilette*. In day dress she has always been inclined ever so little to a primness and severity that suggest old-maidishness. In her low gown of pale gray, with all her silver hair waved softly, she is unexpectedly lovely, — her face softened, transformed, and magically "brought out" by the whiteness of her shoulders and slender throat. Not an ornament, not a jewel, will she wear; and she is right to keep the nunlike simplicity of style which suits her so well, and which holds its own even in the vicinity of Francesca's proud and glowing young beauty.

On this particular evening, Francesca, who wished her to look her best, had prudently hidden her eyeglasses, for which we are now trying to substitute a silver-handled lorgnette. Two years ago we deliberately smashed her spectacles, which she had adopted at five-and-twenty. "But they are more convenient than eyeglasses," she urged obtusely. "That argument is beneath you, dear," we replied. "If your hair were not prematurely gray, we might permit the spectacles, hideous as they are, but a combination of the two is impossible; the world shall not convict you of failing sight when you are guilty only of petty astigmatism!"

The gray satin had been chosen for this dinner, and Salemina was dressed, with the exception of the pretty pearl-embroidered waist that has to be laced at the last moment, and had slipped on a dressing jacket to come down from her room in the second story, to be advised in some trifling detail. She looked unusually well, I thought: her eyes were bright and her cheeks flushed, as she rustled in, holding her satin skirts daintily away from the dusty carpets.

Now, from the morning of our arrival we have had trouble with the Mullarkey doorknobs, which come off continually, and lie on the floors at one side of the

door or the other. Benella followed Salemina from her room, and, being in haste, closed the door with unwonted energy. She heard the well-known rattle and clang, but little suspected that, as one knob dropped outside in the hall, the other fell inside, carrying the rod of connection with it. It was not long before we heard a cry of despair from above, and we responded to it promptly.

"It 's fell in on the inside, knob and all, as I always knew it would some day; and now we can't get back into the room!" said Benella.

"Oh, nonsense! We can open it with something or other," I answered encouragingly, as I drew on my gloves; "only you must hasten, for the car is at the door."

The curling iron was too large, the shoe hook too short, a lead pencil too smooth, a crochet needle too slender: we tried them all, and the door resisted all their insinuations. "Must you necessarily get in before we go?" I asked Salemina thoughtlessly.

She gave me a glance that almost froze my blood, as she replied, "The waist of my dress is in the room."

Francesca and I spent a moment in irrepressible mirth, and then summoned Mrs. Mullarkey. Whether the Irish kings could be relied upon in an emergency I do not know, but their descendants cannot. Mrs. Mullarkey had gone to the convent to see the Mother Superior about something; Mr. Mullarkey was at the Dooclone market; Peter was not to be found; but Oonah and Molly came, and also the old lady from Mullinavat, with a package of raffle tickets in her hand.

We left this small army under Benella's charge, and went down to my room for a hasty consultation.

"Could you wear any evening bodice of Francesca's?" I asked.

"Of course not. Francesca's waist measure is three inches smaller than mine."

"Could you manage my black lace dress?"

"Penelope, you know it would only reach to my ankles! No, you must go without me, and go at once. We are too new acquaintances to keep Lady Killbally's dinner waiting. Why did I come to this place like a pauper, with only one evening gown, when I should have known that if there is a castle anywhere within forty miles you always spend half your time in it!"

This slur was totally unjustified, but I pardoned it, because Salemina's temper is ordinarily angelic, and the circumstances were somewhat tragic. "If you had brought a dozen dresses, they would all be in your room at this moment," I replied; "but we must think of something. It is impossible for you to remain behind; we were invited more on your account than on our own, for you are Dr. La Touche's friend, and the dinner is especially in his honor. Molly, have you a ladder?"

"We have not, ma'am."

"Could we borrow one?"

"We could not, Mrs. Beresford, ma'am."

"Then see if you can break down the door; try hard, and if you succeed I will buy you a nice new one! Part of Miss Peabody's dress is inside the room, and we shall be late to the Castle dinner."

The entire corps, with Mrs. Waterford of Mullinavat on top, cast itself on the door, which withstood the shock to perfection. Then in a moment we heard: "Weary 's on it, it will not come down for us, ma'am. It 's the iligant locks we do be havin' in the house; they 're mortial shtrong, ma'am!"

"Strong indeed!" exclaimed the incensed Benella, in a burst of New England wrath. "There 's nothing strong about the place but the impidence of the people in it! If you had told Peter to get a carpenter or a locksmith, as I 've been asking you to these two weeks, it would have been all right; but you never

do anything till a month after it 's too late. I 've no patience with such a set of doshies, dawdling around and leaving everything to go to rack and ruin ! "

" Sure it was yourself that ruinated the thing," responded Molly, with spirit, for the unaccustomed word " doshy " had kindled her quick Irish temper. " It 's aisy handlin' the knob is used to, and faith it would 'a' stuck there for you a twelvemonth ! "

" They will be quarreling soon," said Salemina nervously. " Do not wait another instant; you are late enough now, and I insist on your going. Make any excuse you see fit: say I am ill, say I am dead, if you like, but don't tell the real excuse, — it 's too shiftless and wretched and embarrassing. Don't cry, Benella. Molly, Oonah, go downstairs to your work. Mrs. Waterford, I think perhaps you have forgotten that we have already purchased raffle tickets, and we 'll not take any more for fear that we may draw the necklace. Good-by, dears; tell Lady Killbally I shall see her to-morrow."

XV.

" Why the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
And the kettle sings songs
Full of family glee,
While alone with your cup,
Like a hermit you sup,
Och hone, Widow Machree."

Francesca and I were gloomy enough, as we drove along facing each other in Ballyfuchsia's one " inside " car, — a strange and fearsome vehicle, partaking of the nature of a broken-down omnibus, a hearse, and an overgrown black beetle. It holds four, or at a squeeze six, the seats being placed from stem to stern lengthwise, and the balance being so delicate that the passengers, when going uphill, are shaken into a heap at the door, which is represented by a ragged leather flap. I have often seen it strew the hard highroad with passengers, as it jolts up the steep incline that leads to Ardnagreena, and the " fares " who succeed in staying in always sit in one another's laps a good part of the way, — a method pleasing only to relatives or intimate friends. Francesca and I agreed to tell the real reason of Salemina's absence. " It is Ireland's fault, and I will not have America blamed for it," she insisted; " but it is so embarrassing to be going to the dinner ourselves, and leaving behind the most important personage. Think of Dr. La Touche's disappointment, think of Salemina's; and they 'll never understand why she could n't have come in a dressing jacket. I shall advise her to discharge Benella after this episode, for no one can tell the effect it may have upon our future lives."

It is a four-mile drive to Balkilly Castle, and when we arrived there we were so shaken that we had to retire to a dressing room for repairs. Then came the dreaded moment when we entered the great hall and advanced to meet Lady Killbally, who looked over our heads to greet the missing Salemina. Francesca's beauty, my supposed genius, both fell flat; it was Salemina whose presence was especially desired. The company was assembled, save for one guest still more tardy than ourselves, and we had a moment or two to tell our story as sympathetically as possible. It had an uncommonly good reception, and, coupled with the Irish letter I read at dessert, carried the dinner along on a basis of such laughter and good-fellowship that finally there was no place for regret save in the hearts of those who knew and loved Salemina, — poor Salemina, spending her dull, lonely evening in our rooms, and later on in her own uneventful bed, if indeed she was ever lucky enough to gain access to that bed. I had hoped Lady Killbally would put one of us beside Dr. La Touche, so that we might at least keep Salemina's memory green by tactful conversation; but

it was too large a company to rearrange, and he had to sit by an empty chair, which perhaps was just as salutary, after all. The dinner was very smart, and the company interesting and clever, but my thoughts were elsewhere. As there were fewer squires than dames at the feast, Lady Killbally kindly took me on her left, with a view to better acquaintance, and I was heartily glad of a possible chance to hear something of Dr. La Touche's earlier life. In our previous interviews, Salemina's presence had always precluded the possibility of leading the conversation in the wished-for direction.

When I first saw Gerald La Touche I felt that he required explanation. Usually speaking, a human being ought to be able, in an evening's conversation, to explain himself, without any adventitious aid. If he is a man, alive, vigorous, well poised, conscious of his own personality, he shows you, without any effort, as much of his past as you need to form your impression, and as much of his future as you have intuition to read. As opposed to the vigorous personality, there is the colorless, flavorless, insubstantial sort, forgotten as soon as learned, and forever confused with the previous or the next comer. When I was a beginner in portrait painting, I remember that, after I had succeeded in making my background stay back where it belonged, my figure sometimes had a way of clinging to it in a kind of smudgy weakness, as if it were afraid to come out like a man and stand the inspection of my eye. How often have I squandered paint upon the ungrateful object without adding a cubit to its stature! It refused to look like flesh and blood, but resembled rather some half-made creature flung on the passive canvas in a liquid state, with its edges running over into the background. There are a good many of these people in literature, too, — heroes who, like home-made paper dolls, do not stand up well; or if they manage to perform that feat, one unexpectedly discovers, when they are placed in a strong light, that they have no vital organs whatever, and can be seen through without the slightest difficulty. Dr. La Touche does not belong to either of these two classes: he is not warm, magnetic, powerful, impressive; neither is he by any means destitute of vital organs; but his personality is blurred in some way. He seems a bit remote, absent-minded, and a trifle, just a trifle, over-resigned. Privately, I think a man can afford to be resigned only to one thing, and that is the will of God; against all other odds I prefer to see him fight till the last armed foe expires. Dr. La Touche is devotedly attached to his children, but quite helpless in their hands; so that he never looks at them with pleasure or comfort or pride, but always with an anxiety as to what they may do next. I understand him better now that I know the circumstances of which he has been the product. (Of course one is always a product of circumstances, unless one can manage to be superior to them.) His wife, the daughter of an American consul in Ireland, was a charming but somewhat feather-brained person, rather given to whims and caprices; very pretty, very young, very much spoiled, very attractive, very undisciplined. All went well enough with them until her father was recalled to America, because of some change in political administration. The young Mrs. La Touche seemed to have no resources apart from her family, and even her baby "Jackeen" failed to absorb her as might have been expected.

"We thought her a most trying woman at this time," said Lady Killbally. "She seemed to have no thought of her husband's interests, and none of the responsibilities that she had assumed in marrying him; her only idea of life appeared to be amusement and variety and gayety. Gerald was a student, and al-

ways very grave and serious; the kind of man who invariably marries a butterfly, if he can find one to make him miserable. He was exceedingly patient; but after the birth of little Broona, Adeline became so homesick and depressed and discontented that, although the journey was almost an impossibility at the time, Gerald took her back to her people, and left her with them, while he returned to his duties at Trinity College. Their life, I suppose, had been very unhappy for a year or two before this, and when he came home to Dublin, without his children, he looked a sad and broken man. He was absolutely faithful to his ideals, I am glad to say, and never wavered in his allegiance to his wife, however disappointed he may have been in her; going over regularly to spend his long vacations in America, although she never seemed to wish to see him. At last she fell into a state of hopeless melancholia; and it was rather a relief to us all to feel that we had judged her too severely, and that her unreasonableness and her extraordinary caprices had been born of mental disorder more than of moral obliquity. Gerald gave up everything to nurse her and rouse her from her apathy; but she faded away without ever once coming back to a more normal self, and that was the end of it all. Gerald's father had died meanwhile, and he had fallen heir to the property and the estates. They were very much encumbered, but he is gradually getting affairs into a less chaotic state; and while his fortune would seem a small one to you extravagant Americans, he is what we Irish paupers would call well to do."

Lady Killbally was suspiciously willing to give me all this information, — so much so that I ventured to ask about the children.

"They are captivating, neglected little things," she said. "Madam La Touche, an aged aunt, has the ostensible charge of them, and she is a most easy-going person. The servants are of the 'old family' sort, the reckless, improvident, untidy, devoted, quarrelsome creatures that always stand by the ruined Irish gentry in all their misfortunes, and generally make their life a burden to them at the same time. Gerald is a saint, and therefore never complains."

"It never seems to me that saints are adapted to positions like these," I sighed; "sinners would do ever so much better. I should like to see Dr. La Touche take off his halo, lay it carefully on the bureau, and wield a battle-axe. The world will never acknowledge his merit; it will even forget him presently, and his life will have been given up to the evolution of the passive virtues. Do you suppose he will ever marry again? Do you suppose he will recognize the tender passion if it ever does bud in his breast, or will he think it a weed, instead of a flower, and let it wither for want of attention?"

"I think his friends will have to enhance his self-respect, or he will forever be too modest to declare himself," said Lady Killbally. "Perhaps you can help us: he is probably going to America this winter to lecture at some of your universities, and he may stay there for a year or two, so he says. At any rate, if the right woman ever appears on the scene, I hope she will have the instinct to admire and love and reverence him as we do," and here she smiled directly into my eyes, and slipping her pretty hand under the tablecloth squeezed mine in a manner that spoke volumes.

It is not easy to explain one's desire to marry off all the unmarried persons in one's vicinity. When I look steadfastly at any group of people, large or small, they usually segregate themselves into twos under my prophetic eye. If they are nice and attractive, I am pleased to see them mated; if they are horrid and disagreeable, I like to think of them as improving under the discipline of matrimony. It is joy to see beauty

meet a kindling eye, but I am more delighted still to watch a man fall under the glamour of a plain, dull girl, and it is ecstasy for me to see a perfectly unattractive, stupid woman snapped up at last, when I have given up hopes of settling her in life. Sometimes there are men so uninspiring that I cannot converse with them a single moment without yawning; but though failures in all other relations, one can conceive of their being tolerably useful as husbands and fathers; not for one's self, you understand, but for one's neighbors.

Dr. La Touche's life now, to any understanding eye, is as incomplete as the unfinished window in Aladdin's tower. He is too wrinkled, too studious, too quiet, too patient. His children need a mother, his old family servants need discipline, his baronial halls need sweeping and cleaning (I have n't seen them, but I know they do !), and his aged aunt needs advice and guidance. On the other hand, there are those (I speak guardedly) who have walked in shady, sequestered paths all their lives, looking at hundreds of happy lovers on the sunny highroad, but never joining them; those who adore scholarship, who love children, who have a genius for unselfish devotion, who are sweet and refined and clever, and who look perfectly lovely when they put on gray satin and leave off eyeglasses. They say they are over forty, and although this probably is exaggeration, they may be thirty-nine and three quarters; and if so, the time is limited in which to find for them a worthy mate, since half of the masculine population is looking for itself, and always in the wrong quarter, needing no assistance to discover rosy-cheeked idiots of nineteen, whose obvious charms draw thousands to a dull and uneventful fate.

These thoughts were running idly through my mind while the Honorable Michael McGillicuddy was discoursing to me of Mr. Gladstone's misunderstanding of Irish questions. I was so anxious to return to Salemina that I wished I had ordered the car at ten thirty instead of eleven; but I made up my mind, as we ladies went to the drawing-room for coffee, that I would seize the first favorable opportunity to explore the secret chambers of Dr. La Touche's being, and find out at the same time whether he knows anything of that lavender-scented guest room in Salemina's heart. First, has he ever seen it? Second, has he ever stopped in it for any length of time? Third, was he sufficiently enamored of it to occupy it on a long lease?

XVI.

"And what use is one's life widout chances?
Ye 've always a chance wid the tide."

I was walking with Lady Fincoss, and Francesca with Miss Clondalkin, a very learned personage, who has deciphered more undecipherable inscriptions than any lady in Ireland, when our eyes fell upon an unexpected tableau.

Seated on a divan in the centre of the drawing-room, in a most distinguished attitude, in unexceptionable attire, and with the rose-colored lights making all her soft grays opalescent, was Miss Salemina Peabody. Our exclamations of astonishment were so audible that they must have reached the dining room, for Lord Killbally did not keep the gentlemen long at their wine.

Salemina cannot tell a story quite as it ought to be told to produce an effect. She is too reserved, too concise, too rigidly conscientious. She does n't like to be the centre of interest, even in a modest *contretemps* like being locked out of a room which contains part of her dress; but from her brief explanation to Lady Killbally, her more complete and confidential account on the way home, and Benella's graphic story when we arrived there, we were able to get all the details.

When the inside car passed out of

view with us, it appears that Benella wept tears of rage, at the sight of which Oonah and Molly trembled. In that moment of despair and remorse her mind worked as it must always have done before the Salem priestess befogged it with hazy philosophies, understood neither by teacher nor by pupil. Peter had come back, but could suggest nothing. Benella forgot her "science," which prohibits rage and recrimination, and called him a great, hulking, lazy vagabone, and told him she 'd like to have him in Salem for five minutes, just to show him a man with a head on his shoulders.

"You call this a Christian country," she said, "and you have n't a screw-driver, nor a brad awl, nor a monkey wrench, nor a rat-tail file, nor no kind of a useful tool to bless yourselves with; and my Miss Peabody, that 's worth ten dozen of you put together, has got to stay home from the Castle and eat warmed-up scraps. Now you do as I say: take the dining table and put it outside under the window, and the side table on top o' that, and see how fur up it 'll reach. I guess you can't stump a Salem woman by telling her there ain't no ladder."

The two tables were finally in position; but there still remained nine feet of distance to that key of the situation, Salemina's window, and Mrs. Waterford's dressing table went on top of this pile. "Now, Peter," were the next orders, "if you 've got sprawl enough, hold down the dining table, and you and Oonah, Molly, keep the next two tables stiddy, while I climb up."

The intrepid Benella could barely reach the sill, and Mrs. Waterford and Salemina were called on to "stiddy" the tables, while Molly was bidden to help by giving an heroic "boost" when the word of command came. The device was completely successful, and in a trice the conqueror disappeared, to reappear at the window holding the precious pearl-embroidered bodice wrapped in a towel. "I would n't stop to fool with the door till I dropped you this," she said. "Oonah, you go and wash your hands clean, and help Miss Peabody into it, — and mind you start the lacing right at the top; and you, Peter, run down to Rooney's and get the donkey and the cart, and bring 'em back with you, — and don't you let the grass grow under your feet, neither!"

There was literally no other mode of conveyance within miles, and time was precious. Salemina wrapped herself in Francesca's long black cloak, and climbed into the cart. Dinnis hauls turf in it, takes a sack of potatoes or a pig to market in it, and the stubborn little ass, blind of one eye, has never in his wholly elective course taken up the subject of speed.

It was eight o'clock when Benella mounted the seat beside Salemina, and gave the donkey a preliminary touch of the stick.

"Be aisy wid him," cautioned Peter. "He 's a very arch donkey for a lady to be dhrivin', and mebbe he 'd lay down and not get up for you."

"Arrah! shut yer mouth, Pether. Give him a couple of belts anondher the hind leg, melady, and that 'll put the fear o' God in him!" said Dinnis.

"I 'd rather not go at all," urged Salemina timidly; "it 's too late, and too extraordinary."

"I 'm not going to have it on my conscience to make you lose this dinner party, — not if I have to carry you on my back the whole way," said Benella doggedly; "and this donkey won't lay down with me more 'n once, — I can tell him that right at the start."

"Sure, melady, he 'll go to Galway for you, when oncet he 's started wid himself; and it 's only a couple o' fingers to the Castle, annyways."

The four-mile drive, especially through the village of Ballyfuchsia, was an eventful one, but by dint of prodding, poking, and belting Benella had accomplished

half the distance in three quarters of an hour, when the donkey suddenly lay down "on her." This was luckily at the town cross, where a group of idlers rendered hearty assistance. Willing as they were to succor a lady in disthress, they did not know of any car which could be secured in time to be of service, but one of them offered to walk and run by the side of the donkey, so as to kape him on his legs. It was in this wise that Miss Peabody approached Balkilly Castle; and when a gilded gentleman-in-waiting lifted her from Rooney's "plain cart," she was just on the verge of hysterics. Fortunately his Magnificence was English, and betrayed no surprise at the arrival in this humble fashion of a dinner guest, but simply summoned the Irish housekeeper, who revived her with wine, and called on all the saints to witness that she 'd never heard of such a shameful thing, and such a disgrace to Ballyfuchsia. The idea of not keeping a ladder in a house where the doorknobs were apt to come off struck her as being the worst feature of the accident, though this unexpected and truly Milesian view of the matter had never occurred to us.

"Well, I got Miss Peabody to the dinner party," said Benella triumphantly, when she was laboriously unlacing my frock, later on, "or at least I got her there before it broke up. I had to walk every step o' the way home, and the donkey laid down four times, but I was so nerved up I did n't care a mite. I was bound Miss Peabody should n't lose her chance, after all she 's done for me!"

"Her chance?" I asked, somewhat puzzled, for dinners, even castle dinners, are not rare in Salemina's experience.

"Yes, her chance," repeated Benella mysteriously; "you 'd know well enough what I mean, if you 'd ben born and brought up in Salem, Massachusetts!"

Copy of a letter read by Penelope O'Connor, descendant of the king of Connaught, at the dinner of Lord and Lady Killbally at Balkilly Castle. It needed no apology then, but we were obliged to explain to our American friends that though the Irish peasants interlard their conversation with saints, angels, and devils, and use the name of the Virgin Mary, and even the Almighty, with, to our ears, undue familiarity and frequency, there is no profane or irreverent intent. They are instinctively religious, and it is only because they feel on terms of such friendly intimacy with the powers above that they speak of them so often.

At the Widdy Mullarkey's,
Knockarney House, Ballyfuchsia,
County Kerry.

Och! musha bedad, man alive, but it 's a fine counthry over here, and it bangs all the jewel of a view we do be havin' from the windys, begorra! Knockarney House is in a wild remoted place at the back of beyant, and faix we 're as much alone as Robinson Crusoe on a dissolute island; but when we do be wishful to go to the town, sure there 's ivery convaniency. There 's ayther a bit of a jauntin' car wid a skewbald pony for drivin', or we can borry the loan of Dinnis Rooney's blind ass wid the plain cart, or we can just take a fut in a hand and leg it over the bog. Sure it 's no great thing to go do, but only a taste of divarsion like, though it 's three good Irish miles an' powerful hot weather, with niver a dhrop of wet these manny days. It 's a great old spring we 're havin' intirely; it has raison to be proud of itself, begob!

Paddy, the gossoon that drives the car (it 's a gossoon we call him, but faix he stands five fut nine in his stockin's, when he wears anny), — Paddy, as I 'm afther tellin' you, lives in a cabin down below the knockaun, a thrifle back of the road. There 's a nate stack of turf fornint it, and a pitaty pot sets beside the doore, wid the hins and chuckens

rachin' over into it like aigles tryin' to swally the smell.

Across the way there does be a bit of sthrame that 's fairly shtiff wid troutses in the saison, and a growth of rooshes under the edge lookin' that smooth and greeny it must be a pleasure intirely to the grand young pig and the goat that spinds their time by the side of it when out of doores, which is seldom. Paddy himself is raggetty like, and a sight to behould wid the daylight shinin' through the ould coat on him ; but he 's a dacint spalpeen, and sure we 'd be lost widout him. His mother 's a widdy woman with nine moidherin' childer, not countin' the pig an' the goat, which has aquil advantages. It 's nine she has livin', she says, and four slapin' in the beds o' glory ; and faix I hope thim that 's in glory is quieter than the wans that 's here, for the divil is busy wid thim the whole of the day. Here 's wan o' thim now makin' me as onaisy as an ould hin on a hot griddle, slappin' big sods of turf over the dike, and ruinatin' the timpers of our poulthry ; we 've a right to be lambastin' thim this blessed minute, the crathurs ! As sure as eggs is mate, if they was mine they 'd sup sorrow wid a spoon of grief, before they wint to bed this night !

Misthress Colquhoun, that lives at Ardnagreena on the road to the town, is an iligant lady intirely, an' she 's uncommon frindly, may the peace of heaven be her sowl's rist ! She 's rale charitable-like an' liberal with the whativer, an' as for Himself, sure he 's the darlin' fine man ! He taches the dead-and-gone languages in the grand sates of larnin', and has more eddication and comperhinson than the whole of County Kerry rowled together.

Then there 's Lord and Lady Killbally ; faix there 's no iliganter family on this counthryside, and they has the beautiful quality stoppin' wid thim, begob ! They have a pew o' their own in the church, an' their coachman wears top-boots wid yaller chimbleys to thim. They do be very open-handed wid the eatin' and the drinkin', and it bangs Banagher the figurandyin' we do have wid thim ! So you see ould Ireland is not too disthressful a counthry to be divartin' ourselves in, an' we have our healths finely, glory be to God !

Well, we must be shankin' off wid ourselves now to the Colquhouns', where they 're wettin' a dhrop o' tay for us this mortial instant.

It 's no good for yous to write to us here, for we 'll be quittin' out o' this before the letther has a chanst to come ; though sure it can folly us as we 're jiggin' along to the north.

Don't be thinkin' that you 've shlipped hould of our ricollections, though the breadth of the ocean say 's betune us. More power to your elbow ! May your life be aisy, and may the heavens be your bed !

PENELOPE O'CONNOR BERESFORD.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GROWTH OF PUBLIC EXPENDITURES.

ONE of the most striking phenomena of modern public finance is the growth of public expenditures. Burdens of taxation amounting in volume to many times the amount which drove our British ancestors to take arms against the Stuarts in the seventeenth century, or which impoverished France before the

Revolution, are now borne almost without a murmur by the people of every civilized state; and even where murmurs occur, the new burdens have not prevented an astonishing progress in accumulated wealth and productive resources.

Before discussing the reasons for this remarkable situation, which has excited grave apprehension in many quarters, it will be proper, without attempting a systematic presentation of comparative statistics, to give a few facts which will illustrate the change which has taken place within our own century, and even within a generation, in the volume of public expenditure and of taxes collected in civilized countries. Comparisons cannot be reduced readily to a scientific basis, because of the wide variety in methods of taxation, and the different distribution of national, provincial, and local functions in different countries. In such matters, for the general reader, the impression of the wide difference between the past and the present is as truthful as minute detail, and fastens a more striking and permanent picture in the mind. The purpose of this paper is chiefly to point out the changes of the last twenty-five or thirty years, rather than those extending over a longer period, but a few facts from the history of the leading civilized countries at earlier dates will serve to bring into bolder relief the tendencies of the present generation. The few facts here given for purposes of illustration will deal partly with the revenue side of the budget, showing the taxes collected, and partly with the side of expenditures, showing the great sums disbursed for civil and military purposes under modern conditions. It will appear, also, from the comparison of the increased revenues collected from the same sources from year to year, upon what a growing volume of national wealth the modern system of public revenue is founded.

In France, when Napoleon was organizing the greatest of his armies for the disastrous campaign against Russia, the entire budget of expenditures submitted by his minister of finance, the Comte de Mollien, was only 1,168,000,000 francs, or about $225,000,000, of which nearly two thirds was for military purposes. This comparatively modest sum, equal to less than our internal revenue collections last year, was all that it was proposed to gather by taxation not alone from the France of the Bourbons, but from the great empire beyond the Rhine and reaching to the Po, which had been established by the victories of a dozen years. The budget of France to-day, shut within her old limits and with the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, is nearly four times this amount in a time of profound peace, and no one knows what might be its amount in case of war. France affords a convenient illustration for economic discussions, because her population has not increased greatly within the century. It was 30,461,875 in 1821, 36,102,921 in 1872, and 38,343,192 in 1891. It is not, therefore, an increase in population which has enabled the French government to swell the figures of its budget. The reasons must be sought in unusual extravagance, or in causes growing out of the industrial development of the nation.

In England, in the times of the restored Stuart dynasty in 1660, the annual revenue is computed by good authorities at £1,200,000 for a population of five and a half millions, or but little more than $1 per head. In 1795, before the Continental wars had brought disorder into imperial finances, the revenue of the United Kingdom was £19,657,993 for a population of less than nine millions, or about $8 per head. Even then the debt charge swallowed up half the revenue, and dire predictions were frequent of England's collapse under the heavy burdens she bore. The added burdens of the Napoleonic wars swelled the debt charge to a startling amount, but it gradually fell

relatively to other expenditures, and up to 1870 the exactions of the tax gatherer tended to demand a smaller rather than a larger proportion of the national wealth. The expenditures of 1871 were £69,548,539, amounting to about $11 (£2 4*s.* 5*d.*) for each inhabitant of the United Kingdom. But the expenditures of 1895 rose to £93,918,421, and those of 1899 to £108,150,236, or about $13 per capita. It is significant that the entire recent increase is exclusive of the debt charge. This has been, roughly, £25,000,000 a year for fifty years, so that expenditures for other purposes advanced from about £45,000,000 in 1871 to £83,000,000 in 1899, — an increase of about 84 per cent within less than a generation.

In the United States, dealing with the federal revenue alone, the demand made upon the American people in 1842 was only $25,205,761, or $1.39 per capita. The amount had risen in 1860 only to $2.01 per capita. Then came the disturbances of the Civil War, whose effect was felt for many years upon the annual budget. The lowest per capita expenditure after the war was in 1886, under the administration of President Cleveland, when the total amount was $242,483,138, and the amount per capita was $4.22. Expenditures per capita rose to $5.71 in 1891, but fell to $4.93 in 1896 and $5.01 in 1897. Then came the disturbing influences of the Spanish War, which it is not necessary to discuss here. The expenses of the United States upon a peace basis, even before the recent increase of the army, may be said to be about $5 per head, — more than three times what they were sixty years ago, two and a half times what they were before the Civil War, and 20 per cent greater than they were even within fourteen years. If the expenditures for state and municipal purposes could be presented, they would show at least a proportional, and probably a much greater increase.

In Germany, the modest imperial budget established after the war with France called for expenditures of only $135,000,000 (569,388,500 marks) in 1878, which swelled to double the amount in 1889, and to $370,000,000 (1,551,709,400 marks) in 1899. In Russia, the ordinary expenditures rose from 1,099,372,000 francs ($215,000,000) in 1866 to 2,433,388,000 francs in 1890, and 3,622,789,000 francs ($700,000,000) in 1898. The receipts and expenditures in Russia have been greatly swelled in recent years by the extension of the state railways, whose gross transactions figure in the budget; but a writer in l'Economiste Européen of January 19, 1900, puts the collections from taxes at about two thirds of the total budget.

The question naturally arises, What is the cause of this greatly increased burden imposed upon the average citizen for the expense of government? Is it the result of reckless extravagance by public officials, and the needless multiplication of useless offices, or does it afford substantial benefits to the community? Such a question is not capable of an unqualified answer. There is, without doubt, extravagance and needless multiplication of offices in the great machines which constitute modern governments. It is in the very nature of government service to be less flexible, less efficient, and more costly than private service. The controlling reason is the absence of competition. Methods which would bankrupt a private establishment are the usual methods of governments, partly because of the recognized necessity for greater formality and more strict accountability, but largely, also, because the government generally has no competitor in those fields which it enters. In assuming control of the postal service, it legislates against private post offices. In assuming charge of the police, it practically prohibits rival police companies except for special and private services. In regulating the coinage of

money, it prohibits private mints. In all these fields, the government service is not self-supporting, but substitutes forced levies upon the pockets of the taxpayers for the favorable balance sheet which is the vital necessity of private business.

This statement of the evils inherent in government methods does not, however, touch the question whether such methods are becoming worse under modern conditions than they were a century ago or a generation ago. The fact in most cases is that these methods are becoming better; that public servants render better service; that their compensation is being brought more closely into harmony with that in private business, and in many positions of honor and scientific skill far below that in private business; and that the pressure of public opinion is bringing public services into closer harmony with private methods. The reason for the great increase in public expenditures must be sought, therefore, in other sources than the corruption of the service or its lack of efficiency. Examination of the facts will show that it is found in new and better services performed by the state for the community. In the words of Professor Maurice Block: —

"The citizen is becoming more and more exacting. He demands much of the state. On the other hand, he multiplies its attributes and powers; there is a sort of emulation in this respect between different countries. It follows that functionaries are more and more numerous and salaries higher; there are more railways and highways; more canals, and harbors, bridges, aqueducts; more monuments, museums, schools, and laboratories; alas, more soldiers, cannons, and fortifications, and more ships of war."

These increased services, moreover, are not, properly speaking, the result of the encroachment by the state (except perhaps in Germany) upon the field of private enterprise, but are the result of the greater social wealth which enables the individual to provide himself with a better livelihood than before by his private expenditures, and at the same time spare the means to the government for rendering him services which were not performed at all before, and could not well be performed by private enterprise. Under modern conditions of machine production and the application of steam and electricity even to farming, the productive power of the individual has greatly increased. This increase was large during the first half of the nineteenth century, but has perhaps been greater during the present generation, since the full equipment of the civilized nations with labor-saving devices. Man has not chosen to take advantage of the whole of his increased power to work fewer hours. He has done this to some extent and in certain exacting industries, but upon the whole he has chosen to apply this added power chiefly to getting more things rather than getting only the same things by less work. Hence the wonderfully rapid accumulation of wealth in modern society. To illustrate again by the example of France, 67,347 machines with a horse power of 1,263,000,000 supplemented the productive power of Frenchmen engaged in industry in 1896, where only 26,221 machines with a horse power of 320,000 were available in 1869. It is not surprising that, among other symptoms of wealth, depositors in the savings banks increased in number from 2,131,000 in 1869 to 6,842,000 in 1898, and that their deposits rose from 711,000,000 francs to 3,388,000,000 francs ($657,000,000), without counting the postal savings banks, established in 1881, and in 1898 showing 2,892,000 depositors and 844,000,000 francs of deposits. If such growth in wealth has taken place in France, one of the most heavily taxed of all countries, it is not surprising that in Great Britain, within the short interval of eighteen years, from 1880 to

1898, the deposits in the postal savings banks were multiplied nearly fourfold (from £33,744,637 to £123,144,099), and amount to an average of nearly $75 for every family of five persons.

Facts like these are sufficient to show that the increase of public expenditures has not prevented saving by the masses at a rate never before approached in the world's history. Nor have the wealthier classes borne the new burden of taxation at the expense of continued progress. In Prussia, the revenue subject to income tax increased more than 20 per cent from 1893 to 1898. The amount in 1893 was 5,724,323,767 marks, and in 1898 6,774,937,505 marks ($1,650,000,000), — an increase of 1,050,613,738 marks ($200,000,000) within the short space of five years. In France, the ordinary receipts of the treasury rose from 45 francs per head in 1869 to 89 francs in 1898, representing within about thirty years the imposition of a charge of $18 upon every Frenchman where $9 was formerly collected. But hand in hand with this added burden has gone the increased power to bear it. While France has undoubtedly been hampered in her development by military expenditures, every index of her wealth and earnings shows astonishing progress within the present generation. The property subject to the succession tax in 1866 was 3,271,841,672 francs. The amount had risen in 1898 almost 50 per cent, or to 5,767,500,000 francs ($1,100,000,000). The estimated revenue from negotiable securities, upon which a tax is levied, was 1,070,200,000 francs ($206,000,000) in 1874, and 1,754,920,000 francs in 1898, — an increase of more than 70 per cent in twenty-four years. This item of the growth of the national wealth has been subject, moreover, to the modifying influence of the fall in the rate of interest. While French savings and French investments have greatly increased in their face value within the present decade, the advance in the net revenue and in the amount of tax collected has been small, because securities which formerly paid five and six per cent have fallen in their income-paying power, either by formal conversion or by the premium in the market, to rates of three and four per cent.

The civilized world is able, therefore, to pay the cost of a larger official class, if it renders services of value. Increased social wealth permits additions to the office-holding and professional classes, because the community has gotten beyond the point where the efforts of all, or nearly all, are needed for the work of obtaining subsistence and the rudiments of civilized life. The difference between the old conditions and the new is thus set forth by Professor William Smart: —

"Society now supports — and gladly — a great many people who add nothing material. Once a day if a man had hinted that he should like to be a poet, a player, a singer, or even a journalist, he would have been looked on with curiosity and even suspicion, and for an intelligible reason. When bread and butter were scarce and were got by hard labor, it did look curious that a man should expect other people to share their bread and butter with one who did not produce, in return, something as tangible and nourishing as bread and butter. But, with the growth of wealth, all these occupations have become legitimate and honorable callings, wherein it is recognized that men give value for value, and there is a par of exchange between the products of the hand and those of the brain."

That the increase of wealth permits additions to the professional and office-holding classes in a much greater ratio than that borne by the new wealth to the previous mass may be shown by a mathematical illustration. A community capable by its utmost exertions of producing only enough to supply its food and clothing would have no surplus for the machinery of government or for the support of the professional classes. If

the productive power necessary to supply food and clothing be represented by $10x$, an increase of productive power by 10 per cent, applied to the support of a small governing and professional class, will be represented by $1x$. It is obvious that a further increase in the productive power of the community by the same amount, or one eleventh of its whole producing power, would raise the fund available for the governing and professional classes, not by 10 per cent, but by 100 per cent. A further increase of the old productive power by one eleventh (or of the new power by one twelfth) would permit three times the proportion of wealth to be devoted to the professional and office-holding classes that was devoted to them under the original conditions. If state expenditure alone were considered, an increase of one eleventh in the producing power of the community, under the conditions assumed, would permit double the state expenditure under previous conditions.

A small increase in productive power or in wealth, therefore, would permit a large increase in the ratio devoted to the professional and governing classes. These classes would not by any means reap the whole benefit of the new wealth. It would be necessary that all should produce more, and be able to exchange their surplus purchasing power for professional services, like those of physicians, lawyers, actors, and artists, in order that this exchange should permit the latter classes to live. The distribution of the increased wealth among the community would be such that a smaller number of persons than before would be able to produce all the food of the community, and a smaller number than before would be able to produce all the clothing. These groups would receive their compensation for increased productive power in greater comforts of living, and some of those who had formerly belonged to the food-producing classes, or their children, would ascend into the ranks of the skilled-labor and professional classes. Whether the distribution of the increased wealth was entirely equitable or not, the general tendency of its distribution could not fail to follow this direction. The professional classes, so far as they can be considered as independent of the producing classes, would in their turn have more wealth than formerly to apply to the gratification of their desires, and would increase their demand upon the less efficient classes both for products and for personal services.

The growth of the official and professional classes, so far as it is an index of the increased wealth of the community, is not to be deplored. The essential test of the value of these classes is whether they are rendering genuine services. If they are purely parasitic, they are a burden upon the community, of the most injurious character. This was conspicuously the case with the French nobility just before the Revolution. Every one remembers how vividly Taine sketches their privileges and exemptions, the absentee landlordism which drained away the riches of their estates, and their purely ornamental functions at the royal court, without even performing any of the duties of civil leadership. Originating in the useful offices of governors and leaders of the people, these functions had been superseded by the central government, and the privileged classes had become social vampires, drawing their vitality from the impoverished blood of the community. This has come to be the case to some extent with the hereditary nobility of many of the European countries, where they have preserved any real privileges. They have ceased to perform valuable functions, except perhaps to set the standards of taste in living and in art, and are supported by the labor of the community under property laws which make them the beneficiaries of the special privileges granted their ancestors, even if they have ceased to benefit directly by special privileges and exemptions accorded them to-day.

The professional classes, in their turn, may be little better than parasites, in communities where the number of doctors, lawyers, and the clergy is multiplied beyond normal needs. The best evidence of the excess in their numbers is found in their failure to earn a comfortable living. This condition, however, is not a permanent one in a growing country, as is the parasitism of the hereditary nobility of Europe. In many American cities and states, the diversion of too much of the talent of the community to professional employments has been gradually corrected by the accumulation of wealth, and the increased opportunities for professional employment which wealth and its management afford. It is in accordance with the laws of political economy that the professional classes feel more keenly than the producing classes the diminished production of periods of depression. With the masses, the need for food and other necessaries of living supersedes the necessity for professional services and entertainment, and diminishes the demand for them. Among the more advanced classes, however, even this influence is counteracted by the elevation of professional services, like those of the physician and the dentist, to the rank of necessities, which can no more be dispensed with than tooth powder or the bath.

How far the increase in public expenditure has been usefully applied to the benefit of the community is a problem which has been much discussed, and which it would require exhaustive analysis of many budgets to answer with precision. That it has been applied to many new purposes, and to old ones which were inadequately provided for, may be easily established. Education, improved highways, more and better public buildings, and the thousand details of sanitation have absorbed most of the increased expenditure which has not gone to maintain standing armies. In England and Wales, local expenditures have risen by more than 150 per cent within the past generation, — from £30,454,523 in the fiscal year 1868 to £78,774,774 in 1897. This increase has been applied largely to the expenses of police, sanitation, and local public works. School boards alone increased their expenditures, during the brief period between 1884 and 1897, from £4,530,242 to £10,139,366. In the United States, also, according to some recent calculations by Secretary Gage, salaries paid to school-teachers rose from $37,832,556 in 1870 to $55,942,972 in 1880, and $123,809,412 in 1899.

Among the subjects of federal expenditure in the United States are many which contribute to the promotion of commerce. Going back to the report of Secretary Howell Cobb for the fiscal year 1860, one finds under the War Department the trifling item, "Improvement of rivers, harbors, etc., $221,973." This may not have been an entirely representative year in such expenditures, but it was pointed out by President Arthur, in his message vetoing the appropriation of 1882, that the appropriations were only $3,975,000 in 1870, and $8,976,500 in 1880. The appropriation proposed in 1882, which aroused so much resentment throughout the country, was $18,743,875. The work of river and harbor improvement has since then received a wonderful extension, and has been made the subject of continuing contracts instead of casual appropriations from year to year. The net disbursements by warrants for the fiscal year 1898 were $20,785,049, and for 1899 $16,082,357. This is only a small part, moreover, of the appropriations now made for the promotion of commerce. Deficiencies in the postal revenue are a contribution toward the extension of the mail service into remote sections, and toward fast mail trains and the carriage of great masses of periodical and advertising literature. The postal deficiency of 1898 was $10,504,-

040, and that of 1899 $8,211,570. If it fell to a less amount for the fiscal year 1900, it was because of larger revenues, and not because of the unwillingness of the government to thrust its hand into the pocket of the taxpayer for the purpose of promoting a widespread and efficient service. The lighthouse establishment, which called for $835,373 in 1860 and $1,767,515 in 1874, received $3,118,833 in 1899. While these figures are small, they represent an increase of 300 per cent within forty years, and nearly 100 per cent within the present generation.

Items of this character, always recognized as a necessary part of the duty of the federal government, give only a faint idea of the new fields in which the accumulated wealth flowing into the coffers of taxation is being spent on works which contribute to the scientific education, the public information, and the general equipment of the country for rivalry with foreign producing nations. Many of the scientific bureaus of the government, like the Weather Bureau, the Patent Office, colleges for agriculture and mechanic arts, the Coast and Geodetic Survey, eat up amounts which do not seem large from the modern point of view, but which would have made a serious impression on the modest budget of 1860 or 1870, even if due allowance were made for the difference in population. It does not affect the argument that some of these offices, like the Patent Office, are partly sustained by fees, since the gross cost of their maintenance, as compared with the similar cost in the past, is one of the measures of the increased resources of the country.

The growth in the public wealth is the explanation of the patience with which the country bears the munificence of Congress toward the pensioners of the Civil War. Never in the world's history have such sums been distributed to soothe the declining years of those who suffered for the flag as by the United States during the last decade. The largest amount paid for pensions up to the Civil War was in 1820, when $3,208,376 was distributed. The country then had a population of a little less than ten millions, so that the pension charge per capita was about 35 cents. This charge rose in the fiscal year 1885 to $56,102,267, which was about $1 for each inhabitant of the United States, or about $5 for the average family. The progress of fifteen years raised the pension expenditure for the fiscal year 1900 to $140,875,992. This is not much less than $2 per capita, or more than the cost of the federal government for all purposes (barring one year of the Mexican war) down almost to 1860. If the costs of the military and naval establishment last year were added to the expenditure for pensions, the burden upon the American people for these objects was about $4.40 per head, or very close to the entire military and naval expenditure of the Empire of Napoleon when he was leading the "Grand Army" of 600,000 men to its death amidst the snows of Russia.

The growth of the official classes is not to be feared so long as they are performing functions which are clearly useful. There is an unmistakable tendency, in democratic countries, where the system of using offices as political rewards prevails, — just as there used to be in monarchical countries, where offices were distributed as favors by the monarch, — to create useless functions, and to divide up those which are useful among an unnecessary number of public servants. This was notably the tendency in Great Britain under the Stuarts and the Georges, when sinecures were freely granted in order to pension the favorites of the king. It has been a favorite device among the political bosses of our great cities, where Tom, Mike, and Isaac have to be "taken care of" by the city because they have a "pull" in their wards. But these illustrations of an unfortunate

tendency to abuse the good nature of the public should not obscure the truth: that the public can afford to employ more servants under modern conditions than under old ones, and can obtain from them valuable services in promoting the comfort of the people and developing the economic power of the community. The lesson taught by abuses of political power is only that of every-day business, — that the rules of honesty and efficiency should be rigidly applied in public as well as in private service.

Closely related to the subject of increased public expenditure is that of the creation of public debt. The growth of such debts was the cause of grave anxiety to political economists early in the century, while they found defenders, on the other hand, among those who saw the benefits of negotiable securities in attracting the wealth of a country from its hiding places into a common mass, and in affording a means of absorbing the fund of surplus capital which was just coming into being. The fact soon came to be recognized that the virtue of the debt depended in a large degree upon its object. Primarily, a debt for a useful and productive purpose is more justifiable than one for a wasteful purpose, like that of war. But the instinct of self-preservation is a dominant one among men, and has apparently led nations to assume debts for war with lighter hearts than for almost any other purpose. In many cases such expenses have been wanton and wasteful; but where national life has been the stake of war, the creation of debt might perhaps be defended for the preservation of political independence, without which independent economic life would cease to be possible.

There is not room in this discussion to go into all the aspects of debt creation, nor to determine the limits of the sound principle of John Stuart Mill, that the expenses of war should be raised, as far as possible, by taxation rather than by loans. It is certain that the peace establishment of the army and navy, under ordinary conditions, should fall within the proceeds of taxation, and should not be permitted to impose a burden upon posterity. The justification for imposing burdens upon future generations is found only in the preservation of the national life; the extension of national power, which carries with it wider economic opportunities; or the creation of permanent works, like railways and harbor improvements, whose benefits as well as costs will be shared by posterity. The latter object has had a large share in the increase in public debts in well-ordered states, during the past generation. The government of Russia increased its debt more than a thousand millions of dollars from 1887 to 1900, but nearly the whole of the amount has been applied to the creation of railways owned by the state, whose net earnings of $70,000,000 (137,486,000 rubles) in 1898 much more than paid the interest on cost of construction, and left a handsome surplus for meeting other public charges. In Australia, also, $650,000,000 (£132,910,524) has been expended by the state in the construction of more than 14,000 miles of railway, mostly by the creation of public debt; but the net earnings of these railways were $20,000,000 (£4,069,805) in 1898, and they paid more than three per cent upon their cost.

Whatever the merits in the abstract of incurring public debts, there is no doubt that they bring a powerful stimulus to the development of new countries. The issue of negotiable securities, whether they come from the government or from private railway and industrial enterprises, puts into the hands of a poor and undeveloped community the means of obtaining the most efficient tools of production from abroad, without waiting until the requisite capital can be saved at home. Take the case of Australia, whose development has perhaps been more rapid within our generation than that of any

other country of the same population and wealth. The people of Australia were in the fortunate position of having an almost unlimited credit with their English and Scotch countrymen, which enabled them to borrow more liberally and on better terms than any other people. They borrowed from 1871 to 1898 nearly a billion and a half of dollars (£294,212,000). This great sum was applied to railway construction, to the improvement of agricultural land and sheep-farming, to the employment of the best machinery for gold-mining, and to the development of manufactures.

The result of this influx of foreign capital has been to create a large debt, both public and private; but it has been also to give to Australia a rapidity and solidity of development which would hardly have been possible by the unaided efforts of her own people. With a population increasing by more than 250 per cent from 1861 to 1898, and more than doubling in the twenty-seven years from 1871 to 1898, her industrial growth was more remarkable still. Her total foreign trade rose from £39,729,016 in 1871 to £83,678,859 in 1897, or more than three times the amount per capita of the trade of the United States. The public revenues, including railway earnings, increased from $45,000,000 (£9,269,765) in 1871 to $150,000,000 (£31,272,588) in 1898. Deposits in the banks increased, during the same period, by five hundred millions of dollars (from £28,833,761 to £128,303,360), and the value of annual production per capita increased 100 per cent, and put Australia at the head of all countries in volume of production per head. The per capita production of Australia is about $130 (£26 14*s.* 9*d.*), while that of France is only $60; Great Britain, $40; Russia, $31; and even the United States, only $70.

These results could not have been achieved without the influx of foreign capital by the creation of debt in the form of negotiable securities. These securities were exchanged, through the usual medium of stock exchange transactions, for English woolens, hardware, mining machinery, wines, and other luxuries. They might not be acceptable directly to those who had machinery, cloth, and wines to sell; but other people with surplus savings in England and Scotland were willing to buy these engraved pieces of paper, the bonds of the Australian governments, and the stocks and bonds of mining, railway, and investment companies. Thus, by the process of borrowing abroad, Australia was equipped, almost in the twinkling of an eye, with a mechanism of production which could have been built up out of her own savings only by the laborious efforts of several generations. By a somewhat similar process of borrowing abroad, the Russian Empire has increased its debt by nearly a thousand millions of dollars, but has encouraged an influx of foreign capital which has resulted in the creation within five years of stock companies showing a capitalization of $600,000,000.

The history of the century in public finance, therefore, and especially the history of the present generation, illustrates the benefits which may come to the community from a well-directed use of a part of its new wealth in the extension of state functions. The character of this extension need not be radically socialistic nor disturbing to the existing order, but may simply relieve the individual of many minor duties which could not be performed at all before, or were performed inadequately or at great individual expense. Just as the average man has ceased to try to be his own carpenter, physician, or lawyer, in spite of a breadth of culture which may include some knowledge of their duties, he has ceased to undertake the many functions relating to public health, instruction, and protection, which were formerly performed by the individual, because he could not afford to contribute from his slender surplus above the cost of main-

tenance to have them performed by others. The increase in public expenditures, great as it has been, has by no means kept pace with the increase of social wealth above the subsistence point, but has taken a fraction of these great resources, and sought to apply it to those improvements in social condition which can be best provided through state action. Modern social development, opening new means of comfort and luxury on every hand to the mass of men, would be strangely one-sided, if it left the functions of the state shut within the parsimonious limits of a century ago, or even a generation ago.

Charles A. Conant.

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

THE past year has, indeed, been a year of emotions. Never before, in the memory of the immediately present generation, has so universal and so sincere a wave of national feeling intoxicated the average Englishman. Nor has the occasion been wholly frivolous, the demonstration entirely without dignity. For whether the existence of a well-defined policy, dating many years before the Raid, — to "republicanize South Africa" and to "drive the British into the sea," — is ever honestly proven, or whether the cry of "The Empire in danger" is found to have been no more than the invention of a chartered press in the service of alien financiers, we have unquestionably stumbled into an imperial crisis of unparalleled magnitude and historic significance.

Until the secret history of the tortuous and discreditable diplomacy pursued alike by Boer and Briton toward each other and toward the colored people, their servants, is authentically exposed, we cannot, in common justice, refuse to face the two entirely divergent interpretations to which it is liable.

A great majority of those who are not mere slaves to militarism or commercial greed still hold to the position, so ably set forth in Mr. J. P. Fitzpatrick's The Transvaal from Within, that every difficulty in South Africa has been in reality the direct consequence of an undying struggle for domination between the two European races in possession. They discover a steady and unscrupulous development of anti-English legislation, designed to thwart the injured outlander at every turn by denying his political rights and hampering his private life, and carried out with a brilliant combination of cunning, corruption, and brutality. Mr. Fitzpatrick has manifestly overreached himself in the attempt to whitewash the Reform Committee, even while throwing over Dr. Jameson; but he has created an almost irresistible impression of the incompatibility of Boer methods and ideals with that ostensibly humanitarian form of decency and justice, so essential to commercial prosperity, which we have always claimed as the British brand of civilization. The average Boer, and President Kruger in particular, would certainly seem to have been continually and consistently in opposition to our ideas of progress. The eight hundred and fifty-nine pages lately devoted by "Vindex" to the Political Life and Speeches of Cecil Rhodes, empire-maker, provide a solid basis for such contentions.

There is, on the other hand, a small but increasing body of thoughtful and resolute Liberals, whose contentions are eloquently embodied in Mr. J. A. Hobson's The War in South Africa. They

dwell much on the natural community of interests between the white races in the colonies and the republics, particularly for protective purposes toward colored peoples, and maintain that honest overtures had already done much for a working federation. They view the attitude and conduct of the Boers as entirely defensive against a perpetually encroaching and treacherous invader, to whom the principle of patriotism — in other people — is unintelligible, the neighborhood of a weaker enemy a constant temptation to plunder, and the possession of gold fields a perpetual incitement to dishonesty. They consider that the English nation has been tricked into this war by a small ring of international capitalists, with the sole object of "securing for the mines a full, cheap, regular, and submissive supply of Kaffir and white labor," under conditions of practical slavery.

On neither reading is the record or the prospect especially satisfactory. We have been, in the past, at once perfidious to our enemies and ungrateful to our loyal colonists. We have broken promises in secession and pledges in expansion. The negotiations terminating in the present war were at least as disingenuous on our side as on that of the Boers, though both parties may claim their previous experiences of each other as an excuse for duplicity. And as Mr. Hobson effectively points out, "what basis for legitimate respect are we offering, by bearing down through sheer numerical superiority a people who will rightly boast that we tried to meet them man to man, and ignominiously failed?"

Yet now, at any rate, there is but one question in South Africa, "the struggle for British imperial or Boer republican predominance;" and it would seem that the very existence of our Empire is turning on the inclusion or the exclusion of South Africa from its sphere of influence. Has England shown, during the progress of the war, any honest desire to face the position and recognize her responsibilities? Imperialism is on its trial. It may prove to be "a mere catchword vaguely denoting our insular self-conceit," or "a well-considered policy to be pursued by a commonwealth of the communities flying the British flag."

The occasion has grown, however unexpectedly, to be serious enough not only politically, but personally. Every son and daughter of the Empire has been confronted with torturing anxiety, true tales of primal heroism, and sudden death.

Theoretically we despise emotion, still more its expression; and when we do forget ourselves, our check books, and our top-hats, the result is not edifying. Drunkenness and rioting have marred our "carnivals;" vulgarity and corruption have absorbed the press, with a few honorable exceptions; while some of our newspaper posters, topical street toys, and music hall "turns" have betrayed a flagrant lack of taste. Liberty of speech has been seriously, though temporarily, of course, curtailed; while all opponents of the government's policy, foolishly called pro-Boers, are publicly insulted — without official rebuke — and privately boycotted. Charges of treason are flung broadcast by Khaki enthusiasts.

Such manifestations, however, can never prove that England's nobler feelings were untouched. Our reverses, which M. de Bloch attributes mainly to the fact that all military progress has been to the advantage of the defense, were accepted with clinched teeth and resolute silence. We rejoiced most conspicuously over the relief of our soldiers from circumstances of cruel suffering, and refrained from malicious triumph over the capture of Cronje and the death of Joubert. "The moving rally of our citizens from beyond the seas — from snowland and sunland, from Canada, from Australia and New Zealand — has set

a seal on the unity of the Empire such as no parchments of confederation can bring." And finally there has arisen among us a new moral force to be reckoned with, the power of a sentient crowd, a new vitality, at once general and individual. There is much significance in the mere fact of comradeship between classes, evoked by common losses; the unwonted loosening of tongues, for example, in 'buses, trains, and upon street corners, the eager discussion of news. And though many of the brute instincts, lately shedding their veneer of civilization, must afford a smart reproof to our complacency, it is none the less become evident that the practice and the dangers of battlefields can actually teach a man to look at life more seriously than in times of peace. For war is not merely, as the military expert would have us believe, a measure adopted by statesmen to gain their ends. It may be also the vital expression of a sentiment; and it is not unduly paradoxical or optimistic to suggest that the present crisis has given an articulate voice to that vague but strong emotion of wider citizenship which stood behind the tawdry pomp and circumstance of the Jubilee, and inspired Mr. Kipling's Recessional.

Patriotism, in its narrower sense, has long lost its power over Englishmen, for the simple reason that they have no opportunities of exercising it. We can benefit our country to-day only by executive detail and social reforms, which in some way always fail to stir the imagination. Prosperity, material progress, and undisputed supremacy have sapped the national backbone, till that last worst sign of idle luxury has gained its fatal hold through indifference to life, fear of death and forgetfulness of heroism. The war has proved conclusively that grit at the core is still our own; but if it should throw us back upon mere pride of arms, so unfortunately suggested by Lord Roberts's shocking reference to the relief of Ladysmith as a *revenge* for Majuba, we care little for the heritage. It should more properly, and more probably, awaken in the minds of every true Englishman a new sense of the importance of life and the virtue of courage, through some realization, however feeble, of new and wider responsibilities in the interests of civilization as a whole.

The goal of modern imperialism has been admirably stated in the manifesto of the Fabian Society, — the only party here to-day with a definite policy, an active conscience, and a living ideal: —

"The problem before us is how the world can be ordered by Great Powers of practically international extent, arrived at a degree of internal industrial and political development far beyond the primitive political economy of the founders of the United States and the Anti-Corn Law League. The partition of the greater part of the globe among such Powers is, as a matter of fact that must be faced, approvingly or deploringly, now only a question of time; and whether England is to be the centre and nucleus of one of these Great Powers of the future, or to be cast off by its colonies, ousted from its provinces, and reduced to its old island status, will depend on the ability with which the Empire is governed as a whole, and the freedom of its government and its officials from complicity in private financial interests, and from the passions of newspaper correspondents who describe our enemies as 'beasts.'"

And again: "The simple answer to the military plan of holding the Empire is that it is impossible. The pretension to it only destroys the prodigious moral force which is at our disposal the moment we make inclusion in the British Empire a privilege to be earned instead of a yoke to be enforced. Our one threat should be the threat of repudiation and the withdrawal of our officials. It would be so powerful that no British province would dare, in the face of it, to abuse its powers of self-government to institute

slavery or debase the standard of life for its workers."

A very similar note is struck in a thoughtful and lucid work entitled The Settlement after the War in South Africa, by Dr. M. J. Farelli, an advocate of the Supreme Court of Cape Colony, who has himself played a distinguished and honorable part in attempting to secure a peaceful solution of the difficulties he is discussing. He conceives of "the heritage of the British Empire as the most glorious instrument of justice the world has yet seen," and as "a trust for the whole human race." In the face of such language, it is, indeed, somewhat disquieting to discover that Dr. Farelli, in common with our press imperialists of the moment, is inclined to disclaim the particular moral attitudes by which our expansions have been commonly excused. He laments, for example, that "British Parliaments, until quite recently, have not taken *wide* views of foreign relations, *or of the necessity of safeguarding British trade.*" He condemns at once the sturdy Puritanism of the sixteenth century, and the "humanitarian wave of sentiment" of the nineteenth. Yet our claims as schoolmaster of the world pursuing a God-given mission would seem to rest on the upholding of small nationalities, the teaching of Christianity, and the ideal, at least, of being humane toward subject races. From conquest the instrument of justice, we are in danger of turning justice into an instrument of conquest.

Dr. Farelli himself points the warning, when he says of "the people in South Africa:" "It will be a fatal error to suppose that so-called 'practical' considerations — meaning those of immediate pecuniary gain — must necessarily decide their future action. . . . Of all facts, the most stubborn and creative are the ingrained beliefs and prejudices of a people, which are mostly attributed to quite other causes than a regard for their material interests. A generalization which is correct enough when applied to operators on the Stock Exchange fails to explain the action of a generation of Huguenots who lost all in fleeing from France."

Much has been wisely written, both in Dr. Farelli's book and in the Fabian manifesto aforesaid, concerning the details of future government in South Africa, where military rule must be brief and restricted, a free constitution and responsible government guaranteed at the earliest possible moment, and the exploitation of minerals regarded primarily as a fund for state purposes.

The result of the general election affords some indication of the country appreciating its responsibilities. The exceptionally heavy polling — despite an almost foregone conclusion — points to our recognizing the seriousness of the issues at stake; and the dishonorable appeal for votes on the Khaki enthusiasm was treated according to its deserts. In face of complete disorganization in the Liberal party, and since neither side of the House had chosen to formulate a policy, the electorate naturally determined that those who caused the wound should find the cure. The onus of settlement comes by right to the Tory-Unionist camp; but their failure to secure any increase in their majority will have taught them that the Englishman who rallies unquestionably to the flag does not thereby resign his liberty of speech and judgment. In the future we must know exactly how far we intend to go, and for what end.

Books on the war itself are more plentiful than edifying or instructive. Reprinted in most cases from newspaper correspondence, they are little more than clever snapshots; caught on the run, as it were, hastily grouped in series, and loosely sewn in covers.

But Dr. Conan Doyle has produced in The Great Boer War a responsible record with astonishing rapidity and most commendable thoroughness. While admitting that a fuller knowledge may

give an entirely different meaning to some of the events of the Boer war, he has every right to claim that his judgments and criticisms have been made without fear or favor, under the inestimable advantage of having visited the scene of this great drama, met many of the chief actors in it, and seen with his own eyes something of the actual operations. In rather more than fifty pages of history, admirably concise and lucid, if not quite impartial, he has traced the course of events by which the nation has come once more "to be tested by that hammer of war and adversity by which Providence still fashions us to some nobler and higher end." The summary is followed by a readable and continuous narrative of an eventful campaign, in which every detail becomes intelligible and every manœuvre is brought to light. His final chapter is concerned with the military lessons which can no longer be neglected in the face of experience.

Dr. Doyle has no difficulty in justifying the comments of a civilian in this matter; for, to his thinking, the very first lesson of the war has been "that the army can no longer remain entirely in the hands of the professional soldier and the official, but that the general public must recognize that the defense of the Empire is not the business of a special warrior caste, but of every able-bodied citizen." He does not entirely realize, perhaps, that popular control in military affairs means the giving to the critical expert of equal if not superior authority to the practical; but his own thoughtful suggestions of reform would not prohibit coöperation. He advocates reserving a comparatively small force of highly organized, well paid professionals — "constantly encouraged to think and to act for themselves" — for foreign service, and trusting our home defense to volunteers and to the militia, trained as competent marksmen. He would replace cavalry by mounted infantry, break down the prejudice against a divided battery, and universalize "the trench and the hidden gun."

From Dr. Doyle it has been an old promise fulfilled; but the reputation of the moment is Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill's. His capture and his escape, his racy comments, his condescensions in approval and audacities in criticism, have sent the press man to Parliament. He will have little difficulty in holding the ear of the public; for he can write novels, and look after every one else's business as well as his own.

The anxieties of a grave imperial issue, with an inscrutable Eastern problem, have entirely overshadowed public life, while a stationary majority has encouraged the government in its complacent neglect of home duties. The much-heralded visit of the Australian delegates was but the fixing of a seal on the work of past years, and social reform has been officially at a standstill. Party politics are not edifying in a national crisis, and the reputation of every leading statesman has suffered in some degree.

In the larger humanities men have naturally done little; though here, too, there have been some very notable losses to supplement the long roll call of the battlefield. The death of John Ruskin was scarcely, perhaps, a personal event; for his working days were long over, and his mantle as reformer in art and economy had fallen on William Morris, who actually died before him. The staying power of Ruskin's teaching, his plea for dignity and cleanliness in art, and for reverence toward nature and simple manhood, has become a national heritage, so far modified to universal acceptance that we no longer recognize its origin. It is as a master of English style that Ruskin lives to-day.

Among scholars, the work of Professor Max Müller has suffered a similar eclipse. To our fathers, with their passion for "information" and "general knowledge," his popularizing gifts were

invaluable; and the "Chips" from his German Workshop have carried the study of philology and comparative religions to unexpected quarters. To-day we are all specialists, but the fact will not justify any depreciation of cultivating influences so widespread as Max Müller's.

Dr. Martineau was a very different type of the last generation. His keen and lucid intellect was active to the last, and Unitarians can ill spare their scholarly and earnest leader. Lord Russell of Killowen, on the other hand, was scarcely older in years than in mind. The first Roman Catholic Chief Justice since the Reformation was an eager politician and a passionate lover of abstract justice, with a keen eye for horseflesh. He valued a clear head, common sense, and the gift of concentration above all other powers of the intellect. For "nearly twenty years the history of the common law bar was his history," and it was only the other day that he startled civic complacency by a public reproof of the Lord Mayor of London for keeping silence under suspicions of financial jobbery and company promoting.

In Dr. Henry Sidgwick, professor of moral philosophy at Cambridge, the world has lost one of the wisest and noblest of his generation. His intellect was of the Greeks, sane, critical, temperate, and in a sense unproductive. But that very genius for seeing both sides, illuminated as it was by polished humor and incisive style, rendered his presence and conversation unceasingly and penetratingly suggestive. Passionate integrity and phenomenal industry, again, have their influence on a philosopher's friends and pupils; nor must it be forgotten that difficulties along every path of learning were liable to be smoothed over by his private generosity and ceaseless devotion. In actual daily hard work no fanatic could be more zealous. He was of the first and foremost among the champions of women's education; and he proved himself a pioneer to the last by his courageous conviction that, despite the sneers and laughter of the Philistines, an investigator of psychical phenomena is surely fighting to-day in the very vanguard of human thought for the progress of knowledge.

Cambridge has also some special right to mourn for two, not bearing arms, who yet have fallen in the service of the Empire. Miss Kingsley, of the West African Gold Coast, was nursing at Cambridge for almost as many years as she spent weeks in the hospital at Simonstown. And in the little interval between her experiences of the sickroom she became famous, sought out by everybody, universally honored. Yet to those who knew her she was always the same; possessing a genius for friendship, a sympathetic and unflinching loyalty. Courageous always, in domesticity as in exploration; vivid in thought and action; graphic; humorous and witty without a touch of malice, she was the prince of good comrades, and a woman. On the comparative study of races and religions; on many a field of natural history; on societies for exploration; and, above all, on councils of the pioneers of commerce and the administrators of outposts, she has left her mark. Her outlook was unquestionably imperialistic, tempered by large humanity, an intrepid zeal for hygienic reform, rare sanity or balance in affairs, and a marvelous sympathy, by no means maudlin, with savage nature. But yesterday she prefixed a memoir of her father, with all the racy vigor and frank veracity of her travels, to a collection of his delightful papers on sport. To-day she is of those whose lives and letters are eagerly anticipated.

The brief record of George W. Steevens, journalist of Egypt, India, America, and "the conquering Turk," has certain points of similarity to Miss Kingsley's. After gaining academic distinctions at the sister university, he became for a short time a Cambridge coach, with

literary tastes unusual in that profession. His development into the most brilliant and most popular of our writers for the press was phenomenally abrupt. Without apparently possessing the imagination or creative powers of Mr. Kipling, he exhibited an almost equal gift for rapid, unhewn, and picturesque description; while there seemed no limit to the subjects which he could master at sight and set down for all men's understanding, with a vigor of line and an instinct for values recalling Beardsley's methods in decoration. He was a literary impressionist, with a touch of genius; and good journalists are as rare as other artists. And Steevens, perhaps, was a partner of Mr. Kipling in another sense. One is Laureate of the Empire, the other her Historian. In his From Cape Town to Ladysmith George Steevens has left a few chapters of vivid and almost impassioned description, which stand for more than the last words of one whom Lord Kitchener has called a model correspondent. He saw little, indeed, of the country, and less of the war; but nothing escaped him that passed under his eye, and all he gained is given. Every Englishman may know just what happened, just what our soldiers were doing and feeling, where Steevens crossed their path.

For the elder dead that noble collection of monuments entitled The National Dictionary of Biography has been completed, and much has been worthily written in separate volumes. Mr. Edward Clodd's Memoir of the versatile Grant Allen is commendably brief and readable; providing a genial and sufficient record of the man's life work, though missing, perhaps, a little the faun-like affinities underlying his nature.

Mr. Leonard Huxley's Life of his father is a worthy tribute to the memory of one of the founders of modern science, — the comrade of Darwin and Herbert Spencer Huxley belonged to the school of agnostic propagandists, now almost extinct, but he was a controversialist by conviction rather than by taste. We are drawn to him, as were his contemporaries, by something over and above his wise knowledge in many fields: by his passionate sincerity, his interest not only in pure knowledge, but in human life; by his belief that the interpretation of the book of nature was not to be kept apart from the ultimate problems of existence; by the love of truth, in short, both theoretical and practical, which gave the key to the character of the man himself.

The recent revival of interest in the author of The Angel of the House, coincident with a wave of Romanism among minor poets and essayists, fully justifies the publication of the Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore, by Mr. Basil Champneys. Whether Patmore's poetical fame is destined to increase or diminish at the hands of posterity, the man himself will remain a significant and attractive personality. The prophet of domestic emotion was never a flabby sentimentalist: his religious conviction and spiritual mysticism were exceptionally sincere; his affections were deep and his friendships loyal.

Miss Clare L. Thomson has produced a reliable and convenient Life of Samuel Richardson, curiously neglected for nearly a hundred years by the biographers; we have two volumes of Letters by T. E. Brown, published almost simultaneously with a complete edition of his poetical works; and the two sumptuous reprints of Byron, lately inaugurated, are pursuing their leisurely way toward completion.

In fiction, the most definite tendency of the year has been a general yielding to the temptation of writing quickly and carelessly, on lines that pay. The gift of writing after a fashion has become well-nigh universal; the channels of production are widening and multiplying; the agent has transformed the struggling author into a man of business. As jour-

nalism develops, literature degenerates. Contributions to the picturesque press of to-day are just good enough to be reprinted for a season; mere novelists strain their nerves to keep the pace; and the ideals of permanent work or a critical reputation are reserved for the diminishing elect.

Although the writing of novels is, perhaps, the one occupation in which there is no sound excuse, and even but little temptation, for separating the work of men and women, it may not be impertinent to remark that every one of our leading women writers is to be found among the honorable exceptions to this rule of unprofitable haste.

Deliberateness, indeed, gives a moral and artistic strength to Mrs. Humphry Ward, though it ruins her style. Her Eleanor, like Mr. Barrie's Tommy and Grizel, has been already reviewed in The Atlantic, and must be passed over with but a single word. It exhibits the real power of Mrs. Ward: that she always slowly awakens, with terrible intensity, to the ideas which the advanced among us have been fighting with for years, and sets them plainly and effectively in the public eye, under the fierce search light of that honest religiosity, stern practicalness, and middle-class idealism which compose the average English mind.

Charles Kingsley's daughter is an equally serious writer, though she recognizes no mission outside the service of art. It is eminently characteristic of the two women that while Mrs. Ward is still in the toils of "problems" and introspection, Lucas Malet should be crossing the threshold of psychic phenomena, whence come the latest science and the newest faith. The Gateless Barrier is an attempt, of fine reverence and subtle audacity, to imagine a complication in the emotional possibilities of life which might arise from the developments of contact with the spirit world. The old immortal ideal of choosing death in pursuit of a higher life is placed in an entirely new setting, and the picture is infinitely suggestive.

While Mrs. Ward and Lucas Malet, as novelists, were born mature, John Oliver Hobbes is only now abandoning the nursery. The petulant precocity and restless brilliance of her first manner have disappeared; and she seems at last to have realized that the greatest artists are content to produce their effects in patience, to prefer strong and steady lines over flashing zigzags, and to mass in their characters with sober values. There were grown-up touches in A School for Saints; Robert Orange is almost entirely human, and it convinces us that the author's penetrating insight and command of language may one day enable her to write a great novel.

Mrs. F. A. Steel's work is more difficult to appraise. In her Voices of the Night, as elsewhere, she moves easily amidst a wealth of local color which would support a far less competent writer. The hard brilliancy of Indian life, with its violent contrasts of light and shadow, its phantasmagoria of races, its plagues, its passions, its heroisms, and its vices, can hardly fail to make a novel interesting. Mrs. Steel knows her ground well; she never overcrowds it, or loses her head over its bewildering intricacies. But though the harmony of the picture as a whole is marvelous, its central figures are lacking somewhat in strength. The human story fails to dominate the imagination. We have been on a personally conducted tour and seen life, undoubtedly; but no new characters have enriched our memory, no mind torment or soul ecstasy has stirred our heart. We look in vain for the wand of the dramatic artist.

There is much unexpected power in Love and Mr. Lewisham, by H. G. Wells. The usual manner of this author, an up-to-date Jules Verne, is entirely without distinction, though excellent of its kind; but his conversion to the school of healthy realists is an event.

His book is concerned with an almost hackneyed subject, — the struggle between the ambition of an egoist and the love of a man. Despite the digression of Alice Heydinger, — a character recalling the "red-haired girl" in Mr. Kipling's Light that Failed, and Julia in Mr. Gissing's Crown of Life, — its hero is quite virtuous, respectable, and commonplace, like anybody in real life. He is a normal product of evening continuation classes or extension lectures, and flounders pitifully at an emotional crisis. His life is petty, and even his love is not heroic, though Lucy's simple goodness makes a man of him in the end. The whole story is spontaneous and natural, and one will expect much of Mr. Wells henceforth.

While Mr. Robert Hichens has betrayed, in his Tongues of Conscience, the strained artificiality which even the brilliancy of his rapid style cannot conceal, two younger writers have evinced an even greater courage of simplicity than Mr. Wells. Mr. Henry Harland was formerly editor of The Yellow Book, and contributed some masterly short stories to that remarkable periodical. But his The Cardinal's Snuff-Box is an idyllic love story, written with the brain of a man of the world and the heart of a schoolboy. Entirely unsupported by plot, local color, crime, analysis, or "character" parts, it captivates the reader by sheer delicacy of form and feeling. It is "literature" for the young person, — a rare possession.

Sunningwell, by Mr. F. Warre Cornish, vice provost of Eton, is a quiet picture of a cathedral close, and of Philip More, canon thereof. The aim is to create an atmosphere and a personality, interacting on each other, permeating their surroundings. The form of mingled essay, dialogue, and description is well calculated to support so slight a framework, and the book may be gratefully acknowledged as a relief from many of its contemporaries.

The sobriety of Mr. Henry James is wholly different, for his work provides always the keenest of intellectual stimulants. In The Soft Side, however, he has not given us of his best, though it is a volume of short stories. They are overwhimsical, supersubtle, and too finely drawn. The Great Condition, indeed, will grip the heart; but others are someway provoking, and Europe — the pathetic story of "the house in all the world in which 'culture' first came to the aid of morning calls" — compares unfavorably with the earlier exquisite Four Meetings, on a similar idea.

Two of our novelists have chosen the field of modern politics, and worked on an identical situation. Mr. Zangwill's The Mantle of Elijah and Mr. Anthony Hope's Quisanté are alike concerned with the progress of an uncultured egoist to the forefront of political life, over the shoulders of his early teachers, whose principles he has forsaken and whose ideals he has crushed. The personal interest in both is supplied by the marriage of the coarse demagogue to a girl of refined and generous nature, succumbing at first to a dominant personality, and then hating herself for the magnetism of its influence.

Mr. Zangwill, perhaps, has allowed his parable to be inartistically obvious. He uses every detail of the present situation without demur, and indulges at times in open defense of the minority nicknamed "Little Englanders." But the point of view has seldom been allowed a fair hearing, of late years, and Mr. Zangwill's partisanship is eloquent, sincere, and spontaneous; while no digressions can weaken the charm of his impulsive and generous heroine, spoil his drawing of a practical Christian woman, or fog the atmosphere of moral earnestness that pervades his work. Quisanté stands further aloof from current temporalities. The more detached study in a conflict of temperaments gives clearer sway to the dramatic development of a

situation. But the book lacks conviction. It reads like an experiment, and, what is even less pardonable, the repetition of an experiment. The recurrence of types and atmospheres would seem to come from the man who writes because he will, and not because he must. There is much of A Man of Mark, and perhaps even more of The God in a Car, in Quisanté.

Mr. Hope is seldom, indeed, at his best on subjects of modern life, — always excepting the Dolly Dialogues. In the hands of most men romance moves on broader lines than realism; with him it is more subtle. And, contrariwise, Mr. E. F. Benson works more surely and easily in the society he knows first hand. His The Princess Sophia is a clever extravagance, but no more. The plot develops in a small principality, frankly borrowed from Stevenson or Mr. Hope, and may be given due license accordingly. But the requisite graces of style and a tender imagination are not here, and the innovation proves unfortunate for Mr. Benson.

Mr. Kipling has done little new work this year; but the papers included in From Sea to Sea have been long inaccessible, and are welcome. Somehow they suggest Mr. Stead, written in vigorous English and lit up by imagination. They form the diary of a journalist of genius, having a taste for slums, which yet fill him with hatred and indignation. One almost wonders why Mr. Kipling should have studied so closely the terrible problems of the vices of the East, when he tells you with such insistence how sick they make him. Perhaps in those days he had not learnt to take himself quite seriously, and actually "did" things in search of copy. There is no question about what he found, and the use he made of it.

In almost every department of literature the numerical output shows no sign of diminishing, however inferior its quality, although the immediate developments of civilization seem hostile to the mere production of poetry. But The Wild Knight, and Other Poems, by Gilbert Chesterton, is a volume of rare promise. We have here the revelation of positive originality, the expression of independent thought, and the music of daring imagination. Mr. Chesterton has a message, an outlook, and a style of his own; he is not afraid of himself; he loves mankind and honors God. Though obviously admiring, and influenced by, Robert Browning, he is not imitative in form or matter; and his inspiration comes more from life than from books. He is at once strenuous and romantic; vibrant to every wail and every song of humanity, but full of visions and prophecies. His intensely religious nature sings ever of the joy of life and the laughter of heaven; not in blindness, but by right of spiritual intrepidity. The two verses of Ecclesiastes contain a summary of his philosophy: —

> "There is one sin: to call green leaf gray,
> Whereat the sun in heaven shuddereth.
> There is one blasphemy: for death to pray,
> For God alone knoweth the praise of death.
>
> "There is one creed: 'neath no world-terror's wing
> Apples forget to grow on apple-trees.
> There is one thing is needful — everything —
> The rest is vanity of vanities."

At times Mr. Chesterton is perhaps unwisely fantastic, and his love of emphasis has ruined some of his best work; but such faults may be forgiven to immaturity. For the most part, his apparent extravagance or obscurity may be explained by the freshness of his point of view. A new poet does not speak the language of his fellows: he sees where they are groping in deep shadows; he feels what is stirring beneath their consciousness. The Wild Knight is frank and full-blooded, indignantly anti-decadent and genially humane. It is in tune with our noblest and most recent impulses toward high seriousness, manly enthusiasm, and spiritual faith. A lyrical gift,

too seldom indulged, a rare command of language, and richness of imagination are the ingredients of true poetry. In all probability, when Mr. Chesterton is better known his first volume will be more appreciated. Some of it will survive its author.

It is a pleasing coincidence, perhaps not unwholly undesigned, that the year in which the English nation has received the Wallace Collection in Hertford House — the most princely of artistic endowments — should be marked by unusual activity in the production of illustrations and biographies of painters. Sir Walter Armstrong's Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord Gower's Sir Thomas Lawrence, haply coupled, and Mr. Andrew Lang's beautifully decorated work on Prince Charles, are fine examples of modern technique. Mr. Byam Shaw has executed some strong and imaginative pictures from Shakespeare, which are worthy of a better setting than the neat pocket edition in which they are issued; and Mr. William Nicholson has surpassed his genius for caricature in a brilliant series of pastels of Characters from Romances, where Mr. Tony Weller follows Don Quixote, and Sophia Western smiles but a page or two from Gargantua. Dr. G. C. Williamson's admirable handbooks of the Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture, with their sound critical biographies and adequate illustrations, are gradually forming a complete and readable encyclopædia of the subject; while The Artist's Library of Mr. Lawrence Binyon, in which somewhat less established genius is more unconventionally treated, provides a welcome appendix for the initiate.

Dramatically it has been an eventful year, both for stage and study. The practice of publishing plays has grown apace: Mr. Benson has established a "repertoire" season; the problem play has taken a new lease of life; the drama in blank verse has been revived. Literary craftsmen, wisely dissatisfied with the dramatized novel, have embarked on original work, and style is reasserting its sway behind the footlights. Managers have shown a certain amount of courage in the choice of old or new work, and there have even been cases in which the persons of the drama are suffered to divert attention from the personators.

Mr. Benson's Shakespearean Series, now permanently though privately endowed, is a solid achievement of artistic integrity. Though hampered, like Sir Henry Irving, by several obvious personal limitations and mannerisms, and not possessed of that master's dominant genius, he always presents a definite and serious conception of his part with careful energy. Where most of the company are well trained and competent, some even original, and where the primary responsibility for our entertainment rests with Shakespeare, the personality of the "star" actor is, fortunately, not all-important. Mr. Benson's triumph is gained by intellectual courage, and more by what he does than by the way in which it is done. The opportunity of seeing a complete Hamlet — twice the length of the usual stage version, and producing an entirely different effect — and of living for weeks under the spell of Shakespeare's imagination, as the long run of a single play can never render it, is a benefaction for which one cannot forget to be grateful.

For playwrights of to-day a somewhat similar service is being rendered by a private club, called the Stage Society, which arranges one or two performances of Ibsen, Maeterlinck, and Hauptmann, George Bernard and the Henley-Stevenson partnership, and thereby gives its members the chance of testing the finest contemporary work. Hauptmann has never before appeared on the English stage, and his vivid dramatic instinct, defying tradition, strikes a new note.

The Second Mrs. Tanqueray has received a new and fascinating interpreta-

tion at the hands of Madame Duse. The exciting and novel episode of a visit from native Japanese actors, performing in their own language, has been supplemented by the exquisite and daring Madam Butterfly, adapted from Mr. Luther Long's story of that name. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has tried his hand at a farce, The Lackey's Carnival, which does not please the public; and written a conventional "problem" play for Mr. Wyndham, redeemed by the technical mastery of its second act. The same old tiresome story of a noble woman with a past is fluently handled in Mr. Sydney Grundy's A Debt of Honour.

Mr. J. M. Barrie, indeed, cannot escape the familiar topic; but his Wedding Guest is informed by a moral and artistic sincerity of rare distinction. The play is not, properly speaking, constructed at all; its dramatic movements vanish and reappear like a jack-in-the-box, and the situation wanders away to nowhere in particular. The author's power rests entirely in his devotion to the creatures of his invention, which forces response from the audience. It is the conquest of a frank and eager personality. Fresh materials and new treatment are reserved for Mr. Frank Harris, whose Mr. and Mrs. Daventry is an offense to many, because it shows vice attracting vice, and virtue loving virtue, where stage conventions demand cross links. It touches, moreover, a *normally* "unpleasant" problem, and there is safety in the abnormal. Mr. Harris seems to have studied character from real life, and his tragedy does not rest on the old cry against "one law for men and another for women." It lies deeper, and is more fearlessly exposed. His language, also, is simple and effective, and his stagecraft illuminates the plot without being flashy or melodramatic.

Mr. Stephen Phillips is no less daring than Mr. Harris, but he produces quite different effects by methods entirely dissimilar. Summoning to his aid the full "pomp and circumstance" of Elizabethan romanticism, he hazards comparisons with Shakespeare by a free treatment of the historic magnificence and passion of Herod. Situation and diction alike bring Antony and Cleopatra to mind, and his verse has many an echo, on the other hand, of Tennyson. There is no question, of course, that he stands far below the masters; but his courage is fully justified, and he has taught us, what no one else of his generation has dared even to suggest, that poetical drama is neither dead nor dying. Mr. Phillips had a long training as an actor, and gained thereby a mastery in construction and stage effects. In spite of certain hauntingly beautiful and stirring lines, Herod does not contain so much good poetry as Paolo and Francesca, but it is gorgeous melodrama.

Alongside of the intellectual and moral activity distinguishing the churches of to-day, we have had, this year, many notable witnesses among laymen of the highest culture and education to the revived interest in the problems of theology and religion which marks our age and country. The time would seem, indeed, to be past beyond recall when scientific discoveries were regarded as the direct enemies of theology, with a message entirely destructive. For the church, essentially a diplomatic organization, with infinite powers of adaptability, was not slow to recover the ascendency by preaching science and history, somewhat hastily digested, and thus ingeniously diverting the immediate necessity for a revision of faith. The delay was probably to the advantage of truth, since the first pride of science adopted an arrogant materialism, no less dogmatic than the old orthodoxies.

And the reconciliation of science, history, and religion stands upon a firmer basis to-day. In ultimate language, natural science can present us with nothing more definite than "a universal flux, in which something, we know not what,

moves, we know not why, we know not whither." It does not forbid, but rather commands, the assumption that behind the discovered there is the discoverable, beyond the actual the possible.

In religion, again, we may fearlessly apply the scientific method to transfer the burden of support of Christian doctrine, and of religion generally, "from history to psychology, — perhaps rather from the history of facts to the history of ideas;" to justify faith by the study of religious psychology in conjunction with the history of religious ideas. Thus we recognize that the facts, or permanent and inspired part, of religion are subjective, founded on individual experience and consciousness; its illusions, or temporary structure, are reports of historical events, the translation of spiritual doctrines into the sphere of materialism, and the acceptance of creeds on authority.

Dr. James Ward, professor of logic at Cambridge, in his Naturalism and Agnosticism, has cleared the ground by a masterly and comprehensive attack on agnostic materialism, followed by an unproven deduction of spiritual certitude. Dr. Percy Gardner, professor of archæology at Oxford, — noting his delight in much agreement with Professor William James of Harvard, — has devoted faculties trained in other fields of observation to a most reverent and suggestive treatise on the origin of Christianity, entitled Exploratio Evangelica. And Mr. George Santayana, another Harvard professor, with a rare command of English style, has attempted, in a study of religions at once eloquent, scholarly, and sympathetic, to establish the tenet that "religion and poetry are identical in essence, and differ merely in the way in which they are attached to practical affairs. Poetry is called religion when it intervenes in life; and religion, when it merely supervenes upon life, is seen to be nothing but poetry."

From his Interpretations of Poetry and Religion and from Dr. Gardner's book the foregoing analysis of a current attitude has been entirely derived; and it only remains to note a striking parallel between two writers, approaching the subject from such different points of view, in their conjectures for the future.

Mr. Santayana has written: "Human life is always essentially the same, and therefore a religion which, like Christianity, seizes the essence of that life ought to be an eternal religion. Can it reform its claim, or can it overwhelm all opposition, and take the human heart once more by storm?"

Dr. Gardner states unhesitatingly that the principles of his book are in favor of the revival of collective control: "If religious doctrine be really the intellectual statement of principles of conduct, it at once appears to have an ethical bearing. . . . Any such revival of discipline, of course, involves as a preliminary a revival of belief and an outpouring of religious enthusiasm. . . . The process of crystallization has begun, and it may be that that process is destined to proceed with a rapidity which will astonish those who regard religion as a matter quite private between the soul and its Maker."

Science is once more confined to its legitimate sphere; morality cannot stir imagination, "the great unifier of humanity," and hence may arise the work of the new century, — to inspire the body politic with some higher and spiritual purpose; to build up, from the deep convictions of her noblest sons, a corporate conscience and a universal church.

R. Brimley Johnson.

A GAP IN EDUCATION.

I.

EDUCATION is the working of all forces that fashion a man during the plastic years, before his habits become fixed and his character determined. No one can escape education even if he would; whatever may be his lot, his spirit will be led toward one desire or another, his mind will fasten and feed upon some chosen thoughts, his heart will make something dear to itself. There is a natural division of education into two parts. One part is the domain of chance; it is compact of the manifold influences, the countless happenings, complicated and subtle, which press about a man like the atmosphere. The other part is the domain of instruction, and is subject to the deliberate purpose of the teacher. Since the part under our control is the smaller, so much the more does it deserve careful thought and plain speech.

It would be curious to construct in our minds a youth of an age from twelve years to twenty-two, out of materials furnished by discussions concerning the proper education for him. We hear about primary and secondary education, about periods and times for preparatory, academic, and special studies, about cultivating observation and imagination, about literature and science, about athletics, about the elective system, about religious worship. Some say that a young man should be turned into an instrument to ascertain truth; some say, into an instrument to increase wealth; others, that he should learn, in this way or in that, to minister to a particular need of society; others, that he should be made a gentleman, a good citizen, a Christian. Out of all these things rises up a creature quite different from the young human animal that we know.

A boy is made up of mind and body. These two elements, mysteriously bound together, yet separated by the widest gap in the universe, jog on side by side, each dependent upon the other. Education must take this union into account; it must remember that the body is animal, and that it has received two great commandments, — "Thou shalt live," and "Thou shalt multiply." The education of man must be shaped with reference to these two fundamental commands.

Our civilization has reckoned with the first. The desire for life has been deepened, broadened, and transformed; no longer content with filling the belly from day to day, it demands architecture, art, literature, means of travel, devices for diversion. Education, eager to lead civilization onward, endeavors, by chosen studies, by special schools, by the cultivation of predominant tastes and capacities, to use this desire for the nobler development of man. Under the control of education, the desire for life seeks satisfaction in ever greater knowledge, ever greater dominion over nature. College assumes that this desire is a noble want of noble things, and teaches it to be such.

But when we consider the second imperious command, what do we find? Civilization has established the institution of marriage, it has decreed that a man may lawfully have only one wife, but it has done little else. Civilization is a great brute force that needs to be led. What does education? It halts timidly to see what civilization will do; and the desire to multiply roams at will. Shall not education tame it, train it, and manage it? Shall not that desire be deepened, broadened, and transformed, till it too help make life far nobler than it is? With this passion for a lever we might uplift the world, but education is afraid of it.

From what masters of education say, we should suppose boys to be sexless, were it not for sundry regulations, matters of police, and for certain customary vague assurances, smoothed out into gingerbread phrases, that sons will be carefully protected. The reason that education is silent upon this desire is in part because schoolmasters and college masters deem it the parents' affair, and parents toss it back to the masters. The fault belongs to both. Teachers may not separate one strand of education from other strands, and say to fathers, "You are responsible for this wisp in the rope." Nor are they workmen whose concern is bounded by the section of a boy's life committed to their care. Each master is one of a crew, all working together: the success of one is of little value without the success of all, and worse than useless if it interfere with the success of the others. A bow oar might as well say, "What have I to do with stroke?" as the schoolmaster say, "What have I to do with the boy at college?" School and college and parent are all working together, — working to fashion a man.

If the masters are at fault, fathers are far more to blame. The duty of using as an educational force the power given by this second commandment rests upon them. They cannot shift it from their shoulders. It is of continuing, unintermittent obligation. It is bound on the father's back by the birth of his son: there it rests until death shall loose it. A father cannot release himself by putting another in his place. A man shall answer for every act and for every omission of the factor to whom he has intrusted his own son. If a son do wrong, if he surrender to low things, if he come to misery, then must the father be condemned. It is not safe to let this duty be of less than absolute obligation. If society shall entertain a plea of not guilty, in that the father did as other fathers do, chose the best school, the wisest masters, or in that evil company, or some hereditary taint of blood, or ill luck, caught up the boy and bore him off, then the possibility of such a plea degenerates into a probability, that probability into use, that use into a pretext, that pretext into a habit of mind, until at last a man comes to think that his son's education, like a suit of clothes, once put into the hands of an artisan of good repute, ceases to be a matter for which he is responsible. A father may not, by gift of staff and scrip, by cries of "Good luck" and "God speed," break the great seal of the paternal bond. Doubtless our unformed civilization enables masters and fathers to evade this heavy responsibility. But a more definite cause is at hand.

II.

What is it that shuts our mouths upon this great problem of education? During the long centuries in which decency, manners, and refinement have been struggling with our animal nature; while the conception of home with one wife, with children gathered together, has been contending with the dissipating influences of savage customs, and the spiritual has been fighting with the bestial, it was natural that all means to win the contest should have been laid hold upon, — some wiser and nobler, some less wise and less noble. Jealousy, love of dominion, asceticism, monasticism, celibacy, have all been instruments by which men have wrought modesty. These instruments have served well, and have much yet to accomplish; nevertheless, it was almost inevitable that, in fashioning modesty, certain other qualities of an allied nature, distorted and misshapen likenesses, — prudery, shamefacedness, false modesty, — should also have been made. These mock virtues, too, may have done good service in maintaining an outward semblance of respect for the real virtue; but they have done harm by taking to themselves part of the

honor due to their original, and by confounding notions so that men mistake false modesty for modesty, shamefacedness for decency, prudery for virtue. Thus a notion has grown strong in this country that decent people shall not talk openly upon matters of sex, but shall throw a cloak over them and keep them out of sight and hearing.

If prudery, shamefacedness, and false modesty have given us the grace of virgin innocence, we must honor them accordingly; or if, by maintaining seclusion and respect, and by holding back knowledge, they have built a fence around that grace in the leastwise helpful to its growth, we must be most considerate before we lay a finger on them. But when we have once made up our minds that here is mere confusion of thought, that life is the rock on which everything is founded, that "more life and fuller" is what we want, that the powers of life are good, and that only by perversion can they be turned to ill, then we must honor the powers of life as pure and holy, and we must treat vulgar disbelief as blasphemy and infidelity to the spirit of life. Real modesty misunderstood, false shame, fear of derision, have kept fathers from facing this problem of education. Here are the false doctrine and confused thought that underlie the silence of education as to sex. We must turn about. We must cast off prudery for the sake of modesty; we must draw our necks out of the yoke of an inherited, atrophied shamefacedness. For our sons' sake, we must recognize and proclaim that this passion is good, not bad; that it can be put to the noblest uses; that it must be put to the noblest uses. We must teach our sons that the union of man and woman is a sacrament. Yet we need not be impatient with those who cannot accept our faith at once. We must always remember that men, reckless of chastity, have been good and great, — poets, heroes, — men who have toiled and denied themselves for their fellows, and have set up unshakable their title to our gratitude; we know that countless men in private and obscure life are reckless of chastity, who are good, kind, simple, and upright. We are not blind to man as he is, but we may not tolerate for ourselves a system of education which treats this passion as of the devil, and does not try to put it to noble use.

In order to set clearly before ourselves a notion of what current education is in this regard, let us avail ourselves of our own recollections of the teachings which boys at college receive from their fathers. Those fathers, for this purpose, may be divided into two classes.

There is the refined, sensitive father, who hates the idea of vice and turns his back upon it, pretending to himself that, by some process of subconscious instruction, his son shall learn from him its odiousness. He sends his son to school, and from school to college, advising him about Latin and Greek, about physics and chemistry, about history and art, and other petty matters of education. Equipped with platitudes concerning virtue, his son goes forth into a world where the union of man and woman is not recognized as a sacrament, to hear boon companions plead for vice with all the persuasiveness of youth and gayety. Thus the father hands over his son to the great educating force of sexual desire which he knows is stretching out its hands to the boy, which he knows is bound to lead him higher or lower.

Then there is the coarse father, who accepts the period of puberty as one of the corridors or gardens of life, through which his son shall walk lightly. He hopes that the lad will make merry without vexation to the father. He warns him against disease and against the police court. So each father hands down his tradition to his son; and so the primal fact of life hides beneath the modesty of the decent man, and flaunts on

the lips of the loose liver, and education busies itself with classics, mathematics, boat races, and special studies.

Quitting their fathers, our boys, our young animals, — they the most carefully guarded, the most tenderly prayed for, — go forth and find our cities, our towns, even our villages, swarming with prostitutes, while ladies gather up their skirts and drop their veils, and gentlemen laugh and wink, and public opinion puts forth conventional protest. Here is a course of study which is not set down in the college catalogue. Then, too, our boys read the experience of men bred without or maybe stripped of what they call illusions, men of the world, Epicureans, — a Boccaccio, a Maupassant, a d' Annunzio, — and take the sayings of these backward men for bold truth, honest utterance, as the casting out of hypocrisy and humbug. They learn also that there are familiar conceptions of life in which this sacrament is deemed a mere matter of physical pleasure; and that, too, by men successful in the management of affairs and high in the community's esteem. They suspect that modesty is a priestly contrivance fashioned by old men, home-keeping wits, unlearned in the ways of the world, ignorant of life. So they go. Thus the sexual instinct educates them, and this great power for breeding noble men is suffered to be a hindrance and a hurt. What can fathers do?

III.

This is a difficult matter. Yet can we not outline some course of action which shall at least save us from the ignominy of doing nothing? When the first curious questioning concerning sex comes into a boy's mind, who is to answer it but the father? That questioning will come. We cannot, if we would, hide our animal nature; we cannot convert a boy into a disembodied spirit. On every other matter the father tells his son what he can; here he fobs him off; and the son goes to books or to companions who care not for him; and then the sense of nakedness comes upon him, — sin has entered into his world. What right has a father, by disingenuousness, by false shame, to teach his boy, by concealment, that sex is a shameful thing? Thence springs a desire for forbidden fruit, an eagerness of prurient curiosity, a recognition that there is a barrier betwixt his father and himself. How dare a father violate his first great duty to his son? Here is the mighty force of sexual attraction, awakening in the boy, ready to work for good, ready to work for evil, and the great task of education is to put that power to use for good; but the father stealthily slinks away, and leaves the son to associate that force in his mind with vice and sin, welding this false combination together with all the strength of early thought. Sexual passion is at the base of life: it serves the noblest ends; it manifests itself in poetry and religion; it has made our homes; it has given us our children. Every day we see that passion put to use in labor, patience, self-denial, and noble discontent. Must we not teach our boys always to link it in their minds with the highest conceptions of nobility, aspiration, and divinity? Is it not blasphemy and idolatry to confound it with grossness and bestiality? Fathers look on the sexual passion with fear instead of reverence. We act as if it came from the devil instead of from God; we shun it as a tempter when we should welcome it as an angel. How do we make use of all those aspirations which break, like April blossoms, into flower at the first awakening of passion? How do we encourage all the youthful readiness for chivalry? What do we do with that longing for a noble quest? The service for fourteen years of Jacob for Rachel is but the type of the service that we should demand of every youth in the first flood of passion. Expectation should exact from him some noble proof that he understands the sacrament of union. Nor should it be necessary to wait until his love had singled

out a maiden; all the knightliness of boyish manhood should be called to arms at the first trumpet of passion. We let this great seedtime run to waste in mere enjoyment unhusbanded. What right has a youth to the great joy of love, unless, like Jacob with the angel, he wrestle, and will not suffer it to go until it bless him? We are wont to deem this period a mere animal mating time; we talk lightly of happy youth; whereas it is the great solemn opportunity of life, and the best proof of man's communion with some Being high and holy.

With like vulgarity of mind we look on the dark side of sexual passion. For example, we teach our boys that they must pity and help wretched men, but we forbear to let them pity the cruel misery of numberless women, fearing lest they be contaminated. What is our civilization to be valued at, while we suffer our young men to treat these women with laughter, and only ask of our choice young men that they turn aside their heads and pass? And yet are these women one whit more contaminating than the gay young men, their companions for a brief season, till need of diversion take them elsewhere?

Sage heads shake; voices with which we are familiar say: "We are animals just as much as the simplest brutes from which we are descended. In this world life is one continuous struggle; the battle-ground shifts, but the battle continues; passionate animals cannot be bridled by sentimentality, however maidenly." How pleasant it is to hear the old familiar voices; but we have greater power than they fear. There is nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so; even our physical world takes all its attributes — its weight, heat, light, color, its desirableness, and its excellence — from our thoughts. If in our animal nature we inhabit a world where the laws of gravitation and evolution are the explaining principles, with our minds we live in the world of ideas and feelings, wherein men, feeble in their power over the physical world, exercise great dominion. Out of thought we can make a world in which honor and love shall be elemental forces. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." What was that heaven but the world of thought which God created to take precedence before the earth, in which the minds of men are the instruments by which divine energies are still at work? Here is perpetual creation; and that part of this creation intrusted to fathers is the thoughts of their sons. We call it our children's education. Shall we be faithful servants?

It is no priestly chastity that we mean to preach. This great fact of life — which nature has commanded and in the beasts is mere brute instinct, which in man has uprisen into love, giving us hope by this rising from the dead that love is the revelation to man of the nature of Deity — must be acknowledged to be divine, and not bestial. When once this truth shall be believed, then no father will let his son go into the world untaught at home; but he will himself teach him the greatest of the miracles of life, how a brute fact has been made holy, and then the son will go forth conscious of all the obligation of love.

H. D. Sedgwick, Jr.

THE DIFFICULT MINUTE.

FROM the depot at Penangton, Morning County, Missouri, to the one line of street cars it is ten miles. Henderson figured that out for himself, as he stumbled irritably over the rough road, across the bridge, up the plank walk, to the car. It was an October evening, and the day was trailing off in a gray, shining halation that was neither mist nor fog, but dancing haze. Henderson saw far-away houses brooded over by gray wings; he saw rickety wheels of gray spiked by the small gleam of the street lamps; and he saw occasional people work up out of, and twist back into, the farther distance in gray spirals. The whole town and the hills beyond it were one wavering, lightening, deepening scheme of gray, except where, far to the west, a stubborn stretch of red lay along the sky.

As he came on toward the car, Henderson had a half-dashed, half-defiant look in his eyes. "You 're a pretty cuss!" he mumbled once or twice. "Better have stayed in Chicago in the first place. Better have stayed in Dixburn in the last place. Penangton!" He looked about him disgustedly. To the west he could distinguish the outline of a tall building, shadowy and uncertain in the gloom; he picked out the white letters across its sides: "P-e-n-r-y-n M-i-l-l-s." He looked to the east, and saw a straggling line of sheds. He read the letters on their sides easily enough, because his eyes had become accustomed to the first part of the combination: "Penryn C-o-a-l — Penryn Coal P-o-c- — Penryn Coal Pockets." He stopped halfway up the plank walk, dropped his heavy traveling case, and worked the fingers of his aching hand. His eyes, sweeping southward, were caught by a trim brick building beyond the depot. It had white letters across its front. "The first word is Penryn," said Henderson, at a guess. "No, the first word is T-h-o-r-l-e-y. Thorley-P-e-n-r- — Uh-unh! I knew Penryn would be along. Now what 's the rest? Thorley-Penryn S-e-r-o-t-h- — Oh, go to the dickens!" he finished impotently. "I don't care what you are." Still farther south he descried the headstones of a cemetery. "Good! One can at least die in Penangton. I 'll bet the tallest shaft is named Penryn." The night's blacker shadow leaped up out of the earth then, and the haze became thick gloom. The last red flare was gone from the west. Two men came up the plank walk toward Henderson.

"Coolish night," he heard one saying, as they clacked off northward.

"Brrrt! It is a coolish night," said Henderson to himself. He turned to pick up his valise, but for some reason his hands went together first, and he held them so convulsively. "A coolish night," he heard himself repeating, with a witless, wandering intonation. Then he shook himself threateningly. "Oh, I 'll try again. Of course I 'll try," he said, but he said it like a man who is trying to anæsthetize his soul; and when he got into the car, the look in his eyes was more distinctively dashed than defiant.

"Is there a driver?" he by and by asked wistfully of the one other occupant of the car.

"Yes, there 's a driver," — the other occupant looked out of the window at a frame house which stood just where the plank walk ended, and the brick pavement and the car track began, — "but there 's also a saloon."

Henderson bit his lower lip in a confidential enjoyment of the quality of that voice. There was a note in it of standing things good-naturedly when they could n't be helped.

"I wonder if there 's no way of breaking the connection?" he said, getting back to the driver and the saloon with a jerk. He went to the car door and hallooed at the frame house. A man came to the door.

"Dave ain't quite ready yet," called the man, thickly but genially. "Jes' wait a minute till he wets his whis'le, will you?"

It seemed the thing to do under the circumstances. The air had the crispness of early autumn, and Henderson saw that the woman in the car felt it; so he shut the door, and came patiently back to his seat.

"It 's just one of Penangton's ways," she explained, with a funny little lift of her brows.

Henderson took his lower lip into confidence again, and deliberately poised himself in midair, as it were, on the sound of that voice. It had so many kinds of suggestion in it. She had said only two sentences to him, but the first had made him aware that whatever was worth laughing at in the world she was ready to laugh at, and the next had made him aware that she had run the gamut of Penangton from end to end. After the atony of the past few weeks he was almost feverishly glad of his rising interest in that voice, in anything. His soul, he knew, was somewhere near in the same tense, wrung attitude his body had assumed out on the plank walk, but he had a curious, hurried desire to tell his soul to shut up, to come along, to make the best of it.

"It 's quite a town, Penangton?"

"The lamp is sputtering," said the woman, in reply. "Could n't you turn the wick higher? Oh, goodness, it 's going out! Why, there 's no oil in it."

They both got up hurriedly, but the lamp was too far gone for rescue. It began to smoke dismally.

"I 'll go get the driver," said Henderson. "Just wait here a minute." He jumped off the car and ran up the steps to the saloon. Presently he came back, shaking his head. "The driver 's drunk for fair," he said. "Everybody in there 's drunk. What 'll we do?"

"Could n't you drive?" she asked merrily.

He looked down the silent street, and his eyes lit up a little. "I 'll drive you home, if you 'll let me," he said, with decision. "I can just do it." He ran through to the front of the car, and unwound the reins from the brake. The mules stirred slowly and sorrowfully. "Shall I?" asked Henderson. The woman began to laugh. "Do you live on the car line?" went on Henderson gleefully. He laughed, too. It seemed good to be pulling his soul along out of its tragics into something humorous and commonplace. "Come up!" He shook the reins out over the mules. "It 's my idea to drive until I stop to let you out, then drive on a little farther, and leave the car standing on the track, while I cut for a hotel. Do you think it will work? — The mules seem to like to stand." His voice broke up into little chuckles, like a schoolboy's.

The woman came out on the front platform to him. She could hardly talk for laughing. "It will work," she said, "unless somebody else gets on the car."

Henderson's face wrinkled a little, but he shot the leather quirt out over the mules briskly. "Nobody will get on," he said. "I 'll never be able to stop this team." He felt so exhilarated that it was like pain. The car began to make a great banging noise that just suited him. The way the sparks flew from the hoofs of the mules just suited him. The way that woman leaned back against the car door and laughed just suited him. It was all so exactly on the outside. There was nothing introspective about it. He looked back at her gayly. "I hope you live at the other end of the line?" he queried.

"About halfway."

"I hope it 's a long line."

"About two miles, not counting the roughness."

"Don't count the roughness. Nothing counts."

"That 's it, — nothing counts. Is n't this a lark?"

Henderson nodded brightly. "Will it be dark like this all the way?" he asked; and when she said yes, he began to sing the first bars of a gay little air under his breath; the woman sang too, both of them holding their voices down cautiously.

"Don't you ever finish things?" she complained finally, after trying in vain to adapt her voice to Henderson's many-tuned melody.

"No," said Henderson. "No; I don't like the finish — of anything." He moved back to where she was, and leaned against the car frame, with the reins dangling carelessly. "The beginning is always so much more interesting."

She rocked her head on the door jamb at her back. "Mmh! I don't know."

"Oh yes!" cried Henderson. "In the beginning you have the beginning and all you can imagine about the end."

"But in the end you have the end and all you can remember about the beginning."

"Remember"! It was a bad word for Henderson. Something like a shiver passed over him. "I 'll back imagination, anticipation, against memory, seven days in the week, won't you?"

"Hold in your mule steeds here," said the woman. "Steady for the corner."

They swung around the corner, and started on a gentle down grade between two rows of splendid trees. "Say," said Henderson, following her lead like a happy child, and shunting the conversation off on a side track again, "say, are n't you cold?"

"No, indeed. Is n't this air fine? That 's one good thing we have in Penangton."

"What other good things do you have in Penangton?"

"Oh, mills and coal mines and an academy. Then there 's the county," — she gave a wide sweep of her arm which seemed to skip over the town and to encircle something outside it, — "wheat!"

"Many doctors here?"

She looked back into the car at the small case which sat beside his large one. "Oh! I see. Yes, there are a great many doctors."

"What school?"

"Two who get their bills paid eventually, three who never get paid, two who forget to send out bills, and one rascal."

Henderson propped one foot on the splashboard of the car. "The last class seems to invite as being least crowded," he commented gravely.

"Well, I don't know; if it comes to that, they are all more or less rascals, — at least they don't believe in themselves. That 's a pretty bad sort of rascality, you know. Are you coming here to live?" she asked suddenly, turning her face toward him.

"Like as not."

"Well, if you do, there 's one thing in Penangton you want to look out for. There 's one thing that *isn't* a good thing. It 's Penrynism."

"What 's Penrynism?"

"It 's the money disease. Some doctors get it. The rascal here has it."

Henderson dropped his head, and whacked at his shoes with the butt of his quirt. "I expect I 'll get it, then. I feel particularly susceptible to infection of that kind just at this writing." Immediately he was as sombre as he had been out there on the plank walk; his merriment had been a thin cloak, after all, and it had worn through.

"Slow up now," said the woman next. "I 'm almost home. Just around this last corner."

He drew his breath in sharply, and made the mules take the corner very slowly. He made them go slower yet when he found that he was on a street

where the trees were so big and so close together, and the street lamps were so little and so far apart, that it was as black as Egypt, and as mysteriously pleasant.

"Stop. I 'm home."

"Now you see," said Henderson ruefully, "why I hate the end of things." He stepped down to help her from the car.

"Remember the beginning. — Oh, you are going to have to learn to stand remembering," she insisted, laughing lightly. "Here, this is my gate."

He ran ahead and opened it for her, and as she passed through he lifted his hat high and made her a sweeping bow. "I 'd rather hope it is n't the end," he said.

She only laughed again, and stood looking at him for a short moment. "I think it is. But it was a nice ride. I shan't forget it. Good-night." She called back another cheerful good-night, as she went up the walk to the house.

Henderson, at the gate, watched her, with a lonely look on his face. Ahead of her he traced out a big frowning house front, across the lower part of which ran a light veranda, like a misplaced smile. When the door had opened to her, she paused for a moment in the light from the hall, with her face turned his way; then the door shut quietly. Henderson rubbed his hand softly over the brass head of the low gatepost, until presently his eyes traveled to it. "P-e-n-r-y-n," he spelled unseeingly. When he did begin to see it, he said flat-footedly, "Well, I 'm damned!" and turned back to his mules.

They were gone. As far down the street as he could see there was no sign of them. "Now, how the mischief am I to find a hotel?" mused Henderson, without concern. "Follow the track. Light her up, Fate, my lady; I follow," and with that he looked at the Penryn house purposefully.

He was sure the car track would pass a hotel somewhere, and he had turned but another corner when he came upon one, with the car and the sad mules standing before it. A crowd of mild-looking men were around the car.

"But how you going to account for the satchels?" one man was asking, with the hope of excitement vibrating blithely in his voice.

Henderson got into the crowd at this juncture. "I 'll account for the satchels," he volunteered. "You 'll find my name on them, — Henderson. I left them in the car while I went into the saloon for the driver. — The mules ambled off while I was out of the car." It was a long hiatus, but Henderson saw that there was no need of bridging it over; that the men around him were used to the driver, the saloon, and the mules.

Once in the hotel, he went directly to his room, took off his top-coat, and sat down in front of a comfortably glowing grate. "Very beautiful," he said, straight at the red coals. For a few minutes longer a half-blunted interest remained in his face; then his hands spread out weakly on the arms of the chair, and he dropped his chin as though he were going down in his clothes with the shamefaced resolution never to come up again. Slowly and reluctantly his mind went back over his most recent past, the Illinois days.

First of all came the medical college in Chicago; and clearest of all was the vision of Alden, the dean, on the rostrum before the class, his burning eyes throwing off some kind of white illumination, his thin hands knotted with enthusiasm, conviction radiating from every inch of his long, swaying body. And loudest of all rang the recollection of Alden's voice, high and quivering in its advocacy of the Hahnemannian creed, the beauty of the "law," the totality of the symptoms, the central modality; or fiercely earnest in its denunciation of routinism, specifics, prescribing in the lump. Ah, Alden had believed. That had been the intrinsic beauty of sitting under him. Hender-

son's perception had always been of the keenest, and Henderson, of all the men and women who had listened to Alden, and learned of him, in the first four years of the college's struggle for existence, had been the one to carry away with him the deepest impress of Alden's spirit. He, of them all, had gone out from the college doors with the feeling most strong upon him that he had had a glorious bath in some deep, clean current of ethics. He had never been able to account to himself for Alden's influence upon him. Before he went up to college he had been commonplace enough, a quick, shrewd fellow, with a good business head, acute sympathies, and one strong inclination in the world, — the inclination to study medicine; but when he left Alden he was like a finely charged wire, across which hummed and sang concepts of his profession as the "noble profession," the scientific possibilities of the "noble profession," life as an opportunity for the "noble profession," — all that went to make Alden's life like a benediction.

And what happened? What always happens to the young physician who has n't money enough to wait three years for patients, and abide by the Code while waiting? He had first "located" in Chicago, in a South Side boarding house; a little later he had located in a town in central Illinois; and after that he had variously located all over the state, until he found himself at Dixburn, in southern Illinois. Henderson's memory could linger in any one of the half dozen towns that had preceded Dixburn, and could find in each some pleasant friendship begun, some little addendum to the series of drug provings he had taken up, something halfway pleasant or halfway worth while; but Dixburn had been hell from start to finish. He had to admit that his acute sufferings in Dixburn had had no better or bigger excuse than that his clothes had begun there to show signs of irreparable wear, and he had had no money for new ones. Something psychical worked itself out in him during the second month that he loafed and suffered around that sun-baked Illinois town. It might have been change, or it might have been development, or it might have been reversion. "I have got down to my clothes," was the way he passed judgment upon himself; and, as he had the time, he began to outline, with some contemptuous amusement, the sort of man he would have been if it had happened that he had never been influenced by Alden. When he had put himself to himself as "ordinary," he went under a wet blanket of conviction that he must get at life on a different plane; that he had been keyed up too high in the beginning. A little later on in that last month, there had come a day when one of his shoes cracked straight across the top; and in the black, helpless cursing that Henderson stuffed into the crack he checked off self-potentialities never before suspected. As he sat and glared at the crack, he told himself unqualifiedly that he was done with trying to meet the conditions of life in the Alden way; that he was ready to do anything now for money, money! and that fate would better not tempt him. His face assumed too sharp an expression; it became the face of a man in danger of overreaching himself, in his greediness for gain. He felt sure that, if opportunity had come his way, he would have done things that much worse men than he never do. The whiteness and the fineness of Alden's influence lifted from him entirely, and circled off above him with a cool backward fanning.

Then a medical magazine offered a prize of one hundred and fifty dollars for the best essay on The Spirit of Hahnemann's Teachings, and Henderson, with rebellion and blasphemy and battered-down belief in his heart, wrote ethically, and got the one hundred and fifty dollars. Inevitably, the next thing he did was to buy some shoes. That the ethical should have stretched out a hand to him with

a purse in it just at this moment half frightened him. He walked about Dixburn in his new shoes for another month in crushed incompetency, and when he crossed over to Penangton he was still effectually flattened out. The truth was, he told himself in final review, as he sat there with his face tucked away from the comfort in the grate, — the truth was that he had primed himself for wickedness in Dixburn, had hung around and waited for temptation, and temptation had not come. Instead of temptation had come a chance of the right sort. "But if the wrong sort of chance had come," Henderson pointed out to his soul, with that pitilessly keen insight that was his, — "if the wrong sort had come, and I had profited by it more than by the one hundred and fifty, I wonder, O my Soul, if you would be whining around now like an abused house cat?"

He tumbled into bed a few minutes later, glad to find that he was sleepy. Before he was done felicitating himself upon that fact he sat up, staringly awake. "If I don't win out here," he said, as though he had dragged up a large conclusion from the edge of the land of dreams, — "if I don't win out here, I 'll never win out. It 's now or never, and I don't think I 'll ever forget how she looked there in that doorway." The dying gleam in the grate shot up and broke into small gaseous bubbles as he lay back on his pillow.

When he had dressed and breakfasted, the next morning, and had made his way to the street, he felt immeasurably better. He sat down in one of the loafing chairs outside the hotel door, and smoked, with two clearly defined notions in his head: one was to finish his cigar, and the other was to beat back along that car track to the house whose door had opened and shut in front of him the night before. Every time he thought of the woman who had stood framed in that door, he found his determination to stay in Penangton strengthening. He was very near the end of his cigar, and very near the beginning of a dream, when a man stopped in front of him.

"Scrape my shins if 't ain't!" said the man, holding out his hand. The big, assertive voice pushed through Henderson's dream like a steam roller, and bowled him back, willy-nilly, to the medical college, Alden, and the Chicago days.

"Oh, you, Thorley? How d' you do?" Henderson's greeting was slow, but it had the amiability that curls off the end of a good cigar, and he got up and shook hands with the man, whom he could place as one of the fellows of the '90 class. He had not seen Thorley since the finish in April, two years and more before, and he hardly recognized him because of the bushy side whiskers on his face. Still, when he came to think of it, it was inevitable that Thorley should have sprung those whiskers. One never saw a man with his kind of face who did n't sooner or later come to side whiskers, and stop there permanently. All that Henderson immediately recalled about him was, that he was the one chap at college who did n't have to get "used" to the dissecting room. Thorley had n't sickened or blinked from the first. And that odor of fresh blood, still warm enough to run, which sorely tried every freshman's stomach in the operating rooms, had n't bothered Thorley in the least. He had n't even noticed it, until a boy in front of him reeled, and had to be swung out by his shoulders and heels.

"Live here?" asked Henderson.

"Yes. How are you making it?" Thorley laughed a good-natured, rollicking laugh as soon as Henderson opened his mouth to reply. "Need n't tell me. About eighteen of the twenty in the '90 class have told me already. I 'm making it," he rounded off, with a dogged down jerk of his head.

"How?"

"Whiskey cure."

"Oh, Lord!"

"*And* morphine," went on Thorley, untouched.

"What 's your — your cure?" Henderson smiled down at Thorley from the heights of the Code, as he nicked the ash from his cigar.

"Something new. It 's a serotherapy wrinkle."

Henderson's smile became a deep-lunged laugh, and Thorley's round eyes twinkled. "Hair of the dog for the bite," Thorley insisted. "Only mine 's cows. It 's simple." His eyes fairly danced. "Inoculate a cow with alcohol; then draw off the serum from the cow's blood, and use as an antidote for inebriety. You 'd be surprised at the way it works, Henderson."

For a moment Henderson made no reply; a direct line of comparison had projected itself from the face of Thorley, standing there with his fat neck spilling over his collar, to the face of Alden, all aglow with splendid dignity. "You 've got a long way from Alden," he demurred at last.

"Oh, Alden hell!" said Thorley, with a short laugh which stayed good-natured. "Alden's wife has enough money for him to live on. Mine has n't. That 's the difference between me and Alden." He rocked back on his heels easily. "Going to be here long?" he asked.

"Maybe."

"I tell you what you do," suggested Thorley quickly, and with some emphasis. "Come up and see my sanitarium. And say, one of these days I 'll take you out to the depot and show you the Thorley-Penryn Serotherapy Stables, where we draw off anti-alcoholic serum for alcoholism."

"Quack, quack, quack!" laughed Henderson; and Thorley went off with his own mouth puckered.

After Thorley had left him, Henderson started up the street toward the Penryn house. He had no trouble in finding it; but when he got within a block of it he had trouble in accounting for its being there, — in Penangton. It was so much of a castle that while it had ten times more ground than the Chicago castles, it still did n't have half ground enough. The effect was not good, "though it would be if there were two miles of park," thought Henderson. "Now, how did she ever make a mistake of that kind? Must have been built before she grew up and took hold of things." He walked on a little farther, and examined the house more carefully "It *was* built before she grew up and took hold of things," he said finally, his eyes, agile as squirrels, running up and down the weather marks of the house. He felt immediately relieved. It somehow seemed to him very important, just then, that that woman should not fail him anywhere, should come quite up to what he expected of her. Suddenly he decided not to go any nearer the house. It occurred to him that if she should see him loitering about, their "beginning" might be cheapened. He made a detour around the house, and came back to the main street a block above it, and continued his walk. He took that walk and made that detour every day for a week; and although he never got a glimpse of her, he refrained from making any inquiries about her at the hotel, from the same fear of cheapening their beginning. During that week, however, he learned incidentally that the various signs which had glared him out of countenance, the night of his arrival, did not begin to cover all of the Penryn consequence to Penangton. Every enterprise in the town or around it was a Penryn enterprise, and the town itself was thickly coated with an adulation of Penryn which was yet not thick enough to hide its deep dislike for him.

It was on Tuesday of Henderson's second week of the old business of waiting for business that Thorley came into the hotel and asked for him. Thorley had that concentrated look that most

people wear when they are acting under a rigid determination to bring up something casually before they have done with you.

"Suppose you come up and take a look at my sanitarium to-day," said he, early in the conversation. "Suppose you come along now. Would n't you care to? I'd like to show you over."

They went down the street together, and Henderson knew that Thorley was telling some hard-luck story of his own about early struggles; but as that same kind of story was already marked across Henderson's memory with a great puckered cicatrix that pinched every nerve in him, he made a point of not listening, until Thorley said, "There she is," and turned his fat hand on his wrist by way of indicating the sanitarium. It was a two-story main building of brick, with frame annexes that cluttered it up like an oversupply of white wings. The main building was well out toward the street, and had on its front windows, "Serotherapy Cure for Alcoholism. If I Don't Cure You, You Don't Pay Me." The subtle, half-sweet, half-cutting odor of some never before smelled drug combination assailed Henderson as soon as he was inside. He sniffed at it curiously, as Thorley led the way into a front room, which seemed to be an office because of the desk and safe in it, and a laboratory because of the long vial cabinet against one wall. The other walls were hung with what looked like framed certificates, at first glance, but what proved, on closer inspection, to be engrossed letters, all beginning, "My dear Dr. Thorley," and all ending, "Very gratefully yours."

"What 's that I smell, Thorley?" asked Henderson, still sniffing.

"That? Oh, that 's my secret."

"You ought to keep your secret better bottled, then," retorted Henderson. "It smells to heaven."

"Well, now," said Thorley, sitting down at the desk, "I was just thinking of unbottling it, in a way. Look here, Henderson, what 's lacking about you that you useter have? Tussle been too devilish hard for you? Sit down over there, — sit down. You want to try your hand at something 't ain't so hard? Something that 'll pay?"

"Depends on the something," smiled Henderson, as he took the chair pointed out to him.

"Oh no, it don't," Thorley answered emphatically. "No, it don't. You can just bet your life on that, — as long as you have n't a wife with the money. Let 's make a long story short, Henderson. What I want to tell you is this: I 'm making a go of this show. I guess you ain't been here long enough to know all it means to be hitched to the name of Penryn with a hyphen. It 's meaning so much that I can hardly keep track of it. I gotter have a partner, — a parlor partner, Henderson. Trouble with me is, I 'm getting a lot of people in here that I can't han'le. I 'm plain to say they are up the scale from me a ways. I haveter keep my mouth shut just for fear of not saying the right thing. They come from St. Louis and Kansas City and round about, and I don't go with 'em. 'Specially I don't go with the women. When you add morphine jim-jams to women's natural fits you 've got too much for me, Henderson. They want you to be sympathetic, and they 're afraid you 'll be fresh. They keep *me* twirling. The fact is, I gotter have some help."

"Count me out, Thorley."

"Well, now, I don't see why. You need n't think I ain't straight. It 's all legitimate. There are hundreds of places, or similar, in this state and in every state in the Union." Thorley glanced up at Henderson, and then continued, a little sheepishly: "They do some good. My medicine is a sort of antidote, don't care what you say."

"I guess your medicine is n't the serum, then. I guess you fall back on the muriate or the bichloride a little."

"Keep on guessing," laughed Thorley. "Whatever it is, it helps my patients to stop, if they wanter stop; it helps 'em get 'emselves back. Say, Henderson, if you want the truth, I got just one qualm of conscience about this business. The patients are such a damn bad lot in general, I feel some guilty about helping 'em to get 'emselves back. There 's nothing in 'em worth saving. When you fish 'em up, and dry 'em out, and put 'em on their feet, you feel like you 'd played a joke on 'em."

"Thorley, what the dickens did you ever pick out a missionary business for?" Henderson got up, frowning. "You don't care a continental about giving people a chance, yet" —

"Blue blazes, man," cried Thorley, "it 's my own chance I 'm concerned about, — not theirs! See here, Henderson. I suppose if I were a damn fool, who went about this thing with his face shining and his lips twitching, like Alden, you 'd think the thing was all right, and that I was all right. I know the enthusiasm dodge; but I got two eyes, let me tell you, and I 'm none the worse man for seeing on both sides and straight to the bottom."

"You are the worse man, though, Thorley, for never seeing straight to the top. Wall your eyes up a little once in a way, and you 'll get still another view."

When Henderson parted from Thorley, that day, he went home directly past the Penryn house. He felt justified in it; and though he did not see Miss Penryn about the place, a fine and unsullied glow lasted him all the way to the hotel. After that he walked directly past the house every day. It seemed to him that he would have to find out more about her soon, whether the "beginning" were to be cheapened by his inquiries or not. The amount of pleasure he got out of just remembering that woman was a wonder to him, and the hope of knowing her better some day was a joy and a support to him. From the sort of ivory frame, rich and creamy, in which memory had placed her, Miss Penryn dominated him, waking or sleeping.

During the next week he was at Thorley's a number of times. There was no other place to go, and Mrs. Thorley's room, with its glowing fire and cushioned chairs, was inviting. It was up there, one blustering evening, that Thorley said to him suddenly, "Henderson, I wish to goodness you 'd quit your hesitating, and come on in here with us."

"Why, I did n't know that I was hesitating."

Thorley gave a peculiar grunt, and then went on, as though some things were too patent to be talked about: "You seem to think it 's wrong for me to do a little good to these howling hyenas I cage up here, just because I do myself a lot more. That 's about the size of your argument. Why, my principle is the principle every syndicate and every trust fattens on. Do somebody else a little good, and do yourself a lot more. It 's the Penryn principle, — and look at Penryn."

"And look at this bilious town," replied Henderson. "It 's jaundiced with Penrynism."

"Oh, come off! If it was n't for Penryn, this town would be a sand bar in the Missouri River. It 's Penryn that worked the railroad in, and Penryn that got the elevators away from the river, where the grain boats could n't come no more, up to the depot, where trains can come. It 's Penryn that got the mines going, and Penryn that 's getting us electricity for the cars. You need n't tell me that kind of a man don't deserve credit. It 's good religion to call him a cheat and a rascal, and I guess he 's all of it; but he does things that other people get the benefit of, no matter how you look at him."

"Has Mr. Penryn any children?" Irresistibly quick, the question clipped through the barrier of the careful days with bullet-like radicalism.

"Lord, yes. Them three boys at the Bank 's his."

"Any daughters?" Henderson sat up straight, to let the questions volley as they would.

"He 's got *a* daughter."

"Is she here?" This close to that woman again, this close to her name even, she seemed to step down from her frame and to come toward him, richly alive, with all the promising significance she had had for him that first evening. There had been nothing in his life more foolish than that woman's effect upon him, and nothing more vital. He was trembling as he waited for Thorley's answer.

"Is she here now, Zu?" called Thorley to his wife, who was bending over some knitting, close to the lamp. "She 's not here much any more." Thorley raised his voice and called again: "Zu, is Mrs. Shore here now?"

"Purl one, two — wait a minute — purl two — that 's it. Why, I don't think so. She stopped on her way up from St. Louis, a week ago, but she did n't stay over but one night."

"Where 'd you ever meet *her?*" asked Thorley. It was strangely as it should be that Thorley's emphasis unconsciously put that woman on a pedestal, high and white.

"Why," said Henderson, like a man in a fog, "somewhere — a long way from here — if she is the woman I think she is. What does she look like?"

"Queen. And she rules, let me tell you. She 's the one person living who 's been too much for Lowry Penryn. They say this town owes a good deal to her." Thorley chuckled as he continued: "They say she 's headed Lowry off a time or two." He put his clumsy thumbs together and leaned toward Henderson a little. "Say, Henderson, I don't mind telling you that Penryn 's agreed to back me a long way further on the serum. We are going to buy Al Hickam's farm, down Weaver Road, for the cows, and we are going to work the cure for all there is in it. And there 's plenty in it."

"So." The word clumped at Henderson's ears heavily, without interrogation and full of finish. "That 's good." He recognized that what Thorley had just been telling him had set him fairly back in the old-clothes Dixburn period, without any of the bitter vigor and combativeness of that period. In two seconds he had become as pallid and anæmic, as unable to fight for his ideal, and as little desirous of fighting, as though Alden had never existed, as though that woman in the frame had never existed. She had n't ever existed. That was the worst of it. He knew what Thorley was going to say next, and as he picked up his hat and coat his answer stood out in his mind with great clearness. It was about the only clear thing in his mind. He was going to accept Thorley's offer. That was all there was to it. Nothing could be simpler. His upper lip strained back from the simplicity of it, and his nostrils widened fastidiously to let the simplicity of it down his dry throat. The next thing was Thorley's voice: —

"Tell you what I 'll do, Henderson: I 'll guarantee you three thousand for the first year. After that there will be five, and after that ten, if there 's a cent. And there 's always a cent in a Penryn deal. Will you take it?"

"No," said Henderson. That was simple, too; but his mind, crouched low to receive the expected blow, lumbered through a good half minute as though the blow had really fallen. Then he put on his hat and went down the steps, all his nerves alive again, and flashing jubilant notice to his brain that he had n't been able to get down to that lower plane even when he had wanted to; that he had underrated the protective value of his ideals, had underrated himself there in Dixburn. He might have trusted himself then, as he could trust himself now, to hold out for the right sort of finish, as right went with him. He

was bound to do it. He could n't do anything else. "That 's the good thing about it," he told himself. "Could n't strike that gait even when I wanted to. Lord, Alden, it was a precious leaven you gave me." He deliberately stopped on the street and hugged himself. "It 's bound to keep you quick, you old lump," he said. Then, as he was opposite the Penryn house, he looked over that way. "And I guess I can learn to stand remembering," he decided fearlessly.

"I 'm afraid you 've lost him," lamented Mrs. Thorley, when Thorley came back from the sanitarium door, after letting Henderson out.

"Yes, he 's got that damn Alden look back on his face. I 've lost him."

R. E. Young.

A GLIMPSE OF PITTSBURG.

Herbert Spencer, after visiting a large rail mill of the Pittsburg district, once remarked that what he had seen there had enlarged his previous ideas of the capability of the human mind. A well-known painter of the impressionist school came to Pittsburg a year ago, as a member of the international jury of the annual art exhibition, and during his stay painted a picture representing a squalid *cul-de-sac*, where sky, bluff, goat, chicken, house, and woman, all seemed painted with soot. The majority of those who know the Smoky City imperfectly, or only by reputation, fancy it throughout like this picture. Very few study it with the eyes of the philosopher, who, penetrating the non-essential though at times displeasing veil, at once understood its real meaning and mission, namely, the conquest of nature by intelligent energy directing suitable machinery, whose life comes from that smoke and dirt producer, bituminous coal.

The origin of Pittsburg dates back millions of years ago to the Carboniferous Period. Then immense forests of trees and dense vegetation grew in swamps upon a warm earth and beneath a tropical sun; while the atmosphere was laden with carbonic acid, from which the plants extracted the precious carbon, leaving oxygen in the air for the future use of man.

Before the Glacial Period the Monongahela River was much larger than it is now. It then covered most of the triangular site of the present city of Pittsburg, which owes to it the deep strata of sand, loam, and gravel that have contributed largely to the health, industries, and buildings of the inhabitants. The Ohio River was then a part of the Monongahela, but subsequent glacial deposits not only filled the ancient channel, but completely turned the course of the river, which accounts for the sudden southward bend of the Ohio at Rochester.

During the later geological periods, the undisturbed strata of coal and clay schist were deeply cut and eroded, leaving coal beds, the height of a man, exposed along the cañon-like valleys and above the streams which now transport, at very small expense, the cheaply mined fuel to adjacent and distant markets. As a final result of the decomposition and compression of the vegetation of the Carboniferous Period, western Pennsylvania possesses to-day deposits of coal which a German geologist has declared to be the finest in the world, considering their extent, thickness, quality, and avail ability.

Thousands of years of erosion, and the wild growth of vegetation, finally left the region picturesque and beautiful, as

Washington probably saw it from the top of the high bluffs which still bear his name. Several hundred feet beneath him, the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers flowed in majestic curves to mingle their waters in the broad Ohio. At their angular intersection, now appropriately named the Point, was the site of Fort Duquesne, and of its successor, Fort Pitt, — commanding the navigation of the three rivers, — of which Colonel Bouquet's redoubt alone remains, sole witness of the incredibly rapid transformation of a savage wilderness into the iron, steel, and glass centre of the world.

When James Parton, the historian, looked down at night, from the encircling hills, upon the weird fountains of flame and smoke, he could think only of "hell with the lid off." A stranger, looking to-day from the top of Mount Washington down upon the narrow strips of land left between high bluffs by the eroding rivers, must notice the tremendous activity, and he cannot fail to recognize the prime mover in this intense industrial drama. The housetops and hillsides wear its colors; and numberless columns, like gigantic organ pipes, breathe forth graceful plumes of black and white. The city and its environs bear testimony to the sovereignty of Coal. Foreign engineers say this region is the world's industrial school, because here they find men manufacturing iron, steel, and glass cheaply enough to sell throughout the world, in spite of the fact that the highest wages are paid to all, and that many of the workers earn more than most professional men.

A little over a century ago, Pittsburg was noted chiefly for its Monongahela whiskey and its independent, belligerent Scotch-Irish settlers, who cared very little for the dark bands of coal everywhere visible along the hillsides. The growth of Pittsburg, however, in wealth, population, and production has been directly in proportion to the amount of coal it has mined and consumed. Yet its coal still unused represents a future market value greater than that of the world's present total stock of gold, aside from the vast treasures of petroleum and natural gas in this district. It is therefore not surprising that all the great manufacturing corporations are buying up available coal lands, to cover their future requirements.

Early in this century, the steamboat and steam engine were introduced here, to utilize these precious deposits; and Pittsburg began to manufacture a large variety of articles of iron, copper, glass, and other materials, for distribution by river over the West and South. The subsequent extension of railroads greatly increased its manufactures, but temporarily diminished its relative importance as the navigable key to the West and South. During the Civil War, however, its production and wealth were enormously increased. Its gunboats and ordnance and its efficient men were of the greatest service in that struggle. If members of Congress are wise, they will do all in their power to encourage the attempt now being made to connect this most important manufacturing centre with the Great Lakes by a ship canal, which recent surveys have shown to be entirely practicable at a reasonable expense. Its annual tonnage would probably exceed that of the Suez Canal; and it would enable the Northwest to receive cheap fuel, iron, and steel, in return for its cheaply transported ores. The probable profits for this year of one Pittsburg corporation which uses the largest quantity of Lake iron ores would suffice to build the entire ship canal as recommended by the Commission; and the saving on the present coal freights by rail to the Lakes would alone warrant its construction, to say nothing of the vast tonnage of heavy and bulky manufactured products now shipped to the Northwest from this region.

The industrial history of Pittsburg is largely the history of the steam engine and of modern applied science. We are

astonished at the low wages in China, where a man will work for ten cents per day; yet in Pittsburg machines are doing, at a cost of less than half a cent per day, more and better work than any unaided artisan could do. At almost every step, in many works, one can see a youth or man operating, with little effort, a machine accomplishing results which three thousand skilled handworkers could not duplicate in the same time. And yet three men can mine all the coal necessary to supply the energy for such a machine; while the total coal product of the region could supply steam engines of greater horse power than could be obtained from the entire falls of Niagara. So concentrated and intense is the activity of machinery and men in the Pittsburg district that their efficient work is more than could be done, without machinery, by the entire working population of the United States; while their annual product is about equal in value to the yearly gold production of the whole world.

Pittsburg's machinery is the result of the world's best mechanical thought and of the expenditure of possibly half a billion of dollars, most of which will be destroyed or displaced in less than a generation; for the struggle for existence among men is nothing compared with that among machines, in this region.

Pittsburg has always been noted for its population of intensely active and efficient workers. It has never had a leisure class. The first question asked about a new acquaintance is, "What does he do?" If there be a latter-day idler in Pittsburg, he is compelled to have a nominal occupation, to receive any consideration from others. He is led to make periodic trips to Philadelphia, New York, or Europe, in order to preserve his self-respect and to find congenial friends; for here his acquaintances are likely to regard him as a "degenerate." Pittsburg's aristocracy, if it recognizes any, is founded on continuous productive labor. Its chief worker is the large manufacturer, who has grown with his mills, and has become so saturated with his business that it engrosses his waking hours and colors his dreams; follows him to his home, to his amusements, and does not always leave him at church.

Such a man, having succeeded without much schooling, is apt to agree with the view of life indicated by a fellow townsman's remark apropos of an acquaintance of scholarly attainments: "What a hell of a lot of *useless* information that man possesses!" Yet, in all that pertains, directly or indirectly, to his business interests, the Pittsburg manufacturer is thoroughly informed, and eager to adopt improvements from any source; but he must first be convinced that they are genuine improvements, and that he can afford to make them. He is extremely practical and matter of fact; keen of observation; logical and accurate in his judgment of men and things, in so far as they affect his business interests. Like the original Scotch-Irish settlers, he is energetic, independent in thought and action; generous where his sympathies are aroused; peaceful if let alone, but a fearless fighter if threatened or attacked. He is a manly man, a judge and leader of active men. Personally economical, his home and family are his sole *objets de luxe*, aside from his works, which often absorb all of, or more than, his capital. He makes a fine executive committee of one, but is not always a tractable colleague or subordinate. Whatever his religion may be, the first article of his daily creed is to fulfill his contracts at any cost, be they large or small, verbal or written. Easily approached, careless as to dress during business hours, unpretentious socially, clear and laconic in his statements, he inspires confidence and respect in any one who confers with him on business matters. He is the effective type of the modern industrial general, possessing all the personal qualities of an army

commander, plus that power to manage human pride and prejudice which may be called business tact. He is a modern Stoic determined to succeed in business; his usual lack of ready money, due to constant betterments of his works, reminding one of the industrious American boy who boasted to a playmate that his father intended to buy him a fine new axe with the money he earned by chopping with the old one.

The successful manufacturer must be something of a prophet, to foresee coming changes in the supply and demand of his products in different parts of the world. He must prepare for labor troubles, often caused by distant events over which he has no control; must see that his personnel and plant keep pace with those of his competitors, or he will be impoverished and ruined. He is constantly menaced by fire, explosions, business failures and changes, serious accidents to men and machines: all of which may come suddenly, without warning, and must be met at once with appropriate remedies. The world at large does not, in fact, appreciate the great executive power, special knowledge, inventive ability, courage, fidelity, perseverance, continuous thought, and patience required of an active and successful ironmaster. Perhaps his daily experience might be likened to Wagner's Ride of the Valkyrs, in its intensity of action, its apparent noise and confusion, its terrific rushing to and fro of struggling energies; while above all the strife and din there presides a rhythmic control, — a dominating force or fate, ceaselessly directing to some specific end this seeming mixture of chaos and battle of the giants.

Scarcely less remarkable is the daily experience of the glass manufacturers. Although still somewhat behind the ironmasters in the use of machinery, yet so great has been their progress in this direction that one company has fifteen thousand different objects for use or ornament, which it sells at a profit not only throughout the continents of America and Europe, but even to the distant empires of China and Japan; another company sends its products around the world to help our petroleum light the humblest dwellings; while a third has, in a few years, beautified and illumined numberless habitations with plate glass, so long a luxury for the rich alone. Meanwhile, the manufacturers of ordinary window glass, by using continuous melting furnaces, have so cheapened their product that it is now within the reach of all.

As abundant coal caused the erection of the first glass works here over a century ago, so the use of natural gas, formed ages before the coal, has of recent years confirmed the Iron City's supremacy in glass manufacture, which had been gained by means of its coal and ingenious machinery. Considering the enormous increase in the uses of glass, and the possibilities of the toughened varieties in road and building construction, may we not reasonably expect that, with the help of Pittsburg, some future century will be known as the Glass Age? But before that epoch the Iron City will probably hasten the advent of an Electrical Age, although glass is the oldest, and electrical machinery one of the youngest, of its important industries. The recent giant strides of applied electricity almost baffle description and comprehension, so diverse and intricate are the ramifications of these "etheric" applications.

When one considers the great Pittsburg dynamos which lighted the World's Fair, and the five thousand horse-power generators which utilize a fraction of Niagara Falls; when he calls to mind the motors which animate, and the currents which heat and light, the ubiquitous trolley cars, — Holmes's broomstick trains, whose "witches" are banishing horses and even locomotives from city and suburban service in all parts of the world; when he thinks of the sensitiveness of

the telephone, of the multiplex telegraph, and of the multitude of electrical instruments, in connection with the dazzling light, the irresistible heat and power of electrical currents, he is forced to the conclusion that electricity is the form in which our successors will utilize most of the sources of power which nature has placed at their disposal.

Pittsburg has, of course, the failings of its virtues, of which individualism is perhaps chief. Individualism characterized the original settlers, and, later, shaped the industrial and social development of the region; which correspondingly suffered in much that depends upon public and private coöperation. The resulting exclusive and exhaustive attention to business has caused what might be called civic absenteeism, — the abandonment of personal public duties to the political "boss" and "ring;" for bossism in public life parallels individualism in private life. "After me the deluge," is the motto of both. But fortunately they have reached their culmination. Even Pittsburg, although at times enshrouded in the smoke of its industries, and still in its pioneer, all-laboring condition, has already broken with its political Dark Ages, and entered its Renaissance of better municipal government.

The universal use of natural gas, some years ago, demonstrated to the inhabitants that, with clear skies, a clean city, and a site of great natural beauty, Pittsburg might be made one of the most attractive places of residence in the United States. Accordingly, with the gradual disappearance of natural gas, and the return to coal consumption, there has been developed a very strong movement toward smoke prevention, which has already accomplished a great deal, and bids fair to be ultimately successful. As a slight indication of the drift of public opinion may be mentioned the pictorial advertising signs of a prominent manufacturer, which show the sunlight breaking through a mass of black clouds, and illuminating a large edifice marked "A Clean Spot in Pittsburg;" while a restaurant, once painted white, puts forth this inviting sign, — alas! now growing dim, — "Cleanliness next to Godliness."

Pittsburg's æsthetic growth is shown by the establishment of beautiful parks and conservatories, during the past few years, and by the quiet enjoyment of the vast working population who visit them, principally on Sundays. It is doubtful if the magnificent Easter displays of massed flowers in the Phipps Conservatory are equaled anywhere, at home or abroad. They might well be called Easter choruses, divinely chanting "Peace on earth and good will to men" to the tens of thousands of toilers of the Iron City, whose skill, fidelity, courage, and energy can be appreciated only by those who see them daily exercised, in spite of troubles, accidents, sorrows, and discouragements of every description. From the conservatories it is but a step to the Carnegie Institute, which contains the Museum, already noted for its collections, with the Academy of Science and Art, and associated societies, to aid its educational work; the reference and circulating libraries, with their phenomenal growth; the art galleries, with their choice collections, and their yearly Salon of established international character and influence; finally, the beautiful Music Hall, where the working population show their appreciation of the weekly free organ concerts by a master of the instrument; while every winter cultivated and attentive audiences assemble to listen to their Symphony Orchestra, which private generosity and exertion have made among the best in the country.

Science also has its votaries here, and a fitting temple under the care of the Western University. Thanks to the industry and generosity of its friends, the old Allegheny Observatory, whose work and astronomers hold a high rank in the scientific world, is soon to have a worthy successor. The new Observatory will

occupy a well-chosen site, surrounded by an atmosphere especially adapted for solar and other work, and possessing a home-made equipment superior in many respects to that of any existing observatory. There celestial images will be carried down into the various physical laboratories, and be made to reveal to the astro-physicist the secrets of infinitely distant, and perhaps long-vanished worlds. Would it not be a remarkable example of cosmic compensation if this new Allegheny Observatory — standing on the very coal where ages ago the sun stored his abundant treasures of heat, and founded the future Pittsburg — should be the means of revealing to the world the intimate history and probable future of the sun, whose extinction would sweep all life from the planet?

William Lucien Scaife.

THE BRUTE.

THROUGH his might men work their wills.
They have boweled out the hills
For food to keep him toiling in the cages they have wrought:
And they fling him, hour by hour,
Limbs of men to give him power;
Brains of men to give him cunning; and for dainties to devour,
Children's souls, the little worth; hearts of women, cheaply bought.
He takes them and he breaks them, but he gives them scanty thought.

For, about the noisy land,
Roaring, quivering 'neath his hand,
His thoughts brood fierce and sullen or laugh in lust of pride
O'er the stubborn things that he
Breaks to dust and brings to be:
Some he mightily establishes, some flings down utterly;
There is thunder in his stride, nothing ancient can abide,
When he hales the hills together and bridles up the tide.

Quietude and loveliness,
Holy sights that heal and bless,
They are scattered and abolished where his iron hoof is set;
When he splashes through the brae,
Silver streams are choked with clay,
When he snorts, the bright cliffs crumble and the woods go down like hay;
He lairs in pleasant cities, and the haggard people fret
Squalid 'mid their new-got riches, soot-begrimed and desolate.

They who caught and bound him tight
Laughed exultant at his might,
Saying: "Now behold the good time comes, for the weariest and the least!
We will use this lusty knave;
No more need for men to slave;

We may rise and look about us and have knowledge, ere the grave."
But the Brute said in his breast: "Till the mills I grind have ceased,
The riches shall be dust of dust, dry ashes be the feast!

"On the strong and cunning few
Cynic favors I will strew;
I will stuff their maw with overplus until their spirit dies:
From the patient and the low
I will take the joys they know;
They shall hunger after vanities and still anhungered go.
Madness shall be on the people, ghastly jealousies arise;
Brother's blood shall cry on brother up the dead and empty skies.

"I will burn and dig and hack
Till the heavens suffer lack;
God shall feel a pleasure fail Him, crying to his cherubim,
'Who hath flung yon mudball there
Where my world went green and fair?'
I shall laugh and hug me, hearing how his sentinels declare:
''Tis the Brute they chained to labor! He has made the bright earth dim.
Store of wares and pelf a plenty, but they got no good of him.'"

So he plotted in his rage;
So he deals it, age by age.
But even as he roared his curse a still small Voice befell;
Lo, a still and pleasant voice
Bade them none the less rejoice,
For the Brute must bring the good time on; he has no other choice.
He may struggle, sweat, and yell, but he knows exceeding well
He must work them out salvation ere they send him back to hell.

All the desert that he made
He must treble bless with shade,
In primal wastes set precious seed of rapture and of pain;
All the strongholds that he built
For the powers of greed and guilt,
He must strew their bastions down the sea and choke their towers with silt;
He must make the temples clean for the gods to come again,
And lift the lordly cities under skies without a stain.

In a very cunning tether
He must lead the tyrant weather;
He must loose the curse of Adam from the worn neck of the race;
He must cast out hate and fear,
Dry away each fruitless tear
And make the fruitful tears to gush from the deep heart and clear.
He must give each man his portion, each his pride and worthy place;
He must batter down the arrogant and lift the weary face;
On each vile mouth set purity, on each low forehead grace.

Then, perhaps, at the last day,
They will whistle him away,
Lay a hand upon his muzzle in the face of God, and say:
"Honor, Lord, the Thing we tamed!
Let him not be scourged or blamed.
Even through his wrath and fierceness was thy fierce wroth world reclaimed!
Honor Thou thy servant's servant; let thy justice now be shown."
Then the Lord will heed their saying, and the Brute come to his own,
'Twixt the Lion and the Eagle, by the arm-post of the throne.

William Vaughn Moody.

THE TORY LOVER.[1]

X.

LATE the next afternoon Mary Hamilton appeared at the north door of the house, and went quickly down the steep garden side toward the water. In the shallow slip between two large wharves lay some idle rowboats, which belonged to workmen who came every morning from up and down the river. The day's short hurry was nearly over; there was still a noise of heavy adzes hewing at a solid piece of oak timber, but a group of men had begun to cluster about a storehouse door to talk over the day's news.

The tide was going out, and a birch canoe which the young mistress had bespoken was already left high on the shore. She gave no anxious glance for her boatman, but got into a stranded skiff, and, reaching with a strong hand, caught the canoe and dragged it down along the slippery mud until she had it well afloat; then, stepping lightly aboard, took up her carved paddle, and looked before her to mark her course across the swift current. Wind and current and tide were all going seaward together with a determined rush.

There was a heavy gundelow floating down the stream toward the lower warehouse, to be loaded with potatoes for the Portsmouth market, and this was coming across the slip. The men on board gave a warning cry as they caught sight of a slender figure in the fragile craft; but Mary only laughed, and, with sufficient strength to court the emergency, struck her paddle deep into the water and shot out into the channel right across their bow. The current served well to keep her out of reach; the men had been holding back their clumsy great boat lest it should pass the wharf. One of them ran forward anxiously with his long sweep, as if he expected to see the canoe in distress like a drowning fly; but Mary, without looking back, was pushing on across the river to gain the eddy on the farther side.

"She might ha' held back a minute; she was liable to be catched an' ploughed right under! A gal 's just young enough to do that; men that 's met danger don't see no sport in them tricks," grumbled the boatman.

"Some fools would ha' tried to run astarn," said old Mr. Philpot, his companion, "an' the suck o' the water would ha' catched 'em side up ag'in' us; no, she knowed what she was about. Kind of scairt me, though. Look at her set her paddle, strong as a man! Lord, she 's a beauty, an' 's good 's they make 'em!"

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"Folks all thinks, down our way, she 's took it master hard the way young Wallin'ford went off, 'thout note or warnin'. They 've b'en a-hoverin' round all ready to fall to love-makin', till this objection got roused 'bout his favorin' the Tories. There 'd b'en trouble a'ready if he 'd stayed to home. I misdoubt they 'd smoked him out within half a week's time. Some o' them fellows that hangs about Dover Landin' and Christian Shore was bent on it, an' they 'd had some better men 'long of 'em."

"Then 't would have been as black a wrong as ever was done on this river!" exclaimed the elder man indignantly, looking back over his shoulder toward the long house of the Wallingfords, that stood peaceful in the autumn sunshine high above the river. "They 've been good folks in all their ginerations. The lad was young, an' had n't formed his mind. As for Madam, — why, women folks is natural Tories; they hold by the past, same as men are fain to reach out and want change. She 's feeble and fearful since the judge was taken away, an' can't grope out to nothin' new. I heared tell that one o' her own brothers is different from the rest as all holds by the King, an' has given as much as any man in Boston to carry on this war. There ain't no Loyalist inside my skin, but I despise to see a low lot o' fools think smart o' theirselves for bein' sassy to their betters."

The other man looked a little crestfallen. "There 's those as has it that the cap'n o' the Ranger would n't let nobody look at young miss whilst he was by," he hastened to say. "Folks say they 're good as promised an' have changed rings. I al'ays heared he was a gre't man for the ladies; loves 'em an' leaves 'em. I knowed men that had sailed with him in times past, an' they said he kept the highest company in every port. But if all tales is true" —

"Mostly they ain't," retorted old Mr. Philpot scornfully.

"I don't know nothin' 't all about it; that 's what folks say," answered his mate. "He 's got the look of a bold commander, anyway, and a voice an' eye that would wile a bird from a bush." But at this moment the gundelow bumped heavily against the wharf, and there was no more time for general conversation.

Mary Hamilton paddled steadily up river in the smooth water of the eddy, now and then working hard to get round some rocky point that bit into the hurrying stream. The wind had driven the ebbing tide before it, so that the water had fallen quickly, and sometimes the still dripping boughs of overhanging alders and oaks swept the canoe from end to end, and spattered the kneeling girl with a cold shower by way of greeting. Sometimes a musquash splashed into the water or scuttled into his chilly hole under the bank, clattering an untidy heap of empty mussel shells as he went. All the shy little beasts, weasels and minks and squirrels, made haste to disappear before this harmless voyager, and came back again as she passed. The great fishhawks and crows sailed high overhead, secure but curious, and harder for civilization to dispossess of their rights than wild creatures that lived aground.

The air was dry and sweet, as if snow were coming, and all the falling leaves were down. Here and there might linger a tuft of latest frost flowers in a sheltered place, and the witch-hazel in the thickets was still sprinkled with bright bloom. Mary stopped once under the shore where a bough of this strange, spring-in-autumn flower grew over the water, and broke some twigs to lay gently before her in the canoe. The old Indian, last descendant of the chief Passaconaway, who had made the light craft and taught her to guide it, had taught her many other things of his wild and wise inheritance. This flower of mystery brought up deep associations

with that gentle-hearted old friend, the child of savagery and a shadowy past.

The river broadened now at Madam's Cove. There was a great roaring in the main channel beyond, where the river was vexed by rocky falls; inside the cove there was little water left except in the straight channel that led to the landing place and quaint heavy-timbered boat-house. From the shore a grassy avenue went winding up to the house above. Against the northwestern sky the old home of the Wallingfords looked sad and lonely; its windows were like anxious eyes that followed the river's course toward a dark sea where its master had gone adventuring.

Mary stood on land, looking back the way she had come; her heart was beating fast, but it was not from any effort of fighting against wind or tide. She did not know why she began to remember with strange vividness the solemn pageant of Judge Wallingford's funeral, which had followed the water highway from Portsmouth, one summer evening, on the flood tide. It was only six years before, when she was already the young and anxious mistress of her brother's house, careful and troubled about many things, like Martha, in spite of her gentler name. She had looked out of an upper window to see the black procession of boats with slow-moving oars come curving and winding across the bay; the muffled black of mourning trailed from the sides; there were soldiers of the judge's regiment, sitting straight in their bright uniforms, for pallbearers, and they sounded a solemn tap of drum as they came.

They drew nearer: the large coffin with its tasseled pall, the long train of boats which followed filled with sorrowing friends, — the President and many of the chief men of the Province, — had all passed slowly by.

The tears rushed to Mary's eyes, that day, when she saw her brother's serious young head among the elder gentlemen, and close beside him was the fair tear-reddened face and blond uncovered hair of the fatherless son. Roger Wallingford was but a boy then; his father had been the kind friend and generous founder of all her brother's fortunes. She remembered how she had thanked him from a grateful heart, and meant to be unsparing in her service and unfailing in duty toward the good man's widow and son. They had read prayers for him in old St. John's at Portsmouth; they were but bringing him to his own plot of ground in Somersworth, at eventide, and Mary Hamilton had prayed for him out of a full heart as his funeral went by. The color came in her young cheeks at the remembrance. What had she dared to do, what responsibility had she not taken upon her now? She was but an ignorant girl, and driven by the whip of Fate. A strange enthusiasm, for which she could not in this dark moment defend herself, had led her on. It was like the moment of helpless agony that comes with a bad dream.

She turned again and faced the house; and the house, like a great conscious creature on the hillside, seemed to wait for her quietly and with patience. She was standing on Wallingford's ground, and bent upon a most difficult errand. There was neither any wish for escape, in her heart, nor any thought of it, and yet for one moment she trembled as if the wind shook her as it shook the naked trees. Then she went her way, young and strong-footed, up the long slope. It was one of the strange symbolic correspondences of life that her path led steadily up the hill.

The great door of the house opened wide before her, as if the whole future must have room to enter; old Rodney, the house servant, stood within, as if he had been watching for succor. In the spacious hall the portraits looked proud and serene, as if they were still capable of all hospitalities save that of speech.

"Will you say that Miss Hamilton

waits upon Madam Wallingford?" said Mary; and the white-headed old man bowed with much ceremony, and went up the broad stairway, still nodding, and pausing once, with his hand on the high banister, to look back at so spirited and beautiful a guest. A faithful heart ached within him to see her look so young, so fresh-blooming, so untouched by sorrow, and to think of his stricken mistress. Yet she had come into the chilly house like a brave, warm reassurance, and all Rodney's resentment was swift to fade. The quick instincts of his race were confronted by something that had power to master them; he comprehended the truth because it was a simple truth and his was a simple heart.

He disappeared at the turn of the staircase into the upper hall, and Mary took a few impatient steps to and fro. On the great moose antlers was flung some of the young master's riding gear; there was his rack of whips below, and a pair of leather gloves with his own firm grasp still showing in the rounded fingers. There were his rods and guns; even his old dog leash and the silver whistle. She knew them all as well as he, with their significance of past activities and the joys of life and combat. They made their owner seem so close at hand, and the pleasures of his youth all snatched away. Oh, what a sharp longing for the old lively companionship was in her heart! It was like knowing that poor Roger was dead instead of gone away to sea. He would come no more in the winter evenings to tell his hunter's tales of what had happened at the lakes, or to plan a snowshoe journey up the country. Mary stamped her foot impatiently; was she going to fall into helpless weakness now, when she had most need to be quiet and to keep her steadiness? Old Rodney was stepping carefully down the stairs again, and she wore a paler look than when they had parted. Somehow, she felt like a stranger in the familiar house.

Once Rodney would have been a mere reflection of his mistress's ready welcome, but now he came close to Miss Hamilton's side and spoke in an anxious whisper.

"You 'll be monst'ous gentle with her dis day, young mistis?" he asked pleadingly. "Oh yis, mistis; her heart 's done broke!"

Then he shuffled away to the dining room to move the tankards on the great sideboard. One could feel everything, but an old black man, born in the jungle and stolen by a slaver's crew, knew when he had said enough.

XI.

The low afternoon sun slanted its rays into the stately chamber, and brightened the dull East Indian red of some old pictured cottons that made the tasseled hangings. There were glowing coals in the deep fireplace, and Madam Wallingford sat at the left, in one of those great easy-chairs that seem to offer refuge to both illness and sorrow. She had turned away so that she could not see the river, and even the wistful sunshine was all behind her. There was a slender light-stand with some white knitting work at her side, but her hands were lying idle in her lap. She had never been called beautiful; she had no great learning, though on a shelf near by she had gathered a little treasury of good books. She had manners rather than manner; she was plainly enough that unmistakable and easily recognized person, a great lady. They are but few in every generation, but the simplicity and royalty of their lovely succession have never disappeared from an admiring world.

"Come in, Mary," said Madam Wallingford, with a wan look of gentleness and patience. "'Here I and Sorrow sit!'"

She motioned toward a chair which her attendant, an ancient countrywoman,

was placing near. Mary crossed the room quickly, and took her appointed place; then she clasped her hands tight together, and her head drooped. At that moment patriotism and all its high resolves may have seemed too high; she forgot everything except that she was in the presence of a lonely woman, sad and old and bereft. She saw the woeful change that grief had made in this Tory mother of a Patriot son. She could but sit in silence with maidenly self-effacement, and a wistful affectionateness that was like the timidest caress, — this young creature of high spirit, who had so lately thrown down her bold challenge of a man's loyalty. She sat there before the fire, afraid of nothing but her own insistent tears; she could not conquer a sudden dumbness that had forgotten speech. She could not bear to look again at the piteous beloved face of Madam Wallingford.

The march of events had withered the elder woman and trampled her underfoot, like a flower in the road that every wheel went over; she had grown old in two short days, while the girl who sat before her had only changed into brighter bloom.

"You may leave us now, Susan," said Madam Wallingford; and with many an anxious glance the old serving woman went away.

Still there fell silence between the two. The wind was droning its perpetual complaining note in the chimney; a belated song sparrow lifted its happy little tune outside the southern windows, and they both listened to the very end. Then their eyes turned to each other's faces; the bird had spoken first in the wintry air. Then Mary Hamilton, with a quick cry, took a hurried step, and fell upon her knees at the mother's side, and took her in her arms, hiding her own face from sight.

"What can I say? Oh, what can I say?" she cried again. "It will break my heart if you love me no more!"

The elder woman shrank for a moment; there was a quick flash in her eyes; then she drew Mary still nearer and held her fast. The comfort of a warm young life so close to her shivering loneliness, the sense of her own weakness and that Mary was the stronger, kept her from breaking now into the stern speech of which her heart was full. She said nothing for a long time, but sat waiting; and now and then she laid her hand on the girl's soft hair, until Mary's fit of weeping had passed.

"Bring the little footstool here and sit by me; we must talk of many things together," she gave command at last; and Mary, doing the errand like a child, lingered by the window, and then returned with calmness to her old friend's side. The childish sense of distance between them had strangely returned, and yet she was conscious that she must take a new charge upon herself, and keep nearer than ever to this sad heart.

"I did not know his plans until that very night," she said to Madam Wallingford, looking bravely and sweetly now into the mother's face. "I could not understand at first why there was such excitement in the very air. Then I found out that the mob was ready to come and ruin you, and to drag him out to answer them, as they did the Loyalists in Boston. And there were many strangers on our side the river. I heard a horrid humming in the crowd that gathered when the captain came; they kept together after he was in the house, and I feared that they were bent upon a worse errand. I was thankful to know that Roger was in Portsmouth, so that nothing could be done that night. When he came to me suddenly, a little later," — the girl's voice began to falter, — "I was angry with him at first; I thought only of you. I see now that I was cruel."

"My son has been taught to honor and to serve his King," said Madam Wallingford coldly.

"He has put his country above his

King, now," answered Mary Hamilton, who had steadied herself and could go on; yet something hindered her from saying more, and the wind kept up its steady plaint in the chimney, but in this difficult moment the little bird was still.

"To us, our King and country have been but one. I own that the colonies have suffered hardship, and not alone through willfulness; but to give the reins of government to unfit men, to put high matters into the hands of rioters and lawbreakers, can only bring ruin. I could not find it in my heart to blame him, even after the hasty Declaration, when he would not join with English troops to fight the colonies; but to join the rebels to fight England should shame a house like this. Our government is held a high profession among the wise of England; these foolish people will bring us all upon the quicksands. If my son had sailed with officers and gentlemen, such" —

"He has sailed with a hero," said Mary hotly, "and in company with good men of our own neighborhood, in whom he can put his trust."

"Let us not quarrel," answered the lady more gently. She leaned her head against the chair side, and looked strangely pale and old. "'T is true I sent for you to accuse you, and now you are here I only long for comfort. I am the mother of an only son; I am a widow, — little you know what that can mean, — and my prop has gone. Yet I would have sent him proudly to the wars, like a mother of ancient days, did I but think the quarrel just. I could but bless him when he wakened me and knelt beside my bed, and looked so noble, telling his eager story. I did not think his own heart altogether fixed upon this change till he said his country would have need of him. 'All your country, boy!' I begged him then, 'not alone this willful portion of our heritage. Can you forget that you are English born?'

"Then he rose up and stood upon his feet, and I saw that I had looked my last upon his boyish days. 'No, dear mother,' he told me, 'I am beginning to remember it!' and he stooped and kissed me, and stood between the curtains looking down at me, till I myself could see his face no more, I was so blind with tears. Then he kissed me yet again, and went quick away, and I could hear him sobbing in the hall. I would not have him break his word though my own heart should break instead, and I rose then and put on my double-gown, and I called to Susan, who wept aloud, — I even chid her at last for that, and her foolish questions; and all through the dead of night we gathered the poor child's hasty plenishings. Now I can only weep for things forgotten. 'T was still dark when he rode away; when the tide turned, the river cried all along its banks, as it did that long night when his father lay dead in the house. I prayed; I even lingered, hoping that he might be too late, and the ship gone to sea. When he unpacks the chest, he will not see the tears that fell there. I cannot think of our parting, it hurts my heart so. . . . He bade me give his love to you; he said that God could not be so cruel as to forbid his return.

"Mary Hamilton!" and suddenly, as she spoke, all the plaintive bewailing of her voice, all the regretful memories, were left behind. "Oh, Mary Hamilton, tell me why you have done this! All my children are in their graves save this one youngest son. Since I was widowed I have gathered age even beyond my years, and a heavy burden of care belongs to this masterless house. I am a woman full of fears and weak in body. My own forefathers and my husband's house alike have never refused their loyal service to church and state. Who can stand in my son's place now? He was early and late at his business; the poor boy's one ambition was to make his father less missed by those who look to us for help. What is a little soldiering, a trading vessel sunk or an English

town affrighted, to the service he could give at home? Had you only thought of this, had you only listened to those who are wiser than we, had you remembered that these troubles must be, in the end, put down, you could not have been unjust. I never dreamed that the worst blow that could fall upon me, except my dear son had died, could be struck me by your hand. Had you no pity, that you urged my boy to go? Tell me why you were willing. Tell me, I command you, why you have done this!"

Mary was standing, white as a flower now, before her dear accuser. The quick scarlet flickered for one moment in her cheeks; her frightened eyes never for one moment left Madam Wallingford's face.

"You must answer me!" the old mother cried again, shaken with passion and despair.

"Because I loved you," said the girl then, and a flash of light was on her face that matched the thrill in her voice. "God forgive me, I had no other reason," she answered, as if she were a prisoner at the bar, and her very life hung upon the words.

Madam Wallingford had spent all the life that was in her. Sleepless nights had robbed her of her strength; she was withered by her grief into something like the very looks of death. All the long nights, all the long hours since she had lost her son, she had said these things over to herself, that she might say them clear to those who ought to listen. They had now been said, and her poor brain that had shot its force of anger and misery to another heart was cold like the firelock that has sped its ball. She sank back into the chair, faint with weakness; she put out her hands as if she groped for help. "Oh, Mary, Mary!" she entreated now; and again Mary, forgetting all, was ready with fond heart to comfort her.

"It is of no use!" exclaimed Madam Wallingford, rousing herself at last, and speaking more coldly than before. "I can only keep to one thought, — that my son has gone. 'T is Love brings all our pain; this is what it means to have a child; my joy and my sorrow are one, and the light of my life casts its shadow! And I have always loved you; I have wished many a time, in the old days, that you were my own little girl. And now I am told that this adventurer has won your heart, — this man who speaks much of Glory, lest Glory should forget to speak of him; that you have even made my son a sacrifice to pride and ambition!"

Mary's cheeks flamed, her eyes grew dark and angry; she tried to speak, but she looked in her accuser's face, and first a natural rage, and then a sudden pity and the old love, held her dumb.

"Forgive me, then," said Madam Wallingford, looking at her, and into her heart there crept unwonted shame.

"You do me wrong; you would wrong both your son and me!" and Mary had sprung away next moment from her side. "I have told only the truth. I was harsh to Roger when I had never known him false, and I almost hated him because he seemed unsettled in his course. I even thought that the rising against the Loyalists had frighted him, and I hated him when I thought he was seeking shelter. He came that very night to tell me that he was for the Patriots, and was doing all a brave man could, and standing for liberty with the rest of us. Then I knew better than he how far the distrust of him had gone, and I took it upon myself to plead with the captain of the Ranger. I knew too well that if, already prejudiced by envious tales, he turned the commission down, the mob would quick take the signal. 'T was for love of my friends I acted; something drove me past myself, that night. If Roger should die, if indeed I have robbed you of your son, this was the part I took. I would not have done

otherwise. He has taken a man's part for Liberty, and I thank God. Now I have told you all."

They were facing each other again. Mary's voice was broken; she could say no more. Then, with a quick change of look and with a splendid gesture, Madam Wallingford rose from her place like a queen. Her face shone with sudden happiness; she held out her arms, — no queen and no accuser, but only a bereft woman, a loving heart that had been beggared of all comfort. "Come, my darling," she whispered; "you must forgive me everything, and love me the more for my poor weakness; you will help me to have patience all these weary months."

The sun broke out again from behind a thick, low-hanging cloud, and flooded all the dark chamber. Again the Indian stuffs looked warm and bright; the fire sprang on the hearth as if upon an altar: it was as if Heaven's own light had smiled into the room. Poor Mary's young pride was sore hurt and distressed, but her old friend's wonted look of kindness was strangely coming back; she showed all her familiar affectionateness as if she had passed a great crisis. As for the lad whom they had wept and quarreled over, and for whose sake they had come back again to each other's hearts, he was far out upon the gray and tumbling sea; every hour took him farther and farther from home.

And now Madam Wallingford must talk of him with Mary, and tell her everything; how he had chosen but two books, — his Bible and an old volume of French essays that Master Sullivan had given him when he went to college. "'T was his copy of Shakespeare's plays," said she, "that he wanted most; but in all our hurry, and with dullest candlelight, we could find it nowhere, and yesterday I saw it lying here on my chest of drawers. 'T is not so many days since he read me a pretty piece of The Tempest, as we sat together. I can hear his voice now as he read: 't was like a lover, the way he said '*my noble mistress!*' and I could but smile to hear him. He saw the great Garrick in his best plays, when he was in London. Roger was ever a pretty reader when he was a boy. 'T is a gift the dullest child might learn from Master Sullivan."

The mother spoke fondly between smiles and tears; the old book lay open on her knee, and something dropped to the floor, — a twig of faded witch-hazel blossoms that her son had held in his fingers as he read, and left between the leaves for a marker; a twig of witch-hazel, perhaps from the same bough that Mary had broken as she came. It were easy to count it for a message where some one else might think of but a pretty accident. Mary stooped and picked the withered twig of blossoms from the floor, and played with it, smiling as Madam Wallingford talked on, and they sat together late into the autumn twilight. The poor lady was like one who, by force of habit, takes up the life of every day again when death has been in the house. The familiar presence of her young neighbor had cured her for the moment of the pain of loneliness, but the sharp words she had spoken in her distress would ache for many a day in Mary's heart.

Mary did not understand that strange moment when she had been forgiven. Yet the hardest soul might have compassion for a poor woman so overwrought and defeated; she was still staggering from a heavy blow.

It was dark when they parted, and Madam Wallingford showed a strange solicitude after her earlier reproaches, and forbade Mary when she would have crossed the river alone. She took a new air of rightful command, and Rodney must send two of the men with their own boat, and put by the canoe until morning. The stars were bright and

quick as diamonds overhead, and it was light enough on the water, as they crossed. The candle-light in the upper chamber on the hill looked dim, as if there were illness in the house.

Indeed, Madam Wallingford was trembling with cold since her young guest had gone. Susan wrapped her in an old cloak of soft fur, as she sat beside the fire, and turned often to look at her anxiously, as she piled the fagots and logs on the hearth until their flame towered high.

"Dear child, dear child," the poor lady said over and over in her heart. "I think she does not know it yet, but I believe she loves my son."

That night old Susan hovered about her mistress, altering the droop of the bed curtains and untwisting the balls of their fringe with a businesslike air; then she put some heavy knots of wood on the fire for the night, and built it solidly together, until the leaping lights and shadows played fast about the room. She glanced as often as she dared at the tired face on the pillow.

"'T is a wild night, Susan," said Madam Wallingford. "I thought the wind was going down with the sun. How often I have watched for my dear man such nights as this, when he was kept late in Portsmouth! 'T was well we lived in town those latest winters. You remember that Rodney always kept the fire bright in the dining parlor ('t is a cosy place in winter), and put a tankard of mulled wine inside the fender; 't would bring back the color to his face all chilled with winter rain, and the light into his eyes. And Roger would come in with him, holding his father's hand; he would ever run out bareheaded in the wet, while I called from the door to them to come in and let the horse go to stable, and they laughed at me for my fears. Where is Roger to-night, I wonder, Susan? They cannot be in port for a long time yet. I hate to think of him on the sea!"

"Maybe 't is morning there, and the sun out, madam."

"Susan," said Madam Wallingford, "you used to sing to him when he was a baby; sit near the fire awhile, — there is no more for you to do. Sing one of your old hymns, so that I may go to sleep; perhaps it will quiet his heart, too, if we are quiet and try to be at peace."

The very shadows grew stiller, as if to listen as the patient old handmaiden came and sat beside the bed and began to sing, moving her foot as if she still held the restless baby who had grown to be a man. There were quavering notes in her voice, but when she had sung all her pious verses of the Cradle Hymn to their very end Madam Wallingford was fast asleep.

XII.

The Ranger was under full sail, and ran like a hound; she had cleared the Banks, with all their snow squalls and thick nights, without let or hindrance. The captain's boast that he would land his dispatches and spread the news of Burgoyne's surrender in France in thirty days seemed likely to come true. The men were already beginning to show effects of constant vigilance and overwork; but whatever discomforts might arrive, the splendid seamanship of Paul Jones could only be admired by such thoroughgoing sailors as made up the greater portion of his crew. The younger members of the ship's company were full of gayety if the wind and work eased ever so little, and at any time, by night or day, some hearty voice might be heard practicing the strains of a stirring song new made by one of the midshipmen: —

> "That is why we Brave the Blast
> To carry the news to Lon-don."

There were plenty of rival factions and jealousies. The river men were against all strangers; and even the river men had their own divisions, their warm

friendships and cold aversions, so that now and then some smouldering fire came perilously near an outbreak. The tremendous pressure of work alow and aloft, the driving wind, the heavy tumbling seas, the constant exposure and strain in such trying duty and incessant service of the sails, put upon every man all that he could well bear, and sent him to his berth as tired as a dog.

It takes but little while for a good shipmaster to discover who are the difficult men in his crew, the sea lawyers and breeders of dissatisfaction. The captain of the Ranger was a man of astonishing readiness both to blame and praise; nobody could resist his inspiriting enthusiasm and dominating presence, but in absence he was often proved wrong, and roundly cursed, as captains are, with solid satisfaction of resentment. Everybody cheered when he boldly declared against flogging, and even tossed that horrid seagoing implement, the cat, lightly over the ship's side. Even in that surprising moment, one of the old seamen had growled that when you saw a man too good, 't was the time to look out for him.

"I dasen't say but it 's about time to get a fuss going," said one of these mariners to a friend, later on. "Ginerally takes about ten days to start a row atween decks, 'less you 're extra eased off with good weather."

"This bad weather 's all along o' Dickson," ventured his comrade; "if they 'd known what they was about, he 'd been the fust man they 'd hasted to set ashore. I know him; I 've knowed him ever since he was a boy. I seen him get a black stripe o' rage acrost his face when he see Mr. Wallin'ford come aboard, that mornin'. Wallin'ford's folks cotched him thievin' when he had his fat chance o' surveyor up country, after the old judge died. He cut their growth on his own account and done a sight o' tricks, and Madam dismissed him, and would ha' jailed him but for pity o' his folks. I always wished she 'd done it; 't would ha' stamped him plain, if he 'd seen the inside o' old York jail for a couple o' years. As 't was, he had his own story to tell, and made out how he was the injured one; so there was some o' them fools that likes to be on the off side that went an' upheld him. Oh, Dickson 's smart, and some calls him pious, but I wish you 'd seen him the day Madam Wallin'ford sent for him to speak her mind! That mornin' we was sailin' out o' Porchmouth, I see him watch the young man as if he was layin' for him like a tiger! There he is now, comin' out o' the cabin. I guess the cap'n 's been rakin' him fore an' aft. He hates him; an' Simpson hates him, too, but not so bad. Simpson don't jibe with the cap'n hisself, so he demeans himself to hark to Dickson more 'n he otherwise would. Lord, what a cur'ous world this is!"

"What 's that n'ise risin' out o' the fo'c's'le now, Cooper? Le' 's go see!" and the two old comrades made haste to go below.

Paul Jones gave a hearty sigh, as he sat alone in his cabin, and struck his fist into the empty air. He also could hear the sound of a loud quarrel from the gun deck, and for a moment indulged a fierce hope that somebody might be well punished, or even killed, just to lessen the number of citizens in this wrangling village with which he had put to sea. They had brought aboard all the unsettled rivalries and jealousies of a most independent neighborhood.

He looked about him as he sat; then rose and impatiently closed one of his lockers where there was an untidy fold of crumpled clothing hanging out. What miserable surroundings and conditions for a man of inborn fastidiousness and refinement of nature!

Yet this new ship, so fast growing toward the disgusting squalor of an old one; these men, with their cheap sus-

picions and narrow ambitions, were the strong tools ready to his hand. 'T was a manly crew as crews go, and like-minded in respect to their country's wrongs.

"I feel it in my breast that I shall some day be master in a great sea fight!" said the little captain as he sat alone, while the Ranger labored against the waves, and the light of heroic endurance came back to his eyes as he saw again the splendid vision that had ever led him on.

"Curse that scoundrel Dickson!" and his look darkened. "Patience, patience! If I were a better sleeper, I could face everything that can come in a man's day; I could face the devil himself. The wind 's in the right quarter now, and the sea 's going down. I 'll go on deck and give all hands some grog, — I 'll give it them myself; the poor fellows are cold and wet, and they serve me like men. We 're getting past the worst," and again Paul Jones fell to studying his charts as if they were love letters writ by his lady's hand.

Cooper and Hanscom had come below to join the rest of their watch, and still sat side by side, being old shipmates and friends. There was an easy sort of comfort in being together. Just now they spoke again in low voices of young Mr. Wallingford.

"Young master looks wamble-cropped to me," said Hanscom. "Don't fancy privateerin' so well as ridin' a blood horse on Porchmouth parade, and bein' courted by the Tory big-bugs. Looks wintry in the face to me."

"Lord bless us, when he 's old 's we are, he 'll l'arn that spring al'ays gets round again long 's a creatur' 's alive," answered Cooper, who instinctively gave a general turn to the discussion. "Ary thing that 's livin' knows its four seasons, an' I 've long maintained that after the wust o' winter, spring usu'lly doos come follerin' right on."

"I don't know but it 's so," agreed his mate politely. Cooper would have these fanciful notions, while Hanscom was a plain-spoken man.

"What I 'd like to know," said he, "yes, what I 'd like to ascertain, is what young Squire Wallin'ford ever come for; 't ain't in his blood to fight on our side, an' he 's too straight-minded to play the sneak. Also, he never come from cowardice. No, I can't make it out noway. Sometimes folks mistakes their duty, and risks their all. Bain't spyin' round to do no hurt, is he? — or *is* he?"

There was a sharp suggestion in the way this question was put, and Cooper turned fiercely upon his companion.

"Hunscom, I be ashamed of you!" he said scornfully, and said no more. There was a dull warmth of color in his hard, sea-smitten face; he was an elderly, quiet man, with a round, pleasant countenance, unaltered in the worst of weather, and a look of kindly tolerance.

"There 's b'en some consid'able changin' o' sides in our neighborhood, as you know," he said, a few moments later, in his usual tone. "Young Wallin'ford went to school to Master Sullivan, and the old master l'arnt everybody he could l'arn to be honest an' square, to hold by their word, an' be afeard o' nothin'."

"Pity 't was that Dickson could n't ha' got a term o' such schoolin'," said Hanscom, as they beheld that shipmate's unwelcome face peering down the companion.

"Sometimes I wish I was to home again," announced Cooper, in an unexpected fit of despondency. "I don' know why; 't ain't usual with me to have such feelin's in the outset of a v'y'ge. I grow sicker every day o' this flat, strivin' sea. I was raised on a good hill. I don' know how I ever come to foller the sea, anyway!"

The forecastle was a forlorn abiding place at best, and crowded at any hour

almost past endurance. The one hint of homeliness and decency was in the well-made sea chests, which had not been out of place against a steadier wall in the farmhouses whence most of them had come. They were of plain wood, with a touch of art in their rude carving; many of them were painted dull green or blue. There were others with really handsome escutcheons of wrought iron, and all were graced with fine turk's-heads to their rope handles, and every ingenuity of sailors' fancywork.

There was a grumbling company of able seamen, their owners, who had no better place to sit than the chest tops, or to stretch at idle length with these treasuries to lean against. The cold sea was nearer to a man than when he was on deck and could reassure himself of freedom by a look at the sky. The hammocks were here and there sagging with the rounded bulk of a sleeping owner, and all jerked uneasily as the vessel pitched and rolled by turns. The air was close and heavy with dampness and tobacco smoke.

At this moment the great sea boots of Simon Staples were seen descending from the deck above, and stumbling dangerously on the slippery straight ladder.

"Handsomely, handsomely," urged a spectator, with deep solicitude.

"She 's goin' large now, ain't she? How 's she headin' now?" asked a man named Grant.

"She 's full an' by, an' headin' east by south half east, — same 's we struck out past the Isles o' Shoals," was the mirthful answer. "She can't keep to nothin', an' the cap'n 's got to make another night on 't. But she 's full an' by, just now, all you lazy larbowlines," he repeated cheerfully, at last getting his head down under decks as his foot found the last step. "She 's been on a good leadin' wind this half hour back, an' he 's got the stu'n'sails set again; 't is all luff an' touch her, this v'y'ge."

There was a loud groan from the listeners. The captain insisted upon spreading every rag the ship could stagger under, and while they admired his persistent daring, it was sometimes too much for flesh and blood.

Staples was looking ruefully at his yarn mittens. They were far beyond the possibility of repair, and he took off first one and then the other of these cherished reminders of much logging experience, and, sitting on his sea chest, began to ravel what broken gray yarn was left and to wind it into a ball.

"Goin' to knit you another pair?" inquired Hanscom. "That 's clever; empl'y your idle moments."

"Mend up his stockin's, you fool!" explained Grant, who was evidently gifted with some sympathetic imagination.

"I wish they was thumbs up on the stakes o' my old wood-sled," said Staples. "There, when I 'm to sea I wish 's how I was lumberin', an' when I 'm in the woods I 'm plottin' how to git to sea again; ain't no suitin' of me neither way. I al'ays wanted to be aboard a fast sailer, an' here I be thrashin' along, an' lamentin' 'cause my mittins is wore out the fust fortnight."

"My! I wish old Master Hackett that built her could see how she runs!" he exclaimed next moment, as if a warm admiration still had power to cheer him. "I marked her lines for a beauty the day I see her launched: 't was what drove me here. There was plenty a-watchin' her on Langdon's Island that hoped she 'd stick in the stays, but she took the water like a young duck."

"He 'd best not carry so much sail when she 's clawin' to wind'ard close-hauled," growled James Chase, an old Nantucket seaman, with a warning shake of the head. "'T won't take much to lay her down, I can tell him! I never see a ship drove so, in my time. Lord help every soul aboard if she wa'n't so weatherly!"

Fernald and Sherburne, old Ports-

mouth sailors, wagged their sage heads in solemn agreement; but William Young, a Dover man, with a responsible look, was waiting with some impatience for Chase to stand out of the poor supply of light that came down the narrow hatchway. Young was reading an old copy of the New Hampshire Gazette that had already been the solace of every reading man aboard.

"What in time 's been the matter amongst ye?" Staples now inquired, with interest. "I heard as how there was a fuss goin' down below; ain't ary bully-raggin' as I can see; dull as meetin'!" Hanscom and Cooper looked up eagerly; some of the other men only laughed for answer; but Chase signified that the trouble lay with their messmate Starbuck, who appeared surly, and sat with his back to the company. He now turned and displayed a much-disfigured countenance, but said nothing.

"What 's the cap'n about now?" Chase hastened to inquire pointedly.

"He 's up there a-cunnin' the ship," answered Staples. "He 's workin' the life out o' Grosvenor at the wheel. I just come from the maintop; my arms aches as if they 'd been broke with a crowbar. I lost my holt o' the life line whilst we was settin' the stu'n's'l there on the maintops'l yard, an' I give me a dreadful wrench. He had n't ought to send them green boys to such places, neither; pore little Johnny Downes was makin' out to do his stent like a man, but the halyards got fouled in the jewel blocks, an' for all he 's so willin'-hearted the tears was a-runnin' down his cheeks when he come back. I was skeert the wind 'd blow him off like a whirligig off a stick, an' I spoke sharp to him so 's to brace him, an' give him a good boxed ear when I got him in reach. He was about beat, an' half froze anyway; his fingers looked like the p'ints o' parsnips. When he got back he laid right over acrost the cap. I left him up there a-clingin' on."

"He worked as handsome a pair o' man-rope knots as I ever see, settin' here this mornin'," said Cooper compassionately. "He 'll make a good smart sailor, but he needs to grow; he 's dreadful small to send aloft in a spell o' weather. The cap'n don't save himself, this v'y'ge, nor nobody else."

"Come, you 'd as good 's hear what Starbuck 's b'en saying," said Chase, with a wink. He had been waiting impatiently for this digression to end.

"That spry-tempered admiral o' yourn don't know how to treat a crew!" Starbuck burst forth, at this convenient opportunity. "Some on us gits a whack ivery time he parades the deck. He 's re'lly too outdacious for decent folks. This arternoon I was a-loungin' on the gratin's an' got sort o' drowsin' off, an' I niver heared him comin' nor knowed he was there. Along he come like some upstropelous poppet an' give me a cuff side o' my head. I dodged the next one, an' spoke up smart 'fore I knowed what I was doin'. 'Damn ye, le' me be!' says I, an' he fetched me another on my nose here; most stunded me.

"'I 'll l'arn ye to make yourself sca'ce! Keep to the port-hand side where ye belong! Remember you 're aboard a man-o'-war!' says he, hollerin like a crowin' pullet. 'T ain't no fishin' smack! Go forrard! Out o' the way with ye!' says he, same 's I was a stray dog. I run to the side, my nose was a-bleedin' so, an' I fumbled after somethin' to serve me for a hankicher.

"'Here 's mine,' says he, 'but you 've got to understand there 's discipline on this frigate,' says he. Joseph Fernald knows where I was," continued the sufferer; "you see me, Joseph, when you come past. 'T wa'n't larboard nor starboard; 't was right 'midships, 'less I may have rolled one way or t'other. I could ha' squinched him so all the friends he 'd ever needed 'd be clargy an' saxon, an' then to pass me his linning hankicher 's

if I was a young lady! I dove into my pockets an' come upon this old piece o' callamink I 'd wropped up some 'baccy in. I never give a look at him; I d' know but he gallded me more when he was pleasant 'n when he fetched me the clip. I ketched up a lingum-vitæ marlinspike I see by me an' took arter him. I should ha' hit him good, but he niver turned to look arter me, an' I come to reason. If I 'd had time, I 'd ha' hit him, if I 'd made the rest o' this v'y'ge in irons."

"Lord sakes! don't you bluster no more!" advised old Mr. Cooper soothingly, with a disapproving glance at the pleased audience. "Shipmasters like him ain't goin' to ask ye every mornin' how seafarin' agrees with ye. He ain't goin' to treat hisself nor none on us like passengers. He ain't had three hours' sleep a night sence this v'y'ge begun. He 's been studyin' his charts this day, with his head set to 'em on the cabin table 's if they showed the path to heaven. They was English charts, too, 'long by Bristol an' up there in the Irish Sea. I see 'em through the skylight."

"I 'll bate he 's figurin' to lay outside some o' them very ports an' cut out some han'some prizes," said Falls, one of the gunners, looking down out of his hammock. Falls was a young man full of enthusiasm, who played the fiddle.

"You 'll find 't will be all glory for him, an' no prizes for you, my young musicianer!" answered Starbuck, who was a discouraged person by nature. Now that he had a real grievance his spirits seemed to rise. "Up hammocks all! Show a leg!" he gayly ordered the gunner.

"Wall, I seldom seen so good a navigator as the cap 'n in my time," insisted Staples. "He knows every man's duty well 's his own, an' that he knows to a maracle."

"I 'll bate any man in this fo'c's'le that he 's a gre't fighter; you wait an' see the little wasp when he 's gittin' into action!" exclaimed Chase, who had been with Paul Jones on the Alfred. "He knows no fear an' he sticks at nothin'! You hold on till we 're safe in Channel, an' sight one o' them fat-bellied old West Injymen lo'ded deep an' headed up for London. Then you 'll see Gre't Works in a way you niver expected."

This local allusion was not lost upon most members of the larboard watch, and Starbuck's wrongs, with the increasing size of his once useful nose, were quite disregarded in the hopeful laughter which followed.

"Hand me the keerds," said one of the men lazily. "Falls, there, knows a couple o' rale queer tricks."

"You keep 'em dowsed; if he thinks we ain't sleepin' or eatin', so 's to git our courage up," said Staples, "he 'll have every soul on us aloft. Le' 's set here where 't 's warm an' put some kecklin' on Starbuck; the cap'n 's 'n all places to once, with eyes like gimblets, an' the wind 's a-blowin' up there round the lubber holes like the mouth o' hell!"

Chase, the Nantucket sailor, looked at him, with a laugh.

"What a farmer you be!" he exclaimed. "Makes me think of a countryman, shipmate o' mine on the brig Polly Dunn. We was whaling in the South Seas, an' it come on to blow like fury; we was rollin' rails under, an' I was well skeert myself; feared I could n't keep my holt; him an' me was on the fore yard together. He looked dreadful easy an' pleasant. I thought he 'd be skeert too, if he knowed enough, an' I kind o' swore at the fool an' axed him what he was a-thinkin' of. 'Why, 't is the 20th o' May,' says he: 'all the caows goes to pastur' to-day, to home in Eppin'!'"

There was a cheerful chuckle from the audience. Grant alone looked much perplexed.

"Why, 't is the day, ain't it?" he protested. "What be you all a-laughin' at?"

At this moment there was a strange

lull; the wind fell, and the Ranger stopped rolling, and then staggered as if she balked at some unexpected danger. One of the elder seamen gave an odd warning cry. A monstrous hammer seemed to strike the side, and a great wave swept over as if to bury them forever in the sea. The water came pouring down and flooded the forecastle knee-deep. There was an outcry on deck, and an instant later three loud knocks on the scuttle.

"All the larboard watch ahoy!" bawled John Dougall. "Hear the news, can't ye? All hands up! All hands on deck!"

Sarah Orne Jewett.

(*To be continued.*)

IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

In April, 1865, my home was in Cumberland County, Virginia, near what, before the days of railroads, had been the old stage road between Richmond and Lynchburg. There were then left in the whole state but four counties which had neither been reached by raiders nor occupied by the contending armies: Patrick and Henry in the southwestern part, and Buckingham and Cumberland near the centre south of the James River. At the approach of the enemy, the planters on the north side of the river ferried their valuable horses and other stock across to the last two counties, whence Sheridan's troopers derisively nicknamed them "the horse heaven."

Again and again had we been threatened, and once narrowly saved by a spring freshet which hindered Sheridan and Custer from laying their pontoons across James River. Every one felt that the "anaconda folds" were tightening, and we looked forward helplessly to the fast approaching time when we too, whose county had been a favorite harbor for refugees, should be left within the enemy's lines, — an enemy from whom we had been persistently taught that we were to expect no mercy. On Monday morning, April 3, a neighbor sent to ask the loan of our buggy, to take to the railway station her son, a surgeon on duty at Richmond, who had been at home on a brief leave of absence. Early in the afternoon came word that he had returned, bringing tidings that Richmond had been evacuated the previous night, and that Lee's army was in full retreat. The wildest rumors were afloat, all of them pregnant with disaster, death, and defeat. That night the advance guard of the treasure train arrived, on its way to North Carolina, and from midnight until early dawn its wagons thundered across the bridge at the foot of the hill on which our house was built.

Tuesday, our breakfast table was kept standing from six o'clock, the hour of the early breakfast given to the half dozen officers quartered under our roof the night before, until one P. M., when it was cleared for early dinner. During the day over forty commissioned officers sat down thereto; of the soldiers whom we fed outside no count was taken, and I am unable even to guess at their number. From the officers we learned that the retreating army trains had been divided into three branches; or rather, four. Jefferson Davis had fled, taking the public documents, by railroad to Danville, and a provision train had been sent, by the Danville Railroad, also, to meet Lee's army at Amelia Court House. That Davis, in his panic, had taken this train

on to Danville, leaving the army to almost certain starvation, we heard later on, when the end had come. The quartermaster's train had gone in the wake of the army, through Amelia, by way of Jetersville; the ordnance and hospital train was in front of the army; while the treasure train, as already stated, had come our way.

Among our guests was Major Isaac Carrington, provost marshal of Richmond, with some of his staff, and the firing of the city was naturally among the chief topics of conversation. The version which he gave may be regarded as official, and I believe has never yet been in print: —

There had been a heated discussion on the subject in a council held by the Confederate Cabinet and generals. General Lee had opposed the measure, on the score of the suffering which it must necessarily entail on the crowded town. Davis urged it strongly, and cited the examples of the Dutch who cut their dikes, and the Russians who fired Moscow. The cotton and tobacco stored in the government warehouses — an immense amount — would go far to defray the Federal war debt: were they to be tamely surrendered? This last argument carried the vote. The warehouses were ordered to be burned, and to Major Carrington was assigned the duty of executing the order. The fire brigade was called out, and every possible precaution taken to confine the fire to these warehouses. The Home Guard, a militia composed of old men and boys, with the aid of a small detachment of regular soldiers, were, at the same time, detailed to break open the liquor stores in the city and empty the liquor into the gutters, in order to mitigate as far as possible the horrors of the expected sack.

The work was begun according to programme; but its projectors had reckoned without their hosts. Out from every slum and alley poured the scum of the city, fugitives from justice, deserters, etc. The troops were knocked down over the barrels they were striving to empty, and a free fight ensued. Men, women, and children threw themselves flat on the pavement and lapped the liquor from the gutters; or, seizing axes, broke into any and every store they chose. The fire caught the inflammable fluids, and ran in a stream of flame along the streets. The firemen abandoned their hose, and joined the mob in the work of wholesale plunder; and riot and robbery held high carnival, while the flames raged without let or hindrance, until the morning, when the Union army entered quietly and decorously, and at once set to work to extinguish the conflagration, — thus presenting the spectacle, unique in history, of a besieging army occupying a town, and, instead of harrowing the residents, at once proceeding to relieve their sufferings from fire and famine.

Major Turner, commandant of Libby Prison, was among our visitors, on Tuesday morning. He had spent the night and breakfasted at the house of a neighboring planter. My sister's husband, the adjutant general of the cavalry, at that time with Hampton in the south, was by birth a Philadelphian, and his immediate relatives were all officers in the Union army. His brother, a captain on Custer's staff, had some months previous, to use his own expression, been "picked up by General Heath, while reconnoitring," and sent to the Libby. Hearing of his capture, my sister at once sent him a box of eatables and some underclothing. The box reached Richmond after his exchange, which, through his brother's influence, had been promptly effected. In accordance with his parting instructions, the supplies were delivered to his messmates. It was to remind Mrs. McC. (my sister) of this, and to furnish her with the names of the Federal officers who had thus inadvertently been made to break our bread, that Major Turner called, thinking that

she might find the incident useful when left within the Union lines.

He seemed to me nervous and anxious, perhaps because I thought he had good cause to be so, but the testimony of others is that he was remarkably cool and collected. My father, by virtue of his more than threescore years, urged him to lose no time in making his escape, since from his position he was doubly obnoxious to the enemy.

Major Turner insisted, however, with evident sincerity, that he had no special reason for apprehension. He had, he said, merely done his duty in the office, which he had never sought, to which the Confederate government had called him. He had always tried to be kind to the prisoners under his charge; for the meagre rations served to them he was in no wise to blame, — a government which could not feed its soldiers could scarcely be expected to feast its prisoners. His fellow officers did not agree with him in his view of the case, and joined my father in his advice. When next we heard from him he had been sent to the Dry Tortugas, and news of his death soon followed.

Later in the day came General Walker and his quartermaster. His brigade was without rations; what supplies had we on hand? He was shown papers certifying that we had already responded to General Lee's appeal, and put ourselves on half rations in order to feed the army at Petersburg. "In that case," he said, "we have no right to take more; but," he pleaded, "my men are absolutely starving." Such a plea was not to be resisted, and so our slender stores were again divided, though we knew that we ourselves must go hungry in consequence. Next came a pitiful appeal from a party of officers trying to rejoin their command. Their horses had not been fed for thirty-six hours, and had fallen, exhausted, almost at our gates. These too were helped and sent on, the men walking to rest the horses; and so the train passed. It reminded me of nothing so much as a funeral procession.

Wednesday morning was damp and cloudy, though no rain fell. Before daybreak we heard the booming of cannon far away to the southeast, moving slowly toward the west, in the arc of an ellipse, until on Sunday morning, after a pause of some hours, there came a final volley, — the salute fired for Lee's surrender. On Wednesday, also, the stream of stragglers began, hungry-eyed, ragged, and footsore, begging, one and all, for the food which we had not to give them. The flood which had swept away Lee's dams at Petersburg had broken our milldam, and the mill wheels stood idle. We had given away corn and meal freely, until little was left for ourselves. We had ordered supplies from Richmond some three weeks previous, and could only hope that the flatboat which was bringing them had left the James and entered our little river before the enemy's cavalry had overhauled it, — a hope destroyed later on by the arrival of the free negro who owned the boat, with the news that Sheridan's troopers had sunk craft and cargo to the bottom of the river. "I could er stood it better," he said, "if dey had er tooken en took de t'ings fur demselves; but ter see all dat good vittles jes' bodily 'stroyed, sah, it hu't my feelin's, sah, it p'intedly did."

Wednesday afternoon we had a notable caller, a handsome fellow in a brand-new Confederate uniform, with a captain's bars on his collar. He asked for Mrs. McC. by name, claimed to be well acquainted with her husband, the major, and said that he had been a scout at Stuart's headquarters. He knew the names of the whole staff, claimed Stringfellow as a brother in craft, and talked of officers and men as near and dear friends. I took an instant antipathy to him, principally, I must confess, because he called me "missy;" but my clear-

sighted father distrusted him on better grounds, and gave me a hint not to be too communicative. He thirsted for information, and, won by his praise of her husband and his evident familiarity with army matters, my sister was ready to tell him all she knew. Then it was that, for the only time in my life, I told falsehood after falsehood, deliberately and unblushingly. I contradicted her statements flatly: it was the ordnance, and not the treasure train, that had passed our way; the treasure had gone to Danville by rail with Davis. In the midst of my fabrications my father came in, and I gave myself up for lost. The unpardonable sin, in his eyes, was falsehood, and he had no patience whatever with prevarication. But I stuck to my story stubbornly, determined to "die in the last ditch," even when she appealed to him to corroborate her account of the matter. I could scarcely believe my ears when he threw his weight into my false balance. "I think S. is right, my daughter; you know her memory is unusually good, and you were out of the room a great deal yesterday, while she was present nearly all the time." Then my sister backed down, and went off to write a hasty note to her husband, to be sent by the stranger, who professed to be on his way to join Johnston, and I was left to perjure myself still further in the service of the Southern Confederacy. The major never received his letter, and he and others afterwards identified our friend as one of Sheridan's most trusted scouts.

As I look back to those days, they appear as a horrible nightmare. We lay down at night in our clothes, not daring to go regularly to bed, for fear lest we might be roused at any hour by the blaze of our burning mills. I had a small five-shooter, which I wore constantly, and thus felt that, to some degree, I held my fate in my own hands; but it is not an exhilarating consciousness to know that at any moment you may be called upon to save yourself from dishonor by taking your own life. Fortunately for us, the armies were kept well together, and the stragglers were too cowed and exhausted to be dangerous; but, for all that, my feminine fancy for gilt braid and brass buttons died a violent death, and I never see a military uniform without recalling the sickening dread of that time.

Ours was apprehension, not actual suffering, and others fared far worse. It was almost by accident that I was at home during that terrible first week in April, instead of being, as I had planned, on a visit to an intimate friend, whose home lay directly in the line of retreat and pursuit. The last battle of the war, that of Sailor's Creek, was fought two miles away, on a corner of her father's plantation, and for four days the house was filled with Federal soldiers, coming and going. At one time kerosene oil was poured on the floors preparatory to burning the house, on the ground that it afforded shelter for Confederate sharpshooters, — an intention which, however, fortunately for the family, was not carried out.

When it first became certain that the armies were coming, the owner of the plantation made ready for them by emptying the valuable contents of his liquor closet into the river, — a measure which did little good, since his more avaricious neighbors hid their liquor, instead of destroying it, and the soldiers had no difficulty in finding plenty in the vicinity. Such provisions and valuables as could be hastily concealed were hidden with the aid of a faithful slave, and the women and children of the family, four generations, — grandmother, mother, daughter, and grandchildren, with their governess and her sister, — were assembled in one room, which as far as possible was prepared for a siege. Their numbers were more than quadrupled when, early in the first day, between forty and fifty refugees, women and children from

the wagon train, which had been raided at Sailor's Creek, rushed in, tired and dishevelled and draggled, begging for shelter, which was freely given; no one in need was ever turned away from that hospitable door. The refugees were packed into the chamber with the family, and, as it proved, the crowd was in itself a means of safety. As one of the young ladies said afterwards: "Nobody could get into the door; we were packed like herrings. Now and then drunken soldiers would stagger to door or window and peep in, but there were so many of us that they made no attempt to enter. Mother had thought we could make out with three beds, by close squeezing; but after the refugees came they seemed like nothing. We put two of the mattresses on the floor, and then took turns in lying down, six and eight of us on a bed at once." The food stored in a closet for the family was merely a bite among so many; and after it gave out they lived on Irish potatoes, handed in through the windows by the faithful slaves, and roasted in the ashes of the fire, kept up by wood supplied in the same way. For three days they had nothing else to eat.

The family plate was concealed in the cellar, under a huge pile of potatoes. The soldiers cleared the premises of everything else eatable, but left the potatoes untouched, in spite of the fact that the cellar door stood wide open, and the headman, who had hidden the silver, cordially invited them to help themselves. "I thought ef I did n' pear to kyar 'bout 'um, dey would n' 'spicion nothin'," he said afterwards. Our own silver was tied up in a stout bag, and dropped at midnight into the well. This well had been dug in the hill itself by a former owner of the place, who declared that at any cost he would have water close at hand. He dug ninety feet, and then struck a perennial stream of pure, cold water, which at its normal height was about fifteen feet deep. There the silver lay, like truth, until the next fall, before we could secure the services of a well-cleaner willing and able to go to the bottom in search of it.

The telegraph poles were down, the mails stopped, and it was not until Monday, April 10, that Confederate cavalrymen, returning on parole, brought us tidings of the surrender at Appomattox Court House. First, of course, was the crushing sense of defeat, the helpless and hopeless looking forward to confiscation and possible exile; and, having no expectation of amnesty, next to that came astonishment at the liberal terms which Grant had accorded. The Confederates, men as well as officers, owned their horses; and only a cavalryman, whose steed has for years been his comrade and best friend, knows what that sentence, "Let them keep their horses," meant to men who had fought to the bitter end, and had looked for no clemency from their conquerors. There was much wild talk of joining Johnston in North Carolina, and retreating thence to the Trans-Mississippi, among those who had come away unparoled, at the first knowledge that the surrender was inevitable. Others took a more practical view of the situation. "I tell you," said one ingenuous lad, "the Southern Confederacy has gone up the spout, and I 'm goin' home to plant corn."

We did not realize fully, however, that, so far as we Virginians were concerned, the end had come, until the next day, when General Fitz Lee and his staff stopped to rest and water their horses, on their way they scarcely knew whither. We set before them the best we had for lunch; but while the members of his staff ate like hungry men, the general scarcely tasted food, and sat with his head in his hands, as one who has suffered a crushing blow. Only once did he really rouse himself, when my sister spoke bitterly of the straggling from the ranks of our army; then his eyes flashed, and his voice took on its old tone. "Madam," he said, "the

men were not to blame. They fought like devils, until they were faint with hunger, and their officers sent them in quest of food. *Our rations from Amelia Court House to Appomattox were an ear of corn a day apiece for the men; nothing for the horses.*" None of the party had been paroled, and most of the staff were hoping to make their way by bridle paths to North Carolina and Johnston. They implored their leader to go with them. "We have surely the right to regard ourselves as escaped prisoners," urged one, a young lieutenant, whose story, as he told it to us in his despair, was a pitiful one. He was from West Virginia, and his family, one and all, were strong Unionists. He had been a Lexington cadet, and had entered the Confederate army under age and against his father's positive command; and now there seemed no choice for him but that of joining Johnston, or the rôle of the prodigal son with apparently little chance of success. Some of the officers, with my father's aid, were tracing the route on a large map of the state, spread out on the piano, through Buckingham and Amherst, and so, by way of the mountains, to the desired goal, only to prove clearly that there was barely a chance of escape.

Suddenly the general lifted his bowed head, and looked my father straight in the eyes. "What do *you* think?" he said.

"You know best, general," was the answer; "but if an old man may advise you, I think that your uncle is the best guide for us all in this strait. Moreover, it seems to me impossible that Johnston, hemmed in as he is between Grant and Sherman, can do otherwise than follow his example. If he cuts his way out, it must be at fearful loss of life."

"Yes, I suppose you are right; only I felt yesterday that I *could* not give up. Come, boys," and bidding us a hasty good-by, they rode away on the Farmville road.

As soon as definite intelligence of the surrender reached us, my father called his slaves together and formally announced to them that they were free. "I have no money," he told them, "and I cannot promise you wages; but while you are free to go, you are also welcome to remain, and earn a living for yourselves and your children by your labor, until you can do better for yourselves, or I can do better for you." Like almost all the negroes in the country, they behaved admirably; gave us no trouble, but remained and did their work as though there had been no change in our mutual relations. This pleasant state of affairs was soon interrupted. There came two men, one in the uniform of a United States sergeant, the other a private, who curtly asked how our ex-slaves were conducting themselves. My father answered that they were behaving much better than we had any right to expect.

"Do any of them talk of leaving?"

"Only one: a woman whose husband is headman on a plantation in another county, and who naturally wishes to be with him."

"H'm! let me see this woman."

My father was about to accompany them to the cabin, when he was rudely repulsed.

"We prefer to talk to her alone."

A few moments later he heard screams, and he followed them to find the men whipping her brutally. Again and again he assured them that she had done nothing whatever to deserve punishment, and vainly ordered them to desist. After a savage beating they left, and her stripes were dressed. Her sufferings were intense, and blacks and whites were alike indignant at the outrage. The same men went to various other places in the neighborhood, with the same results. No one ventured to oppose them, and their conduct was, as might have been expected, followed by more or less of a stampede among the colored people, who, suspecting their former owners, flocked

to the military stations for protection. We were never able to find out, still less to punish, the perpetrators of these high-handed outrages. The military authorities at Farmville disclaimed all knowledge of them, but made no effort to trace them; and they disappeared as they had come, no one knew whither.

To realize how well the negroes behaved, it must be remembered that we were, for the time being, comparatively in their power. Cumberland lies in what is known as the Black District, where they outnumber the whites seven to one; or, to give the exact figures by the census of 1860, there were six thousand five hundred people in the county, of whom less than nine hundred were white. In 1865 the fortunes of war had more than decimated the able-bodied white men, so that at any time, by a bold and simultaneous uprising, the blacks, had they been so disposed, might have blotted the whites out of existence. It was to this state of affairs, and the fears to which it gave birth, that the Ku-Klux Klan owed its origin. Whatever may have been the outrages of that society later on, and farther south, at first it represented a means of self-protection against numbers by working upon the superstitious fears of the negro.

Sunday, April 16, brought us news of Lincoln's assassination. To us younger folk the murder of the President of the United States was of little moment as compared with our own trials, — a gate-post near by may hide a mountain in the distance, — but our father took it sorely to heart. "It is the worst misfortune that was left to befall us," said he. "Lincoln was the one man in all the North who could well afford to be magnanimous, and — I say it, not forgetting Grant's leniency at Appomattox — was the one man wholly inclined to be so. 'Sic semper tyrannis,' forsooth! What 's Virginia to Booth, or he to Virginia? — and how should he serve her by cutting her throat?" Months afterwards, when that wise gray head lay at rest under the sod, we appreciated its wisdom only too well.

For the near future, so far as we personally were concerned, the darkest hour was over. That we were under military rule seemed a little thing, after having been without any government at all, and in terror of our lives. When my brother-in-law, from whom for six weeks we had heard nothing, returned safe and sound, we were thankful indeed. He had surrendered with Johnston, and brought with him his share of the military stores which Sherman allowed Johnston to divide among his men, rather than risk a battle with an army at bay and strongly intrenched. Those who blamed Sherman for his liberality in conceding such terms took no thought of the lives saved on both sides; still less of what those army stores, so little to the United States government, were to the beggared people among whom they were distributed. To us, for example, the train of mules, the provisions, and the silver which the major brought home as his share meant salvation, if not from starvation, at least from pinching want.

Sara Matthews Handy.

THE ESMERALDA HERDERS.

Louis Papin laid his thumbed Shakespeare on the table, after many ineffectual attempts to read it, and said aloud in a speculative tone of voice, "Perhaps I 'd better try a game of solitaire."

He spread the cards out before him with much care; but the game proceeded slowly, for the reason that he seemed to have difficulty in recognizing the value of a card, staring at a three spot or a knave of clubs with uncomprehending eyes, as if he had never seen the like before. All of which meant, of course, that the enterprising impresario of the Esmeralda ranch had something on his mind.

Something was, indeed, so imperatively upon his mind that, after fifteen minutes of uncomprehending devotion to his game, he gathered up his cards, and, putting them in their case, began to pace the floor of his room. He had, no doubt, plenty of troubles of a personal sort, if he had had the time to think about them. But his perplexity on this night was of another kind. The truth was, he stood face to face with the most vexatious problem which had confronted him since he came down from San Francisco to look after eight thousand merinos for Leonard and Filbin. One year there had been an epidemic of acute tonsillitis, but he had nursed the men through that so successfully that not one grave on the wind-ravaged desert told the tale; another season the sheep had been stricken with influenza, but that was weathered with the loss of a few hundred head; and once, in the dead of the wet season, — the season of black nights, — a series of disastrous raids had been made by the Mexicans, in which nearly two thousand of the long-wooled sheep had been "cut out."

Papin congratulated himself upon having met all of these difficulties with decision and a heart for the struggle. Neither he nor his men had faltered till order and normality were restored. But it was a different matter now. A malady of more serious character than tonsillitis had broken out among the men. It was homesickness, — endemic, contagious, malignant homesickness.

Three of the men were down in bed from sheer sullenness, and there was hardly a man about the place who would vouchsafe an intelligible and frank answer to a question. The home-madness was on them, and deeper each day grew their disgust for the desert, where the senseless sheep browsed and the rabid sun made its frantic course.

It had come about naturally enough. The season had been unusually hot and dusty, and it seemed as if the sun grudged every hour which the night claimed for its own. The stars were well upon their way before the eyes of the herders could discover them, and the dawn was hustled, dry and breathless, over the mountains. They hardly caught a glimpse of her pale draperies before the day, swaggering and insolent, was there, holding her place with evil assurance. The quarters looked even more than usually uninviting. Lee Hang, the Chinaman, was an evil fellow, careless and ill-natured, and things got at their worst under his management. It seemed as if the men breathed and ate dust. It was actually in their food. It was on their beds. They could not escape it; the sky appeared to be blurred with it. They began to see visions in the twilight hour, — visions of trees beside running brooks, and dewy paths where women walked. The desert was womanless, and thereby doubly a desert. All of these things Papin reviewed in his weary mind. He wished more than he could say that some perfectly sane and disinterested person

would come along, to whom he might explain his perplexities. Perhaps he was a trifle anxious about his own poise. It had come to him once or twice that if there should be an hegira of the whole gang, — the dogs would follow merrily, — he, Papin, would have a good and legitimate excuse for ceasing to be factor of the dreariest ranch in Southern California. And this thought, upon reflection, did not seem to be just the sort which Leonard and Filbin would expect their manager to entertain.

He was granted his wish for a companion much sooner than could possibly have been expected.

The next afternoon, just as the west was getting red, along came a white-covered wagon, driven by a coolie, and containing Mrs. Ambrose Herrick, wife of the manager for Stebbins of the 'Toinette ranch, with her baby and two maids.

"I 've been up in the mountains all summer, Mr. Papin," she explained, when she had been lifted out of her roomy vehicle. "Mr. Herrick said it was n't fit for the sheep down here in midsummer. But I 'm worn out with sunrise excursions and horseback parties and hops. I made up my mind that if the rest of you could stand it down here, we could. Besides," she added, somewhat anxiously, "it 's the middle of September. Don't you think Mr. Herrick will forgive me for surprising him by my return ? "

"I should think it would be an offense easy to overlook," answered Papin.

"The first night we put up at Farnsworth's Inn, but there was no hope for a roof over our heads to-night unless we reached the Esmeralda. I hope you are not going to be inconvenienced. We 'll put up with any sort of accommodation."

"Don't you know you are conferring a favor, Mrs. Herrick? Lee Hang will be tickled to death at sight of your coolie; and the maids can have more admirers than they ever dreamed of, if they 'll only consent to talk with my lonely fellows. The sight of women will do us all good."

It was an enthusiastic welcome, as she had known that it would be. Papin made her pour the coffee at dinner, while he gave himself up to the enjoyment of an evanescent sense of domesticity.

"I wish I could commend your impulsiveness, Mrs. Herrick," he said. "Herrick will certainly congratulate himself because of it. But the actual truth is that you have come back four weeks too soon. You have n't had a chance yet to learn what the Californian desert *can* do. Pity may sit in the heavens elsewhere, but not here. The world's hidden batteries may hold swift currents for others; for us they have nothing, — not even the boon of swift destruction."

And he told her of the madness that had come upon the men.

"They are preposterous children, Mrs. Herrick. If they were down with the fever, I might see some hope ahead. But they 're in the dumps, and it 's dangerous."

"I suppose I am to take you seriously ? "

"Quite seriously, madam. I have told them my best stories, and had the pain of seeing them fall flat. I have essayed jokes; they might as well have been lamentations. I have played jigs on my violin, but I might better have devoted myself to funeral marches."

The Chinese sweets had been served and eaten, and Mrs. Herrick's host led the way out to the gallery.

They seated themselves comfortably in the low chairs, and Mrs. Herrick clasped her hands and watched the stars beginning to burn fervidly through the dust-laden atmosphere.

"Our stars have all turned red," commented Papin; "and as for our sunsets, they are bloody."

"I 'm afraid it *was* too soon to bring the baby back," Mrs. Herrick said anxiously.

A penetrating and imperative cry broke the stillness.

"There is the baby now!" She arose and ran to her chamber, returning with the little creature in her arms.

"The maids are at dinner, so I thought I would bring him out here, Mr. Papin. I hope you don't mind."

"A man who has seen only saddle-skinned herders with sun-bleached elf-locks for four months is not likely to object to this," was Papin's ardent reply.

The baby was undressed, and its flesh showed the tint of a half-opened wild rose. Its shy azure eyes contemplated Papin curiously, and it finally reached out a moist and clinging hand and inclosed one of the impresario's fingers. It gave inarticulate, wild-bird cries; and when the moon showed a florid face above the horizon, it stretched out its arms in longing for this celestial toy.

"The immemorial aspiration of babies," said Papin, really very much amused at the offended manner in which the baby buried its face in its mother's breast and wailed, when it found that the glorious object was not handed over to it.

"Everything seems immemorial," Mrs. Herrick said, — "the desert most of all."

"I know what you mean," responded Papin. "I have felt it. The herders, — how ancient is their vocation! The sheep, — they are of eld! I believe these are the same flocks that the holy shepherds tended; the same ones that Phillis and Corydon piped to. And I, — am I not the most ancient of all? I, the man who does nothing, — who waits for some event within his own soul, knowing it will never come?"

"I read Amiel's Journal while I was up in the hills," commented Mrs. Herrick.

"Did you? I started to read it, but I feared I might be trying to extenuate myself by means of its logic. It will make me melancholy if we talk of Amiel. See what a flush the moonlight has! No one could call this a silver light."

"No; it is red gold."

A silence fell, — a tribute to the beauty of the night. Then the baby grew restless, and Mrs. Herrick nuzzled it, and sent it to Banbury Cross and brought it back again. Somehow, all this gave a certain pang to Papin. It even embarrassed him. He ventured a suggestion.

"Mrs. Herrick, I wonder if you would have the great goodness to take the baby to the quarters and show him to the men? You have no idea how they would appreciate it!"

"If any poor creature wants to see the baby, he must not be denied. It is really pitiable to me to think of the number of persons in the world who have never seen the baby." She arose, laughing and eager, and followed her host.

Such of the herders as were not upon the night shift were sitting on benches without the house, looking off with unanticipatory eyes toward the arching sky, when Victoria Herrick went out to them in her fragrant white garments, carrying her half-naked baby in her arms. The glorifying radiance of the night lit up her young face, elate with its maternal joy, picked out the rounded whiteness of her arm, and glimmered through the drifting draperies of her gown.

The men stared from her to the babe, and something clinked hard and dry in their throats. Louis Papin had made a mistake, and he realized it. Still, the scene must be gone through with somehow.

"We are all a trifle awkward with babies," he said, addressing Mrs. Herrick, but speaking for the benefit of the men. "The only ones we see are at lambing time."

Mrs. Herrick's clear and happy laugh rang out.

"I like all kinds of babies, from pigs to monkeys," she said. "I am sure I should like little lambs. But this kind of a baby is my choice!" And she snatched her little son close to her, fairly wreathing him about her neck, while

the baby clutched at his mother's hair, and gave little shrieks as penetrating as the cries of a young jay. Then, under cover of the little one's happy clamor and the shy compliments of the men, Mrs. Herrick made good her retreat.

"You should not have asked me to go out there!" she cried reprovingly, when she was alone again with the impresario. "The baby quite upset them."

Louis Papin looked at the glowing and beautiful face of the young woman, and smiled.

"The vision was too fair," he admitted. "I would better have left them to a contemplation of the desert."

When the serving women had made all comfortable for the night, and the lady and her little one were sleeping, Louis Papin paced the earthen floor of the gallery, and indulged himself in a luxury of reminiscence, which, unfortunately, he could confide to none. The great lack in his life was a friend. As star dust may float in space, luminous and unformed, so the friendliness of this man failed to find any creature to whom it could attach itself. There had once been a man, out there at the Edge of Things, to whom Papin might have told many secrets, but somehow the chances had slipped by; and just when he had reached the point where he might have unburdened his heart, the man had gone off toward the North, with exultant heart, following a phantom, and Papin saw him no more.

To-night there came to him, with cruel tantalization, a vision of the home potential, — the home to which he had not attained, and which, because of some inherent hesitancy of his nature, compacted of delicacy and melancholy, he seemed never to be likely to achieve. As a convict in his cell dreams of joy, so this man, environed by the desert, who had sucked solitude into his soul, permitted himself, for an hour, to picture eagerly the comforts, the fine amenities, of a life about a hearthstone. He reproached himself for having been false to his generation. He blamed himself bitterly for what seemed, to-night, to be nothing better than criminal stupidity. He had turned his back, with silly cowardice, upon the beauty and fire of life, and, secure, as he had thought, from all assaults of passion or ambition, had fixed himself here in the wilderness among these sullen men. Perhaps never in his experience with them had he been so willing to apply unpleasant epithets as he was this night. For a fortnight he had seen them slouching about their tasks, cross to the dogs and brutal to the sheep. He had heard them using ugly words in the quarters.

"We 're ripe for murder," he thought. "We must have a diversion of some nature. If I were to break my leg, even, it would have a bracing effect. But it 's absurd to hope for the unexpected. It is the expected that always happens out here."

But for once he was unfair to the land of eternal heartbreak, for even while he complained a horse's hoofs pounded the earth with a message of haste.

Papin heard. He was glad to hear anything. He hastened to the gallery, and by the starlight he saw approaching a mounted figure in headlong haste, and heard a short barking cry, — the danger signal of the Esmeraldas. The factor sent back a cheerful shout. The unexpected was arriving, — in the form of disaster, perhaps, but welcome nevertheless.

"The Salita gang!" the man cried, as his horse plunged forward and was brought up on his haunches at the edge of the gallery. "They crept up by the arroyo and shot into the crowd."

"Anybody hit?"

"Dox."

"Not killed!"

"I did n't stay to see, sir. I saw a black crowd of fellows, and I lit out to git help."

"Going to have a pitched battle, think?"

"It 's on now."

Papin walked with a quick step to the outer door of the quarters.

"Out, men! Out!" he cried, his voice trumpet-clear. "The Salita gang is making a raid! Billy Dox has been shot! Best hurry, or he 'll have company!"

There was no excitement in Papin's voice. Certainly vociferation would have been superfluous. The men were on their feet before he had finished speaking. It does not take a herder of the sun-blistered desert long to make his toilet. His articles of clothing are not numerous, even when his cartridge belt, his pistols, and his short rifle are counted in. Now the men dressed themselves with the rapidity of firemen, and ran shouting to the corral where the saddles lay in a heap. They had no trouble, however, in finding their own, — no more trouble than soldiers do to pick their muskets from a stack of arms. The ponies struggled up, snorting and curious; sniffed the air to make sure that it was not yet dawn; and then, smelling adventure, nervously submitted to the adjustment of the saddles and the rough haste of the men who mounted them.

Papin did not stop to get out of his white linens, but put himself at the head of his men, armed like the rest, and with riding boots adding to the incongruity of his costume. The men fell into their places behind him, riding four abreast as was their habit, and the ponies, roweled to the feat, scurried over the plain like frightened rabbits.

After fifteen minutes of this kind of riding, the sound of firing reached their ears, — a brisk fusillade. The men sent a shout ahead of them that scared the breathless desert, but which was intended to convey reassurance to their fighting comrades. A moment later the stars showed them bunches of sheep plunging aimlessly forward, and it was necessary to drive carefully to avoid trampling them.

"Push ahead! Push ahead!" came Papin's voice. The firing reached their ears spasmodically, and each time the advancing herders sent their wild cry of warning through the startled night. Then, a moment more, they were in the thick of the tumult. At first it was almost impossible to distinguish friend from foe. Then it became apparent that the Mexicans had ranged themselves so as to protect a great body of the sheep which they had succeeded in detaching from the herd; but Papin led a flanking movement, and pressed down on them relentlessly. They made a feint of fighting, but gave way almost immediately before the onslaught of avenging men and frantic horses, and were blown before the herders like flies before a wind. Papin laughed aloud at the flight, and then sent out warnings to his men, too headlong to note the arroyo, now not a hundred yards distant.

"Steady! Steady!" came his voice above the din.

They halted on the verge of the rocky declivity.

"They 're brilliant thieves, but rather dull fighters," commented the factor. "They might have given us more of a party than this!"

The men were rending the air with their derisive calls, and curveting their horses in sheer excess of activity.

"Who 's hurt?" called out Papin.

"I got plunked in the arm," sang Basil Watts cheerfully.

"Richards," said Papin sharply, "why are you sitting limp like that? Why don't you own you 're wounded?"

"All I need is a screw-driver, sir. Something seems a leetle loose about my right ribs."

"Ride home slowly, Richards. Some one go with him. Now, how about Dox?"

A man rode to find out, and the herders, once more the swaggering guardians of the desert, sent out their long, wild sheep cry: —

"Coo-ee! Coo-ee! Coo-ee!"

The beat of a myriad little hoofs was heard. The sheep began to answer to the homing call, and came running together excitedly, and still full of vague alarms. Seeing this, the call of the men became steadier and more reassuring. Papin gave orders that the trampled sheep should be carried to a designated spot, watered, and left till morning, when the experienced surgery of the men might benefit some of them. No one wanted to go home. The wind of the dawn began singing afar off in the east, and the pink and yellow clouds that danced about the horizon appeared as a procession of Aurora's servitors.

It was decided finally not to return to the ranch for breakfast. No man had a notion for an indoor meal. Some one was dispatched for the wagons, and a fire made on the ground ready for the coffee when it appeared in the guardianship of the smiling Chinese, who brought word incidentally that Mrs. Herrick had a sufficient guard in her coolie, and would set out upon her journey without delay.

"Dey lun, dose Salita lascals?" queried Lee Hang.

"Run!" responded Papin. "They ran so, my friend, that if they had had pigtails like yours they would have all been whipped off."

The smoke of the fire flirted up through the golden air. The strange voices of the waste whispered along the ground. Then the fragrant scent of the coffee reached the nostrils of the hungry men, and Lee Hang began tossing griddle cakes in the air. The horses, staked at a little distance, called out their congratulations to their masters in tremulous whinnies, and the sheep kept up a sociable bleating. The men were full of noise, and told stock jokes, at which everybody roared.

"They'd even laugh at one of my jokes, this morning," thought Papin.

The man who had been sent to inquire about the wounded herder returned with word that Dox wanted coffee. A great shout went up.

"What's the matter with Billy Dox?" they inquired of the scurrying coyote who appeared above the edge of the arroyo. Then, as he vouchsafed no answer to this vociferous inquiry, they supplied the antiphon, "He's all right!"

He was, in fact, lying in the shelter of a clump of bushes, suffering from a rather serious head wound.

"Thank God the Mexicans are not better marksmen!" said Papin devoutly. "We're all alive; but the real question is, are we glad of it?"

A chorus of yells greeted him. The homesickness was gone. The desert claimed its children again. The familiar scene appealed to the men with eloquence. The arch of the sky, the limitless space, the friendly beasts, the dauntless company, the comradeship, the liberty from man's yea and nay, — was this not better a thousand times than a life of rules between walls or along thronging streets, with women forever cluttering the world?

"Lyon," said Papin, "where's your music box? Out of order?"

Lyon was the singer among the Esmeraldas.

He set his cup of coffee down between his knees, and, as the dawn gilded the low sky behind the scrub of twisted oaks, he opened his mouth like one who utters a challenge to destiny, and cheered his messmates thus: —

"Sonny, there was seven cities a-builded on th' plain;
Coronado, he beheld 'em, so he said.
But I 've hunted high an' low, under sun an' in th' rain,
An' them highfalutin' cities, they is fled.
I have ranged this blisterin' desert for a pretty turn of years,
I ken foller paths no mortal man ken see,
But I 'd ruther take my chances roundin' up unbranded steers,
Then a-verifyin' statements of a giddy ole grandee."

To this there was added a chorus, ribald and strident: —

"He was talkin' thro' his hat,
Don't you see?
Oh, where could he have bin at,
That grandee?
Coo-ee! Coo-ee! Coo-ee!"

The wild and melancholy sheep call, uttered by fifty throats at once, heralded the scarlet face of the sun as it swung arrogantly upon the habitated desert, — a desert which, upon that morning, found no man sad among all the tribe of the Esmeraldas.

Elia W. Peattie.

ROWLAND ROBINSON.

When a personality as strong, as vivid, as unique and picturesque as that of the creator of Uncle 'Lisha, Sam Lovel, Antoine, and Gran'ther Hill passes beyond our sight into the undiscovered country, it is surely fitting that something should be said of him in the columns of the monthly that has given to the world Gran'ther Hill's Patridge, Out of Bondage, A Voyage in the Dark, and other stories and essays that will not soon be forgotten. The many readers of Danvis Folks, Uncle 'Lisha's Outing, Sam Lovel's Camps, and In New England Fields and Woods hold something in memory for which they may well be grateful.

Rowland Robinson was born in Ferrisburg, Vermont, May 14, 1833. He died there, October 15, 1900, in the very room in which he was born. This is in itself a distinction, for it falls to the lot of very few of our migratory race to live a long life and, at the end, to draw the last breath under the same roof.

His grandfather came to Vermont from Newport, Rhode Island, in 1791, and a few years later bought a farm in Ferrisburg, four miles north of the thriving little city of Vergennes. Here he built a small, unpretentious house, which is now only an adjunct of the larger building erected in 1812.

Mr. Robinson's mother was Rachel Gilpin, granddaughter of George Gilpin, of Alexandria, Virginia, who, although a stanch Quaker, was colonel of the celebrated Fairfax militia in the war of the Revolution, aide to General Washington, and one of the pallbearers at his funeral. In this connection, it is interesting to know that the two "beautiful Quaker sisters" alluded to by Colonel T. W. Higginson in his charming Oldport Days were great-aunts of Mr. Robinson.

The families on both the paternal and maternal sides were Quakers, richly endowed with the quiet strength and lofty conscientiousness to be looked for in that sect. Mr. Robinson's father was an active worker in the anti-slavery cause, and a warm friend of Garrison, May, Johnson, and other noted abolitionists. They always found a welcome in his house, which, being so near to the Canadian line, was, it is almost needless to say, a convenient and secret station of the Underground Railroad. He was a ready and forcible writer, and his pen was often employed in the service of the cause that was so near his heart.

So much for the forbears of Mr. Robinson. Now for himself. His early training was that of the average country boy sixty years ago. He attended the district school, taught in winter by college students, generally from Burlington or Middlebury; and in summer by a succession of schoolmistresses, young girls, for the most part, who did their best to drill the unruly urchins in the rudiments of the three R's. When he grew older, he went to the Ferrisburg Academy for a while; but he says of himself that he was an unwilling scholar,

and did not make the most of even such small opportunities as he had. He was, however, a persistent and omnivorous reader; and as his father's house was well supplied with books, he made amends for lack of study by reading over and over again, with ever increasing delight, the Waverley novels, The Lady of the Lake and Marmion, histories galore, and many books of travel and adventure. And he had, moreover, spread out before his keenly observant eyes the vast domain of nature: its mountain fastnesses, its wide forests, its pure streams and silver lakes; the world of bird and beast and fish, of tree and shrub, fern and wild flower, — of all which he was to become in later years so true an interpreter.

From his mother he had inherited an artistic temperament; and, as he approached manhood, there is little doubt that he shrank somewhat from the more prosaic details of farm life. At all events he fled from the farm to New York, where he soon found employment as draughtsman and wood engraver. From 1866 to 1873 a large number of his drawings appeared in the columns of Harper's, Frank Leslie's, and other illustrated periodicals. But this was all experimental, tentative, and not oversuccessful. In 1873 he gladly returned to the home of his boyhood.

Meanwhile he had married Anna Stevens, — a lovely girl then, a charming woman now, — of great executive ability, and much talent in the direction of both art and literature. She was his encourager and inspirer; and, urged by her, he wrote and illustrated Fox Hunting in New England, and offered it to Scribner's Magazine. Somewhat to his surprise, the article was accepted; and it was followed by others in Scribner's, The Century, Harper's, Lippincott's, and The Atlantic.

In 1888 a series of sketches written for Forest and Stream was published in book form, under the title of Uncle 'Lisha's Shop. Another of like character, Sam Lovel's Camps, appeared in 1890, followed by Danvis Folks and Uncle 'Lisha's Outing, Vermont: A Study of Independence (one of the American Commonwealth Series), In New England Fields and Woods, A Danvis Pioneer, and one or two other books. His last story, Sam Lovel's Boy, in which Sam teaches his son many a secret of the hunter's craft, is now in press.

This list of works is a long one, indeed, when one recalls the fact, known to so few of his readers, that all these books, with the exception of Uncle 'Lisha's Shop, are the work of a blind man. For in 1887 his eyes began to fail him. Gradually, slowly, but steadily, the light grew dimmer and dimmer, then flickered and went out, leaving him in total darkness. When Sam Lovel's Camps was placed in his hands, he was able to see the faint outline, the size and shape of the book, perhaps, but that was all.

While it may be doubted if Mr. Robinson was ever a very enthusiastic farmer, he was too sane and prudent to neglect his farm. The two things that especially interested him were his fine orchard and his butter-making. Of his skill in the latter, and of the pencil sketches, rhymes, and caricatures with which he was wont to adorn the covers of his butter tubs, many amusing stories are told. It was a gala day with New York and Boston dealers when "Robinson's butter" came in. But all this was before the light went out. After that, though he superintended and gave orders, his real work was done with his pen; or rather, with his pencil. He wrote by means of the grooved board which enabled him to guide and space the lines; and his loyal wife afterwards revised the manuscript, and prepared it for the press. She was at once his amanuensis, private secretary, friend, and devoted comrade.

Then it was that his ardent love of Nature, his intimate knowledge of her deepest secrets, his admission into her

very holy of holies, stood him in good stead. From boyhood he had been a keen sportsman, sharp-eyed, strangely observant, familiar with all the ways of woodland creatures; reading leaf and flower, moss, lichen, and fungus, the phenomena of the changing seasons, dawn and sunset, moonshine and starbeam, the hoary frost and the dew of summer nights, as one reads from an open book. Few persons ever see as much as did Rowland Robinson. No minutest detail escaped him. He knew the haunts of every wild thing as he knew the path to his own fireside.

His memory was as remarkable as were his powers of observation; and thus it was that, lying sightless on his bed, to which he was confined for nearly two years before the end came, he was able to portray every varying phase of nature in words so tender, so graphic, so picturesque, so illuminating, that the reader saw as the writer had seen.

But his powers of interpretation were not confined to the outside world alone. He studied human nature as faithfully as he studied the ways of bird and beast, of tree and wild flower. His ear was as keen and unerring as his eye. Let no one suppose that Mr. Robinson's stories are meant to be actual transcripts of the life of Vermont to-day as it exists even in her mountain towns. They are stories of *old* Vermont, the Vermont of sixty years ago, and even earlier; before the railroad had penetrated her fastnesses, or the telegraph brought her into close and vital connection with the outer world. I have heard the question asked, — nay, more, I admit I have asked it myself: "Did New Englanders ever talk like Sam Lovel and Uncle 'Lisha and Joseph Hill?" A friend once said to me: "I have known Vermont many years, and I never heard any one say 'julluck' for 'just like,' or 'seem 's 'ough,' or 'hayth' for 'height,' or sundry other queer expressions and pronunciations that Mr. Robinson gives as Yankeeisms."

Shortly after this I went into my garden, where a man-of-all-work was removing some bulbs.

"Say, Mis' Dorr," he remarked, "don't them roots look julluck turnups? Seem 's 'ough they did!"

Whereupon I concluded it was not a proof of superior wisdom to question Mr. Robinson's use of Yankee dialect. It is well to believe that his ear was quicker than that of most men, and that he was familiar with every phase of the vernacular in which his men and women speak.

As for Antoine, he is inimitable. No one else has so perfectly caught the queer jargon of the French "Canuck" when trying to wrestle with the vagaries of the English tongue.

Mr. Robinson makes no attempt to depict the life of cities, towns, or even large villages. His characters, which reappear in most of his stories, live and breathe in secluded mountain hamlets, to the life of which he is absolutely true. Once in a while, as when the dignified and elegant lawyer of whom Antoine asserts, "He was be de biggest l'yer in Vairgenne; he goin' be judge, prob'ly gov'ner, mebby," goes hunting up the Slang, electrifying Sam at once by his skill as a sportsman and by the beautiful gun that was such a contrast to his own heavy rifle, we get a glimpse of another world. But it is only momentary, and in an instant we are back again with the simple, kindly, rural folk who dominate the stage. There are not many of them left now. The tide of progress has swept away the old landmarks. Uncle 'Lisha's Shop is a thing of the past. Yet even now one who, with observant eye and ear, wanders up and down New England will still find proof that Mr. Robinson is true to the life of old New England.

Perhaps one charm of these stories lies in the fact that they are written so sympathetically. Mr. Robinson never condescends, or apologizes, or pities. It never occurs to him that there is any need of doing either. He values his men

and women for their own sakes and for what they are. If they are queer and quaint, so much the better for the artist, and the picture he would paint. Their strange expletives, and even their occasional mild profanities, are by no means coarse or irreligious. They swear from force of habit, with no more idea of breaking the third commandment than a baby has when it says, "Now I lay me."

To turn from what he wrote to what he was is a pleasing task, for the man was greater than his books. In person Mr. Robinson was strikingly like the late Francis H. Underwood, so well known to many readers of The Atlantic: tall, well built, with a ruddy color that he kept almost to the last. His eyes were blue. His hair and his patriarchal beard had been snow-white for many years, but in his younger days they were a rich reddish, or golden, brown. Entirely unassuming, with faith in his own powers, yet with seemingly very little idea that they were recognized by others, he was the most modest of men. A few years ago a club in a Vermont town dramatized Danvis Folks, after a fashion, for the benefit of a local charity, and put it on the stage. The author was invited to be present on the opening night, and he accepted. As he entered the crowded hall, guided by a friend on either hand, the audience, recognizing him, broke into loud applause. He paid no attention to it, but quietly felt his way to the chair assigned to him. As he seated himself, he said, with a smile: "They seem to be in very good spirits here. Whom are they applauding now?"

"Why, Mr. Robinson, they are applauding *you!*" was the reply. "Don't you know that you are the hero of this occasion?" And he sank back in his chair with an air of bewilderment and surprise that was unmistakable. That *he* should be applauded had never entered his brain.

The legislature of his native state was in session when he died, and in joint assembly passed most appreciative resolutions of regret and condolence. Mrs. Robinson's comment thereon, as I sat by her side a few days ago, was characteristic of both herself and her husband. "Oh," she said, "if Rowland had been told that the legislature of Vermont would take any notice of his death, he would not have believed it. He did not think people cared much for him."

This was due in part, no doubt, to his isolation. He knew very few "literary people," so called. He had little or no intercourse with his peers. It has been said that reputations are made at dinner tables. If this be true, as it certainly is in a measure, the man fights against great odds who, from environment or force of circumstances, is almost completely shut out — set apart, as it were — from the great body of his fellow workers in the field of letters.

Let us glance at the home of this brave and lonely craftsman. The Robinson homestead — a large, square, gray farmhouse, having the broad porch, with high railing and bracketed seats on either side, that is almost invariably to be found in mansions of that date — stands twenty or thirty rods back from the road, on a slight, rocky elevation. It is approached by a fine avenue of elms, the entrance to which is marked by groups of stately Lombardy poplars. On either side are other groups, — locusts, maples, and beeches. On the October day when I first saw the place, the greensward was thickly strewn with the crimson and gold of the falling leaves. Over the wall, at the right, a few white sheep were cropping the short grass among the gray ledges of the pasture. The outlook is one of unusual beauty. On the east is the lovely Champlain Valley, stretching away in broad reaches, above which soar the Green Mountains, with Mount Mansfield and Camel's Hump in the distance. On the west, past green, fertile meadows and rolling pastures, lie the clear waters

of Lake Champlain, of which glimpses may be caught here and there through the thick fringe of pine and hemlock. And farther still beyond the lake rise the mighty Adirondacks, range on range, tier above tier, until their heads are lost in the clouds.

But on that October day it was not of the house, nor of its surroundings, that I thought. Its master lay prone and helpless somewhere within its walls, and it was he whom I sought. I was ushered first into the living room, on the right of the hall of entrance, and from there, through the great old-fashioned kitchen and a short passageway, into what has always been known as the "East Room." There, incurably ill of a wasting disease, and blind to all the beauty of the autumnal day, lay Rowland Robinson, with a smile on his lips, and all the implements of his craft about him, — the grooved board, the pencil, and a great pile of manuscript. But as I sat in the flood of sunshine by his bedside, and listened to his eager talk of this and that, I felt again, as I had felt at other times, that it was impossible to realize that he was a blind man. His eyes were bright, seeming to seek mine as he talked, their blue depths giving not the slightest hint that they were sightless. He spoke of "seeing" things; he called my attention to the dish of fine pears on the table; he was as alert and interested in the life around him as if he had had a dozen pairs of eyes.

"Do you never leave your bed, Mr. Robinson?" I asked.

"Not often," he answered. "But I wanted to see the procession go by on Dewey day, and they managed to wheel me out on the porch for a little while. It was very interesting."

Not a complaint, not a murmur, not a suggestion of repining, — nothing but splendid courage, patient hopefulness, tender regard for others, and a determination to work to the last.

The old house is in itself most interesting. Antique furniture meets the eye in every room. There is a queer old grand piano that was brought from Vienna by a member of the family early in the century, and that has been voiceless and tuneless for at least one generation. There is a chair that Washington and Lafayette must often have seen, even if it cannot be proved that they ever reposed in its ample depths; for it had an honored place in the parlor of a house in which they were often guests. There are old tables that have histories, and blue Delft ware and bits of china antedating the Revolution. Over the piano hangs a full-length portrait of its former owner, — the work of an Austrian artist, — a dark-haired lady in a crimson velvet gown, with a little boy at her feet who is playing with an American flag. There are other old family portraits, and one of Mr. Robinson himself, painted by his daughter. There are Indian relics, and trophies of the chase, hunting implements, and above all books, — books everywhere, overflowing the cases and finding lodgment wherever they can. Some of them are exceedingly rare, — heirlooms in the shape of old doctrinal works relating to the Friends, which were hidden away in the far-off days when it was against the law of New England to possess them, and brought to light again when the persecutions were over.

In the old kitchen, which is the main part of the first building, the doorlatches are of hard wood, whittled into shape by Mr. Robinson's grandfather. They are like polished ivory now, with its rare yellowish-brown tint, worn smooth by the touch of many generations.

Here, too, is the secret staircase mentioned in Out of Bondage, narrow, dark, and forbidding, up which many a fugitive slave has glided like a phantom of the gloaming, to find refuge in the chamber above. This chamber was partitioned off from the rest of the house, and to the children of the family was at once a terror and a mystery. Whenever they

saw Aunt Eliza surreptitiously conveying plates of food upstairs, they knew there was some one in the chamber whom they were not to see, and of whose presence they were never to speak.

The great kitchen, as "neat as wax," with an indescribable air of homely comfort and dignity, is also the dining room of the establishment. A long table, about which a small army might gather, stands just where it stood seventy-five years or more ago; and here the Queen herself would dine, if she had the honor of being admitted to the hospitality of the house. At one end the family and their guests; at the other the stalwart Yankee yeomen, who are not servants, but helpers. It is like one of the old stories of a baron and his retainers, — above and below the salt.

On yet another October day I visited the old farmhouse; but the master had gone thence. The autumn leaves were as bright as ever, the sunshine as brilliant; and still the white sheep huddled among the gray ledges, and the broad landscape stretched to right and left, as beautiful as a dream.

I went again into the East Room, — the room of birth and death. Near the white bed lay the grooved board, with the pencil slipped in between the paper and the board, just as it had been left. I copied the last sentence, written three days before the busy hand was stilled: —

"The lifting veil disclosed the last flash of blue plumage disappearing in the mist of budding leaves from behind the cloud of smoke that now hid my mark."

Julia C. R. Dorr.

THE CHILD IN THE LIBRARY.

He was an only child and a motherless one. I may say a relationless one, except for a stray aunt or uncle, seldom heard of and never seen. His father was a busy man, and the slow change in his son from babyhood to boyhood was unnoticed. A succession of kind-hearted nurses had taken care of the child's physical comfort, but otherwise had left him to his own devices. In some inexplicable way he learned to read by the time he was eight years old. It had been a quick step from ignorance to this delightful accomplishment. First he could not read, then he could; there seemed to be no intermediate stage. He was a pale, delicate boy, and when his busy father took time to consult a physician the verdict was "no school;" so the child had all his days to himself.

He had no friends, and time hung heavily, until one day, entering his father's library, he made the acquaintance of a large number of people. His father had no great love for books, but he felt it was a proper thing to have a well-stocked library; so he had filled his bookshelves, with a delightful ignorance of the inside of the books, but with the knowledge that the outside was irreproachable. It was a curiously mixed collection; there were books of all kinds, and all jumbled together without regard to subject or character. With this mixed assemblage the child made acquaintance, one cold, bleak November day.

He had come in with a vague idea of getting a picture book to look at. He knew the illustrations of the books on the table by heart; he was tired of them, and craved something new. I think it was almost entirely from illustrations that the child had learned to read. The pictures meant much; and after gathering their meaning he knew the words below must correspond, as

they did, and the child read. On this day he determined to try to find pictures in the books on the shelves. He stood before the cases and gazed at the prospect before him. The books all gazed back solemnly at him; they did n't look inviting.

The ones that appeared less forbidding than the rest were a long line of fellows which reminded him of his soldiers. They stood shoulder to shoulder, dressed in a dark chocolate-brown uniform striped with gold. They were sober enough in color. There were many books in the cases gayer in dress, but these particular ones were fat, quite fat, and not very tall, and they appeared to be good-natured. He opened the case where they were, and looked at their names. They almost all seemed to be about men: one was Barnaby Rudge; one, Nicholas Nickleby; one, Martin Chuzzlewit; one, David Copperfield; and so on down the line. Somehow, after reading all their names, he returned to David Copperfield; the name haunted him, — David, David Copperfield. What was there so bewitching in the sound? He put out his hand and took down the volume.

The pictures were queer, very queer. He studied them gravely and carefully. He found himself saying under his breath, "David, David, David Copperfield," with a curious sense of having met the name before. He glanced at the first page; it was headed, "I am born." He glanced down the page, and some one seemed to be talking, talking in a delightfully confidential way to *him*, the child himself. He turned over the pages: it was David who was speaking, David Copperfield.

Suddenly an idea struck him: why should he not read the book? It was such a tremendous idea that the blood tingled in his veins from excitement. Why not? The book was here; he had nothing to do; and the story might tell more about the curious pictures. He took the book, cuddled up in a chair, and began to read. He read till luncheon time; he lunched, and read till dinner time; he dined, and read till bedtime; and then dreamed the story all through again. The next day he began bright and early another rapturous ten hours. There was no one to disturb him; his nurse was only too glad to have him quiet, and his father was away till dinner time. How he read!

It seemed to him, as he read, that instead of the story coming from the book it came from the lips of a boy who sat opposite him by the library fire, — a boy with big brown eyes, curly chestnut hair, and a sweet, grave face. It was David who talked to him, David Copperfield, and he spoke of his life with curiously bated breath.

To be sure, in the book he grew up, but the child across the fire did n't. It almost seemed as if David had lived his life, and been changed from manhood back to boyhood, with a man's knowledge of the world and a child's sweetness and faith. He told the child of his babyhood, of his pretty mother and honest nurse; he spoke in a lowered tone of his aunt, a Miss Betsey Trotwood; he drew nearer and spoke of a Mr. and Miss Murdstone: and the two children held each other close. He told of a school and some boy friends; he told of his boyhood's sweetheart, a little Em'ly: and the child followed on. He wandered around London with David; he trudged to Canterbury with him on his memorable pilgrimage. He shared his fortunes, and rose and fell with them.

When the book was finished the boy had an enlarged acquaintance with people and places. He was an American child, but he knew London — the docks, that is to say — intimately. A certain home at Canterbury he knew by heart, — old, substantial, so very dear, with shining wood and glass. He had new friends: a man Peggotty, a little Miss Mowcher, the best of nurses and the kindest of aunts, a Micawber and a Traddles, a

most beloved one named Steerforth, and one, the best of all, one who sat with him and talked with him, a fidus Achates, — David, David Copperfield.

The next door he opened was one that took him straight to a twilight fairyland. It was labeled Pilgrim's Progress, and he and David followed a man named Christian through a marvelous land. The child was n't quite clear as to why Christian fled from his home, beyond the fact that something was to happen to the city where he lived, and then he was of an adventurous spirit and wanted to find a place called "the Celestial City." He joined David and the child by their fireside and told them of his adventures. He was a tall, dark man, quaintly clad, and had a big bundle on his back. He told them marvelous things of fights with lions, of a dreadful place called "Vanity Fair," of a dark valley, and finally of a river and the Shining City. I do not know why he had left this city and come to this fireside with his pack, but there he was in the group, and David and the child and he went on to new lands together.

There was a wonderful land back of these big bookcases, and each book was a key to it. David had taken him to London, and to Canterbury, and down to Suffolk. Christian took him to a land, no less real, abounding in danger and in adventure, and they were now ready for a trip to a new part of this marvelous country.

The new key was a little book that had fallen behind the rest. It was all the more strange that they tried this key, for it had no pictures, and the spelling was curious and foreign; but the child opened it and read this: "Sweet Lord have mercy upon me, for I may not live after the death of my love Sir Tristram de Lyoness, for he was my first love and he shall be my last." It sounded sweet and sad to the child, and yet half real and wholly good. He turned to the front: there was a man, and a king, and a fair lady; and now he and Christian and David were in a new country. I suppose Christian must have enjoyed it, for he had been an adventurous man in his day, and I am sure David and the child loved the country with their whole hearts. They brought back new friends to join their group: a tall, fair man, who I fear slightly tyrannized over them all, and yet whom they loved, — a King Arthur; and by his side, a tall, dark man with a sad, grave face, named Lancelot; and they felt that sometimes another man was there, — an old man in brown, with a long white beard and long hair, yet with a young face. They could never be sure he was there, for he came and went mysteriously, and his name was Merlin. They made other friends in Britain, — Tristram, and Gawain, and Geraint, and others; but these did n't join the fireside group, though one had only to open the little blue book to join them. Soon the five became great friends, and told one another tales that were not in their books, new tales, and their friendship grew into comradeship.

One day a brightly bound book caught the child's eye. It was all spotted with gold, and the child played it was a golden key. It certainly opened a golden door and took them into a golden country.

This man that met them at the door, and led them across a country called Bonny England, was a jolly fellow, a kind of superior ragamuffin named Robin Hood. Oh, the gay times he gave them! What merry adventures beneath the greenwood tree! What jolly excursions after lazy abbots and fat priests! Another big fellow with a twinkling eye, a great rascal in his way, yet a most genial comrade, was Little John; and there were besides him Maid Marian, and Will Scarlet, and King Richard himself. Christian and Lancelot and Arthur enjoyed this roving kind of life, and David and the child thought it wonderful. To be sure, they cried for hours over Robin Hood's death, until they found that he and

Lancelot had gone to Avalon with Arthur, and Robin Hood, green coat and great bow and all, came and joined their company, and they went on enriched by him. Sometimes they would all go with Christian to fight with Apollyon, or would accompany Lancelot and Arthur to rescue distressed damsels, or else journey with Robin Hood in mere idle quest, or David and the child would slip quietly into London. In all these lands the shadowy Merlin would go making curious things happen, "for he was a great wise man."

After a little time the child made a new friend, a certain Greek named Ulysses. He was entirely a new kind of character. I think the whole group mistrusted him at first; but they soon got over that, and loved him dearly. He was so clever, and thought of such entirely new ways of doing things. When Arthur wanted to summon his knights and make a charge on Troy, and Lancelot wished to try a single combat with Hector, Ulysses thought of the Wooden Horse, which was such a complete success. After accompanying him for years, and finding how stanch and true he was, they asked him to join them; and he, finding them good fellows, left Ithaca and Penelope, and came with his dog and made one of them.

And so they traveled on: Arthur and Lancelot, friends again through the child, were able still to journey on in wide Britain, seeking adventures; and there was Robin Hood, jolly fellow that he was, brave as a lion and full of jest and grit; and there was Christian, dauntless in trial, bearing still his mysterious bundle, the contents of which often puzzled the child; and there was Ulysses, their guide and counselor, looking forward with crafty eyes, and occasionally turning to whistle to his good dog; and last of all, hand clasped in hand, came David and the child.

Edith Lanigan.

SKY-CHILDREN.

CHILDREN.

CHERUBIM! Cherubim!
How will you dance?

CHERUBIM.

Just as wee motes where
Sunbeams glance.

CHILDREN.

Cherubim! Cherubim!
Supposing one cries,
How shall he wipe
His poor wet eyes?

CHERUBIM.

Innocents! Innocents!
If one should cry,
Out in the wind
He would fly, fly, fly, —

Just as the dewy
Dripping bees
Back in the Earth-time
Dried in the breeze.

CHILDREN.

Cherubim! Cherubim!
Tired are we;
Put us to sleep
Where the light won't see.

CHERUBIM.

Lullaby! Lullaby!
On our soft wings,
When the winds blow,
Every one swings.

When the stars whisper,
Little ears, hark!
Lower, lids, lower!
Hush! all 's dark.

Jefferson Fletcher.

THE FINAL QUEST.

At last I feel my freedom. So a leaf,
Under some swift, keen prompting of the spring,
Aches with great light and air, and, stretching forth
Into the circled wonder overhead,
Unfolds to breath and being. So the stream,
Wounded by boulders, fretted into foam,
But flows with mightier passion on and on
(O mystic prescience born of watery ways!)
Into the wide, sweet hope awaiting him
Of ample banks and murmurous plenitudes.
So I, by midnight mothered, lift my voice
And cry to mine old enemies encamped,
Fear, dread of fear and dark bewilderment:
"Ye cannot harm me. O unreal shapes,
Wherewith Life garnishes her golden house
To urge us forth upon our further quest,
I see you now for what you truly are, —
Usurping slaves, pale mimicries of power,
Air held in armor to amaze a child.
In your grim company I lie at ease
And look alone upon the vistaed light,
The grave, pure track of worlds beyond the world."

Oh, the still wells of life, the conquering winds
In this wide garden once my wilderness!
Who that hath felt these brooding silences
Could sigh for June, her rose and nightingale, —
Or, when a dry leaf trembles from the branch,
Fear, in that flitting, aught but other Junes?
Doth this immortal need mortality, —
She, the fair soul, the spark of all that is,
She who can ride upon the changing flood
Of dim desires, or, if she faint,
Creep into caves of her own fashioning?
It is her garment now, the while she wields
This battered blade of earthly circumstance.
A breath — and she walks naked, like the dawn,
Led, through some western radiance of surmise,
By arc as true as orbèd planets hold,
Home to that house where birth and death are one,
And dreams keep tryst with hearts that died of them.

Alice Brown.

FICTION, NEW AND OLD.

Mrs. Ward's Later Novels.

WHEN we are told with authority, concerning a forthcoming book, that sixty-five thousand copies have been ordered in advance; that sixty thousand pounds of paper will be required for the plebeian one-volume edition, to say nothing of the édition bourgeoise in two volumes, and the édition de luxe of two hundred numbered copies; also, that if this paper were piled sheet upon sheet it would make a tower five hundred and fifty feet high, and that if the sheets were placed end to end, in a straight line, they would extend one thousand miles, — we are forced to admit, whatever we may think of the taste of the advertisement, that we are on the eve of an important event. The writer whose work can be thus heralded wields an incalculable power; and it is well when, as in the present case, we know beforehand that it is a power which will make both for righteousness in conduct and refinement in art.

The writer is Mrs. Humphry Ward, of course, and the book is Eleanor,[1] and I hasten to record my own impression, after reading the skillfully reserved and extremely beautiful winding up of the story, that no discerning reader can be disappointed therewith, and that the new romance is, upon the whole, altogether the finest thing that Mrs. Ward has done.

Yet Eleanor will be a surprise, in some ways, to those who have not followed attentively, in its author's later work, the gradual alteration of her method and the new development of her distinguished talent. It will hardly, I suppose, be disputed that, at a time when there are multitudes of women at work in the literary mills, turning off, with reasonable success, many kinds of skilled labor which used to be supposed impossible for any woman, Mrs. Ward's place in the honor list is among the very few double-firsts of her sex: with Charlotte Brontë, certainly, and George Sand, and

[1] *Eleanor.* By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1900.

Matilde Serao; and only a little lower than Emily Brontë and Mrs. Browning and George Eliot.

But Mrs. Ward's idea of her own vocation, when she first began, hardly more than a dozen years ago, her remarkable career as a novelist, was essentially different from any of theirs. I always dislike using of a writer the word "artist," which is almost more "soiled by ignoble use" than the greater word "gentleman." But I do not know what else to say than that the other famous women named above were all, in their different ways and degrees, artists; while Mrs. Ward, with all her dramatic instinct and analytic acumen, the wealth of her acquired knowledge and the grace of her inherited culture, began by being resolutely and even aggressively the moralist. She stooped to illustrate her lectures by fascinating parables; but lecture she must and would. The parables made the lectures go down with a vast majority of her readers; but there will always remain an impatient and impenitent few who cannot long stand being lectured, — not even though the soundest precepts be presented with a maximum of feminine grace. And how much, after all, is ever accomplished by the lecture? How many converts did Robert Elsmere make to agnosticism? How many people were deterred from the dangers and indecorums of the *union libre* by David Grieve's mythical experiences in Paris? And then, after a suitable interval, — for Mrs. Ward is not one of those who tend to write too much, — we were invited to a treatise on the new woman and her possibilities, in Marcella.

The book opened most attractively. Marcella was the new woman to the life, and the new young woman: courageous and sincere, though crude and chaotic; self-centred and self-exaggerated; full of generous impulses and audacious ambitions; her brain disproportionately developed rather than soberly and effectually disciplined; philanthropical, but not affectionate, — the strangest compound, surely, of nobility and absurdity that the world has ever seen. But Mrs. Ward has not a quick eye for absurdity. One of the few marked defects which go along with her many brilliant qualities is an insufficient, not to say absent sense of humor. She meant to portray a type in Marcella, and she meant to portray it seriously and respectfully; sympathetically also, and, if we may judge by her incessant and almost fatiguing insistence on the heroine's transcendent personal beauty, even flatteringly. Here, however, she labored in vain. The Marcellas of this world may be admirably handsome; and, indeed, the conditions of life in the class from which they mostly come, especially in England and America, undoubtedly favor the development of a high order of personal comeliness. But they seldom produce the effect of beauty. What we all recognize as charm is a nicely proportioned compound of many different qualities, — mental, sentimental, and, above all, physical; but, like a perfect salad dressing, the product should be neutral, retaining the distinct flavor of no one of its ingredients. Now, in Marcella and the daily growing class whom she represents, every pungent condiment speaks, or rather stings, for itself. "Macta virtute!" we murmur, a little awestruck, as the intrepid young Amazon adjusts her armor and essays her exercise.

Howbeit, the highly aspiring, grossly blundering, and unconsciously appealing Marcella of Mrs. Ward's first vivid conception, unclassed through no fault of her own, and held at arm's length by her embittered mother (one of the author's most powerful character studies), — that faulty but entirely natural being did really enlist our sympathies and compel our belief. But the same girl, rescued from her grim struggle by the fairy prince of the nursery tale, and established on a social pinnacle; rewarded, like the virtuous Periwinkle-

Girl in the ballad, with a coronet and a clear income of thirty thousand pounds, was as unreal as one of Ouida's most lavishly bespangled heroines; and the sequel to her story in Sir George Tressady came perilously near a fiasco. Her gross abuse of the opportunities of her new position, and her truly inexcusable behavior with the fatuous and ill-starred hero of Mrs. Ward's feeblest book, accused, upon every page, her bad up-bringing, and must have been a sad mortification to her intimidated but infinitely correct lord. For a laborious attempt was made in Sir George Tressady to represent the married and promoted Marcella as a political force, an influential voice upon the liberal side of English legislation. Now it is matter of history that, sometimes in England, though less often perhaps than in France, women have exercised that kind of influence in one or the other of the highly trained and privileged coteries which alternately govern England. But they never have exercised it in the least after the fashion of the intense and irrepressible Marcella. Neither preaching nor "slumming" has been in the line of these clever ladies. Their ways have been — and it were well for civilized society that they should continue to be — the supple, suave, indirect, and chiefly anonymous ways of the granddaughters of Sheridan, the wives of Palmerston and Beaconsfield, and the benign stars of the scrupulously guarded circles of Bowood, Panshanger, and Holland House. One hardly sees, indeed, how, with her own traditions and environment, Mrs. Ward could so signally have failed to catch the tone and reflect the manners of that paramount section of the English great world. She goes astray in the House of Commons, and loses her head completely among the Lords. And it is the more remarkable because she had such excellent models to study. The thing which the biographer of Marcella tried to do was done to admiration, twenty-odd years ago, both in Endymion, with its full flow of patrician gossip and perfect familiarity with the subject in hand, and in those easy, unassuming, garrulous, and yet thoroughbred chronicles of contemporary life, so rich in humor and insight, so full of social and civic intelligence, — the political novels of the too lightly appreciated and too soon forgotten Anthony Trollope.

But the power handsomely to retrieve an error, whether in literature or in life, is almost more rare than the power to avoid the same. It proves, at all events, the penitent's possession of some admirable qualities, both moral and intellectual, — such as breadth and versatility of mind, candor of spirit, and the most excellent kind of humility. When Helbeck of Bannisdale appeared, a complete story, not anticipated by periodical publication and announced by no pompous headlines, the sympathetic reader perceived at once in its author an altered, more graceful, and less authoritative manner. The theme was still a grave, even a sombre one, — the light and playful is never in Mrs. Ward's line, — but it was a theme, and not a thesis; and it was developed earnestly, indeed, but quietly and without argument. The intellectual tragedy involved in the hapless loves of the Catholic magnate and the agnostic maiden was yet a tragedy of pure circumstance, — the occult and awe-inspiring tragedy of the legitimate Greek drama; the clash of souls driven to their own mutual undoing by cosmic forces, incomprehensible and seemingly blind. It was not that Mrs. Ward had not studied, and studied profoundly, the terms of one of the most painful spiritual problems of her time; and the conditions of her own young life had given her an exceptional advantage in grappling with it. But she offers no solution, pronounces no judgment. How, indeed, could she have given sentence between the two sponsors of her own prophetic soul, her father and her uncle?

The figure of Helbeck is an heroic one, and drawn with astonishing power. It haunts the reader like some lately discovered portrait, dark with the accretions of age, but commanding in its authenticity, by Titian or Velasquez. The author, formerly so salient and emphatic, is forgotten at last in the creation; the tale achieves, as it goes along, its own sad symmetry, and moves with touching dignity to the inevitable end, without a flaw, if we except a touch of unnecessary melodrama in the concluding chapter.

In Eleanor, one is tempted, in the glow of one's first enthusiasm over the delicate and restrained yet infinitely moving conclusion of the story, to say that there is no flaw whatever. The plot of Eleanor is even simpler than that of Helbeck, the annalist more innocent of ulterior views, the treatment more entirely natural. We have the ardent, self-consuming love of an already fading woman, of exquisite nature, for a man of many gifts and little heart, who carelessly accepts all homage and almost all sacrifice as his due. The pure and primitive passion of the woman pierces the conventionalities of her caste, and shoots heavenward like a tongue of lambent altar flame. It speaks the matchless language of the Portuguese Sonnets, but receives no such fitting response as did they. Enter then the fresh, young, inexperienced, almost rustic rival, unconscious at first, and then unwilling; ingenuous, loyal, and proud. The man's unstable nature swings from its old allegiance and tumbles to a new, as the darkling tide obeys the rising moon. There is no need to anticipate here, for those who have not yet read it, the precise end of the story. The loveliest feature of it, as a psychological study, is the noble reaction of the two women upon one another. Let us do justice, after all, to the uneasy age in which we live; whose fads do fret, whose manners displease, whose hitherto unheard-of claims and innovations often fairly appall us. Women are less petty, upon the whole, than they were, — let us say in the days of Miss Austen. Never before our time would the invigorating truth have been instantly and widely recognized of the great scenes between Dinah and Hetty in Adam Bede, between Dorothea and Rosamund in Middlemarch, between Eleanor and Lucy in the last chapters of Mrs. Ward's new story.

Of Lucy herself, the remorseful rival, the magnanimous *ingénue*, with her cool temperament, her stern conscience, her self-collected sweetness, a word must be said as embodying Mrs. Ward's idea of the unfashionable and unspoiled American girl. On the whole, I consider this one of the Englishwoman's most remarkable pieces of divination; lacking but a shade here and a touch there of consummate veracity. We all know the type: the flower of the old-fashioned provincial town; a creature of gentle blood, but often stringent circumstances, of heroic instincts, wholesome training, and a spotless imagination. But Mrs. Ward cannot have seen much of this type in the phalanx of those who march every summer to the conquest of Mayfair, in such marvelous bravery of equipment; and she is the less likely to have done so, because we are beginning to think of it even here as a blossom of seasons gone by. Certainly we have more Marcellas than Lucys among us at the present moment, though we may hope that it will not always be so. Lucy is essentially of New England (*mons viridis genuit*), but with odd touches here and there of the remoter West, which do not detract from her piquancy; and Manisty was quite right in his complacent prevision that she would adapt herself easily and rapidly to the tone of his *monde*, and "become the *grande dame* of the future that his labor, his ambitions, and his gifts should make for her."

That Lucy will play well her untried part of great lady in an old society seems

more certain, indeed, than that she will be a happy woman as the wife of Edward Manisty. Mrs. Ward's complex, inconsistent, and highly sophisticated hero is a very real being to herself, and she succeeds in making him almost equally so to her readers. Our feeling about him does but oscillate with her own, between delight in his rich temperament and his intellectual gifts, and impatience with his astonishing spiritual coxcombry; his inveterate coquetries with all the women he meets, including the scarlet one. It is, of course, impossible not to remember that Manisty's purely sentimental attraction toward the Catholic Church, and the grand *démenti* of his effusive but highly unphilosophical book, have a parallel in the case of that English man of letters who has introduced into his latest novel a harsh and vulgar but unmistakable caricature of Mrs. Ward. In so far, however, as the character of Manisty is a retort for that of Mrs. Norham in Mallock's Tristram Lacy, it is a wholly dignified and magnanimous one, which leaves the advantage, in this curious battle, overwhelmingly upon the woman's side.

The scene of Eleanor all passes in rural Italy: first, among the storied hills to the south of Rome; later, in the sylvan tract that is dominated by the isolated Arx of Orvieto, and the rarely explored nooks and valleys of that minor mountain range which culminates in the visionary peak of Monte Amiata. How deeply the enchantment of that scenery is felt, and how exquisitely it is rendered in Eleanor, only the lifelong lover of Italy — perhaps only her unwilling exile — can fully appreciate. It is all here, painted in soft yet vivid hues, — the classic lineaments, the purpureal air, the haunting sense of immemorial habitation, and what Mrs. Ward herself so aptly calls the "Virgilian grace" of the "Saturnia tellus."

But she has done more and better than faithfully to reproduce upon her English canvas the finest stage setting ever yet provided for every possible act in the human drama. Her eloquent dedication of the book to the country shows that hers is no mere sentimental infatuation, but a tried and sacred love; and the same exceptional experience which enabled her to handle with so masterly a freedom, in Helbeck of Bannisdale, the sore problem presented by the clash of hoary faith with modern thought assists her to understand and analyze, as few outsiders have done, the desperate and still undecided struggle between the old church and the new state in Italy. Here all her learning tells, and tells as learning should; not loudly, vauntingly, imperiously, but with the still small voice that wins to a wider comprehension and a more sincere and searching charity.

Mrs. Ward's Italians are not always drawn with a flattering pen, but she introduces us to one peculiarly fine type of Italian womanhood — and not a very rare type, either — in the Contessa Guerrini. She is a minor character, indeed, and comes rather late into the story, but, as not infrequently happens, with Mrs. Ward as with other writers, the figure on the second plane seems drawn with a firmer and more expert hand than even those foremost ones on which a more anxious industry has been bestowed. A brave, wise woman is the old countess, — a woman of the oldest race and the youngest sympathies; a good Catholic, and an equally good patriot; and I, for one, could embrace Mrs. Ward for the word of sober and yet thrilling hope for her country's future which she puts into the mouth of this deeply chastened but indomitable creature who would have "no pessimism about Italy:" —

"I dare say the taxes are heavy, and that our officials and bankers and *impiegati* are not on as good terms as they might be with the Eighth Commandment. Well! was ever a nation made in a night before? When your Queen came to the throne, were you English

so immaculate? You talk about our Socialists — have we any disturbances, pray, worse than your disturbances in the twenties and thirties? The *parroco* says to me day after day, 'The African campaign has been the ruin of Italy!' That 's only because he wants it to be so. The machine marches, and the people pay their taxes, and farming improves every year, all the same. A month or two ago, the newspapers were full of the mobbing of trains starting with soldiers for Erythrea. Yet all that time, if you went down into the Campo de' Fiori, you could find poems sold for a *soldo*, that only the people wrote and the people read, that were as patriotic as the poor King himself."

The "poor King" has fallen well asleep after his fitful fever, since these words were written, and a younger, and it may be stronger, reigns in his stead. But when we find a gem of political wisdom, like this, incidentally dropped in the pages of the most poetic and highly wrought romance of the year, we can only rejoice that sixty-five thousand people have pledged themselves, on peril of pecuniary sacrifice, to read the book, and hope that the number may be largely increased.

Tommy and Grizel.

It is a little doubtful if Sentimental Tommy is not to be called a prelude to Tommy and Grizel,[1] rather than Tommy and Grizel to be called a sequel to Sentimental Tommy. This newer tale, though for a more perfect understanding of the characters one needs to have read the earlier, is so large an undertaking that the former book gets a good deal of its value as an interpretation of it. For Tommy and Grizel is no less an undertaking than a penetrative study of the soul of an artist in relation to his art and his life. The parable is homely enough, — it is the nature of parables to be homely. A Scottish youth who has won fame as an analyst of the human soul, in terms either of fiction or of the essay, is called upon to settle his own case in actual life, to put to the test all his noble sentiments. And the girl who is the touchstone is a daughter born out of wedlock, and herself conscious of a terrible tendency to follow in her mother's steps.

These two characters, who had been boy and girl together in the earlier book, come once more into each other's ken when they have reached maturity, and the field of their experience is the same Scottish village of Thrums, which Grizel had never left, and to which Tommy, now Mr. T. Sandys, returns, full of honor and with unsated thirst for applause. The other figures, admirably subordinated, are Tommy's sister Elspeth and her lover, the old village gossips, and a certain Lady Pippinworth, who comes upon the scene with an apparent air of being a supernumerary, and remains hardly materialized to the reader, but a malignant force in the development of Tommy's drama.

The stage upon which the play is set is a small one. The scenes shift from London to Thrums, and back to London, and for a brief space to a Continental watering place. The incidents, moreover, are, with two exceptions, of the most trivial character, — mere meetings of the *dramatis personæ* under ordinary village conditions; and yet even before the fourth act of the tragedy — for tragedy it is, of a very powerful sort — the reader is aware of some impending disaster. Beneath the extraordinarily light movement of the story one perceives a repressed power gathering for some sort of outburst. One holds one's breath, and feels at times really feverish in his apprehension of he knows not what. Indeed, the more open manifestation of disaster in the scenes attending Grizel's adventure at St. Gian, where she is a witness to the intolerable meeting of Tommy and Lady Pippinworth, does not move the reader so subtly. There is something conventional about the situa-

[1] *Tommy and Grizel.* By James M. Barrie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1900.

tion, and Mr. Barrie lingers over Grizel's misery in a way that makes one impatient. He forces the note, and one discovers how ineffectual a novelist he might be if he contented himself with fiction of this sort; but the ultimate catastrophe is told with a swiftness which makes it the horror that it is, and flashes it on the unsuspecting reader in a way to light up the whole horizon of the story.

Mr. Barrie's art in laying bare the souls of his two chief characters, without wearying the reader with interminable analysis and speculation, is of a very high order. As one skips lightly over the surface of the story he is not shown any yawning abysses; yet the whole underworld is volcanic, and, as we have intimated, the more attentive observer is aware of a commotion which disturbs him at the most innocent moment. To be sure, now and then Mr. Barrie, in an aside, which seems like a breathing hole for the stifling author, whispers a note of warning; but so bright is the air, so sparkling the scene, that one scarcely heeds it. He is watching, it may be, some fence of words between Tommy and Grizel, in which the foils flash and cross each other with lightning-like rapidity, and his whole mind is intent on seeing the effect of the wordy contest. Or again, he is momentarily puzzled by Mr. Barrie's air. Is he mocking? Are those tears in his eyes? Does he really know what his hero and heroine are to do with each other and themselves? Yet, if he re-reads the book under the light flaming up from the conclusion, he discovers how relentless the author is, how like Fate is the movement throughout; not the Fate which stalks terribly over the stage, but the resistless force which sucks the swimmer who thinks he is playing with the waves into the maelstrom toward which he is always floating.

For Tommy in love with his creations of art, who takes on the forms and hues of these creations with Protean celerity and completeness, is miserably caught in the toils of his real selfishness and hypocrisy. The real Tommy, whom Grizel mournfully and Latta scornfully sees, struggles fitfully to rid himself of the garment of beautiful curses which he has wrapped about him. This fictitious hero, whose death itself is made to enhance his fictitious heroism, might deceive the very elect, one would say, if the very elect were not the other leading character, the patient Grizel, of the story. The antithesis of this noble creature is the answer to any complaint which a superficial reader might make that Mr. Barrie was sneering at his hero. Her infinite charity attendant on her open-eyed knowledge has a world of pathos in it, which is nowhere more clearly seen than in the passage after Tommy's death. He who made Tommy made Grizel, and his art in the one case as in the other is firm-footed. If he is relentless with Tommy, he is like an encouraging Great-heart with Grizel.

The old contention of the relation of art to morality, which is more or less academic in character, always fades in the light of a real masterpiece. Is there art in the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican? Who shall deny it? Is there morality in this tale? Assuredly. At times, as in the conversation between the old doctor and Grizel, the morality is a trifle bald, though certainly delicate in its presentment, but for the most part it is sunken as the substructure of a beautiful building. That Grizel should have entered the kingdom, and Tommy have been thrust out, is the unerring conclusion of a great artist; but Grizel's entrance sees her stripped of all she wanted, and Tommy is expelled when he has had his apple. For is it not the pippinworth that he is after?

This disease of a nature dominated by an artistic faculty is so insidious that, though one recognizes it readily in some of its minor apparitions, there needed a

great pathologist in art, like Mr. Barrie, to follow it in all its turnings and windings, till he should track it to its final lair in the very pulsations of the heart. The corrosion which goes on in Tommy, even when the outside is fairest, is terrible, and it is consummate art that does not shrink from disclosing it. No conscientious artist in any field of endeavor can read the book without being stirred by the possibilities it opens to view in his own nature. We wonder, indeed, if the author of Margaret Ogilvy did not, as he wrote or read Tommy and Grizel, see a shadow thrown across the page by that book.

There is a question which this publication raises that might be raised by other contemporaneous fiction, though not perhaps so strongly. Why should it be thought necessary to accompany a great work of art in literature with a contemptible work of art in delineation? Is it possible that the artistic nature existent in a recipient form in every appreciative reader is so feeble that it cannot visualize the scenes, and must call in the aid of some one who uses the brush, and not the pen? It would seem so from the almost universal recourse by publishers to draughtsmen to illustrate new works of fiction. When the novelist is himself a mere artisan, one may accept the pictures which he suggests to some other artisan. But when the novelist is a great artist, as Mr. Barrie certainly is, to interpose between his page and the reader's eye such cheap and feeble, in some instances such ridiculous pictures as Tommy and Grizel contains is to insult the reader.

The Haworth Brontë.

The latest edition of the writings of the Brontë sisters[1] is a notable one. The seven ample volumes are a pleasure to the eye and the hand. Facsimiles of manuscript, abundant illustrations of scenes and buildings associated with the novels and their authors, and the reproduction of every available portrait, including Richmond's lovely head of Mrs. Gaskell, ought to satisfy the most exacting collector of Brontiana. Mr. Shorter's excellent annotations to the Life furnish some details hitherto unpublished, though nothing that affects materially one's impression of the justice or the charm of that memorable biography. It is through Mrs. Ward's introductions to the novels, however, even more than in its mechanical perfection and its skillful use of expert knowledge, that the Haworth edition may well claim to present the works of the Brontës in definitive form.

The public has grown hardened to new editions of once popular or still popular books, "with introductions by some other Tommy," as Mr. Barrie has lately phrased it. The service of a distinguished living Tommy in vouching for the worth of his predecessor commands, no doubt, a commercial value. Still, that service is likely to be either patronizing, as when some youthful sword-and-buckler fictionist gravely tells us that Sir Walter Scott, all things considered, wrote very good novels, or else perfunctory, as is witnessed by the melancholy list of English classics dully "edited" for school and college use. But to the task of commenting upon the work of the Brontë sisters Mrs. Ward brings a natural sympathy, born of race and sex and personal affinity, and of professional craftsmanship. Her scholarly appreciation of distinguished literary workmanship, as well as her insight into rare spiritual experiences, was shown long ago in her preface to Amiel's Journal. In dealing with the Brontës she is upon even more congenial soil. Her critical acumen is too keen for overpraise. She is under no illusion as to the limitations of the three sisters, or

[1] *Life and Works of the Sisters Brontë.* The Haworth Edition. Illustrated. With prefaces by Mrs. Humphry Ward, and annotations to Mrs. Gaskell's Life of Charlotte Brontë by Clement K. Shorter. In seven volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1899–1900.

their positive defects in taste and constructive faculty. She has not been deafened by the extravagant eulogies pronounced by followers of the Brontë cult. Yet she penetrates to the real power of these extraordinary Yorkshire women through her kinship with their seriousness, their strenuousness, their emotional intensity.

Mrs. Ward herself has known the potency of environment — whether it be gray Northern moorland or the brilliant life of a foreign city — in stimulating the imagination. She follows Charlotte Brontë to Brussels and back again, with full comprehension of the significance of the sojourn there. Her thorough study of the great European writers of the romantic school has taught her the part played by the unsophisticated inmates of the Haworth parsonage in that new dramatic attitude toward life and nature. She perceives the English girl — pure of heart, isolated, yearning for the right — back of the rebellious romanticist. Finally, Mrs. Ward's own training as a writer of fiction, in novels that are increasingly faithful to the best traditions of the English school, helps her to perceive the skill with which the Brontës utilized their narrow field of observation, and breathed into those secretly written books their own fiery energy of soul. While she never intrudes her personal interpretation upon those who read the Brontë novels in this edition, she unquestionably illuminates the stories with new meaning, both as records of the human spirit and as signal achievements of the art of fiction.

And what, after all, is the reason for the continued vitality of these novels? They contain grave lapses against perfection of form; they are full of hasty, diffuse, and extravagant writing; they reveal astounding ignorance of the motives, the words, and the ways of actual men and women. Jane Eyre, the most widely read of the group, has been riddled by critics, burlesqued by novelists, imitated by penny dreadfuls without number. Yet it lives; and Shirley lives, and the "imperishable" Villette, and Emily's marvelous Wuthering Heights.

A partial explanation, no doubt, is to be found in the unique interest attaching to the tragic fortunes of that singularly gifted family. Mrs. Gaskell's Life, finely reticent as it is, throbs with sympathy for the piteousness and glory of those brief lives, and has done much to intensify the purely personal concern for all that pertains to the dwellers in the Haworth parsonage. Understanding the sisters as completely as we now may, it is difficult to escape the assertive force of their individual genius. The penetrating intelligence, the stubborn courage of Charlotte, the flame and music of Emily, the gentle gravity of Anne, have become a part of their printed pages.

It is true, also, that by some happy prescience their art availed itself of methods that have grown more and more effective in the fifty years that have elapsed since these books were written. Their use of landscape, to select an obvious example, has naïvely anticipated many of the consciously impressionistic or symbolistic experiments of later writers. By natural sensitiveness to the influences of sky and moor, of sodden mist and luminous moonlight and impenetrable night, these amateurs in fiction still move the mind to wondering delight or vague foreboding. Their stage machinery creaks and jolts, or grows palpably absurd; but the gleams and shadows that irradiate or enshroud it belong to another and more real world, — the world of nature as beheld by the modern spirit.

We turn to the enduring books for what they do — not for what they do not — contain. The shortcomings of the Brontë novels are easily detected. But to read them, nevertheless, is to go deep-sea fishing. Not everybody cares for that sort of pleasure. It entails inconveniences and annoyances, narrow quar-

ters and alien horizons; and one may toil long and take nothing. Yet if one likes it, one may always go down with Charlotte and Emily Brontë into the great deeps of passion and of will. The face of these waters is a solitary place; there are no fellow voyagers save memory, and half-conquered hope, and an unconquered faith that holds the rudder to the polestar of duty. But there is nothing trivial there or ignoble, and all around are the brightness and the mystery of the brine.

Stockton's Novels and Stories.

When one is reading some of Mr. Stockton's ingenious and serious stories,[1] The Great Stone of Sardis, for example, or The Water-Devil, or The Great War Syndicate, one is tempted to speculate what would have happened had the author of these tales been caught early and shut up in the shop, say, of an electrical engineer, and had his mind turned in the direction of mechanical inventions. His seriousness is never more effective than when he is carefully explaining some of those contrivances, upon the successful working of which his story depends. Perhaps a reader trained in electrical science would detect the suppressed factor, but the ordinary reader is more likely to grow a little impatient, and wonder why Mr. Stockton is explaining so patiently his invention or his mechanism; he is quite ready to accept the results of so plainly an accomplished mechanic, and wishes he would hurry on with his story. In truth, Mr. Stockton is really an exceedingly clever juggler, who rolls up his sleeves, places his apparatus under a calcium light, puts on an innocent face, deprecates the slightest appearance of deception, and then performs his extraordinary feats. There is a nimbleness of movement, an imperturbable air, and the thing is done.

The supreme quality which Mr. Stockton possesses as a novelist is his inventiveness. He is an Edison amongst the patient students and gropers after the dramatic truths of human life. As one surveys the eighteen volumes which gather the greater part, but by no means the whole of his product in fiction, one is amazed at the fertility of invention brought to light, and the careless ease with which each piece of work is thrown off. One might think his Adventures of Captain Horn had exhausted the capacity of the story-teller dealing with hid treasures, but Mrs. Cliff's Yacht follows in its wake, and one gets, not the leavings of the former story, but a fresh turn of absorbing interest. Mr. Stockton has hinted at the author's predicament who has struck twelve once, and vainly hopes to be heard when he strikes eleven, in his witty story of "His Wife's Deceased Sister;" but he himself followed the inimitable tale of The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine with The Dusantes, and seems to delight in explaining one mystery by another.

Inventiveness is so dominant a note that human character itself is presented as a cleverly put together toy. The persons in these stories are usually matter of fact in their manner, but the springs which work the characters are often marvels of ingenuity. Thus, when Mr. Stockton first proposed to himself to write novels in distinction from stories, he sought in each of the leading cases a central character, set, so to speak, like an alarm clock, to go off, when the striking time came, with a great whir. His Mrs. Null is carefully constructed thus to go through all the motions of a human being, yet to have a concealed mechanism which is the ultimate explanation of her conduct. So, too, Mr. Horace Stratford, in The Hundredth Man, has a whim upon which the whole structure of the book is nicely balanced, like a rocking stone; and in The Girl at Cobhurst, Miss Panney is like the linchpin to a very ramshackle sort of vehicle,

[1] *The Novels and Stories of Frank R. Stockton.* Eighteen volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1900.

— pull it out, and the whole wagon falls to pieces.

Perhaps this is the explanation why so many of Mr. Stockton's stories are autobiographic in form. When the narrator is himself the hero, he is bound to a certain modesty of behavior, and the low key in which his narrative is pitched allows of more extravagant incident, because the sincerity of the narrator cannot easily be called in question. The soberness, almost melancholy, with which the brother-in-law of J. George Watts tells of The Remarkable Wreck of the "Thomas Hyke" is like a seal set to the verity of the tale. Defoe seeks to give authenticity to one of his fictions by calling one or two witnesses into court who are just as fictitious as his hero. Mr. Stockton uses a better art when he makes his narrator's manner corroborate his invention. But it is easier to conceal an invention than both the inventor and the invention, and so, when he has some highly improbable tale to tell, Mr. Stockton is apt to resort to this device. The story-teller was himself a part of the story, and how can you disbelieve the story when the teller is so careful in his narrative, so manifestly unwilling to pass beyond the bounds of the actual fact? If you have not to account for the inventor, if he is the sober reality on which everything leans, then you have removed the greatest obstacle to confidence. Mr. Stockton realizes to the full the advantage which accrues from a trustworthy narrator, and he makes his narrator trustworthy by abdicating his own place as invisible story-teller, and giving it to one who was himself an actor in the story.

That human life is treated as a piece of mechanism, a stray bit of a Chinese puzzle, appears not merely from the deliberateness with which each part is fitted into its place, but from the entire absence of the emotional element, except as it is supplied now and then by the inventor to lubricate his machinery a little. Mr. Stockton is rarely more droll than when he lets his lovers disport themselves as lovers. It sometimes seems as if he looked up lover's words in the dictionary. At times, he hastens over the critical passages with a shamefaced alacrity; at others, he makes his lovers go through the motions with praiseworthy carefulness, almost as if he were rehearsing them for some real scene. Love-making is for the most part merely one of the incidents in a merry career, and one of the great charms of Mr. Stockton's stories is that entertainment is furnished without any undue excitation of the nerves. Even the murders that are committed occasionally in his books are like those one encounters in the Arabian Nights, — necessary parts of the plot, but bringing no discomfort to any one. There is often a tremendous clatter and banging in tempestuous scenes, but likely as not the mind carries away as the permanent effect some highly amusing byplay; as when, in the story of Mrs. Cliff's Yacht, we hear above the roar of battle the torrent of virtuous oaths delivered with stunning effect by Miss Willy Croup.

The one exception to the mechanical theory of inspiration of character in these stories is found in Mr. Stockton's use of the negro. Once in a while, to be sure, his negro is a sort of jack-in-the-box, as good little Peggy in The Late Mrs. Null, who takes a very deliberate part in pulling the strings; but for the most part Mr. Stockton seems to assume that nature has been so munificent in endowing the negro with incalculable motives and springs of conduct, that he need only stand by, admiring, and faithfully record these whimsical inventions. The very fidelity with which he attends to this business results in far greater successes than any he wins by his own motion. In this same story of The Late Mrs. Null he has a character — Aunt Patsy — so vivid, so truthful, and so appealing to the imagination that one

familiar with the great company of Mr. Stockton's characters can find no other so triumphant in its art.

It is, perhaps, an inevitable consequence of a view of human life which concerns itself but little with the great moments of emotion, that there are frequent failures in proportion. The elaborate fiction, for example, of Mr. Stull as the real proprietor of Vatoldis, but concealed behind the screen of social dignity, leads Mr. Stockton into a great deal of humorous but rather wearisome detail; and in The Girl at Cobhurst, the highly specialized cook seems to be boosted into an important part in the evolution of the story. Yet the delicacy, the refinement of mind, which give almost an old-fashioned air, — Mr. Stockton's "madam," in his conversations, is a courtly bow, — are conspicuous by the entire absence of the burlesque. If Mr. Stockton hurries over the emotional, there is not the slightest taint of cynicism, nor any approach to the vulgarity of making fun of the secrets of the heart. Grotesquerie there is in abundance, and dry drolling; but both artistic restraint and a fine reserve of nature render the work always humane and sweet.

Where, indeed, in our literature shall we find such a body of honest humor, with its exaggeration deep in the nature of things, and not in the distortion of the surface? The salt which seasons it, and may be relied on to keep it wholesome, is the unfailing good humor and charity of the author. The world, as he sees it, is a world peopled with tricksy sprites and amusing goblins. When he was telling tales for children, these gnomes and fairies and brownies were very much in evidence. He does not bring them into evidence in his stories for maturer readers, except occasionally, as in The Griffin and the Minor Canon; but they have simply retired into the recesses of the human spirit. They do their work still in initiating all manner of caprices and whimsical outbreaks; but they are concealed, and this story-teller, who knows of their superabundant activity, goes about with a grave face the better to keep their secret.

TWO LIVES OF CROMWELL.

Why has Cromwell so astonishingly come to his own in the past few years? It is not simply a literary phenomenon. Carlyle's *Rettung* worked something of a revulsion in the learned world; but even there pygmies soon reared themselves on the giant's shoulders to remark condescendingly that, of course, Carlyle had "never seen the Clark Papers," and so needed infinite correction; while it may be doubted if the flame-girt-hero theory of Cromwell ever took a sure hold of the popular imagination. Yet it is the popular return to Cromwell which is the striking thing. Where once his skull grinned on a pole at Westminster, his statue now rises defiantly; and as "not a dog barked" at him when he turned Parliament out of doors, so only bishops and a few lords barked when his effigy was placed for admiration and remembrance in the very parliamentary precincts which he violated. Lord Rosebery, who was, *bien entendu*, the "unknown donor" of the statue, about whom Lord Salisbury jested, saw

Oliver Cromwell. By John Morley. New York: The Century Co. 1900.

Oliver Cromwell. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1900.

the true hiding of Cromwell's power in his being "a practical mystic, the most formidable and terrible of all combinations." Frederic Harrison praises him as "the first political genius of his time." To go further back, Macaulay pronounced him "the greatest prince that ever ruled England." Even Southey said of him that no man was ever "so worthy of the station which he filled." But how, out of these generalities, can we deduce the real ground for the Cromwell revival, — the real reason for our latter-day laudation of the man and his ideals and deeds? Mr. Gardiner, — that "giant of research," as John Morley calls him, "our greatest living master in history," in Frederic Harrison's phrase, "who, with enormous industry and perseverance, just manages to write the events of one year in the seventeenth century within each twelve months of his own laborious life," — Mr. Gardiner, in the second volume of his History of the Commonwealth, published three years ago, said the truer word, — a word which seems also almost prophetic, in view of what has happened since. To this calm historian, the deepest reason why Cromwell has become "the national hero of the nineteenth century" is that, "like him, modern Britain has waged wars, annexed territory, extended trade, and raised her head among the nations. Like him, her sons have been unable to find complete satisfaction in their achievements unless they could persuade themselves that the general result was beneficial to others besides themselves. It is inevitable that now, as then, such an attitude should draw upon itself the charge of hypocrisy." An obvious application of this scripture might be made to the Britain beyond the seas, and to the latest American biographer of Cromwell.

But if our century is harking back to the seventeenth for a reassuring statesman, able to show us how to knock people on the head, as Cromwell did the monks at Drogheda, for their own good and *ad majorem Dei gloriam*, we at least carry our critical apparatus and our historic method along with us. The old way was to make Cromwell out either saint or devil. We moderns aim to understand rather than to judge. Mr. Gardiner marks the great transition in his quiet putting one side of all the old personal controversies, heated and bitter: "With the man we are concerned only so far as a knowledge of him may enable us to understand his work." Contrast this with the Rhadamanthus air of even the liberal Clarendon, summoning before the judgment seat the "brave bad man," who "had all the wickedness against which damnation is denounced and for which hell fire is prepared." Mr. Morley, on his part, passes over to the serene impartiality, if not forgiveness, of the *tout comprendre*. He speaks of "the common error" of ascribing "far too much to the designs and the influence of eminent men," and directs our gaze rather to "the momentum of past events, the spontaneous impulses of the mass of a nation or a race, the pressure of general hopes and fears." Not so Governor Roosevelt. For him, the great question is whether Cromwell and the regicides were "right," whether Oliver was "thoroughly justified." With undergraduate truculence he re-threshes this old straw. The moralist in him is too much for the historian. "As the historic school," writes Mr. Morley, "has come to an end that dispatched Oliver Cromwell as a hypocrite, so we are escaping from the other school that dismissed Charles as a tyrant, Laud as a driveler and a bigot, and Wentworth as an apostate." But Roosevelt is only pawing to get free. Laud, he tells us, was a "small and narrow man;" Wentworth "had obtained his price;" and Charles's character is painted in the blackest colors. "It is pretty safe to be sure," says Mr. Morley, to whom we naturally turn for comfort, "that these slashing superlatives are never true."

The conjunction of these two lives of Cromwell in both magazine and book makes the reviewer's task easy. A hint has already been given of the unconscious way in which Mr. Morley applies the rod of correction. In general, if the reader is puzzled or offended by a passage in Roosevelt, he may find the appropriate comment in Morley. Take a specimen case or two. The Governor speaks of "Cromwell's tremendous policies" which have been carried to "fruition" in the past century and a half. Nay, says Mr. Morley; "when it is claimed that no English ruler did more than Cromwell to shape the future of the land he governed, we run some risk of straining history only to procure incense for retrograde ideals." If any man says that this is only one authority against another, one no better than the other, let him hear the voice of an impartial umpire. Mr. Gardiner, who by anticipation sets Governor Roosevelt right in so many points of mere fact, sets him right also in this point of mingled fact and philosophy. Cromwell, he writes, "effected nothing in the way of building up where he had pulled down, and there was no single act of the Protectorate that was not swept away at the Restoration *without hope of revival.*" Think of that other military revolutionist, Napoleon. His family rule failed as signally as Cromwell's; his form of government was swept away; but he had the brain of a constructive statesman, and, as Mr. Bodley has recently shown once more, the type of administration and of law which he stamped upon France has persisted through all governmental upheavals, so that the veriest *pékin* of a Republican minister who to-day journeys to a department gets the military salute ordered in such cases by the Emperor Napoleon. Cromwell's great work was negative. He wrote with his sword the thing that should *not* be in England. What he attempted to say *should* be was writ in water. This fixes the true point of view for determining his historic position. According to Roosevelt, Cromwell and the Puritans were "the beginning of the great modern epoch of the English-speaking world." Mr. Morley takes issue, as squarely and verbally as if he had foreseen who would be inviting refutation at his hands: "Cromwell's revolution was the end of the mediæval rather than the beginning of the modern era." The reason is that Oliver had "little of that faith in Progress that became the inspiration of a later age," and that for "the driving force of modern government" — Public Opinion — he had but "a strictly limited regard." Nor is it a mere strife about words to dispute whether Cromwell began the new or simply ended the old. The whole philosophy of English liberty turns on the nice distinction.

Colonel Roosevelt's life of the Protector is a very characteristic bit of extemporized and headlong vigor. His account of Cromwell's battles is written with the stern joy of a warrior, and with a good deal of rough force and picturesqueness. One may doubt, however, if his description of Dunbar fight will ever be taken over, as Carlyle's Rossbach was, for a textbook in use by the Prussian General-Staff. Indeed, in this very province of military expertness, the civilian Morley, though he expressly puts the thunder of the captains and the shouting one side, shows a better acquaintance with the latest material, German and other, than the soldier Roosevelt. A hasty getting up of his case is, indeed, too often betrayed by the latter. What he says, for example, about the lack of "material prosperity" in England under Charles, of the working of the Navigation Act, of the "uppermost motive" in Cromwell's foreign policy, needs to be checked by reference to easily accessible authorities. But it is clear that he never thought of writing his Life of Cromwell as sober-sided his-

tory. In none of his writings is there room for Burns's doubt whether the thing would turn out "sang" or sermon; the sermon is sure to come sooner or later. A political moralist and exhorter by main bent, the Governor uses Cromwell as a peg on which to hang his own hat. Really, as one reads his frequent excursuses, the feeling grows that the book should have been called Cromwell's Difficulties Elucidated by Office-Holding in New York; or, Cromwell as an Example of Compromise; or, Cromwell and the Impossible Best. The political philosophy preached is mostly of the slapdash order, and too frequently the reader's only resource is to recall that eighteenth-century biographer of Cromwell, of whom Carlyle said that, with all his faults, he "has occasionally a helpless broad innocence of platitude which is almost interesting."

"Ah! Sire, ce Cromwell était tout autre chose," said the Dutch ambassador to Charles II., when the latter complained of being shown less deference than the late Protector by Holland. So must any reader say who turns from Roosevelt's volume to Morley's. It is not simply a question of more practiced and pointed writing. "Remarquez," said Voltaire, "que les hommes qui ont le mieux pensé sont aussi ceux qui ont le mieux écrit." It is the antecedent thinking, the breadth of outlook, by which Mr. Morley charms, as much as by his brilliant style. "Universal history has been truly said to make a large part of every national history." That is Mr. Morley's starting point; and as Emerson said of Carlyle that his Frederick the Great was written as by a man of cosmic knowledge descending on chaos, so we may say Mr. Morley reads Cromwell's time by the light of the "central line of beacon fires that mark the onward journey of the race." His flashes of illumination from the French Revolution are particularly enlightening. And he fairly oozes political philosophy as he goes on, seeing the general truth in the particular instance with a piercing gaze, and stating it with an epigrammatic power, that remind one of Burke. It would be easy to string a full circlet of these gems of his: "To be a pedant is to insist on applying a stiff theory to fluid fact." "To impose broad views upon the narrow is one of the things that a party leader exists for." "The first of those moments of fatigue had come that attend all revolutions." "No inconsiderable part of history is a record of the illusions of statesmen." "As soon as people see a leader knowing how to calculate, they slavishly assume that the aim of his calculations can be nothing else than his own interest." "It is not always palatable for men in power to be confronted with their aims in Opposition." But there would be no end if one were to go on citing passages marked. Mr. Morley has recklessly invited the condemnation of the Rev. Æthelbald Wessex, whose opinion it was that "in history you cannot trust a fellow who tries to be interesting. If he pretends to be philosophical, you may know him to be an impostor." If saturation with his material, a power of luminous condensation, and a fascinating gift for expression that captures the judgment while it haunts the memory, — if these are the leading credentials of an historian, then Mr. Morley is an historian almost *hors concours* among living writers. Milton, in Hugo's play, is made to beseech the Protector to put away the offered crown, finally crying out, —

"Redeviens Cromwell à la voix de Milton!"

In Mr. Morley's page Cromwell becomes himself again, and that by dint of faithful painting, wart and all. The poet Waller, with the suppleness of a Vicar of Bray, had his verses ready to greet the restored Charles II. But that monarch thought they did not ring as true as the same poet's Panegyric to the Lord Protector, and asked for an explana-

tion of the poetical falling off. "Ah!" said the deft Waller, "we poets always get on better with fiction than with the truth." Mr. Morley, however, brushes away the fiction both of indiscriminate eulogy and of indiscriminate abuse, and shows us the true Cromwell, in his habit as he lived.

Rollo Ogden.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Cant in Criticism.

THERE are many forms of cant in criticism; and the anti-critic would do a good turn to both art and literature who should zealously set himself to work at the pleasant task of exposing them. But what I wish to signalize just now for especial reprobation is the cant of American chauvinism, which affects to decry all literature produced in this country that does not portray American characters and paint American life in what it is pleased to call the American manner. It has laid the ban upon even so exquisite a writer as Irving, because forsooth his style is English and his taste cosmopolitan.

The very term "American literature" is an amusing misnomer. What the zealots for Americanism mean by the phrase is simply the English literature of the United States. But the term they have chosen to use would logically include not only the work of Canadian writers, but also the Spanish literature of the states sprung from Spanish colonies on this continent and the Portuguese literature of Brazil.

What would the ancients have thought of the expression "Sicilian literature" or "Alexandrian literature," as something separate and distinct from Greek literature at large? Yet Pindar wrote a goodly number of his odes in Sicily, and for the glory of a tyrant of Syracuse; and Bion and Theocritus were Sicilians, writing on Sicilian themes, and patronized by the Ptolemies of Egypt; to say nothing of the scientists and philosophers who belonged wholly to the university life of Alexandria. What would Apuleius and Augustine and Synesius have said to the men who should propose to place them apart from the general list of Latin authors, and call their literature "African"? What would the French say, to-day, if Switzerland should claim as a classic of hers Rousseau, who lived so little in France, or Voltaire, who lived so long in Switzerland? Must English literature forfeit the name and fame of Burns, Scott, and Stevenson, because their genius was so markedly Scottish, or of Maria Edgeworth and Tom Moore, because theirs was Irish?

The truth is, the whole claim is born of a besotted chauvinism, unworthy of a great people. We are English — not Anglo-Saxon, thank Heaven! — in historic continuity of language, literature, and institutions; largely English in blood; and we should be silly indeed to renounce the glorious heritage that runs back to Chaucer in literature and to Caxton in language.

There is something painfully small in the spectacle of men, able to boast of writers like Irving, Hawthorne, Legaré, Holmes, and Poe, perpetually on the lookout for that elusive phantasm "the great American novel," utterly unaware that a great novel written by an American, no matter where the scene is laid or of what nationality the characters may be, is a triumph for our country.

The evil involved in the delusion, besides the disreputableness of what is after all nothing but a silly Anglophobia, lies in the fact that false estimates are

continually made in consequence of it. A recent example is the quite disproportioned value that has been attached to a book like David Harum, — pleasant enough, but certainly not of the highest merit, — solely because the characters and the local color are distinctively American.

A Back Number.

I AM a back number. I have not arrived at this conclusion hastily, or without thought or regret. It has been borne in upon me for several years. I might have known it sooner if I had been alert to the facts. The evidence has been most pronounced, perhaps, in the matter of church-going. Whenever I attend church in a new place, I find myself hesitating. I make wary inquiries before setting out. I ask carefully about a possible "committee of welcome." I approach cautiously. I have been known, at the very vestibule, to turn and flee. The sight of an especially friendly usher or committee of welcome terrifies me beyond approach. I have an old-fashioned way of regarding a church as the house of the Lord. I have a consequent sense of freedom in it. All this new machinery of welcome and hand-shaking and pleasant conversation appalls me. That a man with a black beard, whom I have never seen before, and whom I am earnestly wishful never to see again, should feel at liberty to grasp my hand and hold his face very close, while he welcomes me to the sanctuary, is a source of embarrassment, even of annoyance, to a conservative person. It puts me in a state of mind that ill accords with the spirit of worship. Even if I escape the preliminary welcome, I never feel thoroughly safe. There is the possibility that the preacher, from his watch tower, may spy out the newcomer, and, by some method of speed or circumvention, as yet unfathomed by me, may be waiting at the front door to give me an earnest social welcome. All this is painful to one accustomed, by experience and tradition, to look up to the preacher, to drink in his words of wisdom with no carnal expectation or hope of later being grasped by the hand as a prospective church member.

I find that I miss something in the new method, — a hush before the service, a sense of waiting upon the spirit, an atmosphere of prayer and praise, the hush that followed "The Lord watch between thee and me," the quiet dispersing of the congregation; some gathering in groups to talk over the sermon, or the weather, or the crops, or rumors of war; but every one at liberty to walk quietly away, down the long street, under the shading trees, carrying the words of comfort and inspiration in his heart. My chief objection to the committee of welcome is that they have made all this impossible. Even if one escapes them without bodily contact, there is an uncomfortable sense of a gauntlet run; of a strategic turn at the fatal moment, which barely brought one safely through. The spiritual mood, the sense of spiritual communion with one's fellows, is gone, never to return. It is old-fashioned to regret it. It is useless to evade it. But I find myself saying, with the great prophet, "I am not better than my fathers." I would that their ways might have been my ways until I died.

Sine Qua Non.

AFTER many baffled attempts at contributing to The Atlantic, — efforts through which the toiling aspirant discovered her rare ingenuity in achieving the "unavailable," — at last a versatile career of failure developed an altruistic spirit within her, and, as a warning and a guide to fellow un-immortals, she wrote the following verses: —

SINE QUA NON.

To all the yearning throng of scribes
Whose goal is The Atlantic,
I proffer this authentic list of obstacles gigantic,
Which loom upon that corduroy road, —
'T were well that you should con them;
For, traveling that way myself,
I somehow stumbled on them!

Avoid the firecracker style,
Snap-flash-phittz! — all is over!
Avoid the sanguinary charms of buccaneer and rover;
Avoid that trap for learned souls,
The erudite pedantic;
Avoid the supernatural, the saccharine romantic.

Avoid the storiette; likewise
Hysteric lucubrations
Of spineless "cults," all purple words and thought attenuations;
Avoid slang monologues; avoid
"Strong" pessimistic novels;
Lay not unexpurgated stress on those who live in hovels.

Next, when the road winds free again,
Cull, as the day grows later,
These flowers: the mind of Emerson, the lyric prose of Pater,
The wit of Holmes, and Kipling's grasp,
The virile strength of Browning;
Will Shakespeare's knowledge of mankind
The brilliant cluster crowning.

These gathered, bind them with the art
Best learned from France, and hasten
To lay them in that august hand which will applaud — or chasten.
Let hope illumine dark suspense,
Which, brief, yet makes one frantic —
At last 't is possible you *may* appear in The Atlantic!

Dilemma of the Modern Poet.

Art carries a mirror on her back. When she turns her face away from the Past, her kneeling worshipers see in the reflection the proof of a changing Present. A pagan suspicious of his idol, the modern poet has discovered that the winged Pegasus is only a painted flying machine. He finds himself, not upon the trembling pinions that in flights of fancy carried the ancestral bards up the slope of Parnassus, but astride a swerving steed, bulging with springs of steel and rocked with electric lunges. The clammy finger of Finance tinkers with every lever. Contrary winds of Trade worry every sail. But like a lark the singer is launched to his song. He grows giddy with the ascension. He throws overboard the ballast that kept him low among his fellows. Higher he mounts. Watching him are men with one eye on his flight, and the other on the dim trail of little grains of gold he drops as he rises. The higher he soars, the thinner the air that bears him upward, the slower the speed of his balking Pegasus. He is lost to the wind that sent him up; his faint canticle is drowned by the choirs that sing above him. Too low of note to swell the music of the upper spheres, too thin and delicate and pure of tone to send his echoes to the throngs he left upon the plain below, midway between earth and sky, the poet falters in the circles of his song.

How many a wee Milton has cheerily climbed up the ladder of harpstrings, only to pause, out of breath, and find himself lost in the dreary waste of silence between the highest note in the chords of his bold heart and the lowest note in the range of his master! It is the place where clouds drift. It is the region where mists gather. It is the corner of the sky where hopeful rainbows fade, where stars go blind. It is the shadowy rooftree on the house of song, where the mad lightnings strike down the silver shingles and let in the chill rain. When they fall in a hail of shining fragments, like atoms from a moon-kissed meteor; when the songs — not one complete — fall upon your ears like tired bird notes from weary distances dropped, then go out to the lowest rung in the ladder of harpstrings, if you would see Defeat come home on her own wings, in the rain. For you may know then that at last the poet has deserted his arbitrary Pegasus, — his painted flying machine, — and is coming down: he cannot go up.

Forbear to ask him whither he has soared. Lead him to the fire, nor ask him to sing, like a cricket, on your hearthstone now; for he has felt the mad lightning, the cloud, and the rain, and his heart is cold.

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THE CONDITIONS OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PROBLEM.

Conditions in the late Confederate states, from "the surrender," as it is still called in the South, up to the passage of the act of March 2, 1867, overthrowing the Johnson governments, and establishing the congressional plan of reconstruction, were pathetic in the extreme.

Out of a white population of about five million, there had gone into the Confederate army six hundred and twenty-five thousand, and of these two hundred thousand had lost their lives. Many thousands more had been maimed. Many other thousands had enlisted in the armies of the Union, and they also had suffered severely.

Prussia was in a piteous plight at the close of the Seven Years' War, and so was France at the end of her great Revolution. But Prussia, after her direful disasters, still had a certain amount of currency, and had no debts; France was left deeply in debt, but she had her currency and her financial institutions; whereas the Confederates, whose bank notes were now worthless, and whose currency and bonds were left without any government behind them, had practically nothing to show for their past savings. There was this further difference: neither Prussia nor France had ever been cursed with slavery; and all the other misfortunes of the South, aggregated, were but fleeting and temporary when compared with the enduring problems, economic and political, which were to come from the sudden manumission of four millions of slaves.

Desolation had followed in the wake of armies. Plough stock had been taken, cattle and provisions consumed, fences destroyed, in places even cotton seed was not to be had; and almost no one had credit, where credit had once been nearly universal. The harvest of death had left nothing but debts and lands, and many landowners were without a dollar that would pay taxes, state or federal. Already in the Union for purposes of taxation, but still out of it politically, the people of the late Confederate states were at once to assume their full share of the debt of nearly three billions of dollars contracted in subjugating them; they were to pay also their share of the pensions to Union soldiers: and the money thus drained from the South, to be expended in the North during the coming thirty-five years, was to be far more than equal to all the expenses of the Southern state governments, including school funds and interest on state debts. The spring of 1865 witnessed indeed the completion of the transfer of wealth in the United States from the home of the Southern planter, where it was once supposed to exist, to the Northern section of the Union.

There was but one resource left. "King Cotton," during the past four years, had grievously disappointed the prophets who had boasted of his prowess; but now he came out from his hiding places, and showed that, though he could not as a sovereign turn the tide of unsuccessful war, he still could play the

part of Santa Claus in time of peace. Never were children more delighted by the gray-bearded king of Christmas than were the helpless and hapless people of the South by the blessings that came to them from the fleecy staple, — absolutely the only relief in sight. The cotton that had in war escaped Federal and Confederate torches, and that could elude the United States government agents, who were seizing it upon the plea, often groundless, that it had been subscribed to the Confederacy, brought high prices; and the money thus received, though wholly insufficient, was invaluable. It passed rapidly from hand to hand; for lessons of economy that are learned under compulsion are seldom taken to heart. Most of those who got money for cotton were in a mood for self-indulgence; they must put away the memory of the bitter past, and reward themselves for the sacrifices they had made. Women who had woven and worn homespuns, those who had cut up and sent their carpets to soldiers for blankets, must have silks and satins. Sorghum syrup, substitutes for coffee, and other economic makeshifts were relegated as far as possible to the limbo of the unhappy past.

These were the conditions that awaited the Confederate soldier at home. To appreciate his attitude, it must be recalled that as nine tenths of the Union army had enlisted to save the Union, and would have refused to join in a war having for its sole purpose the abolition of slavery, so five sixths of the Confederates were non-slaveholders, and had fought, not for slavery, but to maintain the old Constitution under an independent government. When it became apparent that independence was impossible, the war ended suddenly. There was no guerrilla warfare, prompted by hatred, as in South Africa or in the Philippines. The issue was decided, and the Confederate soldier turned his footsteps homeward, not ashamed of his defeat, but exulting in the thought that he could call upon mankind to witness he had made a brave fight. His cause was lost and his country desolated, but "hope springs eternal in the human breast." Now that slavery and secession were out of the way, he hoped for peace and prosperity in the old Union. One of the most notable features of his home-coming was the strangely intermingled gayety and gloom that everywhere, for weeks and months, pervaded society. The comrade who was never to return had met a soldier's fate; for him the tear had fallen as he was buried. Why should not the survivor be happy at meeting again those whom he had often thought he was nevermore to see? Mother, sister, wife, or sweetheart greeted him with joy, and as a hero who had deserved, if he did not achieve, success; and never were there gayer routs, dancing parties, and weddings than those which were everywhere witnessed throughout the late Confederacy in the times of which we write. Tables were often thinly spread, but youth and beauty and valor had shaken hands, the long agony of war was over, and the white dove of peace had come again. The theory of Malthus, that after devastating wars population increases with a bound, was being illustrated afresh. Marriages were more frequent than ever. Around camp fires and in lonely prison cells, the soldier, often a bachelor who had never before thought to prove Benedict, had been dreaming of a peaceful home, made happy by the smiles of wife and the prattle of children; and now, whatever else was in store for him, this dream must be realized.

But if the sunshine was strangely bright for some, others were in deepest gloom. Always in sight of the merry-making that was so common were homes that were wrecked forever, — husbands, fathers, sons, brothers, and fortunes, gone; and it was a matter of common remark that never had the mortality among persons who had passed middle age been so great in the late Confed-

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erate states as within the decade following 1865. Everywhere, men and women, brooding over the past, sank broken-hearted into their graves.

Its terrible losses and stinging defeat had naturally caused throughout the South much bitterness toward the North. This is well illustrated by the anecdote of the Virginian whose wife told him, one bright morning, that every negro had left the place; that he must cut the wood, and she must get breakfast. It is not recorded that the wife indulged in any expletives; but the husband, with the first stroke of the axe, damned "old Abe Lincoln for freeing the negroes;" with the next he went further back, and double-damned George Washington for setting up the United States government; and with the third, going back to the first cause of all his woes, he double-double-damned Christopher Columbus for discovering America!

This feeling of vindictiveness, while it pervaded more or less all classes who had sympathized with the Confederacy, was far more intense among non-combatants than with the returned soldiers. These had learned to respect their foes. Courage had been demonstrated to be common to both armies; kind offices to the wounded and the hungry had been mutual, and the dividing of rations by Grant's veterans with Lee's at Appomattox was just what had occurred on a smaller scale many times before. But the non-combatants at the South (and so it must have been at the North, judging from subsequent events) had none of the kindly feelings with which soldiers regarded their adversaries. It was quite common in 1865 to hear a soldier say that, for himself, he had had "enough of it; but my neighbor, who has been hiding all the time at home behind a bomb-proof position, has just now begun to get mad. What a pity he could n't have gotten his courage up before the fighting was over!" And now, thirty-five years afterwards, it may be affirmed without reserve that if the soldiers of the two armies had been allowed of themselves, uninfluenced by politicians, to dictate the terms of reconstruction, the history of the United States during the past three decades would have been widely different.

An added cause of bitterness among ex-Confederates was the imprisonment of Jefferson Davis, and his treatment in a manner that to the South seemed cruel and without justification. This generation has almost forgotten that, although Mr. Davis, then in feeble health, was doubly safe by reason of the strong case-mate at Fortress Monroe and the guards that surrounded him, an officer was required to see him every fifteen minutes, day and night, thus breaking his rest; and that the prisoner was for a long time forbidden books, except the Bible, and all correspondence, even with his wife. Irons were at one time placed on his legs; but though these were soon removed, the condition of the captive, as reported by the post surgeon, caused in May, 1866, a vigorous protest not only in the South, but in prominent Northern journals. Those were days of intense excitement, even in the North. Naturally, the ex-Confederates looked upon their President as suffering for them, and were much embittered by this incident.

But the North was not always held responsible as the *fons et origo* of Southern misfortunes in those days, which were so full of gloom to all who took time to consider the conditions that surrounded them. There was a widespread feeling that the secession leaders were answerable for the calamitous situation. Many Whigs retained their old-time prejudices against Democrats, and in every Southern state there had been Unionists. These were disposed to claim the benefit of their superior judgment, and many indeed were now "Union men" whose Union sentiments prior to secession their friends were by no means able to recall.

The disposition to put down the secessionists had received a powerful impulse

from an unfortunate and unwise law passed by the Confederate Congress, exempting from service in the army, under certain conditions, the owners of twenty negroes, on the ground that they were needed at home to raise food-stuffs. Even in the army it had been bruited about, "This is the rich man's war, and the poor man's fight." In most of the states, the feeling of comradeship among Confederate soldiers would have rendered improbable any very equal division at the outset between secessionists and anti-secessionists; but certain it is that here were lines of cleavage that would inevitably have divided the Southern people into two bitterly hostile factions, had not the sempiternal negro question now appeared again, and this time in a form that was eventually to bring about a greater solidarity, even, than had come from the invasion of Northern armies. The shape it assumed was the suffrage involved in the reconstruction problem.

If the condition of the Southern white in 1865–66 was such as to command, from the present standpoint, the sympathy of the generous-minded, still more strikingly pitiful and helpless was the condition of the freedman. Not in all the imaginings of the Arabian Nights is there any concept so startling as the sudden manumission of four millions of slaves, left unshackled to shift for themselves, — without property, without resources excepting their labor, without mental training, and with no traditions save only such as connected them with bondage and barbarism. What was to become of these people? Would their energies be properly directed, and would they, as other peoples had done, gradually build up with their strong arms a future for themselves? Or would they be misdirected and led away from reliance on labor into fields where, by reason of their limitations, success was impossible? This was not for the freedman to decide. It was a problem for the white man, the Caucasian, who makes and unmakes the laws and governments of the world; who fashions civilizations, sometimes in comely shape, sometimes awry, but always in moulds of his own making. And it was still further a question as to what white man was to undertake the solution of this problem. Was it to be the white man whose lot was cast in the same land with the freedman, or was it to be the man who sympathized with him from afar, but knew him not?

Rehabilitation of the states, therefore, involving as it did the future relations of both whites and blacks to the states and the federal government, marked a crisis in our history second in import only to that created by the attempt to secede. The task was delicate, and called for deliberation and wise statesmanship. If, instead, the intense patriotism and philanthropy of the hour were allowed to become only the handmaids of acrimony and political ardor, and if results have proven the policy adopted to have been fraught with evil, the commentator fails of his duty who does not set up a beacon light to warn his countrymen of the dangers that come to the ship of state from venturing, when full-freighted, into the stormy waters of partisanship; for assuredly the perils of the future are not to be avoided by concealing or glossing over either the errors of the past or the reasoning upon which they proceeded.

Mr. Lincoln, as early as December 8, 1863, had formulated a plan of reconstruction by the Executive, — voters to be those who were qualified "by the election laws of the state, existing immediately before the so-called act of secession, and excluding all others;" but Congress had afterwards passed a joint resolution asserting its own power over reconstruction. Mr. Lincoln, it is true, killed this resolution by a pocket veto; but the great head of his party had been removed by an assassin, and there stood the action of Congress, and the declara-

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tion of Mr. Sumner, one of its foremost leaders, on the 25th of February, 1865, that "the cause of human rights and of the Union needed the ballots as well as the muskets of colored men."

It was feared in the South that President Johnson, especially after he had said that traitors must be deprived of social position, and "treason made odious," would share Mr. Sumner's views. Mr. Sumner has claimed that for a time he did; but if so, the President soon changed his mind, for on the 9th of May, 1865, he made an order recognizing Mr. Lincoln's plan in Virginia, and on May 29 he issued his proclamation for the reconstruction of North Carolina, excluding negroes, and recognizing as voters only those qualified by the state law at the date of the attempt to secede.

The continued presence of the military and the aggravating conduct of many of the officials of the Freedmen's Bureau were causing much dissatisfaction at the time of this proclamation; yet it was an immeasurable relief to feel that the seceded states were to be admitted without putting the ballot into the hands of the ex-slave.

The repugnance of Southern white men to negro suffrage was extreme. Edmund Burke, in one of his speeches in the British Parliament, pointing out the difficulties in the way of the subjugation of the American colonies, explained that in all the slaveholding communities there was an aristocracy of color; every white man felt himself to belong to a superior race, and this pride of race to an extent ennobled and elevated him. It was a true picture, and such a people were naturally prejudiced against meeting their inferior, the negro, as an equal at the ballot box. But their aversion had a better foundation than prejudice. The negro had nowhere shown himself capable of self-government. White manhood suffrage had obtained for years in all the seceded states, and never had the suffrage been purer or given better results. The population was largely of English and Scotch descent. Free schools had not been general, and illiteracy was more prevalent than in the Northern states; but joint discussions before the people by candidates for office were almost universal, while the code of honor regulating duels, then sanctioned by public opinion, exacted from every speaker rigid responsibility for his statements in debate; and so it came about that even among those who were uneducated there were unusually correct ideas of the high duties discharged by freemen in casting their ballots. Their suffrages were not for sale, and in self-government the morality and patriotism of voters count for almost everything; without these, book-learning is a snare.

It is easy enough to write that the success of universal manhood suffrage for whites, although in evidence both North and South, was not a sufficient argument for giving the ballot to every male over twenty-one among four millions of ex-slaves, and to add that a question like this ought to have been decided on its merits, and without regard to its effects on political parties. This is a truth that was recognized by Mr. Lincoln and by Mr. Johnson, each feeling that the burden of decision rested upon him. Individual responsibility sobers and lifts men up to meet great crises. Divided authority, however, weakens the sense of responsibility, and leaves passion full play, especially in a numerous body like Congress; and never was there so much bitterness between parties, or so much at stake upon the action of Congress. The Confederacy, after a bloody war against the Union, was prostrate. Should ex-Confederates come back with increased membership in Congress, representing all the negroes as freedmen, instead of, as previously, three fifths of the negroes as slaves? Should the party claiming to be the party of the Union incur the danger

of handing over the government to an alliance of ex-Confederates with the Democrats, who in their platform of 1864 had denounced the war for the Union as a failure? Had not the North freed the slave? Was not this freedman the ward of the nation? Ought not the government to be keenly watchful of his interests, and was it not a duty to protect him and give him power to protect himself? The ballot was clearly the remedy, provided the freedman was competent to wield it. This was the question,—competency,—and it called for decision on its own merits; but passion, prejudice, love of power, philanthropy, and a sense of justice to the negro, all combined to obscure the issue, and to make it, as it soon became in Congress, a party question. A few Republicans were to oppose their party in the House and Senate, and be soon driven out of public life. The party that elected Mr. Johnson was to oppose him, and the party that opposed him in the election was to sustain him unanimously in Congress. This President, who had come to his office on account of his services to the Union, was to become the best friend, the adviser, and the leader of the ex-Confederates in a political contest; and occupying this peculiar attitude, he had uncommon need of tact, in which, unfortunately for his new allies, he was singularly lacking.

The Southern whites looked upon negro suffrage as a crime against Republican government, — a crime against which the people of the North, and if not they, then the President and the Supreme Court, would protect them. They had abandoned in good faith both slavery and secession, all that they thought were in issue, and now they were uncompromising in demanding what they denominated their "rights" as conceded by Lincoln and by Johnson. They never once thought of a compromise, but staked all upon the result of the fight between the President and Congress.

From March 4 till December 4, 1865, Congress was not in session, and during all this time Mr. Johnson was busy carrying out in the Southern states Mr. Lincoln's plan of reconstruction. The result was that when Congress convened, in December, Representatives and Senators from most of the late Confederate states were applying for admission. The Thirteenth Amendment, abolishing slavery, had been ratified by these states, and new constitutions had been adopted. The issue was thus fairly presented, — whether Congress would recognize reconstruction after the Lincoln-Johnson plan. The new constitutions set up under Johnson all confined suffrage to white men.

It is strange that, inasmuch as the country was yet to pass upon the question, Mr. Johnson, in his message in December, 1865, and elsewhere in his many public utterances, should not have appealed earnestly for support to the memory of his great predecessor, the author of the plan he was pursuing. On the contrary, prompted probably by egotism, he always spoke of the policy as his own.

It has been said that Mr. Lincoln's Southern birth and association with Southern men naturally inclined him against negro suffrage. Johnson was not only born in the South, but had always lived there. The views of the two Presidents as to who ought to exercise the power to define suffrage, and as to the manner in which that power should be exerted by the Southern states, were almost identical.

Mr. Lincoln wrote to Governor Hahn, when the convention he had called to reconstruct Louisiana during the war was about to assemble: "I barely suggest for your private consideration whether some of the colored people may not be let in, as, for instance, the very intelligent, and especially those who have fought gallantly in our ranks." So Mr. Johnson, August 15, 1865, to Governor Sharkey, of Mississippi: "If you could extend

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the elective franchise to all persons of color who can read and write, and who have a certain amount of property, etc., you would *completely disarm the adversary*, and set an example that other states would follow."

It would have been wise for Mississippi and the other Southern states to follow the advice given Governor Sharkey. The few negroes qualified under these restrictions could have done no harm, and such a course might have had weight with voters in the North, to whom the general policy Congress was pursuing toward the South was to be submitted before the venture upon negro suffrage was made.

The majority sentiment in Congress did not, at the outset, favor negro suffrage as a condition of rehabilitation, and progress in that direction was not rapid. In the spring of 1865, the New York Tribune, while contending that the negro was entitled to the ballot, was urging the unwisdom of taking issue with a Republican President who had at hand all the patronage of the government. When, however, the 4th of July, the national anniversary, had come, orations were made by such leaders as Boutwell in Massachusetts, Garfield in Ohio, and Julian in Indiana, advocating broadly negro suffrage for the late Confederate states, — and this before a single state convention had assembled under Johnson's reconstruction proclamations.

In forwarding the claim of the negro for the ballot no factor was more powerful than the Freedmen's Bureau. The Bureau had been established by the act of March 3, 1865, to take care of the freedmen who were flocking into the Union lines; and as those lines advanced the Bureau had been extended all over the South. Backed by the bayonet, and exercising absolute power to settle disputes between two races where natural friction was easily aggravated, the officers of the Bureau had exceptional opportunities for good or for evil. Many performed their duties faithfully; but many others were in search even then of the offices that were afterwards to come by the votes of their wards. To get these offices, the North must be made to believe that the ballot was a necessity for the negro; and it was easy, especially for the subordinate officials who dealt directly with the freedman, to encourage discontent among their wards and strife between the races. The Southern white man was frequently impulsive, and, when vexed by negro "insolence" and by the stories that came to him of the injustice at Bureau headquarters, where often, in negro language, "the bottom rail was on top," he took justice into his own hands, and sometimes it was injustice. Race prejudice was also here and there painfully apparent in superior courts and in juries. Thus there was enough truth in some of the many stories of outrages that were circulated in the North to make them all current at their face value. So it came about that the Freedmen's Bureau, the real purpose of which was to make contracts for the freedmen, settle questions between them and their employers, and take care of its wards generally, was, through many dishonest and partisan officials who were attached to it, proving to be a prime factor in the manufacture of political opinion during the whole period covered by this article. The reports of Bureau chiefs, where they spoke of quiet, passed unnoticed; it was the reports of outrages that attracted attention.

The dispensing of supplies without price to able-bodied persons must always tend to produce idleness: this tendency of its own work it was the especial duty of the Freedmen's Bureau to correct. The greatest crisis that had ever occurred in the lives of four million people had arrived. Slavery had lifted the Southern negro to a plane of civilization never before attained by any large body of his race, — had taught him to be law-abiding

and industrious. If the guardians of this man, who was bewildered by his new surroundings, and who was clay, though unwashed clay, in the hands of the potter, had shown him the absolute necessity of continued industry, the negro would have had at this critical moment the best chance of thrift that was ever to come to him. But, unluckily, this was not to be. Instead of being properly directed, the credulous freedman was in many instances encouraged in idleness, while he was deluded by false hopes. General Grant, in a report to the President, after having made a tour of inspection in the South, though he qualified his statement by attributing to "many, and perhaps a majority of them," the inculcation of proper ideas, nevertheless said, "The belief widely spread among the freedmen of the Southern states, that the lands of the former owners will at least in part be divided among them, has come from the agents of this Bureau;" and further, "The effect of the belief in the division of lands is idleness and accumulation in towns and cities."

Idleness is the prolific parent of hunger, want, and crime, and the widespread idleness prevailing everywhere in the South in the fall and winter of 1865 called loudly for legislation. It was during this period that the legislatures elected under the presidential reconstruction plan were in session, and passed, most of them, vagrancy and apprenticeship laws, some containing very stringent provisions. These statutes embraced, most of them without material variations, the features of the old law of Maine, brought forward in Rev. Stats. of 1883, sec. 17, p. 925, providing that one who goes about begging, etc., "shall be deemed a tramp, and be imprisoned at hard labor," etc.; and the old law of Rhode Island, brought forward in Rev. Stats. of 1872, p. 243, "If any servant or apprentice shall depart from the service of his master or otherwise neglect his duty," he may be committed to the workhouse; and the long-existing law of Connecticut, contained in the Revision of 1866, p. 320, punishing by fine or imprisonment one who shall entice a "minor [apprentice] from the service or employment of such master."

In some instances details were harsher than in the New England laws, but existing conditions were without precedent. Southern legislators were excited by the aggravated evils that surrounded them, and they seem never to have thought of political results.

One feature that was in practically all these apprentice laws, and that attracted general attention at the North, was a provision giving preference as masters to former owners of negro minors when before a court to be bound over. This was looked upon by many Northern voters as conclusive evidence of an intent to continue slavery, as far as could be, exactly as it had existed. In reality it was a humane provision. William H. Council, Booker T. Washington, and other leading colored students of the negro question, as it has been bequeathed to us from the days of reconstruction, concur in holding that the negro's best friend at the South was and is the former slaveholder. But, unfortunately, Southern legislators did not know that here they were outraging the sympathies of Northern voters.

The features of this legislation that met with the most universal condemnation were the Mississippi law of November 25, 1865, requiring every freedman to make a contract for a home and work by the second Monday in January, 1866; a similar law of Louisiana, passed in December; and a statute of Mississippi, punishing unlawful assemblages of blacks, or of whites and blacks mixed. Acts were also passed by Florida, Louisiana, Alabama, and Mississippi, forbidding to negroes the use of firearms: in two of these states absolutely, in one except by license, and in the other of such arms only as were "appropriate for purposes

of war." Recollections of the negro insurrection headed by Nat Turner, coupled with predictions long ago made by Mr. Calhoun, and frequently by others during and preceding the Civil War, had inspired in the South a very general fear that, in favoring localities, the suddenly emancipated slaves might attempt to repeat the massacres of San Domingo. In two of the states thus forbidding or limiting the use of firearms the negro was in the majority; in the other two there were "negro belts," where the few whites would be helpless in case of an insurrection.

The most indefensible provision anywhere found by the writer is a statute of Mississippi, enacting that, while freedmen might hold personal property, they should not be allowed to lease lands or tenements "except in towns or cities, where the corporate authorities shall control the same." How much of this enactment was the result of pure prejudice, and how much of it came from the bogy of negro supremacy in a state in parts of which the negro was in numbers as overwhelming as he had been in San Domingo, the reader will determine for himself.

Much was yet to be learned about the freedman by both Southerner and Northerner. The one was to find out how peaceful, the other how incapable as a voter, the freedman was.

There was little chance for moderation in public sentiment or for deliberate action by Congress, when Southern people, in constant dread, were watching and guarding against insurrection, which they even feared might be prompted by agents of the Freedmen's Bureau; and when, at the same time, Northern people, with their hearts full of sympathy for the helpless and hapless freedmen, were daily watching the reports of that Bureau for stories of cruelty by the former masters. The friction, reasonably to be expected, between the master race on the one hand, almost all of them with the domineering blood of the Anglo-Saxon in their veins, few of them saints and all the rest sinners, and the negro on the other, now dazed by the blinding light of sudden freedom, would naturally be enough, even without official intermeddling, to cause almost any one to believe or to do anything toward which either prejudice or philanthropy might incline him. Nevertheless, there were prominent Republicans who took no stock in the continued scrutiny by the North of the relations between whites and blacks in the South. Among these was the head of Lincoln's and of Johnson's Cabinet, Mr. Seward, who said in an interview in April, 1866: —

"The North has nothing to do with the negroes. . . . They are not of our race. They will find their place. They must take their level. The laws of political economy will determine their position, and the relations of the two races. Congress cannot contravene those."

But Mr. Seward and his views were then in a woeful minority.

Only one of the late Confederate states had legislated in relation to the negro when Congress met, December 4, 1865, and yet the members of that body had already made up their minds against Mr. Johnson's plan of reconstruction.

The first step of this Congress was the passage, by practically a solid party vote, of the celebrated "Concurrent Resolution" to inquire by a Committee of Fifteen into the condition of the late Confederate states; the next was the passage in the House, December 14, of a resolution referring to that Committee of Fifteen every question relating to conditions in the late Confederate states, and to admit no member from these states until the committee had reported; then came the defeat of the Voorhees resolution, indorsing the presidential plan. The Republicans, in the votes on all these measures, presented practically a solid front, while the Democrats were unanimous in opposition. The action of the Senate

was on like lines. In the language of Mr. Stevens, Congress was already determined "to take no account of the aggregation of whitewashed rebels who, without any legal authority, have assembled in the capitals of the late rebel states and simulated legislative bodies."

Reconstruction was already a party question. Mr. Stevens, the leader of the radicals, said, during these proceedings, on the floor of the House, December 14, 1865: —

"According to my judgment, they [the insurrectionary states] ought never to be recognized as capable of acting in the Union, or of being recognized as valid states, until the Constitution shall have been so amended as to make it what its makers intended, *and so as to secure perpetual ascendency to the party of the Union.*"

A sample of the arguments for the Concurrent Resolution is the following, by a prominent member, Mr. Shellabarger, in answer to Mr. Raymond: —

"They framed iniquity and universal murder into law. . . . Their pirates burned your unarmed commerce upon every sea. They carved the bones of your dead heroes into ornaments, and drank from goblets made out of their skulls. They poisoned your fountains, put mines under your soldiers' prisons, organized bands whose leaders were concealed in your homes; and commissions ordered the torch and yellow fever to be carried to your citizens and to your women and children. They planned one universal bonfire of the North from Lake Ontario to the Missouri," etc.

Moderation was out of the question. A few conservative Republicans, who, like Mr. Raymond, of New York, stood out for Mr. Johnson's policy, were trampled under the feet of the majority. Others, though halting now and then, kept in line with the party which was steadily marching forward to the view that was already held by the radicals, and afterward expressed by Mr. Sumner in debate upon the bill for suffrage in the District of Columbia: —

"Nothing is clearer than the absolute necessity for suffrage for all colored persons in the disorganized states. It will not be enough if you give it to those who read and write; you will not in this way acquire the voting force which you need there for the protection of Unionists, whether black or white. You will not secure the new allies who are essential to the national cause."

To reach this goal there were many obstacles to be overcome, and time was necessary. The plan of the radicals included legislation relating to freedmen; there was good reason to expect hostility from the Supreme Court, and Southerners did not foresee how a square decision from that tribunal could be avoided; it included constitutional amendments; three fourths of the states only could amend the Constitution, and several of the Northern states were hostile to negro suffrage; while, if the policy entered upon should fail, the failure would be disastrous. The Democrats in Congress had allied themselves with the cause of the Southern whites, and, as Mr. Stevens expressed it on the floor of the House, if negroes were not to have the ballot, the representatives from the Southern states, with the Democrats "that would be elected in the best of times at the North," would control the country.

The radicals were looking hopefully to the investigation of the Committee of Fifteen, under the Concurrent Resolution, of which Mr. Seward said (Bancroft's Seward, p. 454) it "was not a plan for reconstruction, but a plan for indefinite delay." The committee was composed of twelve Republicans and three Democrats, and of them Mr. Blaine says (Twenty Years in Congress, vol. ii. p. 127): "It was foreseen that in an especial degree the fortunes of the Republican party would be in the keeping of the fifteen men who might be chosen."

This committee was appointed in December, 1865, continued its investigations until June, 1866, when, dividing on strictly party lines, the majority made its report June 18, and the minority June 22.

The majority report discussed at length theories of reconstruction, and bitterly condemned the plan of the President. As to conditions in the South, it found that the Freedmen's Bureau was "almost universally hated," and that "the feeling in many portions towards the emancipated slaves, especially among the uneducated and ignorant, is one of vindictive and malicious hatred. This deep-seated prejudice against color is assiduously cultivated by the public journals, and leads to acts of cruelty, oppression, and murder, which the local authorities are at no pains to prevent or punish."

The committee went on to recommend that Congress should not admit the late Confederate states to representation "without first providing such constitutional or other guaranties as will tend to secure the civil rights of all the citizens of the Republic," the disfranchisement of a portion, etc. As to the nature of the guaranties to be required there was in this report nothing definite. The three minority members, in their report, vigorously combated the views of the majority.

Mr. Stevens had reported, January 31, 1866, and the House had passed, a proposition for a constitutional amendment providing that, whenever suffrage was denied on account of race or color, the persons so denied suffrage should be excluded from the basis of representation. But there was no promise that such amendment, if adopted, should be taken as a settlement. The amendment, however, was never to be submitted to the states, as Mr. Sumner and other radicals joined with the Democrats and conservative Republicans, and defeated it in the Senate.

Both Democrats and Republicans were now treating all measures affecting the South as political, and the late Confederate states were being counted as in the Union for the purpose of passing on constitutional amendments, while their governments were held as "revolutionary, null, and void" for all other purposes. Nothing could more conclusively illustrate the intense partisanship of the hour.

The fairest chance the Southern state governments, as set up by Johnson, had to stem the tide that was setting in against them — but it is doubtful whether that could have succeeded — was by unanimously ratifying the Fourteenth Amendment. Had this amendment been accepted by both sides as a settlement, it would have reduced the representation of the late slave states and left them in control of suffrage. But this article disfranchised nearly all Southerners of prominence and experience, and Southern people could not bring themselves to vote for the degradation of those whom they had honored and trusted. Johnson, too, now their friend and political leader, advised against it; so did Northern Democrats. It was a political fight to a finish between the prostrate ex-Confederates, without representation in Congress and without an acknowledged vote anywhere, aided by the President, a handful of Democrats in Congress, and an unknown number of sympathizers in the North, on the one side, and the Republican party in unmistakable control of Congress on the other. The bill for the extension of the Freedmen's Bureau, which failed to pass over Johnson's veto, and the civil rights bill, which did pass over a veto, — these, and the angry discussions over them in the spring of 1866, only intensified, North and South, the bitterness of the struggle in progress.

If Mr. Lincoln had lived, and had carried on, as the speech in answer to a serenade just before his death indicates

he would have done, the policy embodied in the North Carolina proclamation, approved by him shortly before his death,[1] and used by his successor as the basis of his policy, he would have had before him the same open field and the same nine months preceding the meeting of Congress that were before Johnson; and though it would have been a strange spectacle to see the great Republican chieftain politically allied with ex-Confederates, one cannot avoid the conclusion that, tactful and at the same time great-hearted as he was, he would have been continually pointing out to Southerners the breakers that they did not, and he did, see ahead. His influence, too, with his own party, after the successful termination of the war, would have given him a measure of control over his party that Johnson did not possess.

Mr. Johnson was much abused for having "deserted" the party that had honored him, and now that the fight was on, instead of the coolness and skill of a gladiator, he manifested only the qualities of an angry bull rushing at a red rag. In a public speech, alluding to some charge that he had played Judas, he said: "If I have played the Judas, who has been my Christ that I have played the Judas with? Was it Thad Stevens? Was it Wendell Phillips? Was it Charles Sumner?"

Numerous conventions, state and national, were now, in 1866, being held, all devoted to the manufacture of public opinion for and against the Johnson plan of reconstruction.

No two eras in our history differ more widely than the epoch-making years 1787 and 1866. In the one, statesmen were sitting with closed doors to formulate, uninfluenced by outside discussion, the Constitution which is the most perfect work of man. In the other, with doors wide open, members of both political parties uttering fiery declarations which were echoed and reëchoed all over the land, the two houses of Congress as political bodies, with passion at white heat, shaped the policy according to which the chief corner stone of the old Constitution — the suffrage on which it rested — was to be remodeled; and the trend of all the work of the session of 1865–66 was in the direction of the guaranties demanded by Mr. Stevens and Mr. Sumner.

That policy, when the session had closed, was submitted to the Northern voters in the congressional elections of 1866. It was overwhelmingly approved; and at the last session of that Congress the act of March 2, 1867, was passed, reconstructing the states on the basis of universal negro suffrage, to which the Fifteenth Amendment, intended to secure the rights thus granted, was but a corollary, — both, as we have seen, begotten of partisanship out of philanthropy; and this was not the first, nor has it been the last, of these *liaisons*.

It is not making any new or startling assertion to say that negro suffrage was a failure. It did not give Republican control at the South, except for a brief period, and it did not benefit, but injured, the freedman; it made unavoidable in the South the color line, and *impossible there two capable political parties, of which all men, North and South alike, now see the crying need.*

The negro had, when suddenly emancipated, one recourse: he was by training a good laborer. The pathway was wide open before him to profit by ex-

[1] "The very same instrument for restoring the national authority over North Carolina, and placing her where she stood before her attempted secession, which had been approved by Mr. Lincoln, was by Mr. Stanton presented at the first Cabinet meeting which was held at the Executive Mansion after Mr. Lincoln's death, and having been carefully considered at two or three meetings, was adopted as the reconstruction policy of the [Johnson's] Administration." (McCulloch's Men and Measures, p. 378.)

perience based upon the results of continued industry. Laws like those we have noted, repressing idleness, even though unnecessarily severe, as some of them undoubtedly were, would have given him a continuing forward impulse in what was his only possible line of betterment; for the lesson of self-support is a prerequisite of all development. In Mr. Seward's language, the negro would have found his place.

To import the ex-slave into politics was to make a parasite of a plant that needed to strike its roots deep into the earth. To implant within him the thought that he might live without work was an egregious error. Influential negroes, those who should have led in industry and thrift, not only themselves deserted the cotton field for the field of politics, but drew others after them to march in processions and listen to discussions no syllable of which was comprehensible save only appeals to race antagonism. The consequences of the mistake then made have come down to this day; and as to some of them, at least, whites and blacks are now working together for relief.

Professor W. H. Council, the able negro president of the college at Huntsville, Alabama, voiced the present best Southern thought when he said, in his annual address to his colored students, in October last: —

"As our footsteps diverge from political walks, they approach industrial success and true citizenship. The negro will grow strong and grow into usefulness in proportion to his contribution to industrial development, and not political strife."

Hilary A. Herbert.

THE NEW INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION.

THE law regulating human development may possibly be formulated somewhat as follows: Nature favors those organisms which, for the time being, operate cheapest; but organisms are wasteful which, relatively, lack energy. An organism may fail in energy either because it is deficient in mass, or because it has been imperfectly endowed with energetic material. In either case the result is the same: organisms which, compared with others, are wanting in energy are wasteful, and, being wasteful, nature rejects them. Applying this law to recent social phenomena, certain deductions may be made which are not without interest regarding the past, and may be worthy of consideration in view of the future. An inquiry of this kind must begin with Europe, which until lately has been the focus of activity.

Scientifically speaking, the Urals have never formed a dividing line between Europe and Asia. The boundary between the two continents has been fixed by the path of trade, which early regulated the flow of civilization and the migrations of the races. The true frontier of modern Europe has always consisted of a triangular isthmus, about 800 miles broad at its narrowest, following the line of the Vistula and the Dniester, or from Dantzic to Odessa; and some 600 miles deep along its base, from the mouth of the Vistula to the Neva, or from Dantzic to St. Petersburg. The apex of this triangle rests upon the Black Sea, at the outlet of the Dniester and the Dnieper; while its eastern frontier is formed by the chain of water courses which unites the Black Sea with the Baltic, by the way of the Dnieper, the Lovat, Lake Ladoga, and the Neva.

A thousand years ago, when Constan-

tinople was the capital of the world, the Eastern trade reached Scandinavia by these water courses; Kiev being the outpost of the Greek economic system, and Novgorod the northern emporium. The Scandinavian merchants left Novgorod, bearing furs and amber to sell on the Bosphorus, and brought back spices and coin. Speaking generally, this isthmus, though forming, as it were, a debatable land between two civilizations, appertained to Europe, and contained what are now the German Baltic provinces of Russia, beside Poland and Lithuania. Within the commercial thoroughfare formed by these water courses lay the cradle and hotbed of Western civilization; beyond lay desolate wastes, impenetrable alike to the trader and the soldier. These wastes cut off the Occident from the Pacific coast, a region singularly favored both in soil and minerals. Europe, on the contrary, has never been remarkable either for the fecundity of its soil or for the wealth of its mines. It reached high fortune rather because, before railroads, its physical formation lent itself in a supreme degree to cheap transportation by water.

A tongue of land deeply indented by the sea, and penetrated throughout by rivers navigable, at least, for small craft, Europe could market what it had to sell when the treasures of Asia and America lay inaccessible. This advantage she retained until within about twenty years, and the new industrial revolution has been at once the cause and the effect of its loss.

Even a generation ago competition remained much upon the basis of the eighteenth century. Although tending to shrink, the margin of profit stayed broad enough to spare the individual trader, and distance afforded Europe protection against the attack of more favored communities. America, for example, did not harass France or Germany. On the contrary, America offered these countries the best market for their surplus; the United States buying manufactures with bullion, raw materials, or food, which last freight raised to a price harmless to the value of land. The case of England will illustrate a universal condition.

Between 1760 and 1870 Great Britain reached the plenitude of prosperity, and she did so chiefly because of the American trade. As late as 1860 a disparity existed between England and the United States, which to-day seems almost incredible. While England's exports of manufactures then reached $613,000,000, those of the Union only slightly exceeded $40,000,000; and while in 1860 Great Britain had substantially completed her railroad system, that of the United States lay in embryo. Thirty thousand miles of road were then in operation; nearly 200,000 are now in use, and even in 1900 4500 more were added. The United Kingdom, in 1898, possessed altogether 22,000 miles, and building has long gone on at the rate of a hundred miles or so a year. The burden of construction on the two communities can be easily compared. In 1860, with the facilities then existing, neither iron, nor coal, nor grain, nor meat could be exported from America in competition with the product of British mines or farms; while, on her side, Great Britain could sell her manufactures in the United States almost at her own price. The reason for this is obvious. A generation ago, land rates of transportation could not be made even to approximate sea rates: therefore, iron, for instance, could not be brought from the interior to the ports. England had substantially no land carriage. Her resources lay on the coast.

In these years Great Britain accumulated great sums in ready money, mostly, perhaps, through the returns of agriculture. The manufacturing population grew apace, — eating much, yet producing no food; nevertheless they paid for food liberally, because the revenue from Amer-

ica provided ample wages. Thus passing from hand to hand, the larger share of American remittances finally lodged in the coffers of the landlords in the shape of rent. The landlords consequently enjoyed opulence, habitually saved a part of their incomes, and invested what they saved either in business paper or in foreign securities. Agriculture thus formed the corner stone of the economic system of Europe during the decades which ended with the Franco-German war.

Bagehot wrote Lombard Street between 1870 and 1873, and in the introduction to that interesting essay he inserted a passage which has made luminous many subsequent phenomena. Commenting on the loanable funds always lying on deposit in London, Bagehot observed: —

"There are whole districts in England which cannot, and do not, employ their own money. No purely agricultural county does so. The savings of a county with good land, but no manufactures and no trade, much exceed what can be safely lent in the county. These savings are . . . sent to London. . . . The money thus sent up from the accumulating districts is employed in discounting the bills of the industrial districts. Deposits are made with the bankers . . . in Lombard Street by the bankers of such counties as Somersetshire and Hampshire, and those . . . bankers employ them in the discount of bills from Yorkshire and Lancashire." [1]

Almost as Bagehot wrote these words the economic equilibrium of the world changed; and it changed because the introduction of the railroad permitted the consolidation of larger and more energetic masses than had theretofore existed. The movement first gained headway in central Europe, which prior to 1870 had been the most decentralized portion of a decentralized continent.

The consolidation of Germany between 1866 and 1870 led to the downfall of France, and the transfer to Berlin of a large treasure, in the shape of a war indemnity. Besides entering on a period of industrial expansion incident to accelerated movement, the German Empire, by means of this treasure, succeeded in restricting its coinage to gold. Silver being discarded fell in value, until, in 1873, France also curtailed its silver coinage; and thus, by degrees, half the supply of metal for the currency having been eliminated, a contraction followed, which lasted until the abundant yield of gold about 1897 began to make good the deficiency. The contraction of the currency caused a fall in prices, more particularly the prices of agricultural products and freights, and this fall struck at the very vitals of England.

The structure of society had not been simplified in Great Britain, during the French Revolution, as it had on the Continent. Consequently, in 1870, much of the apparatus of the Middle Ages survived, especially in the customs relating to the tenure of land. In Great Britain land was expected to earn two profits, — one for the cultivator, the other for the landlord; and though this had been possible when freights were high, it became impossible as they fell, accompanied as the fall in freights was by a decrease in the value of the crops themselves.

In 1873 it cost, on the average, about $0.21 to convey a bushel of wheat from New York to Liverpool, in 1880 only about $0.117; or, estimating the value of the bushel of wheat in London in the early seventies at $1.60, and allowing for the reduction in railroad as well as in ocean rates, the farmer lost something equivalent to a protective tariff of 10 per cent. This difference seems toward 1880 just about to have offset the rent. At a later date matters grew worse and farms went out of cultivation.

And now a very curious phenomenon occurred. In earlier days the manufactures of Great Britain had been sold in America; the proceeds had been remitted to Lancashire or Yorkshire, had

[1] Lombard Street, p. 12.

for the most part been spent in wages, and by the wage earner had been expended for food; the sale of food had paid the gentry's rent, and the gentry's accumulations had either found their way back to Lancashire in the form of loans, or had been invested in American stocks. Such was the condition when Bagehot wrote Lombard Street. What happened in the next two decades a few figures will explain better than much argument. For example, the acreage under wheat in England, Scotland, and Wales fell from 3,490,000 acres in 1873 to 1,897,000 in 1893, while imports of wheat rose from 43,863,000 hundredweight in 1873 to 65,461,000 in 1893. Meanwhile, the population of the United Kingdom had only grown from 32,000,000 to 38,000,000. In other words, the imports of wheat had increased 50 per cent, and the population 20 per cent: and this leaves out purchases of flour, which had swelled from 6,000,000 to 20,000,000 hundredweight.

The course of trade is obvious enough. The profits made on sales of merchandise abroad, and paid out in wages, no longer remained with English farmers as the price of food, thus forming a basis for English credit. After 1879, as soon as earned, these profits flowed back again whence they came, with the effect of gradually converting the landholding class from lenders into borrowers.

The landed class became borrowers largely because of the traditionally extravagant system of family settlements. The eldest son took the property, but he took a property incumbered with settlements for the widow, the brothers and sisters. These settlements constituted a fixed charge on rent; and when rents disappeared the owner had to make good the settlements, or pay the interest on his mortgages, which amounted to the same thing, out of sales of personal property. Hence, although economy might be practiced, liquidation on a large scale became imperative; and frequently it proved impracticable, even with frugality, to save the land.

At all events, the best property to realize upon was American stock and bonds, and, accordingly, from the early eighties sales began. At first the drain upon the United States was hardly noticeable; then it gathered volume, and after 1890 grew overwhelming. The purchasing power of this country failed, the market broke, gold flowed abroad in floods, and the panic of 1893 supervened. But to comprehend that momentous convulsion, and to realize the bearing it has had on all later events, a few words must be said in relation to the straits into which the United States had fallen, and the gigantic exertion by which the people freed themselves from debt. There is little more dramatic in recent history.

In 1865 the problem presented was this: The United States could certainly excel any European nation in economic competition, and possibly the whole Continent combined, if it could utilize its resources. So much was admitted; the doubt touched the capacity of the people to organize a system of transportation and industry adequate to attain that end. Failure meant certain bankruptcy. Unappalled by the magnitude of the speculation, the American people took the risk. What that risk was may be imagined when the fact is grasped that in 1865, with 35,000 miles of road already built, this people entered on the construction of 160,000 miles more, at an outlay, probably, in excess of $10,000,000,000. Such figures convey no impression to the mind, any more than a statement of the distance of a star. It may aid the imagination, perhaps, to say that Mr. Giffen estimated the cost to France of the war of 1870, including the indemnity and Alsace and Lorraine, at less than $3,500,000,000, or about one third of this portentous mortgage on the future.

As late as 1870 America remained relatively poor; for America, so far as

her export trade went, relied on agriculture alone. To build her roads she had to borrow, and she expected to pay dear; but she did not calculate on having to pay twice the capital she borrowed, estimating that capital in the only merchandise she had to sell. Yet this is very nearly what occurred. Agricultural prices fell so rapidly that between 1890 and 1897, when the sharpest pressure prevailed, it took something like twice the weight of wheat or cotton, to repay a dollar borrowed in 1873, that would have sufficed to satisfy the creditor when the debt was contracted. Merchandise enough could not be shipped to meet the emergency, and balances had to be paid in coin. The agony this people endured may be measured by the sacrifice they made. At the moment of severest contraction, in the single year 1893, the United States parted with upwards of $87,000,000 of gold, when to lose gold was like draining a living body of its blood. And the terror lay in the fact that the further realizing went, and the lower prices fell, the greater the needs of the foreigner became, and the more drastic had to be the liquidation. After 1890, for example, cotton spinning for some years ceased to pay in Lancashire: consequently, many manufacturers found themselves in the same plight as the landlords, and had to resort to the same expedients.

What America owed abroad can never be computed; it is enough that it reached an enormous sum, to refund which, even under favorable circumstances, would have taken years of effort; actually forced payment brought the nation to the brink of a convulsion. Perhaps no people ever faced such an emergency and paid, without recourse to war. America triumphed through her inventive and administrative genius. Brought to a white heat under compression, the industrial system of the Union suddenly fused into a homogeneous mass. One day, without warning, the gigantic mechanism operated, and two hemispheres vibrated with the shock. In March, 1897, the vast consolidation of mines, foundries, railroads, and steamship companies, centralized at Pittsburg, began producing steel rails at $18 the ton, and at a bound America bestrode the world. She had won her great wager with Fate; society lay helpless at her feet; she could flood the markets of a small, decentralized, and half-exhausted peninsula with incalculable wealth. How tremendous her victory was, how far reaching must be its results, may be judged from the returns which show the condition of the British minerals.

As early as 1882, the iron mines of the United Kingdom yielded their maximum, at 18,000,000 tons of ore; in 1898, the yield had fallen to 14,000,000. In 1868, 9817 tons of copper were produced; in 1898, 640 tons. Two years later the turn came in lead, the output in 1870 having reached 73,420 tons, as against 25,355 in 1898; while tin, which stood at 10,900 tons in 1871, had dwindled to 4013 according to the last returns. The quantity of coal raised, indeed, increases, but prices have advanced from 50 to 70 per cent during the year; and though now they tend to fall, it is only through a shrinkage of the industrial demand, caused by inability to compete on such a basis. The end seems only a question of time. Europe is doomed not only to buy her raw material abroad, but to pay the cost of transport. And Europe knew this instinctively in March, 1897, and nerved herself for resistance. Her best hope, next to a victorious war, lay in imitating America, and in organizing a system of transportation which would open up the East.

Carnegie achieved the new industrial revolution in March, 1897. Within a twelvemonth the rival nations had emptied themselves upon the shore of the Yellow Sea. In November Germany seized Kiao-chau, a month later the Russians occupied Port Arthur, and

the following April the English appropriated Wei-hai-wei; but the fact to remember is that just 400 miles inland, due west of Kiao-chau, lies Tszechau, the centre, according to Richthofen, of the richest coal and iron deposits in existence. There, with the rude methods used by the Chinese, coal actually sells at 13 cents the ton. Thus it has come to pass that the problem now being attacked by all the statesmen, soldiers, scientific men, and engineers of the two eastern continents is whether Russia, Germany, France, England, and Japan, combined or separately, can ever bring these resources on the market in competition with the United States.

From the days of Alexander downward, the dream of every dominant Occidental race has been to overrun the East; but, with the exception of England, who invaded India from the sea, no Western people have ever established a foothold in the recesses of Asia. Alexander left nothing behind him, and the Romans met disaster. Tiberius addressed himself to the task of reducing Germany. He first made three successful campaigns between the Rhine and the Elbe by way of Paderborn and Brunswick. He then proposed a combined movement from the Rhine and the Danube against Bohemia; but before it could be executed, in the year 9, Augustus sent Varus to organize the newly conquered province of North Germany, where Varus with his army perished. Subsequently, the government decided that the cost of expansion exceeded the profit, and the legions retired behind the Rhine. A century later Trajan marched down the Tigris to the Persian Gulf, contemplating an attempt on India by sea; but Hadrian, on maturer consideration, fell back upon the Euphrates. In the Middle Ages, whenever the Crusaders ventured beyond the defiles of the Lebanon, they suffered defeat; and the Teutonic Knights could never force their way beyond the region of Livonia.

Thus repulsed, mediæval Europeans cast about for means to reach Cathay by water, since ships fit for the purpose then existed. In 1497 Vasco da Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope on his voyage to India, while five years earlier Columbus, in pursuit of the same object, had stumbled on America. This discovery changed the equilibrium of society by giving it an impulsion westward, — an impulsion shared by Asia as well as Europe. Here doubt is impossible. Colonization in Hispaniola began in 1496, and emigration has poured westward ever since; on the other hand, the organization of modern Russia dates from Ivan the Terrible, who reigned from 1533 to 1584. Modern Russia, indeed, is nothing but the old Tartar Empire centralized on the Neva instead of on the Amoor, with the Slavic influence instead of the Mongol in the ascendant. Almost contemporaneously with the voyage of Columbus the current began to sweep the Asiatics over what had once been Europe. Novgorod lay at the eastern extremity of the triangular isthmus between the continents; and Novgorod was a European town, and a bulwark of the Baltic provinces. In 1495 Ivan III. pillaged Novgorod, expelled the German merchants, and began to press westward. In the middle of the next century Ivan the Terrible occupied Narva, reached the Caspian, crossed the Urals, and began the conquest of Siberia. In 1703 Peter the Great fixed the capital on the Neva. In 1772 came the first partition of Poland, and by 1795 Asia had pushed her frontier across the debatable land, and had reached the Vistula.

Withal, the new empire, like its Tartar predecessor, has proved impervious to attack, and this invulnerability has controlled the most complicated problem of modern times. That problem is the old one of the possibility of absorbing northern Asia in the European economic system. Had Napoleon prevailed in 1812

he might have solved the difficulty; for an archaic community often reaches with rapidity the level of its conqueror, as did Gaul after Cæsar's campaigns. When, however, the primitive race remains free, subject to no severer constraint than the pressure of peaceful competition, instances are rare where the pupil has overtaken the master, while the master has kept his vigor. Certainly Russia has not outstripped Germany and France. For two centuries Russia has imported foreigners with a view to accelerate her movement, and yet to-day the Russian people are, relatively, as sluggish as when Ivan the Terrible ruled at Moscow. No more striking illustration of comparative inertia could be found than the building of the Siberian railroad, — an inertia the more noteworthy as no enterprise was ever undertaken under more favorable auspices, or with stronger incentive to activity through apprehension of impending peril.

To regard the Siberian railroad as a purely Russian venture is incorrect; it is only necessary to read the French newspapers of the last decade to be convinced of the contrary. The Siberian railroad has been the result of the effort made by Europe to extend its base over Asia, and it has been made possible only by the support of the Western nations. Russia's chief contribution has lain in the administrative department, and it has been the administration which has crippled the enterprise.

As long as the United States acted as a useful appendage to Europe, absorbing at once her surplus manufactures and population, and repaying her with silver and gold, Europe looked on the development of eastern Asia with indifference; but no sooner had the shadow of American competition fallen across the Atlantic than penetrating the recesses of Asia was recognized as essential to safety. Uneasiness, which had been growing since 1880, gave way to alarm dur ing the crisis of 1890, when the Bank of England betrayed unequivocal signs of weakness, and in 1891 an imperial rescript ordered the construction of the Siberian road to begin on the Pacific coast.

Much has been said about the magnitude of the Siberian railroad scheme. It has certainly strained the resources of Russia and France; it has even impaired the credit of the Czar's government; it has been prosecuted with all the resources and vigor of the empire: probably, therefore, it may fairly serve as a gauge of Russian energy, whereby the Russian may be measured with the citizen of the United States.

The length of the entire Siberian line, including branches, fell short of 6000 miles. The road runs for the most part through an easy country; the land cost nothing; work can be carried on from several points at once; and a French company offered to complete the task within six years, at an average cost of $30,000 the mile. In reality, the main division, on whose effective working success or failure hung, is only half this length. From Cheliabinsk to Stretensk on the Amoor, where steam navigation to the Pacific begins, is less than 3000 miles, and M. de Witte solemnly assured the world that this vital section should be in thorough order by 1898, or 1899 at the latest. In the spring of 1900, when the Chinese outbreak occurred, not only did this line prove unfit for ordinary travel, but incapable of transporting enough troops to Manchuria to afford police protection to the road itself. As for garrisons, the Russian government appears to have sent them to Port Arthur and elsewhere by sea, which is equivalent to the United States government sending troops to California round the Horn. Such is the fruit of nine years of toil, at an outlay estimated at double the price asked by Frenchmen for the work, and with a product so inferior that experts are agreed the road will have to be nearly rebuilt to raise it even to the European standard. The European standard, nevertheless, re-

presents perhaps not more than half the energy developed by American systems.

In the United States, between 1880 and 1890, the average construction exceeded 6000 miles of road annually, all built by private enterprise; and in 1887 more than 12,000 miles of track were laid. Had the United States been under a stimulus of apprehension such as the Russians felt in regard to their eastern frontier, the building of a line equal to that to the Amoor could scarcely have occupied three years at the most, and probably much less.

Measuring thus Russian with American energy, the former could hardly hold a higher ratio than as one to four or five in relation to the latter, — a handicap which would seem to preclude successful competition.

This conclusion is likely to be generally accepted by Europeans; for at present the theory that the Siberian railroad would provide a practicable channel for international traffic, as against the sea, appears to have been abandoned. Therefore, for the next generation, the relations of the West toward China in regard to transportation promise to remain nearly unchanged.

Furthermore, there can be no mistaking the symptoms. Russia is betraying exhaustion under the strain of an attempt at industrial competition. Hence she has collapsed at the crucial moment, and her collapse has checked the partition of China, which has been a chief aim of central Europe. A convulsion in China has long been anticipated as the signal for a division of the empire by an agreement of the Powers, somewhat as Poland was apportioned a century ago. In 1795 Russia possessed the energy to seize her prey. In 1900 she could with difficulty move an army corps, far less prosecute a campaign. A severe financial crisis has been in progress in Russia for many months. Hitherto M. de Witte has been unable to secure his annual loan to cover his deficit, and accordingly the Bank of Russia is losing gold. Every item of outlay possible to be suppressed has been suppressed; yet paralysis supervened. This paralysis isolated Germany and England; for the overland route to Berlin remained closed, and in the rear lay the United States intrenched in Luzon. The Germans perceived finally that the military position was hopeless, and capitulated. The victory for America, in the East, appears to be decisive, and the organization of northern China by her commercial rivals, temporarily at least, postponed.

On the other hand, assuming that Europe is once more foiled in her attempt to expand eastward, it is not demonstrated that an economic equilibrium will be reached with America in the ascendant. Though now the position of Europe is untenable, her energy is not exhausted, and therefore she will presumably seek means of defense. If she cannot expand, she will doubtless consolidate, and try to compensate for inferior resources by superior administration. Should all else fail, she will, unless the precedents of history are to be reversed, resort to war. Probably without exception sinking communities have fought for life. Upon the same principle, the present economic situation logically points toward a collision. After finishing her internal lines of communication, America has extended them across the sea to her rival's ports, the more effectually to deluge them with her wares. Furthermore, the United States bars all avenues of escape. She has long held South America closed; she is now closing China; and while thus caging Europeans within their narrow peninsula, she is slowly suffocating them with her surplus. Any animal cornered and threatened will strike at the foe; much more, proud, energetic, and powerful nations. Nevertheless, war is an eventuality which each can ponder for himself. European economic consolidation, though perhaps equally dangerous, is less familiar.

Obviously, great economies may be effected by concentration. Disarmament, more or less complete; the absorption of small states, like Holland, Belgium, Denmark, and the like; the redistribution of the Austrian Empire; the adoption of an international railroad system, with uniform coinage and banking; and, above all, the massing of industries upon the American model, may enable Europe to force down prices indefinitely, and possibly turn the balance of trade. In other words, the twentieth century offers the prospect of a continuation of the conditions of the last upon a progressive scale, the severity of competition depending largely on the supply of gold coming from the mines, in proportion to the volume of trade.

Should the foregoing statement of facts be approximately correct, and presupposing that the United States succeeds temporarily in preventing the industrial development of China, the following inferences seem justified. Europe stands at a disadvantage, whether in war or peace, because of inferior natural resources, inadequate bulk, and imperfect organization; but the position of Europe is not so desperate that it may not be amended by inertia in America and energy at home. Moreover, Americans must recognize that this is war to the death, — a struggle no longer against single nations, but against a continent. There is not room in the economy of the world for two centres of wealth and empire. One organism, in the end, will destroy the other. The weaker must succumb. Under commercial competition, that society will survive which works cheapest; but to be undersold is often more fatal to a population than to be conquered.

Economies consist in the administration of masses, thus eliminating double profits, surplus wages, and needless rent. Such masses in America are represented by the so-called "trusts:" therefore the trust must be accepted as the corner stone of modern civilization, and the movement toward the trust must gather momentum until the limit of possible economies has been reached.

Analogously with political institutions, all institutions of any country are but the reflection of a social condition; and as that condition changes, so must habits and methods of thought and government. In proportion as the United States consolidate within, in order to evolve the largest administrative mass, so must they be expected to expand without; and as they expand, they must simplify and cheapen their administrative machinery, until in this direction, also, the limit of economy by mass has been attained. When that limit has been touched the process will automatically stop, as the Roman Empire stopped under Augustus. In the stern struggle for life, affections, traditions, and beliefs are as naught. Every innovation is resisted by some portion of every population; but resistance to innovation indicates, in the eye of nature, senility, and senility is doomed to be discarded. When a whole nation becomes senile, like the Chinese, it perishes. That nation thrives best which is most flexible, and which has fewest prejudices to hamper adaptation.

One quality Nature inexorably demands of men: she exacts from them the capacity to exert their energy through such channels as she may open from age to age. Those who can conform to her behests she crowns with wealth, with power and renown; those who rebel or lag behind she exterminates or enslaves. Should America be destined to prevail, in the struggle for empire which lies before her, those men will rule over her who can best administer masses vaster than anything now existing in the world, and the laws and institutions of our country will take the shape best adapted to the needs of the mighty engines which such men shall control.

Brooks Adams.

THE LAST PHASE OF NAPOLEON.[1]

ANYTHING from Lord Rosebery's pen is sure to be sparkling and attractive. But the petty miseries of Napoleon at St. Helena, his squabbles with Sir Hudson Lowe, and the bickerings of his little household were hardly a subject worthy of being handled by one who has been Prime Minister of England, who may again be Prime Minister of England, and who is being courted as a leader by a large section of a great political party. Perhaps Lord Rosebery, while awaiting the call of Destiny, wishes to kill the time without mental strain by dallying with lighter themes. Though strictly critical and veracious, he is evidently under a spell, and feels that in dealing with the great conqueror he is dealing with something more than human.

Napoleon on his way to Elba, after his first deposition, found his statues overturned, and was more than once in peril of his life from the fury of the people against their fallen tyrant. He owed to the intrepidity of the allied Commissioners a narrow escape from a violent end. A mob surrounded the carriage, demanding his head; and to save his life he had to escape by a back window, and ride the next post disguised as a courier with a white cockade upon his breast. Did he suffer any indignity worse than this at the hands of Lord Bathurst or Sir Hudson Lowe? The political and municipal bodies of France at once, with one accord, acclaimed his fall and the deliverance of the country. One of his own marshals, Augereau, his companion in many victories, thus addressed the soldiers: —

"Soldiers! The Senate, the first interpreter of the national will, worn out with the despotism of Buonaparte, has pronounced, on the 2nd April, the dethronement of him and his family. A new dynasty, strong and liberal, descended from our ancient kings, will replace Buonaparte and his despotism. Soldiers! You are absolved from your oaths: you are so by the nation, in which the sovereignty resides; you are still more so, were it necessary, by the abdication of a man who, after having sacrificed millions to his cruel ambition, has not known how to die as a soldier."

Ney, on Napoleon's return from Elba, marched against him, promising the King to bring him back in an iron cage.

Napoleon's wonderful success after his return from Elba was due, not to love of him, but to hatred of the Bourbons, to the restless discontent of the soldiery, and to the fear of the peasantry that the old dynasty would restore the feudal system and resume the confiscated lands. Napoleon would never have been recalled by the French people. In Lord Russell's interview with him at Elba, the subject of his anxious inquiry was the disposition, not of the people, but of the army. The disposition of the people he knew too well.

After his first deposition, the fallen Emperor was treated with studious respect by the allies, and notably by the British. He was received, says Alison, by Captain Usher, who commanded the vessel in which he sailed for Elba, agreeably to the orders of the government, with the honors due to a crowned head: a royal salute was fired as he stepped on board, the yards were manned, and every possible respect was shown to him by all, from the captain to the cabin boy. So great was the contrast between this reception and that with which he had met at the hands of his own subjects that he burst into tears. It was when he had broken his word, made his escape from

[1] *Napoleon: The Last Phase.* By LORD ROSEBERY. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1900.

Elba, and again for the purposes of his own ambition plunged the world into slaughter and havoc, that he was treated with less indulgence. That, with his invariable perfidy, he had from his first removal to Elba meditated breach of his parole and return to France, if he had a chance, can hardly be matter of doubt. In his interview with Lord Russell, he affected to fear that the allies had a design upon his life. He was evidently providing an excuse for his flight. He actually invited Lord Russell to visit him in Paris, and the invitation was repeated in the Hundred Days through Bertrand.

This man had sacrificed to his ambition at least two millions of lives. He had oppressed and plundered all the nations, till they rose together in united effort against the intolerable iniquities of his sway. He had formed a design, as he himself avowed, of reducing them all to satellites of France, the domestic liberties of which he had extinguished. He had, besides, committed a long series of particular crimes: he had murdered Pichegru, the Duc d'Enghien, Toussaint-Louverture, and Hofer; he had slaughtered four thousand prisoners of war in cold blood, because he found it difficult to hold them. He had trampled on public faith as well as the laws of humanity. Had he, upon the renewal of his criminal attempts, been treated with more severity than he was, the measure would have been impolitic, certainly unsentimental, but it would not have been unjust. It might not even have been entirely impolitic, if it would have broken the spell the prevalence of which was to be so prolific of evil.

Any idea that consideration was due to Napoleon for having, after Waterloo, abstained from putting himself at the head of the Jacobin populace of Paris, and prolonging the resistance to the allied armies, is preposterous. There was not between him and the populace the sympathy by which such a combination could have been formed. He hated the populace of Paris. In the Hundred Days, Guizot saw him, after receiving at a window a mob demonstration, turn away with a shrug of disdain.

Suppose, after all that Napoleon had done, — the physical and, still worse, moral evil that he had brought upon the world, the loss and suffering which he had brought upon Great Britain in particular, and the pertinacious malignity with which he had sought her ruin, — a British minister, upon the renewal of all this, did, in a letter to his colleague, give vent to his indignation in an angry phrase suggesting that Napoleon deserved to be handed over to the King of France for treatment as a rebel: was this a thing to fill the world with horror? Lord Liverpool did not really expect the King of France to put Napoleon to death as a rebel, nor had he the slightest intention of doing anything of the kind himself.

It was unfortunate, perhaps, that the British government should have had to undertake the custody of a prisoner whose extraordinary genius and still more extraordinary fortunes were sure to create a sentiment in his favor and against his keepers. But this could hardly have been helped. A fortress in Russia or Prussia would have been more penal than St. Helena. To allow the ex-Emperor to go to the United States, there to cabal against Great Britain, would have been fatuous. It must be remembered that there were French, Austrian, and Russian Commissioners at St. Helena. Prussia was invited to send a Commissioner, but did not.

In the indictment of the British government, as presented by Lord Rosebery, there are three counts: —

I. The denial of the imperial title. Napoleon was allowed himself to assume, and did assume, the title, as he did all the forms of imperial state. But could the government have given it to him? His own legislature had dethroned him,

and forced him to sign his abdication. With his little empire of Elba he had been allowed to retain his title of Emperor. But how, without disparagement to the title of the restored dynasty, could he be recognized as Emperor of the French? Does not the revival of the title by Napoleon III. show that there was a substantial reason for refusal? On the captive's playing at Emperor no restriction seems to have been placed. All the forms of imperial etiquette were strictly observed in his little court. Its members were kept standing for hours, till they nearly dropped from fatigue. At dinner, Lord Rosebery tells us, he was served on gold and silver plate, and attended by his French servants in rich liveries. When he took an airing, it was in a carriage and six, with an equerry riding on each side. A really noble nature surely would have preferred to lay aside a title which had become a mockery of forfeited greatness, and have found a higher majesty in simple manhood, dignified as it would have been by misfortune.

II. The second charge is niggardly supply of funds. But this seems at once to fall to the ground. The original allowance was £8000 a year. This was enlarged to £12,000, and ultimately there was no fixed limit. If there were rats at Longwood, there was wherewithal to buy ratsbane, and the governor could scarcely be blamed for leaving that business to the suite. Napoleon appears to have been supplied with everything that he desired, including, it is curious to hear, large consignments of books, of which, we are told, this mighty conqueror was a great, even a voracious reader. Bertrand confessed that St. Helena was better than Elba.

III. There is, unfortunately, more foundation for the charge of want of tact and indelicacy on the part of Sir Hudson Lowe, whose vigilance was extreme, but who was otherwise ill chosen for his rôle. Sir Hudson was haunted by fears of an escape; for which, in fact, there were plots on foot, and one, as the Russian government thought, feasible, though there could hardly be serious danger, considering the inaccessibility of the island and the unwieldy corpulence of the captive. Lowe's instructions were "to permit every indulgence to Napoleon compatible with the entire security of his person." It is not alleged that he departed from the first part of these instructions, but only that he was overstrict and maladroit in the execution of the second. He seems to have shown no ill will. He raised the allowance on his own responsibility. In inviting the ex-Emperor to meet Lady Loudon at dinner he may have committed a social blunder, but he meant only to be kind. Napoleon was irritable and petulant. "Lowe was antipathetic to him," says Lord Rosebery, "as a man and as a jailer. Consequently, Napoleon lost his temper outrageously when they met." This seems to suggest a fair summary of the case. Napoleon, it will be remembered, for an unfortunate though well-intended remark, kicked Volney in the stomach, so that he had to be carried out of the room. He gave vent "outrageously" to his temper against the British ambassador, Lord Whitworth, before the whole diplomatic circle. He shoots Madame Bertrand's pet kids, to her great distress, because they strayed upon his garden, and other innocent animals share their fate. So he used to shoot his wife's favorite birds at Malmaison. He had in him, in fact, a strong dash of the Quilp. Lamartine thought that he insulted in order to provoke insult and found a case for his friends in the British Parliament, whose intervention was his hope of release. Montholon, one of his confidants at Longwood, in fact, avowed that this was their game. If Napoleon had allowed Sir Hudson Lowe to see him regularly without seriously intruding on his privacy, even to see him at a window, all would apparently have gone well.

Pope Pius VII. was the head of Catholic Christendom. Yet the treatment which he received as Napoleon's captive was less respectful, according to Lord Rosebery, than that received by Napoleon. "He was put into captivity, not as Napoleon was confined, but almost as malefactors are imprisoned." A cardinal who had displeased the despot was confined in a state prison in Savoy. All these things, as well as the conqueror's far more serious offenses against humanity, were then fresh in the minds of the people with whom he had to deal.

One of Napoleon's occupations at St. Helena, as Lord Rosebery evidently believes, was the forging of a document which, if genuine, would have thrown the blame for the catastrophe in Spain off his own shoulders, and on to those of Murat. Another was the execution of a will leaving a legacy to Cantillon, who had attempted to assassinate Wellington. The duke had some reason for saying that Napoleon was not a gentleman. It is true that this man was a Jupiter; true also that he was a Jupiter Scapin. He seems to have been framed by nature to show the difference between intellectual and moral greatness. His views of humanity were sagacious as his intellect was great; they were low as his character was mean.

Lord Rosebery has given us a vivid and amusing picture of the companions of Napoleon in his exile. A curious set they seem to have been. Never, surely, did august adversity receive a less impressive tribute from the attachment and sympathy of friends. In fact, as Lord Rosebery admits, Napoleon had no friends. He speaks of Ney, Murat, and Soult in the most unfeeling way. His own brothers and sisters defied and abandoned him. Two of his sisters, on whom he had conferred royalty, tried to make independent terms for themselves with the enemy. He avowed that he cared for people who were useful to him only for so long as they were useful. He would bear no divided attachment. "You are mad to love your mother so," said Napoleon to Gourgaud. "How old is she?" "Sixty-seven, Sire." "Well, you will never see her again; she will be dead before you return to France."

"Napoleon," says Lord Rosebery, "was not good in the sense in which Wilberforce or St. Francis was good. Nor was he one of the virtuous rulers. He was not a Washington or an Antonine." On the other hand, he was not a monster, like Eccelino or Timur the Tartar. He did not love evil for its own sake. He was a Corsican, and a thorough Corsican, of extraordinary genius, initiated in wickedness under the Jacobins and confirmed under the Directory, probably about the two worst schools in which it was possible for any human being to be trained. He was utterly unscrupulous, utterly regardless of faith or truth, absolutely selfish, absolutely devoid of the slightest sense of humanity or the slightest feeling for the sufferings of his kind. The horrors of the retreat from Moscow, the horrors of the retreat from Leipsic, touched him not. His bulletin at the end of the Russian campaign contained no word of remorse, but announced to bleeding France that the Emperor never was in better health. On the morrow of a battle he always went over the field, and presumably felt pleasure in the sight. To drag generation after generation of French boys from their homes for consumption in his wars, till he had actually reduced the stature and physique of the country, cost him not a pang. At the last, his only regret was that he could not stake his few remaining conscripts on the gambling table. Constant installments of glory he deemed necessary to his position; and what was necessary to his position was to be supplied, no matter at what cost to his nation or to mankind. Brougham used to repeat a story told him by one who accompanied the Em-

peror's flight from Waterloo. Seeing Napoleon depressed, and thinking that he might be touched by the slaughter of so many old comrades, his companion said, "Wellington also has lost many of his friends." "Yes," replied Napoleon with an oath, "but he has n't lost the battle." When the list of the slain was brought to Wellington, tears ran down the iron cheeks.

The supreme genius of Napoleon for war nobody disputes. Perhaps his only rivals are Alexander, Hannibal, and Cæsar. Marlborough would hardly be placed in the same rank, though it is to be remembered that he conquered, with armies composed of very motley material and long used to defeat, the victorious veterans of Louis XIV., not to mention that he left off victorious. Napoleon had the great advantage of being despot as well as commander in chief, with his hands entirely free, unaffected by failure, and master of all the resources of the state. He had no English Parliamentary Opposition to interfere with him, or Dutch Deputies to tie his hands. In war power the political element always stands for a good deal. Napoleon was fortunate, also, in having to command such people as the French, brave, light-hearted, fired with enthusiasm by the Revolution, and at the same time inured to obedience by immemorial absolutism, which was as complete under Robespierre as under Louis XIV., while the conscription had recruited the army with men of a superior class.

Napoleon's special characteristic as a general seems to be the wonderful celerity of his movements, which he owed partly to his admirable physique. He was able, Lord Rosebery tells us, to fight Alvinzi for five consecutive days without taking off his boots. But latterly he grew corpulent and somewhat torpid. Lord Russell said that when he saw him at Elba he was so fat that, as he laid his hand upon the table, you could hardly see his knuckles. Hence, no doubt, his fatal delay between Ligny and Waterloo. His decline as a general, however, appears to have begun before his last campaign. Experts think that it showed itself at Leipsic, where he neglected to provide sufficient bridges for his retreat.

In peace, as in war, Napoleon was a first-rate organizer and administrator. The government which, as First Consul, he gave France could hardly fail to be welcome, after a reign of murderous anarchy followed by one of unprincipled cabal, maladministration, and corruption, when it was for order rather than for liberty that everybody pined. But he lacked the moral element of statesmanship which would have enabled him to found an enduring polity, and his system was only set up again by the cracksman of Ham to fall ignominiously once more. How little root it took in the lifetime of its author the scandalous success of Malet's conspiracy showed. Glory ever fresh, its author admitted, was essential to its existence. But fresh glory could not be supplied forever, while ultimate defeat was sure, and on the first, second, and third trial proved to be ruin.

The brightest point in Napoleon's history is the Code to which he had the good fortune to give his name, and on which, though the body of it was the work of professional jurists, his practical sagacity and extraordinary powers of application seem in a wonderful degree to have left their mark. It must not be supposed, however, that the Code Napoléon was a sudden light out of darkness. Those who fancy that it was forget Tanucci, Bentham, and the general progress of European jurisprudence. The main lines of the Code had, in fact, been laid down by the Constituent Assembly, which had decreed the liberty of worship, trial by jury, publicity of criminal proceedings, with other securities for fair trial, a uniform system of criminal jurisprudence, equality in taxation, abolition of all feudal burdens and privileges.

The article of the Code which Lord Rosebery specially connects, and which is generally connected, with Napoleon's name is the rule of inheritance subdividing the land. This, however, had been already introduced, and it seems doubtful whether, in retaining it, Napoleon was obeying the dictate of his own judgment, or yielding to the anti-feudal sentiment of the people. If he wished to create an hereditary aristocracy, as it appeared he did, he could scarcely be an enemy to entails. In either case the results were the same: an immense body of landowners; a territorial democracy, conservative, or at all events opposed to communism; and, in large districts at least, the civilization of *La Terre*. The Revolution having made a clean sweep of the past, Napoleon's genius had the great advantage of a perfectly blank paper on which to work.

Among other curious points, Lord Rosebery has dealt with Napoleon's religion. In a passage of Newman's works to which he refers, and which he thinks beautiful, the cardinal has tried to secure the countenance of the famous conqueror for the religion of Christ. But there is no ground, according to Lord Rosebery, for this claim. The only religion to which Napoleon was inclined appears to have been Mahometanism, which had taken his fancy in Egypt, partly perhaps by its militant character, but principally as a religion of the East, to which, as the most grandiose field of enterprise, his imagination constantly turned. His restoration of the Catholic Church in France was purely political. He seems himself to have attended mass in the Tuileries by doing business in an adjoining room. He admitted that if he had turned his mind to religious subjects, he would not have been able to do great things. Assuredly, he would not have been able to do some things which he deemed great, had he been under the restraints of religion even in the slightest degree.

Napoleon, says Lord Rosebery, indefinitely raised mankind's conceptions of its own powers and possibilities. He indefinitely raised, among other conceptions, that of human servility and of the proneness of mankind to worship mere power. A glance at the starry heavens will measure the stature of the intellectual giant. Moral power will not lose by the comparison. It is itself, if our inmost nature does not lie to us, a particle of the power "through which the heavens are fresh and strong."

Lord Russell, when the present writer questioned him about Napoleon's look, said, and emphatically repeated, that there was something evil in the eye. He had remarked that it flashed on an allusion to the excitement of war as contrasted with the dullness of Elba. A feature in the character which, perhaps, has hardly been enough noticed was a sheer lust of war, and especially of battles, the emotions of which, Napoleon seems to have owned, were agreeable to him. It appears not improbable that this had a share, together with his insatiable ambition and his political need of glory, in launching him on his mad invasion of Russia, for which it is difficult to assign any political purpose, as he refused to restore the kingdom of Poland.

Another feature not much noticed in Napoleon's character is his classicism. In his early days he had employed his garrison leisure partly in reading Roman history; and instead of being repelled, he had been fascinated by the presentation of the Roman Empire in Tacitus. We see the result in his Eagles, his Legion of Honor, his political nomenclature, and the general cast of his political institutions. Perhaps the image of the Roman Empire as a model for reproduction floated vaguely before his mind, as it does before those of our imperialists at the present day. A grosser anachronism, it is needless to say, there could not be than an attempt to impose upon the European family of living na-

tions anything like the yoke imposed by Rome on a set of conquered provinces in which national spirit was extinct.

Longwood, Lord Rosebery will own, as vividly described by him, is not sublime. The glory of sunset is not upon it. It was, in truth, no harvest sun that was setting there, but a meteor, brilliant and baleful, that was ending its course. Not that its course was then altogether ended. In 1871, Napoleon, reimpersonated in his nephew, brought an invading army for the third time into Paris.

Joinville, in his wisdom, carried the bones of Napoleon from their resting place in St. Helena to Paris. He carried with them the Napoleonic lust of military adventure which largely contributed to the overthrow of the monarchy, bourgeois, drab-colored, and pacific, of his own house.

Judgment on Napoleon's character must, of course, be qualified by due allowance for the influences under which it was formed. But if he was not the worst of men, he was about the worst of all enemies to his kind. When we consider not only the havoc which he made in his lifetime, but all that followed, — the Holy Alliance and the absolutist reaction, the violence with which the pendulum afterwards swung back to revolution, the spirit of militarism which now pervades the world, — we shall be ready to admit that, of all the disastrous accidents of history, not one is more disastrous than that which made the Corsican a citizen of France.

Goldwin Smith.

A PLEA FOR NEW YORK.

Mr. Howells once started a question that went the rounds of the newspapers: "Why should any one love New York?" Some answered, with a sigh, that there was indeed no good reason why any one should do so. Others bristled up to the defense of the unconscious metropolis, and succeeded in showing, not why any one *should*, but the fact that they themselves *did* love with a rare and surpassing devotion the city that affords them sensation and their daily bread. It is clear that the question, in the answers it elicited, did not escape altogether the harassments derived from a political bias. The anxious mugwump, gazing from his high tower upon the indifference of those who ought to be interested in the city's welfare, would fain find a cause in the city itself for their distressing lack of attention to his familiar exhortations; the striped Tammany man, on the other hand, is profoundly convinced of the moral and material greatness of the community in which he is so prominent a figure; while Republicans are prone to believe New York wicked by reason of its steadily Democratic majorities. Considerations such as these serve only to obscure the issue, and must be rigidly abjured if we would address ourselves to the preservation of an impartial mind.

In beginning our examination of Mr. Howells's question, it will not greatly affect most of us to hear it said that the question itself is, in a certain sense, an idle one. In the same sense are all questions idle that do not bear directly upon a practical end. It is by reason of the light it throws on the way, of the consciousness that it awakens in other directions, that such a question is valuable. Most of us like or dislike New York. A large majority of us who live there have to put up with it, whether we like it or not. We shall perhaps not like our individual lots the better for knowing that there are good grounds for be-

lieving in and loving the community within which those lots are cast. But if we know (and such a question is a help to our finding out) that the conditions under which we live, and the society of which we form a part, are not so much inferior to those obtaining elsewhere, then we have made a step toward contentment; and that step is usually one in the direction of increasing the usefulness of our lives to ourselves and others. A question that stimulates, even indirectly, such a result is not to be called an idle one.

It may be maintained that we love a place chiefly for two things: first for the associations it brings us, and then for the present interests it affords. Besides these, we may be in love with its external beauty; but few cities of our modern, overcrowded, industrial type are beautiful externally. At most there are some beautiful spots in them, best rendered by the etcher's point, so minute and delicate is the treatment they demand; and even these derive how much of their charm from association! For instance, Washington Square is almost beautiful to the present writer; but he cannot be certain it would so appear were he to chance upon it in a foreign city. There was nothing remarkable there architecturally — nothing above what might be called distinguishing in its old-fashioned respectability — until they built the Arch and the Judson Memorial Church; and of the effect produced by these, it must be said that it is already impaired, and is threatened with extinction, by the inroads of an advancing commercialism from the side of Broadway. If the bronze bust of Alexander Holley is fine, the statue of Garibaldi is decidedly queer. These are not the things that give to the old part its fascination, in his eyes; rather, certain vague and shadowy recollections of childhood, together with an intellectual connection, formed later on, between its green, shabby precincts and a whole class of city lives with the glamour of Bohemianism upon them beating backward and forward about its boundaries. These are the associations of the place; and associations do not need to be historical, in order to lend a place character and to give it a certain kind of beauty.

In such associations New York is rich; even in the historical association that clings to men and events, rather than to phases of social development, it is not poor. The difficulty is that so many of its inhabitants — the larger half — have lived there too short a time to feel the value of such association. It has been said by a witty traveler that long search for an old New Yorker discovered him at last in the person of a corner policeman, who brought to the discharge of his official duties a composure that distinguished him from the bustling throng of money-makers. Assuming the story to be true, — although we should not have thought of going to the police force for a specimen of the native New Yorker, — this man, if he passed his childhood in Greenwich Village, or even in a Mulberry Street tenement, when there was still room in the "yard" for a row of green cabbages, and the families took pride in their "garden," is in a better position to judge of local associations than are most of our critics.

The geographical position of New York, on a long slip of land between the waters, explains much about the city. It explains the crowded slums of the lower end of the peninsula, now creeping threateningly along the river banks, until already half the island is covered with them. It explains the hideous elevated railways, made necessary by the daily rush of people going in the same direction at the same time. It does not explain why New York, with water washing both its shores, is not a clean city; that is another chapter. But it explains why, in spite of carelessness in destroying old landmarks, associations are thicker than ghosts in a churchyard. The

ghosts of nationalities have passed over it, and are passing. Irish, Germans, Jews, Italians, and negroes have occupied in succession the same quarter, and each racial wave has swept on its way "up town," leaving behind it an odor not always of sanctity. Poor

> "ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
> Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
> Pestilence-stricken multitudes!"

as Shelley says of the dead autumn leaves driven before the west wind, — is the souvenir of these to be forgotten, and are the associations connected with their coming too vile to dignify and adorn the city that gave them a refuge? Castle Garden! What associations, painful, palpitating with hope and fear, its name must call up to many a prosperous citizen of to-day! What second building in the world, scarce excepting the Roman Coliseum, has witnessed scenes so touching, so dramatic? Such a scene, for instance, as the following, of which I remember reading in the newspaper. A young Englishman had come there to meet his two children, whom he had delayed sending for until his position in the new country was assured. With them came their mother, a poor, forlorn little woman, who seemed to have no interest in life apart from this girl and boy. But she had not been sent for, and her husband refused to receive her. Some one had written him that she had proved an unfaithful wife. In vain she protested her innocence; in vain the children pleaded to have her stay with them, urging pathetically upon their father how good mamma had been to them. The man was obdurate, and the woman, desisting at last from her entreaties, bade the children go with their father. Such is the wonderful strength of weakness! The woman found herself without a friend, in a country unknown to her. On the threshold of so blank a future the newspaper account left her standing.

Hundreds of episodes as poignant as this have been enacted within the walls of the old Garden, where Jenny Lind once sang to the "wealth and fashion" of New York, and where now the fishes swim and the sea anemones bloom, not alone for the wealth and fashion, but for all the people of the city, — among them many, no doubt, to whom the place brings up memories of other days and different scenes.

In the meantime they are not all ghosts, it may be objected; they are with us still, these fateful foreigners that have trailed their sad procession through this romantic Castle Garden. Yes, they are ghosts only in their relations to one another, passing and flitting one before the other from neighborhood to neighborhood, as a fresh wave of alien population sweeps up from the Battery. But the city holds them all, — real creatures of flesh and blood, who contribute according to their strength to her prosperity. Perhaps she is not the better for them all. Yet I am sure that her life is incomparably the richer for their presence here. In the case of the Irish and the Germans, their roots have struck deep into the soil; what the city might have become without them it were idle to guess. They cannot be absolved from their share of responsibility for the evils that have grown upon us. In particular, the Irish have written a chapter of corruption and misrule upon the city's records. In other cities, it is only fair to say, native Americans have done the same. But in New York the Irishman's superiority in the domain of ward politics has been unquestioningly accepted by the other nationalities, and the fabric that has arisen is his own handiwork. Beauty and refinement have not entered very largely into its composition; where is the political machine that can show us beauty and refinement? But before condemning it utterly let us remember one essential fact, which, if not in its present favor, at least holds out a hope for the future, — namely, that it

springs from the people. New York is governed to-day, not by the wealthy, the intelligent, or the specially fit, — in a word, by those persons constituting in every community the privileged class, — but by persons from the lower ranks of her citizens. Representatives of the poor they are not; it is much that they are not representatives of the rich.

Apart from the peculiar sphere of politics, Irish influence in New York — the Irish note in her cosmopolitan symphony — has always been marked and insistent. The popular pastimes get their dominant characteristics from the Irish, although they have submitted to modifications from the German. Irish wit and easy-going Irish nonchalance are responsible for a great deal of the picturesque incident of our daily lives. The popular songs are chiefly Irish, and some of them are admirable in the plain grasp they have upon the essentials in words and music. Listen to little Annie Rooney's accepted suitor: —

> "She 's my Annie, I 'm her Joe;
> She 's my sweetheart, I 'm her beau."

These words have a universal application; simple as they are, they are not to be surpassed (I mean, of course, in a popular song, wedded to music) in the vivid sense of personal relationship conveyed. It is impossible to listen and not feel the heart of the people beating beneath them. Or take some of the Harrigan songs, — Danny by my Side, Maggie Murphy's Home, The Knights of the Mystic Star. Danny and his girl go walking every Sunday afternoon, with a host of other lovers, on Brooklyn Bridge: —

> "Laughing, chaffing,
> Watching the silvery tide;
> Dressed in my best,
> Each day of rest,
> With Danny by my side."

These songs illustrate some phase of existence in the metropolis, and have a local life. It would be easy to multiply examples of the social influence of the Irish, were it not patent to all. The Irish are preëminently a sociable race, and where so many are gathered together as in New York, we should not expect the community to escape the contagion of their example. Their political ascendency has aided in stamping upon the city, in its external aspects, some of the less engaging qualities of the race. Improvidence and lack of consequence seem only less marked in the Irishman than in the negro, and New York thoroughfares, police courts, and public institutions yield abundant evidence of the fact.

These are some of the earmarks of the Irish in New York. Most of the nationalities have not yet been here long enough to leave earmarks, and their value as elements in her interestingness, if one may be allowed the word, is as yet chiefly picturesque. No one will be inclined to dispute their services in this regard who has seen what used to be "the Bend" in Mulberry Street, on a fine afternoon, the bright colors of its Neapolitan population all astir in the sunlight; or who has walked through the Pig Market in Hester Street, on a Saturday night. The quality of such a locality that strikes the modern observer most is, fortunately, not the picturesque one. The world, with the possible exception of *fin-de-siècle* Frenchmen, is growing too humane to feel first for beauty, where there is a question of human degradation and misery. Yet it is of no use, on this account, to deny the picturesque; and the true artist may accept it gratefully, even gladly, not as a compensation for the misery it covers, but as one testimony the more to that visible beauty of the universe which lingers still after man has done his worst in abasement of his fellow and himself.

One scene impressed me strangely, when I saw it first. I had been walking through the Italian quarter, where the light-hearted, careless inhabitants, gathered about the street stands piled high with red peppers and gayly colored mer-

chandise, were lingering to chatter in the new-found enjoyment of the April sunshine, when, turning a sudden corner, I found myself in Mott Street. Here the Chinese, sombre-clothed and sullen, stood silent in their doorways. The place was so quiet as to seem deserted, but for these silent figures. It was like a scene from the last act of The Flying Dutchman, where the jovial sailors are disturbed in their revelry by the sudden appearance of the uncanny seamen of the phantom ship. These unaccountable Chinamen! Like an enigma they stand in the middle of our Western civilization, and no man can read them. The Italians — "dagos" and "guineas," the northern races prefer to call them — have come into possession of nearly all the fruit stands in New York, and their little boys are our bootblacks. This means for New York a gain in picturesqueness, and little corresponding disadvantage anywhere. The Italians in New York do not live a life of prolonged basking in the sunshine, whatever may be their custom at home on the vineyard-clad hills of *provincia di Napoli;* they work for their living, and it will not be long before they too have imprinted their earmarks upon the city.

How is it with the sturdy Teuton? If he has been left until so late in the story, it has not been because we had forgotten him. The figure of the Irishman himself is not more familiar to the patient New Yorker. (Will the typical gentleman on the police force kindly consent to do duty again?) The Teuton has brought us much that we cannot dispense with. He has brought us the love of music, — it is a matter of doubt whether we really cared for it (as a nation, I mean) before he came, — and for this one gift he ought to be held in immortal honor amongst us. But this need not blind us to the fact, as it seems to be, concerning the social influence of the German in New York, — that it is, when one considers the force in which he is here, remarkably slight. Not that it is so surprising, after all. For the German is an impressionable animal, and has a wonderful habit of adapting himself to circumstances, — putting on the fashion of the place. So, when he has gone into politics and become an alderman, he has borne a very faithful resemblance to an Irish city father; and when he has gone into business, he has laid aside his steady Teutonic habits, and developed a degree of shrewdness and what is called "business head" that compares not unfavorably with the Yankee original. In the meantime he has retained his deeper characteristics, and it is a pleasant reflection that they are at work upon the generations destined further to modify the national character. The German is playing for the long run. If the future is to belong to him, his graceful acquiescence in the present ought to reconcile us to his coming domination. He is a most courteous conqueror, never insisting upon his national holidays, as do almost all the other nationalities in New York, but content to regard St. Patrick and Uncle Sam as twin divinities. For all the years he has been in New York, the city has only to show, in its external features, a crop of "summer gardens," — rather dilapidated bowers, where the national taste for nature and the national taste for beer receive a gratification by no means proportionate. It has a permanent German theatre and an intermittent German opera: and with these the stock of things German — unless we include the imported beers — must be brought to an abrupt close. Mind, we said external things. Of course it has German thrift, and the magnificent product; German stability and German erudition (just enough of it to boast of). But in its character and aspects the city is entirely un-German, and the spirit of its people is quite the reverse of the tranquil and imaginative *Geist* that possesses the populace in the towns and cities of the Fatherland.

Should an apology be deemed necessary for the attention here bestowed upon the foreign element in New York, let it be found in the statement that the charm of nationality is subtle and pervading. One reason, it cannot be doubted, why Europe is so fascinating to Americans lies in the close juxtaposition of nationalities there: you have only to travel a few miles to find yourself amid different surroundings, in which men and customs are also different; in traveling these few miles you have left one civilization for another. In our country it is possible to travel for hundreds of miles without shifting the ideal. There is no need to deny an interest to the facts one will observe, — symptoms they are of a passion for progress that will one day turn in a direction less prosaic, — but it is idle to pretend that, for the moment, the interest they excite compares with that felt in the problems of race and mind suggested by the brushing of one civilization against another. New York, in this regard, enjoys some of the advantages of Europe; her experience of nationalities is already deep and varied. This, surely, may count as a large element among the "present interests" the city has to offer those of her citizens who will see.

What are these interests, — the rest of them? Matthew Arnold, we know, makes the test of a civilization's success the answer to the question, "Is it interesting?" Whether the justice of such a test be admitted or not, we shall probably all agree that the response a place makes has a good deal to do with our liking or disliking it. "What are the interests of New York?" we can hear the average citizen repeating. "Why, they are too numerous to mention." And the average citizen is not far wrong. He is not much troubled with civic pride, the average citizen of New York, and he does not, in general, feel it necessary to boast about the town; that is big enough to take care of itself. He has the provincialism common to the denizens of all great cities, to whom what goes on in the world outside the city walls is of far less consequence than what occurs within. This is provincialism, of course, because it sets a higher value upon the interests of a part than upon those of the whole; but if that part is the centre, there is a greater chance of its interests coinciding with those of the whole, and the provincialism is not without an excuse, which it usually lacks. Now, New York is still — be it said gently, and with due regard for the tender susceptibilities of sister cities — the centre,[1] the intellectual and social no less than the commercial centre, of the United States. Chicago may be destined to take the place, but the change will not occur, as so many of the inhabitants of the Western city seem to think, upon the day when she surpasses New York upon the population lists. Chicago, it may be admitted, is in some respects even more representative of the American spirit of progress than is New York, but she requires time in which to grow a tradition capable of attracting to her the finest flower of the national life; as yet she is too much the creature of chance, the product of forces gigantic but blind. Boston has succeeded in creating for herself an atmosphere of culture superior to that in which New York swelters; and she enjoys to some degree the aspects of an independent capital. Philadelphia, on the other hand, while more American than either Boston or New York, seems never to have parted with the colonial stamp, and consequently fails to impress one as a capital at all. Neither city occupies in the public eye the position ascribed to New York. To enumerate but a very few of the many indications of this, it

[1] If there is a sense in which this statement requires a qualification, it lies herein: that the large foreign population of all our greater cities renders them less representative of the American type of character than the smaller cities and country districts.

is only necessary to refer to the fact that about one half of the news, not local, published in the lesser newspapers of the country is under date of New York; further, to the well-known habit of men who have made fortunes in other parts of the country of coming to New York to spend or increase them; again, to the generally accepted belief that any problem in letters, art, or social economics solved in New York — a new play produced successfully, or a measure of reform carried — is solved as well for the country at large; and lastly, to the interest in the city and its social conditions manifested by people everywhere, one class displaying as much anxiety to see the Bowery as another to behold for themselves the magnificence of Fifth Avenue.

If, then, it be true that we of New York live at the centre of a civilization, no matter how crude and undeveloped in some respects we may be willing to admit it to be, can we escape the admission of a considerable degree of superficiality in ourselves, if we assert that for us it is lacking in interests? It is possible, of course, to find ourselves out of sympathy with its tendencies; it is possible to lament the lack of coherency in its plan, to complain of the lack of symmetry that permits such glaring inconsistencies in its social and physical structure, although we should not omit to consider our own share in its building; but it is scarcely possible to deny to it an uncommon measure of the interest that attaches to growth. New York is vast, confused, incomplete. There is a struggle for expression going on in all its parts at once, but they are separated one from another, and a common denominator is missing. The soul of man yearns for unity in an organism, and in this respect New York must long remain unsatisfactory. But in the meanwhile all who care for progress cannot well refuse the city their interest.

Will they, at the same time, accord it their affection? It is natural for men to love the place where their labor is being accomplished, their duty done, although it is also a little natural for them to growl at it sometimes. If it be true that the children and foster children of New York form an exception to a rule so universal, the reason for it ought to be nearly as obvious as the fact. I do not think that either is very obvious; but admitting the fact, for the sake of argument, what can the reason be? It will hardly be enough to say, as used to be said, that the average dweller in New York looks upon the city as a transient stopping place, convenient for the acquisition of a fortune or a competence, as the case may be, but not to be regarded in the light of a permanent home. That must be true now of only a small portion of the population. To be sure, many wander from house to house, hardly giving themselves time to identify with home the aspect of any particular house or set of apartments; yet the Irishman's question, delivered pathetically to the other occupants of an elevated-railway car in which he had been standing, supported by a strap, from the Battery to Harlem, — "Hev yez none o' yez homes?" — must be answered, for a sufficiently large number of us, in the affirmative. "Yes, you have homes, some of you," perhaps some hyperæsthetic critic will be found to reply; "but they are so painfully deficient in individuality and in distinction, these homes of yours. And that is why I cannot care for your city, because it lacks these things, and because it is lacking besides in the charm of a quality best described by the French word *intimité*, — a quality that is subjective and personal as well as possessed of an objective side. Without this I can respect your achievement, but it is impossible for me to give you my affection."

There is quite certainly a distressing want of individuality about our long, straight streets, lined with ugly "brown-

stone fronts" or gaunt tenements, according as one is in the rich or in the poor quarter of the town; they have forfeited even the privilege of a name. But one is not so sure that this lack of individuality in the parts does not in itself secure a kind of individuality for the whole. At least, this is only an outward and physical peculiarity, and one that our architects, with something very near to genius, are conspiring every day to overturn. As for distinction, — most assuredly we lack distinction; it is a national defect. But distinction comes of itself, or does not come, and he who makes its acquisition the object of his ambition is apt to earn the solitary distinction of turning out an unconscionable prig. We are too frank, too ingenuous (except when we go abroad), to deserve to be called prigs; and for the present we should seek consolation for the absence of distinction in our possession of the good sense that prevents us from going in search of it. Nor is it only that we as a city lack individuality and distinction, but we lack also, it seems, a subtle something that our critic chooses to define as intimité, — meaning, perhaps, the quality that permits one to feel himself at home amid surroundings that speak to his spirit with the force either of a long authority or of a peculiar degree of intensity. Intimacy and cosiness are the terms of subject and object that enter into the definition. The objection is too vague to admit of a reply in exact terms. But perhaps we guard against possible misapprehension in hazarding the remarks that intimacy is perfectly compatible with vastness in a city, and that it is a mistake to assume New York guiltless of a tradition. Intimacy, in our sense, means the parting with a little piece of one's soul, with which the object of the intimacy becomes endowed. Does no part of the soul of its inhabitants cling about New York? One can answer for himself, yes; and he fancies he is not the only one who finds expressed in the city as an entity some part or portion, privately favored, of himself. And in answering thus, has he, whoever he may be, replied to the objections of our critic, to the skepticism of Mr. Howells? Not in the least. "De amore nullum argumentum" might be, if it is not, a Latin proverb. Were he as full of reasons as the sea is of sands, these gentlemen might continue shaking their heads, and refuse to be convinced. Perhaps it will be Mr. Howells's punishment somewhere to learn to like New York. But why should Mr. Howells be punished?

In conclusion, perhaps apology should be made for dwelling so long, in the course of our journey through social New York, upon the commoner phases of existence, when the way was open to us, by wandering a little from the high-road, to find that which would enliven and diversify the journey. Fifth Avenue and Wall Street, no less than Hester Street and the Bowery, might have been found to yield perspectives full of the interests that reward life. These things are interesting because they are so many exemplifications of life, — the one thing, with its correlative death, that is permanently interesting. New York, for us of the western world, sums up more of life — holds in solution more of the consecrated element — than any other place; hence is more interesting. Her brow is not stainless: Dishonor sits there with Renown. In this New York is but the prototype of our modern civilization. Let us love her if we can. If we cannot, there is danger lest, lacking soil in which to spread our roots, we end by withering in those higher attributes that bring to bloom in the individual the blossom of the race.

J. K. Paulding.

THE TORY LOVER.[1]

XIII.

THERE was one man, at least, on board the Ranger who was a lover of peace: this was the ship's surgeon, Dr. Ezra Green. With a strong and hearty crew, and the voyage just beginning, his professional duties had naturally been but light; he had no more concern with the working of the ship than if he were sitting in his office at home in Dover, and eagerly assented to the captain's proposal that he should act as the Ranger's purser.

The surgeon's tiny cabin was stuffed with books; this was a good chance to go on with his studies, and, being a good sailor and a cheerful man, the whole ship's company took pleasure in his presence. There was an amiable seriousness about his every-day demeanor that calmed even the activities of the captain's temper; he seemed to be surgeon and purser and chaplain all in one, and to be fit, as one of his calling should be, to minister to both souls and bodies. It was known on board that he was unusually liberal in his views of religion, and was provided with some works upon theology as well as medicine, and could argue well for the Arminian doctrines against Dickson, who, like many men of his type, was pretentious of great religious zeal, and declared himself a Calvinist of the severest order. Dickson was pleased to consider the surgeon very lax and heretical; as if that would make the world think himself a good man, and the surgeon a bad one, which was, for evident proof and reason, quite impossible.

On this dark night, after the terrible sea of the afternoon had gone down, and poor Solomon Hutchings, the first victim of the voyage, had been made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances of a badly broken leg, the surgeon was sitting alone, with a pleasant sense of having been useful. He gave a sigh at the sound of Dickson's voice outside. Dickson would be ready as usual for an altercation, and was one of those men who always come into a room as if they expect to be kicked out of it.

Dr. Green was writing, — he kept a careful journal of the voyage, — and now looked over his shoulder impatiently, as if he did not wish to be interrupted.

Dickson wore a look of patient persistence.

The surgeon pointed to a seat with his long quill, and finished the writing of a sentence. He could not honestly welcome a man whom he liked so little, and usually treated him as if he were a patient who had come to seek advice.

"I only dropped in for a chat," explained the visitor reprovingly, as his host looked up again. "Have you heard how the captain blew at young Wallingford, just before dark? Well, sir, they are at supper together now. Wallingford must be a tame kitten. I suppose he crept down to the table as if he wanted to be stroked."

"He is a good fellow and a gentleman," said Ezra Green slowly. "The captain has hardly left the deck since yesterday noon, when this gale began." The surgeon was a young man, but he had a grave, middle-aged manner which Dickson's sneering smoothness seemed always to insult.

"You always take Jones's part," ventured the guest.

"We are not living in a tavern ashore," retorted the surgeon. "The officer you speak of is our captain, and commands an American man-of-war. That must

[1] Copyright, 1900, by SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

be understood. I cannot discuss these matters again."

"Some of the best sailors vow they will desert him in the first French port," said Dickson.

"Then they make themselves liable to be shot for desertion whenever they are caught," replied Green coolly, "and you must take every opportunity to tell them so. Those who are here simply to make a little dirty money had better have stayed ashore and traded their country produce with the British ships. They say there was a fine-paying business on foot, out at the Isles of Shoals."

This advice struck home, as the speaker desired. Dickson swallowed hard once or twice, and then looked meek and stubborn; he watched the surgeon slyly before he spoke again.

"Yes, it is a very difficult crew to command," he agreed: "we have plenty of good loyal men aboard, but they want revenge for their country's wrongs, as you and I do, I hope!"

"War is one thing, and has law and order to dignify it; common piracy and thievery are of another breed. Some of our men need education in these matters, not to say all the discipline they can get. The captain is much wronged and insulted by the spirit that has begun to spread between decks. I believe that he has the right view of his duty; his methods are sometimes his own."

"As in the case of Mr. Wallingford," blandly suggested Dickson, swift to seize his opportunity. "Even you would have thought the captain outrageous in his choice of words."

"The captain is a man easily provoked, and has suffered certain provocations such as no man of spirit could brook. I believe he was very wrong to vent his spite on Mr. Wallingford, who has proved as respectful of others and forgetful of himself as any man on board. I say this without knowing the present circumstances, but Wallingford has made a nobler sacrifice than any of us."

"He would have been chased to his own kind among the Tories in another week," sneered the other. "You know it as well as I. Wallingford hesitated just as long as he dared, and there 's the truth! He 's a good mate to Ben Thompson, — both of 'em courtiers of the Wentworths; and both of 'em had to hurry at the last, one way or the other, whichever served."

"Plenty of our best citizens clung to the hope that delay would bring some proper arbitration and concession. No good citizen went to war lightly and without a pang. A man who has seen carnage must always dread it; such glory as we win must reckon upon groans and weeping behind the loudest cheers. But war once declared, men of clear conscience and decent character may accept their lot, and in the end serve their country best," said the doctor.

"You are sentimental to-night," scoffed Dickson.

"I have been thinking much of home," said the surgeon, with deep feeling. "I may never see my home again, nor may you. We are near shore now; in a few days this ship may be smeared with blood, and these poor fellows who snarl and bargain, and discuss the captain's orders and the chance of prize money, may come under my hands, bleeding and torn and suffering their last agony. We must face these things as best we may; we do not know what war means yet; the captain will spare none of us. He is like a creature in a cage now, fretted by his bounds and all their petty conditions; but when the moment of freedom comes he will seek action. He is fit by nature to leap to the greatest opportunities, and to do what the best of us could never dream of. No, not you, sir, nor Simpson either, though he aims to supplant him!" grumbled the surgeon, under his voice.

"Perhaps his gift is too great for so small a command as this," Dickson returned, with an evil smile. "It is understood that he must be transferred to

a more sufficient frigate, if France sees fit," he added, in a pious tone. "I shall strive to do my own duty in either case." At which Dr. Green looked up and smiled.

Dickson laughed back; he was quick to feel the change of mood in his companion. For a moment they were like two schoolboys, but there was a flicker of malice in Dickson's eyes; no one likes being laughed at.

"Shall we take a hand at cards, sir?" he asked hastily. "All these great things will soon be settled when we get to France."

The surgeon did not offer to get the cards, which lay on the nearest shelf. He was clasping his hands across his broad breast, and leaning back in a comfortable, tolerant sort of way in his corner seat. They both knew perfectly well that they were in for a long evening together, and might as well make the best of it. It was too much trouble to fight with a cur. Somehow, the current of their general interest did not set as usual toward theological opinions.

"I was called to a patient down on Sligo Point, beyond the Gulf Road, just before we sailed," said Green presently, in a more friendly tone. "'T was an old woman of unsteady brain, but of no commonplace fancy, who was under one of her wildest spells, and had mounted the house roof to sell all her neighbors at auction. She was amusing enough, — 't is a pretty wit when she is sane; but I heard roars of laughter as I rode up the lane, and saw a flock of listeners at the orchard edge. She had knocked off the minister and both deacons, the lot for ninepence, and was running her lame neighbor Paul to seventy thousand pounds."

"I heard that they called the minister to pray with her when her fit was coming on, and she chased him down the lane, and would have driven him into the river, if there had not been some men at fall ploughing in a field near by. She was a fixed Calvinist in her prime, and always thought him lax," said Dickson, with relish, continuing the tale. "They had told the good man to come dressed in his gown and bands, thinking it would impress her mind."

"Which it certainly seemed to do," agreed the doctor. "At any rate, she knocked him down for ninepence. 'T was a good sample of the valuation most of us put upon our neighbors. She likes to hear her neighbor Paul play the fiddle; sometimes he can make her forget all her poor distresses, and fall asleep like a baby. The minister had somehow vexed her. Our standards are just as personal here aboard ship. The Great Day will sum up men at their true value, — we shall never do it before; 't would ask too much of poor human nature."

Dickson drummed on the bulkhead before he spoke. "Some men are taken at less than their true value."

"And some at more, especially by themselves. Don't let things go too far with Simpson. He 's a good man, but can easily be led into making trouble," said the surgeon; and Dickson half rose, and then sat down again, with his face showing an angry red.

"We must be patient," added the surgeon a moment later, without having looked again at his companion. "'T is just like a cage of beasts here: fierce and harmless are shut in together. Tame creatures are sometimes forced to show their teeth. We must not fret about petty things, either; 't is a great errand we have come out upon, and the honest doing of it is all the business we have in common."

"True, sir," said Dickson, with a touch of insolent flattery. "Shall we take a hand at cards?"

XIV.

Captain Paul Jones was waiting, a most affable and dignified host, to greet

his guest. Wallingford stood before him, with a faint flush of anger brightening his cheeks.

"You commanded me, sir," he said shortly.

"Oh, come, Wallingford!" exclaimed the captain, never so friendly before, and keeping that pleasant voice and manner which at once claimed comradeship from men and admiring affection from women. "I'll drop the commander when we're by ourselves, if you'll consent, and we'll say what we like. I wanted you to sup with me. I've got a bottle of good wine for us, — some of Hamilton's Madeira."

Wallingford hesitated; after all, what did it matter? The captain was the captain; there was a vigorous sort of refreshment in this life on shipboard; a man could not judge his associates by the one final test of their being gentlemen, but only expect of each that he should follow after his kind. Outside society there lies humanity.

The lieutenant seated himself under the swinging lamp, and took the glass that was held out to him. They drank together to the flag they carried, and to their lucky landfall on the morrow.

"To France!" said the captain gallantly. It was plainly expected that all personal misunderstandings should be drowned in the good wine. Wallingford knew the flavor well enough, and even from which cask in Hamilton's cellar it had been drawn. Then the captain was quickly on his feet again, and took the four steps to and fro which were all his cabin permitted. He did not even appear to be impatient, though supper was slow in coming. His hands were clasped behind him, and he smiled once or twice, but did not speak, and seemed to be lost in thought. As for the guest, his thoughts were with Mary Hamilton. The flavor of wine, like the fragrance of a flower, can be a quick spur to memory. He saw her bright face and sweet, expectant eyes, as if they were sitting together at Hamilton's own table.

The process of this evening meal at sea was not a long one; and when the two men had dispatched their food with businesslike haste, the steward was dismissed, and they were left alone with Hamilton's Madeira at better than half tide in the bottle between them, a plate of biscuit and some raisins, and the usual pack of cards. Paul Jones covered these with a forbidding hand, and presently pushed them aside altogether, and added a handful of cigars to the provisioning of the plain dessert. He wished to speak of serious things, and could not make too long an evening away from his papers. It seemed incredible that the voyage was so near its end. He refilled his own glass and Mr. Wallingford's.

"I foresee much annoyance now, on board this ship. I must at once post to Paris, and here they will have time to finish their machinations at their leisure, without me to drive them up to duty. Have you long known this man Dickson?" asked the captain, lowering his voice and fixing his eyes upon the lieutenant.

"I have always known him. He was once in our own employ and much trusted, but was afterward dismissed, and for the worst of reasons," said Wallingford.

"What reputation has he borne in the neighborhood?"

"He is called a sharp man of business, quick to see his own advantage, and generous in buying the good will of those who can serve his purpose. He is a stirring, money-getting fellow, very close-fisted; but he has been unlucky in his larger ventures, as if fortune did not much incline to favor him."

"I despised the fellow from the first," said the captain, with engaging frankness, "but I have no fear that I cannot master him; he is much cleverer than many a better man, yet 't is not well to forget that a cripple in the right road can beat a racer in the wrong. He has been sure these last days that he possesses my confidence, but I have made

him serve some good turns. Now he is making trouble as fast as he can between Simpson and me. Simpson knows little of human nature; he would as soon have Dickson's praise as yours or mine. He cannot wait to supplant me in this command, and he frets to gather prizes off these rich seas. There 's no harm in prizes; but I sometimes think that no soul on board has any real comprehension of the larger duties of our voyage, and the ends it may serve in furthering an alliance with France. They all begin, well instructed by Dickson, to look upon me as hardly more than a passenger. 'T is true that I look for a French frigate very soon, as Dickson tells them; but he adds that 't is to Simpson they must look for success, while if he could rid himself of Simpson he would do it. I must have a fleet if I can, and as soon as I can, and be master of it, too. I have my plans all well laid! Dickson is full of plots of his own, but to tell such a man the truth about himself is to give him the blackest of insults."

Wallingford made a gesture of impatience. The captain's face relaxed, and he laughed as he leaned across the table.

"Dickson took his commission for the sake of prize money," he said. "A pirate, a pirate, that 's what he is, but oh, how pious in his speech!

> 'Unpitying hears the captive's moans
> Or e'en a dying brother's groans!'

There 's a hymn for him!" exclaimed the captain, with bitter emphasis. "No, he has no gleam of true patriotism in his cold heart; he is full of deliberate insincerities; 'a mitten for any hand,' as they say in Portsmouth. I believe he would risk a mutiny, if he had time enough; and having gained his own ends of putting better men to shame, he would pose as the queller of it. A low-lived, self-seeking man; you can see it for yourself, Mr. Wallingford?"

"True, sir. I did not need to come to sea to learn that man's character," and Wallingford finished his glass and set it down, but still held it with one hand stretched out upon the table, while he leaned back comfortably against the bulkhead.

"If our enterprise has any value in the sight of the nations, or any true power against our oppressors, it lies in our noble cause and in our own unselfishness," said Paul Jones, his eyes kindling. "This man and his fellows would have us sneak about the shores of Great Britain, picking up an old man and a lad and a squalling woman from some coastwise trading smack, and plundering what weak craft we can find to stuff our pockets with ha'pennies. We have a small ship, it is true; but it is war we follow, not thievery. I hear there 's grumbling between decks about ourselves getting nothing by this voyage. 'T is our country we have put to sea for, not ourselves. No man has it in his heart more than I to confront the enemy; but Dickson would like to creep along the coast forever after small game, and count up by night what he has taken by day, like a petty shopkeeper. I look for larger things, or we might have stopped at home. I have my plans, sir; the Marine Committee have promised me my proper ship. One thing that I cannot brook is a man's perfidy. I have good men aboard, but Dickson is not among them. I feel sometimes as if I trod on caltrops. I am outdone, Mr. Wallingford. I have hardly slept these three nights. You have my apology, sir."

The lieutenant bowed with respectful courtesy, but said nothing. The captain opened his eyes a little wider, and looked amused; then he quickly grew grave and observed his guest with fresh attention. There was a fine unassailable dignity in Wallingford's bearing at this moment.

"Since you are aware that there is some disaffection, sir," he said deliberately, "I can only answer that it seems to me there is but one course to follow, and you must not overrate the opposition. They will always sit in judgment

upon your orders, and discuss your measures, and express their minds freely. I have long since seen that our natural independence of spirit in New England makes individual opinion appear of too great consequence, — 't is the way they fall upon the parson's sermon ashore, every Monday morning. As for Lieutenant Simpson, I think him a very honest-hearted man, though capable of being influenced. He has the reputation in Portsmouth of an excellent seaman, but high-tempered. Among the men here, he has the advantage of great powers of self-command."

Wallingford paused, as if to make his words more emphatic, and then repeated them: "He has the mastery of his temper, sir, and the men fear him; he can stop to think even when he is angry. His gifts are perhaps not great, but they have that real advantage."

Paul Jones blazed with sudden fury, and he sprang to his feet, and stood light and steady there beyond the table, in spite of the swaying ship.

"Forgive me, sir," said Roger Wallingford, "but you bade us speak together like friends to-night. I think you a far greater man and master than when we left Portsmouth; I am not so small-minded as to forget to honor my superiors. I see plainly that you are too much vexed with these men, — I respect and admire you enough to say so; you must not expect from them what you demand from yourself. In the worst weather you could not have had a better crew: you have confessed to that. I believe you must have patience with the small affairs which have so deeply vexed you. The men are right at heart; you ought to be able to hold them better than Dickson!"

The captain's rage had burnt out like a straw fire, and he was himself again.

"Speak on, Mr. Lieutenant; you mean kindly," he said, and took his seat. The sweat stood on his forehead, and his hands twitched.

"I think we have it in our power to intimidate the enemy, poorly fitted out as we are," he said, with calmness, "but we must act like one man. At least we all pity our countrymen, who are starving in filthy prisons. Since Parliament, now two years agone, authorized the King to treat all Americans taken under arms at sea as pirates and felons, they have been stuffing their dungeons with the innocent and guilty together. What man seeing his enemy approach does not arm himself in defense? We have made no retaliation such as I shall make now. I have my plans, but I cannot risk losing a man here and a man there, out of a crew like this, before I adventure a hearty blow; this cuts me off from prize-hunting. And the commander of an American man-of-war cannot hobnob with his sailors, like the leader of a gang of pirates. I am no Captain Kidd, nor am I another Tench or Blackbeard. I can easily be blocked in carrying out my purposes. Dickson will not consent to serve his country unless he can fill his pockets. Simpson cannot see the justice of obeying my orders, and lets his inferiors see that he resents them. I wish Dickson were in the blackest pit of Plymouth jail. If I were the pirate he would like to have me, I 'd yard-arm him quick enough!"

"We may be overheard, sir," pleaded Wallingford. "We each have our ambitions," he continued bravely, while his father's noble looks came to his face. "Mine are certainly not Dickson's, nor do I look forward to a life at sea, like yourself, sir. This may be the last time we can speak together on the terms you commanded we should speak to-night. I look for no promotion; I am humble enough about my fitness to serve; the navy is but an accident, as you know, in my career. I beg you to command my hearty service, such as it is; you have a right to it, and you shall not find me wanting. I know that you have been very hard placed."

And now the captain bowed courteously in his turn, and received the pledge with gratitude, but he kept his eyes upon the young man with growing curiosity. Wallingford had turned pale, and spoke with much effort.

"My heart leaps within me when I think that I shall soon stand upon the shore of France," Paul Jones went on, for his guest kept silence. "Within a few days I shall see the Duke de Chartres, if he be within reach. No man ever took such hold of my affections at first acquaintance as that French prince. We knew each other first at Hampton Roads, where he was with Kersaint, the French commodore. My only thought in boarding him was to serve our own young navy and get information for our shipbuilding, but I was rewarded by a noble gift of friendship. 'T is now two years since we have met, but I cannot believe that I shall find him changed; I can feel my hand in his already. He will give our enterprise what help he can. He met me on his deck that day like a brother; we were friends from the first. I told him my errand, and he showed me everything about his new ship, and even had copies made for me of her plans. 'T was before France and England had come to open trouble, and he was dealing with a rebel, but he helped me all he could. I loaded my sloop with the best I had on my plantation; 't was May, and the gardens very forward. I knew their vessels had been long at sea, and could ship a whole salad garden. I would not go to ask for favors then without trying to make some pleasure in return, but we were friends from the first. He is a very noble gentleman; you shall see him soon, I hope, and judge for yourself."

Wallingford listened, but the captain was still puzzled by a look on the young man's face.

"I must make my confession," said the lieutenant. "When I hear you speak of such a friend, I know that I have done wrong in keeping silence, sir. I put myself into your hands. When I took my commission, I openly took the side of our colonies against the Crown. I am at heart among the Neutrals: 't is ever an ignominious part to take. I never could bring myself to take the King's side against the country that bore me. I should rather curse those who insisted, on either side, upon this unnatural and unnecessary war. Now I am here; I put myself very low; I am at your mercy, Captain Paul Jones. I cannot explain to you my immediate reasons, but I have gone against my own principles for the sake of one I love and honor. You may put irons on me, or set me ashore without mercy, or believe that I still mean to keep the oath I took. Since I came on this ship I have begun to see that the colonies are in the right; my heart is with my oath as it was not in the beginning."

"By Heaven!" exclaimed the captain, staring. "Wallingford, do you mean this?" The captain sprang to his feet again. "By Heaven! I could not have believed this from another, but I know you can speak the truth! Give me your hand, sir! Give me your hand, I say, Wallingford! I have known men enough who would fight for their principles, and fight well, but you are the first I ever saw who would fight against them for love and honor's sake. This is what I shall do," he went on rapidly. "I shall not iron you or set you ashore; I shall hold you to your oath. I have no fear that you will ever fail to carry out my orders as an officer of this ship. Now we have indeed spoken together like friends!"

They seated themselves once more, face to face.

There was a heavy trampling overhead. Wallingford had a sudden fear lest this best hour of the voyage might be at an end, and some unexpected event summon them to the deck, but it was only some usual duty of the sailors. His heart was full of admiration for the

great traits of the captain. He had come to know Paul Jones at last; their former disastrous attempts at fellowship were all forgotten. A man might well keep difficult promises to such a chief; the responsibilities of his life were in a strong and by no means unjust hand. The confession was made; the confessor had proved to be a man of noble charity.

There was a strange look of gentleness and compassion on the captain's face; his thought was always leading him away from the past moment, the narrow lodging and poor comfort of the ship.

"We have great dangers before us," he reflected, "and only our poor human nature to count upon; 't is the shame and failures of past years that make us wince at such a time as this. We can but offer ourselves upon the altar of duty, and hope to be accepted. I have kept a promise, too, since I came to sea. I was mighty near to breaking it this very day," he added simply.

The lieutenant had but a dim sense of these words; something urged him to make a still greater confidence. He was ready to speak with utter frankness now, to such a listener, of the reasons why he had come to sea, of the one he loved best, and of all his manly hopes; to tell the captain everything.

At this moment, the captain himself, deeply moved by his own thoughts, reached a cordial hand across the table. Wallingford was quick to grasp it and to pledge his friendship as he never had done before.

Suddenly he drew back, startled, and caught his hand away. There was a ring shining on Paul Jones's hand, and the ring was Mary Hamilton's.

XV.

Next day, in the Channel, every heart was rejoiced by the easy taking of two prizes, rich fruit-laden vessels from Madeira and Malaga. With these in either hand the Ranger came in sight of land, after a quick passage and little in debt to time, when the rough seas and the many difficulties of handling a new ship were fairly considered.

The coast lay like a low and heavy cloud to the east and north; there were plenty of small craft to be seen, and the Ranger ran within short distance of a three-decker frigate that looked like an Englishman. She was standing by to go about, and looked majestic, and a worthy defender of the British Isles. Every man on board was in a fury to fight and sink this enemy; but she was far too powerful, and much nobler in size than the Ranger. They crowded to the rail. There was plenty of grumbling alow and aloft lest Captain Paul Jones should not dare to try his chances. A moment later he was himself in a passion because the great Invincible had passed easily out of reach, as if with insolent unconsciousness of having been in any danger.

Dickson, who stood on deck, maintained his usual expression of aggravating amiability, and only ventured to smile a little more openly as the captain railed in greater desperation. Dickson had a new grievance to store away in his rich remembrance, because he had been overlooked in the choice of prize masters to bring the two merchantmen into port.

"Do not let us stand in your way, sir," he said affably. "Some illustrious sea fights have been won before this by the smaller craft against the greater."

"There was the Revenge, and the great San Philip with her Spanish fleet behind her, in the well-known fight at Flores," answered Paul Jones, on the instant. "That story will go down to the end of time; but you know the little Revenge sank to the bottom of the sea, with all her men who were left alive. Their glory could not sink, but I did not know you ever shipped for glory's sake, Mr. Dickson." And Dickson turned a leaden color under his sallow skin, but said nothing.

"At least, our first duty now is to be prudent," continued the captain. "I must only fight to win; my first duty is to make my way to port, before we venture upon too much bravery. There 'll be fighting soon enough, and I hope glory enough for all of us this day four weeks. I own it grieves me to see that frigate leave us. She 's almost hull down already!" he exclaimed regretfully, with a seaward glance, as he went to his cabin.

Presently he appeared again, as if he thought no more of the three-decker, with a favorite worn copy of Thomson's poems in hand, and began to walk the deck to and fro as he read. On this fair winter morning the ship drove busily along; the wind was out of the west; they were running along the Breton coast, and there was more and more pleasure and relief at finding the hard voyage so near its end. The men were all on deck or clustered thick in the rigging; they made a good strong-looking ship's company. The captain on his quarter-deck was pacing off his exercise with great spirit, and repeating some lines of poetry aloud: —

"With such mad seas the daring Gama fought,
For many a day and many a dreadful night;
Incessant lab'ring round the stormy Cape
By bold ambition led" —

"The wide enlivening air is full of fate."

Then he paused a moment, still waving the book at arm's length, as if he were following the metre silently in his own mind.

"On Sarum's plain I met a wandering fair,
The look of Sorrow, lovely still she bore" —

"He 's gettin' ready to meet the ladies!" said Cooper, who was within listening distance, polishing a piece of brass on one of the guns. "I can't say as we 've had much po'try at sea this v'y'ge, sir," he continued to Lieutenant Wallingford, who crossed the deck toward him, as the captain disappeared above on his forward stretch. Cooper and Wallingford were old friends ashore, with many memories in common.

The lieutenant was pale and severe; the ready smile that made him seem more boyish than his years was strangely absent; he had suddenly taken on the looks of a much-displeased man.

"Ain't you feelin' well, sir?" asked Cooper, with solicitude. "Things is all doin' well, though there 's those aboard that won't have us think so, if they can help it. When I was on watch, I see you writin' very late these nights past. You will excuse my boldness, but we all want the little sleep we get; 't is a strain on a man unused to life at sea."

"I shall write no more this voyage," said Wallingford, touched by the kindness of old Cooper's feeling, but impatient at the boyish relation with an older man, and dreading a word about home affairs. He was an officer now, and must resent such things. Then the color rushed to his face; he was afraid that tears would shame him. With a sudden impulse he drew from his pocket a package of letters, tied together ready for sending home, and flung them overboard with an angry toss. It was as if his heart went after them. It was a poor return for Cooper's innocent kindness; the good man had known him since he had been in the world. Old Susan, his elder sister, was chief among the household at home. This was a most distressing moment, and the lieutenant turned aside, and leaned his elbow on the gun, bending a little as if to see under the sail whether the three-decker were still in sight.

The little package of letters was on its slow way down through the pale green water; the fishes were dodging as it sank to the dim depths where it must lie and drown, and tiny shells would fasten upon the slow-wasting substance of its folds. The words that he had written would but darken a little salt water with their useless ink; he had written them as he could never write

again, in those long lonely hours at sea, under the dim lamp in his close cabin, — those hours made warm and shining with the thought and promise of love that also hoped and waited. All a young man's dream was there; there were tiny sketches of the Ranger's decks and the men in the rigging done into the close text. Alas, there was his mother's letter, too; he had written them both the letters they would be looking and longing for, and sent them to the bottom of the sea. If he had them back, Mary Hamilton's should go to her, to show her what she had done. And in this unexpected moment he felt her wondering eyes upon him, and covered his face with his hands. It was all he could do to keep from sobbing over the gun. He had seen the ring!

"'T is a shore headache coming on with this sun-blink over the water," said Cooper, still watching him. "I 'd go and lie in the dark a bit." It was not like Mr. Wallingford, but there had been plenty of drinking the night before, and gaming too, — the boy might have got into trouble.

"The Lusitanian prince, who Heaven-inspired
To love of useful Glory roused mankind."

They both heard the captain at his loud orations; but he stopped for a moment and looked down at the lieutenant as if about to speak, and then turned on his heel and paced away again.

The shore seemed to move a long step nearer with every hour. The old seafarers among the crew gave knowing glances at the coast, and were full of wisest information in regard to the harbor of Nantes, toward which they were making all possible speed. Dickson, who was in command, came now to reprimand Cooper for his idleness, and set him to his duty sharply, being a great lover of authority.

Wallingford left his place by the trunnion, and disappeared below.

"On the sick list?" inquired Dickson of the captain, who reappeared, and again glanced down; but the captain shrugged his shoulders and made no reply. He was sincerely sorry to have somehow put a bar between himself and his young officer just at this moment. Wallingford was a noble-looking fellow, and as good a gentleman as the Duke de Chartres himself. The sight of such a second would lend credit to their enterprise among the Frenchmen. Simpson was bringing in one of the prizes; and as for Dickson, he was a common, trading sort of sneak.

The dispatches from Congress to announce the surrender of Burgoyne lay ready to the captain's hand: for the bringing of such welcome news to the American commissioners, and to France herself, he should certainly have a place among good French seamen and officers. He stamped his foot impatiently; the moment he was on shore he must post to Paris to lay the dispatches in Mr. Franklin's hand. They were directed to Glory herself in sympathetic ink, on the part of the captain of the Ranger; but this could not be read by common eyes, above the titles of the Philadelphia envoy at his lodgings in Passy.

After reflecting upon these things, Paul Jones, again in a tender mood, took a paper out of his pocketbook, and reread a song of Allan Ramsay's, —

"At setting day and rising moon," —

which a young Virginia girl had copied for him in a neat, painful little hand.

"Poor maid!" he said, with gentle affectionateness, as he folded the paper again carefully. "Poor maid! I shall not forget to do her some great kindness, if my hopes come true and my life continues. Now I must send for Wallingford and speak with him."

XVI.

Every-day life at Colonel Hamilton's house went on with as steady current

as the great river that passed its walls. The raising of men and money for a distressed army, with what survived of his duties toward a great shipping business, kept Hamilton himself ceaselessly busy. Often there came an anxious company of citizens riding down the lane to consult upon public affairs; there was an increasing number of guests of humbler condition who sought a rich man's house to plead their poverty. The winter looked long and resourceless to these troubled souls. There were old mothers, who had been left on lonely farms when their sons had gone to war. There was a continued asking of unanswerable questions about the soldiers' return. And younger women came, pale and desperate, with little troops of children pulling at their skirts. When one appealing group left the door, another might be seen coming to take its place. The improvident suffered first and made loudest complaint; later there were discoveries of want that had been too uncomplainingly borne. The well-to-do families of Berwick were sometimes brought to straits themselves, in their effort to succor their poorer neighbors.

Mary Hamilton looked graver and older. All the bright elation of her heart had gone, as if a long arctic night were setting in instead of a plain New England winter, with its lengthening days and bright January sun at no great distance. She could not put Madam Wallingford's sorrow out of mind; she was thankful to be so busy in the great house, like a new Dorcas with her gifts of garments, but the shadow of war seemed more and more to give these days a deeper darkness.

There was no snow on the ground, so late in the sad year; there was still a touch of faded greenness on the fields. One afternoon Mary came across the flagstoned court toward the stables, tempted by the milder air to take a holiday, though the vane still held by the northwest. That great wind was not dead, but only drowsy in the early afternoon, and now and then a breath of it swept down the country.

Old Peggy had followed her young mistress to the door, and still stood there watching with affectionate eyes.

"My poor darlin'!" said the good soul to herself, and Mary turned to look back at her with a smile. She thought Peggy was at her usual grumbling.

"Bless ye, we've all got to have patience!" said the old housekeeper, again looking wistfully at the girl, whose tired face had touched her very heart. As if this quick wave of unwonted feeling were spread to all the air about, Mary's own eyes filled with tears; she tried to go on, and then turned and ran back. She put her arms round Peggy, there in the doorway.

"I am only going for a ride. Kiss me, Peggy, — kiss me just as you did when I was a little girl; things do worry me so. Oh, Peggy dear, you don't know; I can't tell anybody!"

"There, there, darlin', somebody 'll see you! Don't you go to huggin' this dry old thrashin' o' straw; no, don't you care nothin' 'bout an old withered corn shuck like me!" she protested, but her face shone with tenderness. "Go have your ride, an' I'm goin' to make ye a pretty cake; 't will be all nice and crusty; I was goin' to make you one, anyway. I tell ye things is all comin' right in the end. There, le' me button your little cape!" And so they parted.

Peggy marched back into the great kitchen without her accustomed looks of disapproval at the maids, and dropped into the corner of the settle next the fire. She put out her lame foot in its shuffling shoe, and looked at it as if there were no other object of commiseration in the world.

"'T is a shame to be wearin' out, so fine made as I was. The Lord give me a good smart body, but 't is beginnin' to fail an' go," said the old woman impatiently. "Once 't would ha' took twice

yisterday's work to tire foot or back o' me."

"I 'm dreadful spent myself, bein' up 'arly an' late. We car'ied an upstropelous sight o' dishes to an' fro. Don't see no vally in feedin' a whole neighborhood, when best part on 'em 's only too lazy to provide theirselves," murmured one of the younger handmaidens, who was languidly scouring a great pewter platter. Whereat Peggy rose in her wrath, and set the complainer a stint of afternoon work sufficient to cast a heavy shadow over the freshest spirit of industry.

The mistress of these had gone her way to the long stables, where a saddle was being put on her favorite horse, and stood in the wide doorway looking down the river. The tide was out; the last brown leaves of the poplars were flying off some close lower branches; there was a touch of north in the wind, but the sun was clear and bright for the time of year. Mary was dressed in a warm habit of green cloth, with a close hood like a child's tied under her chin; the long skirt was full of sharp creases where it had lain all summer in one of the brass-nailed East Indian chests, and a fragrance of camphor and Eastern spices blew out as the heavy folds came to the air. The old coachman was busy with the last girth, and soothed the young horse as he circled about the floor; then, with a last fond stroke of a shining shoulder, he gave Mary his hand, and mounted her light as a feather to the saddle.

"He 's terrible fresh!" said the old master of horse, as he drew the riding skirt in place with a careful touch. "Have a care, missy!"

Mary thanked the old man with a gentle smile, and took heed that the horse walked quietly away. When she turned the corner beyond the shipyard she dropped the curb rein, and the strong young creature flew straight away like an arrow from the bowstring. "Mind your first wind, now. 'T is a good thing to keep!" said the rider gayly, and leaned forward, as they slackened pace for a moment on the pitch of the hill, to pat the horse's neck and toss a handful of flying mane back to its place. Until the first pleasure and impulse of speed were past there was no time to think, or even to remember any trouble of mind. For the first time in many days all the motive power of life did not seem to come from herself.

The fields of Berwick were already beginning to wear that look of hand-shaped smoothness which belongs only to long-tilled lands in an old country. The first colonists and pilgrims of a hundred and fifty years before might now return to find their dreams had borne fair fruit in this likeness to England, that had come upon a landscape hard wrung from the wilderness. The long slopes, the gently rounded knolls that seemed to gather and to hold the wintry sunshine, the bushy field corners and hedgerows of wild cherry that crossed the shoulders of the higher hills, would be pleasant to those homesick English eyes in the new country they had toiled so hard to win. The river that made its way by shelter and covert of the hilly country of field and pasture, — the river must for many a year have been looked at wistfully, because it was the only road home. Portsmouth might have been all for this world, while Plymouth was all for the next; but the Berwick farms were made by home-makers, neither easy to transplant in the first place, nor easy now to uproot again.

The northern mountains were as blue as if it were a day in spring. They looked as if the warm mist of April hung over them; as if they were the outposts of another world, whose climate and cares were of another and gentler sort, and there was no more fretting or losing, and no more war either by land or sea.

The road was up and down all the way

over the hills, winding and turning among the upper farms that lay along the river-side above the Salmon Fall. Now and then a wood road or footpath shortened the way, dark under the black hemlocks, and sunshiny again past the old garrison houses. Goodwins, Plaisteds, Keays, and Wentworths had all sent their captives through the winter snows to Canada, in the old French and Indian wars, and had stood in their lot and place for many a generation to suffer attacks by savage stealth at their quiet ploughing, or confront an army's strength and fury, of firebrand and organized assault.

There was the ford to cross at Wooster's River, — that noisy stream which can never be silent, as if the horror of a great battle fought upon its bank could never be told. Here there was always a good modern moment of excitement: the young horse must whirl about and rear, and show horror in his turn, as if the ghosts of Hertel and his French and Indians stood upon the historic spot of their victory over the poor settlers; finally the Duke stepped trembling into the bright shallow water, and then stopped midway with perfect composure, for a drink. Then they journeyed up the steep battleground, and presently caught the sound of roaring water at the Great Falls, heavy with the latter rains.

On the crest of the hill Mary overtook a woman, who was wearily carrying a child that looked large enough to walk alone; but his cheeks were streaked with tears, and there were no shoes on his little feet to tread the frozen road; only some worn rags wrapped them clumsily about. Mary held back her horse, and reached down for the poor little thing to take him before her on the saddle. The child twisted determinedly in her arms to get a look at her face, and then cuddled against his new friend with great content. He took fast hold of the right arm which held him, and looked proudly down at his mother, who, relieved of her extra burden, stepped briskly alongside.

"Goin' up country to stay with my folks," she answered Mary's question of her journey. "Ain't nothin' else I can do; my man's with the army at Valley Forge. 'God forbid you 're any poorer than I be!' he sent me word. 'I 've got no pay and no clothes to speak of, an' here 's winter comin' right on.' This mornin' I looked round the house an' see how bare it was, an' I locked the door an' left it. The baby cried good after his cat, but I could n't lug 'em both. She 's a pretty creatur' an' smart. I don't know but she 'll make out; there 's plenty o' squirrels. Cats is better off than women folks."

"I 'll ride there some day and get her, if I can, and keep her until you come home," offered Mary kindly.

"Rich folks like you can do everything," said the woman bitterly, with a look at the beautiful horse which easily outstepped her.

"Alas, we can't do everything!" said Mary sadly; and there was something in her voice which touched the complainer's heart.

"I guess you would if you could," she answered simply; and then Mary's own heart was warmed again.

The road still led northward along the high uplands above the river; all the northern hills and the mountains of Ossipee looked dark now, in a solemn row. Mary turned her horse into a narrow track off the highroad, and leaned over to give the comforted child into his mother's arms. He slipped to the ground of his own accord, and trotted gayly along.

"Look at them pore little feet! I wisht he had some shoes; he can't git fur afore he 'll be cryin' again for me to take an' car' him," said the mother ruefully. "You see them furthest peaks? I 've got to git there somehow 'nother, with this lo'd on my back an' that pore baby. But I know folks on the road; pore 's they be, they 'll take me in, if I can hold out to do the travelin'. War 's hard on pore folks. We 've got

a good little farm, an' my man did n't want to leave it. He held out 'count o' me till the bounty tempted him. We could n't be no poorer than we be, now I tell ye ! "

" Go to the store on the hill and get some shoes for the baby," said Mary eagerly, as if to try to cheer her fellow traveler. " Get some warm little shoes, and tell the storekeeper 't was I who bade you come." And so they parted; but Mary's head drooped sorrowfully as she rode among the gray birches, on her shorter way to the high slopes of Pine Hill.

This piece of country had, years before, furnished some of the noblest masts that were ever landed on English shores. The ruined stump of that great pine which was the wonder of the King's dockyards, and had loaded one of the old mastships with its tons of timber, could still be seen, though shrunken and soft with moss. A fox, large in his new winter fur, went sneaking across the way; and the young horse pranced gayly at the sight of him, while Mary noticed his track and the way it led, for her brother's sake, and turned aside across the half-wooded pasture, until she had a sportsman's satisfaction in seeing the fox make toward a rough ledgy bit of ground, and warm thicket of underbrush at a spring head. This would be good news for poor old Jack, who might take no time for hunting, but could dream of it any night after supper, like a happy dog before his own fire.

On the heights of the great ridge some of the elder generation of trees were still standing, left because they were crooked and unfit for the mastships' cargoes. They were masters of the whole landscape, and waved their long boughs in the wintry wind. Mary Hamilton had known them in her earliest childhood, and looked toward them now with happy recognition, as if within their hard seasoned shapes their hearts were conscious of other existences, and affection like her own. She stopped the fleet horse on the top of the hill, and laid her hand upon the bark of a huge pine; then she looked off at the lower country. The sight of it was a challenge to adventure; a great horizon sets the boundaries of the inner life of man wider to match itself, and something that had bound the girl's heart too closely seemed to slip easily away.

She smiled and took a long breath, and, turning, rode down the rough pasture again, and along the field toward the river. Her heavy riding dress filled and flew with the cold northwest wind, and a bright color came back to her cheeks. To stand on the bleak height had freed her spirit, and sent her back to the lower countries of life happier than she came: it was said long ago that one may not sweep away a fog, but one may climb the hills of life and look over it altogether.

She leaped the horse lightly over some bars that gave a surly sort of entrance to a poor-looking farm, and rode toward the low house. Suddenly from behind a thorn bush there appeared a strange figure, short-skirted and bent almost double under a stack of dry bean stalks. The bearer seemed to have uprooted her clumsy burden in a fury. She tramped along, while the horse took to shying at the sight, and had to be pacified with much firmness and patience.

The bean stack at last ceased its angry progress, and stood still.

" What 's all that thromping ? Kape away wit' yourself, then, whoiver ye are ! I can only see the ground by me two feet. Ye 'll not ride over me; kape back now till I 'm gone ! " screamed the shrill voice of an old woman.

" It is I, — Mary Hamilton," said the girl, laughing. " You 've frightened the Duke almost to death, Mrs. Sullivan ! I can hold him, but do let me get by before you bob at him again."

There was a scornful laugh out of the moving ambush.

"Get out of me way, then, the two of ye!" and the bean stack moved angrily away, its transfixing pole piercing the air like a disguised unicorn. The two small feet below were well shod and sturdy like a boy's; the whole figure was so short that the dry frost-bitten vines trailed on the ground more and more, until it appeared as if the tangled mass were rolling uphill by its own volition.

Mary went on with the trembling horse. A moment later she walked quickly up the slope to the gray wooden house. There was the handsome head of a very old man, reading, close to the window, as she passed; but he did not look up until she had shut the door behind her and stood within the little room.

Then Master Sullivan, the exile, closed his book and sprang to his feet, a tall and ancient figure with the manners of a prince. He bent to kiss the hand of his guest, and looked at her silently before he spoke, with an unconscious eagerness of affection equal to her own.

"A thousand welcomes!" he said at last. "I should have seen you coming; you have had no one to serve you. I was on the Sabine farm with Horace; 't is far enough away!" he added, with a smile.

"I like to fasten my horse myself," answered Mary. "'T is best I should; he makes it a point of honor then to stand still and wait for me, and resents a stranger's hand, being young and impatient."

Mary looked bright and smiling; she threw back her close green hood, and her face bloomed out of it like a flower, as she stood before the gallant, frail old man. "There was a terrible little bean stack that came up the hill beside us," she went on, as if to amuse him, "and I heard a voice out of it, and saw two steady feet that I knew to be Mrs. Sullivan's; but my black Duke was pleased to be frightened out of his wits, and so we have all parted on bad terms, this dark day."

"She will shine upon you like a May morning when she comes in, then!" said Master Sullivan. "She 's in a huge toil the day, with sure news of a great storm that 's coming. 'Stay a while,' I begged her, 'stay a while, my dear; the wind is in a fury, and to-morrow'"—

"An' to-morrow indeed!" cried Mrs. Sullivan, bursting in at the door, half a wild brownie, and half a tame enough, grandmotherly old soul. "An' to-morrow! I 've heard nothing but to-morrow from ye all my life long, an' here 's the hand of winter upon us again, an' thank God all me poor little crops is under cover, an' no praise to yourself."

The old man held out his slender hand; she did not take it, but her face began to shine with affection.

"Thank God, 't is yourself, Miss Mary Hamilton, my dear!" she exclaimed, dropping a curtsy. "My old gentleman here has been sorrowing for a sight of your fair face these many days. 'T is in December like this we do be sighing after the May. I don't know have ye brought any news yet from the ship?"

"Oh no, not yet," said Mary. "No, there is no news yet from the Ranger."

"I have had good dreams of her, then," announced the old creature with triumph. "Listen: there 's quarrels amongst 'em, but they 'll come safe to shore, with gold in everybody's two hands."

She crossed the room, and drew her lesser wheel close to her knee and began to spin busily.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ESSENCE OF AMERICAN HUMOR.

WRITING a few months ago of The American Spirit in Literature, I tried to solve a problem which had been haunting me for years: to give myself an account of the peculiar and wonderful quality which distinguishes the best that has been written on this continent from all other writing whatsoever, from the days of gray-headed Chaldea and Mother India down to the latest fantasies of Maurice Maeterlinck and Gabriel d' Annunzio.

To lay a ghost, the magicians of the East always have to evoke a demon. I find myself in much the same case. In settling to my own satisfaction that first haunting problem, I find I have called up half a dozen more, just as difficult and just as clamorous for solution. It happened in this way: To show the visible presence and sunlit transparence of the best American writing, I instanced chiefly four story-tellers, — Bret Harte, Mark Twain, G. W. Cable, and Mary Wilkins. But all four of them, and especially the first two, irresistibly suggest another quality besides the American spirit, — namely, the quality of humor. And so up springs the new demon, the infinitely tantalizing problem, What is American humor? And if it differs from the humor of other lands, from Aristophanes to Rabelais, from Chaucer to Dickens, from the Ecclesiast to Hitopadesha, wherein does the difference lie? Here, again, to lay one ghost, we must raise another. Supposing we have settled the question of humor: just as we are folding our hands in placid satisfaction, we suddenly remember that there is such a thing as wit, and we are called on either to try a fall with this new adversary, or to admit ourselves disgracefully vanquished.

I hope I have some humanity in my breast, for I have already raised a whole army of sprites, and in imagination see myself confronted with a host of visionary readers, with haggard eyes and drawn countenances, desperately asking: "What is a joke? And how are you to know one if you see it?" My justification for this wanton malice is, that I think I have discovered the charm to lay these haunting presences to rest; that I have in some sort discovered the true inwardness of humor, and even been able to draw the shadowy line dividing it from wit.

Here is a story which seems to me to come close to the heart of the secret. The scene is laid in the Wild and Woolly West. A mustang has been stolen, a claim jumped, or a euchre pack found to contain more right and left bowers than an Arctic brig; and swift Nemesis has descended in the form of Manila hemp. The time has come to break the news to the family of the deceased. A deputation goes ahead, and the leader knocks at the door of the bereaved homestead, asking, "Does Widow Smith live here?"

A stout and cheerful person replies, "I'm Mrs. Smith, but I ain't no widow!"

The deputation answers: "Bet you a dollar you are! But *you*'ve got the laugh on *us*, just the same, for we 've lynched the wrong man."

That story is irresistible. It is as full of sardonic fire as anything in all literature, but you would hardly call it humor. It seems to me to lie so directly on the border line that we may use it as a landmark.

The moral is this: humor consists in laughing *with* the other man; wit, in laughing *at* him. There is all the difference in the world. But in both there must be laughter. And laughter is always the fruit of a certain excess of power, of animal or vital magnetism,

drawn forth by a sense of contrast or discrepancy. This story illustrates each of these points. The discrepancy or contrast lies in the chasm between the terrible bereavement of widowhood and the jest that announces it. Even the Widow Smith must have smiled. But after the first spasms of laughter have passed, there remains the yawning gulf before her, in all its blackness. The story is really infinitely bitter, and the laughter it calls up something of a snarl.

To laugh at the other man is invariably a tribute to one's own egotism, a burning of incense to one's self. It widens the chasm between the two personalities, and sharpens the natural opposition between man and man. In this way wit is essentially demoralizing. It is also essentially self-conscious. Watch the efforts of the conscientiously funny man, and you will see both elements manifest themselves, — the self-consciousness and the demoralization. The final result of his efforts is contempt instead of admiration, and a universal sadness overcasting the company he has tried to move to mirth. Wit, therefore, differs from humor in this: that while both are expressed in laughter, arising from excess of animal magnetism, and called forth by a feeling of discrepancy or contrast, wit is self-conscious and egotistical, while humor is natural and humane.

One may call humane whatever recognizes our common humanity, or, still more broadly, whatever recognizes our common life. For there is a humanity toward animals. But if we look deep enough, we shall find that behind our conscious intention we do perpetually recognize a common life, a common soul; that we do this by hating no less than by loving, by hostility as well as by acts of gentlest charity. Behind all our dramas of emotion, — grave or gay, passionate, tragic, or mirthful, — behind avarice, ambition, vanity, lies the deep intuition of our common soul, and to this we in all things ultimately appeal. We seek the envy of human beings, not of stones or trees; we covet and lust for human ends; and in even the blackest elements of our human lives, we are still paying tribute to our humanity, to the common soul. Even murderers would not conspire together but for the sense of the common soul in both.

But pity and compassion recognize the common life, the common human soul; the very name of sympathy means a suffering with some other. The classic story of sympathy, the Good Samaritan, owes its immortal power to this sense. First there is the sympathy of the narrator with the afflicted man and with his rescuer; and then the second and communicated sympathy which all hearers are compelled to feel with both, thus being brought into the humane mood of the narrator, and recognizing the common soul in themselves, in him, in the sufferer, and in the Samaritan who relieved his pain. This irresistible quality of sympathy, this potent assertion of the common soul, has made the story immortal, erecting the name of an obscure Semitic clan into a synonym for humanity and kindness.

Sympathy, compassion, the suffering with another, are recognitions of the common soul in the face of sorrow, in the face of suffering, in the face of fate. The whole cycle of Greek tragedy is full of this sense of universal man bearing in common the mountainous burden of adverse and invincible law. That line of Homer might characterize it all: "Purple Death took him, and mighty Fate." The bereavements of Hecuba, the madness and death of Ajax, owe their undying power, not to any quality of art or beauty, though they are saturated and sultry with beauty, but to something greater still: to the sense of the common soul, called up in us by sorrow, by danger, by affliction, by death.

Consider the message of Galilee as an orderly sequence to this. We have the same recognition of the common

soul, not so much in resignation and submission to fate as in a certain warm and subtle quality which outruns fate and makes it powerless, — a quality of sympathy, of compassion, of suffering with another, in virtue of which the very shadows of Greek tragedy, sickness, sorrow, affliction, become the lights of the picture, for they testify to and evoke the common soul. Rightly understood, this is the message of the Evangel of Sorrow. When our complacence and self-satisfied egotism are beaten down, this other side of our nature arises; when we are less full of ourselves, we have more room for others, or, deeper still, more room for that which we recognize in others, the one soul common to all humanity. All emotion, not compassion only, is contagious. All emotion testifies to the common soul. We come to this result: that humor is emotion expressing itself in laughter, and called forth by a contrast or discrepancy. But laughter is always the fruit of an excess of vital magnetism, of power. Therefore, rightly understood, humor is a contagion or sharing of the sense of excess power, of abundant vitality, of animal magnetism.

You can see now why we laid such stress upon the Greek tragedy and its message. Sophocles unites us through the sense of our common danger and common pain. That is the darker side of sympathy, the deep shadow of the picture. The Galilean unites us through sympathy, the feeling of kindness drawn forth by pain. But, if my definition comes near the truth, real humor unites us in a sense of our excess vitality, a sense of mastery over fate; an intuition that the common soul in us can easily conquer and outlast the longest night of sorrow, the deepest shadow of pain. Humor thus becomes a very serious matter. It becomes nothing less than the herald of our final victory, the dawn of the golden age.

To go back a little to a point we raised before. Wit is a sense of scoring off the other man, a triumph over him, a sense of our excess vitality as contrasted with his weakness, a mentally pushing him into the mud and gloating over him. Now it is essentially unpleasant to be pushed into the mud and laughed at, whether mentally or bodily; and the successful wit's tribute to his own egotism, so far from cementing the bonds of man, really widens the chasm, and sets up that hostility between one personality and another which is always the demoniac element in human life. It follows that whatever separates persons in feeling, though it may be the fodder of wit, is fatal to humor, just as it is fatal to sympathy or to gentle charity. Therefore, to have true humor, we must first hold in abeyance the elements of hostility, difference of race or rank, difference of faith or hope. If the common soul be, as we have seen it is, the last and highest reality behind all our dramas of feeling and ambition, behind hate as well as love, behind envy as well as kindliness, then all these things which separate persons and set them at variance, the dreams of different race and rank, of different faiths and ideals, are but shadows cast by our fancies in the light of the common soul: that is the reality, while these are dreams.

Humor, then, can know no difference of race. For it, we are all human beings, all children of the common soul. But humor will not apprehend this as a doctrine, as we have done here; it will go far deeper, and apprehend it as a visible presence, a reality touched and felt, a direct intuition. For this reason, along with many others, the best American humor stands preëminent throughout the world and through all time. It recognizes no difference of race. It is free from that miserable tribal vanity which is the root of half our human ills. The Jewish spirit is perhaps the supreme instance which human history affords of this tribal self-love, with its re-

ward of intensity and its punishment of isolation. And as certainly as night follows day, or day night, we find in Jewish wit the last essence of bitterness, the culmination of that unhumane quality which eternally divides it from humor. Read sentence after sentence of Koheleth, the Preacher, — the living dog better than the dead lion, the gibes at women, the perpetual mockery at fools, the deep pessimism under it all, — and you will realize how closely tribal zeal and bitterness are bound together; how certainly the keen sense of race difference closes the door of that warm human heart from which alone humor can come.

All Jewish writing, ancient or modern, has the same defect. There is always the presence of two qualities, seemingly unconnected, but in reality bound very closely together, — a certain bitter sensuality and a sardonic and mordant wit. Both spring from the same thing: an overkeen sense of bodily difference, whether of sex or of race. The first sense of difference causes a subjection to sex tyranny, which revenges itself in gibes and epigrams, as with that uxorious king to whom tradition accredits the Proverbs. The second, the keen sense of race difference, breeds a hostile and jealous spirit, a perpetual desire to exhibit one's own superiority, to show off, to "get the laugh on" the supposed inferior races and outer barbarians, which, going with excess of vital power, — a marvelous characteristic of the Jews, — will inevitably give birth to keen and biting wit, but to humor never. The gibes of the Preacher, the courtly insincerities of D'Israeli, the morbid sensuousness of Zola, all flow from the same race character, and are moods of the same mind.

It is curious to see the same thing cropping up in Alphonse Daudet, who was of mixed race, half Jew, half Provençal. One may follow that famous image of his own, which describes the two Tartarins, — Tartarin-Quixote and Tartarin-Sancho-Panza, or, more familiarly, Tartarin lapin-de-garenne and Tartarin lapin-de-choux, — and say that there are two Daudets, Daudet-Koheleth and Daudet-Tartarin: the one, the Semitic author of Sapho, of Rose et Ninette, of Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné; the other, the creator of the many-sided meridional, Tartarin-Numa-Nabab. There lies the difference between wit and humor, as it is influenced by exclusiveness of race, or, to give a foolish thing a commoner name, by tribal vanity.

To precisely the same category of wit springing from tribal vanity belong the endless stories in which the Germans score off the Russians, the Russians score off the Germans; in which Magyars and Austrians whet their satire on each other; in which Bengalis try to get the laugh on Punjabis; in which Frenchmen are witty about John Bull's protruding front teeth, while Englishmen revenge themselves by tales of the frog-eating Mounseer. So that we have here a perfectly definite line: if there is a play of the mind about difference of race, using this as the laughter-rousing contrast which is common to both wit and humor, and if this play of thought and feeling accentuates and heightens the race difference, and tries to show, or assumes, as is oftener the case, that the race of the joker is endlessly superior to the other, then we are dealing with wit, — an amusing thing enough in its way, but a false thing, one which leads us away from the true end of man. If, on the other hand, we have an accentuation of the common life, bridging the chasm of race, and the overplus of power is felt to be shared in by the two races and to unite them, then we have genuine humor, — something as vital to our true humanity as is the Tragedy of Greece, as is the Evangel of Galilee, yet something more joyful and buoyant than either; uniting us, not through compassion or the sense of common danger, but through the sense of common power, — a prophecy of the golden age, of the ultimate triumph of the soul.

In this binding quality of humor Mark Twain's best work stands easily supreme. Take the scenes on the Mississippi in which the immortal trio, Tom Sawyer, Huck Finn, and Jim the Nigger, play their parts: they are as saturated with the sense of our common life as is the story of the sorrow of Ajax or the tale of the Samaritan. The author has felt the humanity in his triad of heroes as deeply and humanely as it can be felt; his work is sincere and true throughout; it is full of that inimitable quality of contagion, the touchstone of all true art, in virtue of which we vividly feel and realize what the artist has vividly felt and realized. Through every page we feel the difference of race, used as an artistic contrast; but we are conscious of something more, — of overstepping the chasm, of bridging the abyss between black and white, American and Ethiopian, bond and free. We have come to the conclusion, long before Huck Finn puts it in words, that Jim is a white man inside, — as white as we are.

This binding of the two races has been accomplished before, in a famous American book; the most successful, probably, that the New World has yet produced. But in Uncle Tom the cement is sentimentality rather than humor; the Galilean sense of sympathy through common suffering rather than through excess of power; it plays round feelings and emotions which, however keen and poignant, are not part of our everlasting inheritance; moreover, it is colored with a religious pathos which, while it still saturates the minds of the race mates of Uncle Tom, is quickly vanishing from the hearts of his white masters, to give place to something higher and better, — an assured sense of the power of the soul. So marked has been the growth of our spiritual consciousness in the last generation, hitherto unconscious and unrecorded, that we can confidently look forward to a time when the fear of death will no longer be valid as a motive of tragedy, any more than the fear of hell is now a motor of morals. Therefore, the mood of religion which colors Uncle Tom is a far less enduring and vital thing than the robust out-of-doors vitality of Tom Sawyer's Mississippi days: and it is this quality, this buoyancy and excess of power, which forms the necessary atmosphere of humor.

In another story, of a much earlier period, Mark Twain has again used his genius to bridge the same race chasm. It is that fine and epic tale of Captain Ned Blakely and his colored mate. Here humor is reinforced by indignation, and both are illuminated by fancy; but humor, the sense of excess of power and of our common soul, is still the dominant note. Yet the Tom Sawyer trio, in those sunlit days on the great river, with the raft floating along, and the boys telling tales, or puffing at their corncob pipes, or going in swimming, is, and will probably long remain, the high-water mark of humor and imaginative creation for the New World, — the most genuinely American thing ever written.

Bret Harte is of nearly equal value in his early tales, but with this difference: that it is the chasm of caste, not of race, which his great power bridges over. Mark Twain does this abundantly, too. Huck Finn, the outcast, the vagabond, the homeless wanderer, with his patched breeches, his one suspender, his perforated hat, is bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, beyond the common measure of our kind; more, he is the superior of most of us in humane simplicity, in ease of manner and unconsciousness, in genuine kindness of heart. But with Bret Harte, this bridging of chasms, this humanizing of outcasts, of vagabonds, gamblers, and waifs of either sex, is a passion, the dominant quality of his rich and natural humor. That nameless baby, the Luck of Roaring Camp, enlists our heartiest sympathy from the first; so, indeed, does his disreputable mother. We remember, and we are conscious of a pro-

found satisfaction in remembering, that motherhood is always the same, without regard to race, caste, color, or creed. And with the excess of power in his robust miners, and their fine animal magnetism, as of the primeval out of doors, comes the quality of humor, like the touch of morning sunshine on the red pine stems and granite boulders of the Rockies, where is their home.

The Outcasts of Poker Flat is full of the same leveling quality; a leveling up, not a leveling down. The two real outcasts, the gambler and the Rahab, are raised to a sense of their human life, to a human dignity and self-sacrifice, by the simplicity of their half-childish chance companions; all barriers are broken down, and there remains nothing but the common soul. There is a touch of pathos in this tale, too, but rather as a contrast than as a primary element; yet the final feeling is humor, — victory, not defeat; not weakness, but power. M'liss, one of the finest things Bret Harte ever wrote, is full of the same quality, — the quality of charity, of sympathy with outcasts; or, to come to the true name, it is full of the sense of the common soul under all differences. More than that, we are all through conscious of a feeling that the essential truth is with M'liss in her wildness; that she is more at home in the universe than we are, feels more kindred with the enduring things, — the green forests, the sunshine, the wind, the stars in the purple sky, the primal passions of the human heart.

If genius thus bridges over the greater chasms of our life, we need hardly say that it still more easily and certainly passes over the less; but there is one chasm which it is worth while to speak of more fully, — the chasm between childhood and age. American humor has discovered the child for the purposes of literature. The reason is, without doubt, that Americans are the only people in the world who take their children seriously; who make it stuff of the conscience to give their children the utmost possible freedom, and rouse them to a sense of responsibility. Think of how children were kept down and suppressed, even oppressed, in the Old World, only a generation or two ago, and you have the reason why the child of European literature is such a failure. I know not whether it has ever been said before, but the children of the greatest writer of them all are stiff and unnatural to a marvelous degree, so that we hardly regret Macbeth's bringing to an end that precocious and sententious youngster who moralizes to his mamma. It is with a feeling of relief that we read the stage direction, "*Dies.*" Let him rest in peace.

Contrast with the deceased child those two inimitable creations of American humor, Budge and Toddy, in Helen's Babies, one of the best books this continent has yet seen. In every point of reality, as far as child life is concerned, Habberton is the superior of Shakespeare, who in so much else is the superior of all other men. Tom Sawyer is also a most notable child in literature; but of course he is ever so much older than Budge and Toddy, and therefore the chasm is not so wide, and the honor of bridging it less. Yet there is something inimitable in the way he "shows off" when the new girl comes to the village, and, let me add, something irresistibly American. Up to the present, I have not been able to determine at what age Tom Sawyer's fellow countrymen drop the habit, or at any rate the desire, of showing off; I am indeed strongly convinced that nothing more serious than that selfsame human weakness is the root of all the millionairism which seems to fill so large a space in our horizons. It is the desire to possess the stage properties essential to successful showing off which keeps the millionaires so busy; and it is to be surmised that, as in Tom Sawyer's case, the "new girl" is the audience of the play.

Speaking of the new girl calls attention to the fact that, so far, Budge, Toddy, and Tom Sawyer, the hierarchy of American boys, have no sisters. There are no little girls of the first magnitude in American literature. Perhaps the English Alice in Wonderland is the high-water mark among little girls; but wonderful achievement as she is, and absorbing as are her adventures, the atmosphere of cards and chessmen which surrounds her is very different from the broad river bosom, the sweet-smelling woods, the echoing hills of night under the stars, where Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn play their parts. So infinitely does nature outweigh fancy.

Having established our canon, we can now apply it. We do, in fact, find that the masterpieces of American humor were conceived in an atmosphere possessing exactly the qualities we have outlined. There was the broad and humane sense of this our life, of our common nature, our common soul, overleaping all barriers whatsoever; the distinctions of race and caste, of rich and poor, dwindling to their real insignificance, or forgotten altogether; this binding of hearts taking place, not through the sense of our common tragedy, our common servitude to fate, as in Æschylus and Sophocles, nor in pity and compassion, as in the Evangel of Galilee, but with a certain surcharge and overplus of power, a buoyancy, a sense of conquest, which could best come with the first youth of a young, strong nation, and which did, in fact, come in the harvest of success following that fine outburst of manliness and adventure, the mining campaign of '49.

One characteristic of the finest humor, touched on already, we must come back to, — the quality of unconsciousness. Neither Bret Harte nor Mark Twain, when they wrote of the Luck, of M'liss, of Captain Ned Blakely, of Buck Fanshaw and Scotty Briggs, had any idea how great they were, or even that they were great at all; they never dreamt that these sketches for the local journal would outlive the week that saw their birth, and at last make the circuit of the world, becoming a part of the permanent wealth of man. This unconsciousness gives these stories their inimitable charm. There is none of the striving of the funny man in what belongs to that first period, no setting of traps for our admiration. This is the same as saying that there is none of that instinct of egotism which prompts a man to laugh at his fellow, to show how much wiser and cleverer he himself is. It is all free, generous, and bountiful as the sunshine of the land where it was conceived, full of the spontaneous life of Nature herself. As there is in the simplest heart a wisdom that outweighs all philosophy, in the most untutored soul a faith that the schools and doctors know nothing of, so there is in these firstfruits of genius a fresh charm that no art can emulate; we recognize the wisdom and handiwork, not of the immediate artificer, but of the great master builder, the one enduring soul, common to all men through all time. There is the sense of the unprecedented, of creative power, in all works of genius; it shines forth brightly in the best work of American literature, and most brightly in the firstfruits of American humor.

It is not so agreeable to complete our inventory; for we are forced to see that much of what passes for humor nowadays is not humor at all, but its imitation and baser counterfeit, — that wit which is marred by egotism and vanity, which springs from the desire to shine, to show off, to prove one's self smarter than one's fellows, to air the superior qualities of one's mind. Let us devoutly hope that this mood of self-consciousness, like its cousin, the shyness of the half man, half boy, is transient only; that it will presently give place to something more mellow and humane. How often we feel, when we read the productions of this class, that the writer, as he made each

point, was lit up with a little explosion of vanity; that he was terribly self-conscious; that he bridled and pranced within him, to think he was not as other men! Instead of that fine and humorous tale of Pharisee and Publican, we might write one of the humorist and the wit, the child of genius and the funny man; and the moral would be just the same. In the one case, a sense of peace, of hitting the mark, of adding to our human wealth, of reaching the true end of man; in the other, a certain tickling of the sensations, it is true, but, with it, dissatisfaction, unrest, a sense of vanity, with final bankruptcy staring us in the face. Self-consciousness is fatal to humor. It is as disappointing as that habit certain people have, whose sex and age we shall not specify, of always thinking of their clothes, or of your clothes, or of some one else's clothes; their society is not joy and gladness, nor does it bring us nearer to the golden age.

It would be with genuine joy of heart that I should record, if conscience allowed me, that American life seems, on the whole, to be flowing in the direction which leads to humor rather than to wit, — the direction which leads away from tribal and personal vanity, from the lamentable longing to show off, from self-consciousness and egotism, toward the common heart of man. But this, at least, can with certainty be said: that only as the great tide thus sets toward the better goal; only when the desire of wealth gives way to humane sympathy and inherent power; when the barriers of caste, so untimely and anomalous here, are broken down; when the tribal vanity of fancied race superiority is forgotten; when self-consciousness and the longing for stage properties are left behind, merged in that large urbanity which is the essence at once of real culture and of true breeding, — only then will a real development of humor be possible. But this humanizing of our hearts is in itself not enough, though it is essential and not to be replaced: there must also be a sense of power, of lightness, of success; a surplus of magnetism and vital energy, like that surcharge of life which, having moulded root and stem and leaves, bursts forth in beauty in the flower. All this is needful, and by no means to be dispensed with; yet to all this must be added something more, something which, by all our taking thought, we can never gain, — that superb fire of genius which comes not with observation, but is the best gift and creative handiwork of our everlasting human soul.

Charles Johnston.

CONFESSIONS OF A MINISTER'S WIFE.

"JUST the one to marry a minister!" So our friends said when the engagement was announced. What the moral and spiritual properties of a minister's wife should be, as differentiated from other men's wives, I have never been able to discover, but this I can truly say: I was satisfied not only with my husband, but with his profession. How thankful was I that he had not chosen a literary career, as certain friends advised, or entered the law, where others prophesied success! Before we were installed in our first parish I had studied the church roll, and every name was at my tongue's end, ready to be applied when the owner appeared. I looked at the congregation as a company of saints. I would not have exchanged that first parsonage for the office of the Secretary of State at Washington or for an appointment as ambassador to the Court of St. James.

Twenty years have passed. The enthusiasm of youth has been modified by the experiences of actual life. Time has furnished the test by which we form true judgment. My husband has occupied influential pulpits in both Western and Eastern cities. We have had delightful homes, a comfortable income, appreciative congregations, and social advantages greater than fall to the lot of the average minister. If I have learned that a parish is not composed exclusively of saints, I have likewise learned that the mistakes and weaknesses of parishioners are necessary incidents in the process of spiritual development, and their more serious faults I have come to regard as simply evolutionary growing-pains. I am still satisfied with my husband, still glad that he is a minister; yet I secretly rejoice that our son shows no predilection for a theological seminary; I might even be tempted to maternal tactics in order to frustrate a clerical alliance for our daughter. I believe that men of the greatest genius and highest culture may find in this profession a worthy sphere of activity, and that, as knowledge increases, religious organizations will become associations for spiritual uplifting and practical helpfulness.

But I must confess that at the present day no profession is attended with more subtle temptations. We are far from the realization of the ideal, if indeed we are advancing toward it. From the first, loyalty to my husband made me extremely sensitive to slurs upon his profession. I was offended by the characterizations of literature in which the typical clergyman is an erudite gentleman, quite ignorant of worldly affairs, and abjectly fawning before wealth and power. The clergyman's wife, an amiable creature, adoring her husband, is quite unsophisticated and ill at ease in the presence of the cultured parishioner. The drama, which probes human defects to the quick, represents the priest as a sleek, well-fed personage, using the lamb's wool of his office for divers chicaneries. Public sentiment evidently regards the minister as a paid attorney, whose living is little better than a gratuity, and whose character lacks the qualities of virile manhood. By degrees the conviction has come to me that, among the learned professions, the one which is nominally the most beneficent is most frequently ridiculed.

The common judgment is never without foundation. Evidently, some essential element of confidence is lacking. We to whom the profession is dear ought to look at the case courageously and dispassionately. This I have sought to do, and have become convinced that, however much individual ministers may be at fault, the evil lies primarily with our ecclesiastical machinery. It is as difficult for a pastor to carry out his ideals, in our highly organized religious systems, as for a right-minded mayor to realize the ideals of municipal government, hampered by the city charter and the demands of his political party.

A condition so common as to be almost a constant problem is financial stringency. Every one behind the scenes is conscious of general poverty. Churches are not only poor, but very generally encumbered with debt. A wealthy congregation does not alter the fact of chronic poverty. It is what the congregation gives, not the bank account of individual members, which constitutes ecclesiastical opulence. In our parish, a poor shoemaker gives much more, proportionately, than the millionaire pewholder. The church is the first to suffer from a business panic, and the last to feel the returning wave of prosperity. When retrenchment is necessary, economy finds its first expression in the contribution plate. Indeed, I sometimes query how those families which cannot afford a pew in church can yet afford a box at the opera. In many cities and rapidly growing towns, the older churches suffer from the shift-

ing of residence, a once desirable location having given place to shops and tenements. The usual cause of bankruptcy, however, is luxurious trappings and reckless expense. New economic needs have developed, in our generation, a taste for easy and pleasant ways of doing things. The demand for sumptuous buildings, costly organs, Tiffany windows, and elaborate decoration exceeds the cash on hand. There is a constant strain to make income keep pace with outgo. Many churches are in the condition of the poor serving woman who flaunts her feathers and lace while destitute of woolens and overshoes. I have known many elaborately housed congregations without suitable hymn books and looking for a "cheap minister." The revenues of the church are derived from pew rentals and offertories. The preacher must be so "attractive" as to fill vacant seats, until the income covers current expenses. His eloquence must foot the coal bills, pay the sexton, the organist, the choir, the interest on the mortgage, and, last of all, his own salary.

On one side, the minister sees the decline of the church-going habit. Pleasure, materialism, and intellectual liberty are pitted against the pulpit. On the other side, he is under the surveillance of his own trustees, and, back of the trustees, the hierarchy of the denomination. Can a man do his best work under pressure of a depleted treasury? A tambourine and a poke bonnet gather a crowd. The minister, covertly, beats his tom-tom. His spiritual wares are advertised as systematically as the Parisian novelties of the thrifty merchant. Curious themes fill empty pews; Double Bowknots and how to Untie Them, by One who has Tied Them; The Women Men Love; Brimstone Corner, or the Modern Idea of Hell; Jehoiakim and his Penknife; Pancakes. An enterprising evangelist had the audacity to advertise a single word, Hen; the text being taken from that pathetic scene on the hilltops of Jerusalem, when Jesus cried out in compassion, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" A series of sermons is announced to different professions, to Young Men, to Young Women, to Business Men, to Old Maids. City officials are invited to a special service, and the Fire Department sit in reserved seats. The Police Department and military organizations attend in "full uniform." Lectures on various literary themes, reviews of new books, sacred concerts, stereopticon illustrations, sunrise prayer meetings, floral decorations, greengrocery exhibits, enrichment of service, are ingenious methods of attracting. A well-known metropolitan church, discouraged by the empty pews on Sunday evenings, appointed young lady ushers; announcing through the daily press the names of the damsels and the gowns they would don. Other city churches, with a laudable view of enlisting young men, issue invitations to a smoker in the church parlors. Is the minister reprehensible? Yes, doubtless, but his capital is the power to please. The market is regulated by the law of supply and demand, and this clerical caterer furnishes that which the consumer will take. Husbands and wives do not always stimulate each other toward the noblest ideals. Secretly, I like to have the sermons sufficiently garnished to satisfy the popular craving for garlic and condiments.

Aside from running expenses, the modern church has a long list of benevolences. As philanthropic interests have increased, the church has become sponsor for a multitude of worthy objects. The pledges are met with great difficulty, through the unflagging zeal of the brave souls devoted to these special causes. Altogether, the financial straits of the church affect the pew as well as the pulpit. That "blessed tie" which binds the hearts of the saints is more frequently financial than spiritual. Church work,

about which we talk piously, resolves itself usually into some scheme of money-getting. Festivals, fairs, concerts, suppers, distract attention and usurp higher interests. It is hardly necessary to state that when both minister and people are in mad search for dollars a truly devotional spirit cannot exist.

Another insidious foe of the church is the curious custom of estimating results by numerical showing. Every denomination has a system of bookkeeping, by which the statistics of the local churches are tabulated. The minister of each parish reports annually the net result of his work, — the number of baptisms, accessions in membership, losses by death or removal, contributions to the benevolences under the patronage of the denomination. The returns are published in book form, and the gain or loss is expressed arithmetically. In order to assist in the mechanical part of parish work, it has been my self-imposed task to look after the church records; and, in the capacity of secretary, I became conscious of the constant pressure to keep up and augment membership. In decadent communities it is difficult to make gains cover losses. Perhaps this accounts for inaccuracy in ecclesiastical posting. Old names are allowed to remain on the list long after the individuals bearing them have removed from the parish or have been gathered to their fathers. When the records are thoroughly "purged," the figures show a large shrinkage. A church accredited with a membership of one thousand may easily shrink to eight hundred, and the minister who eliminates the dead wood must bear the odium of the clearing. When progress is estimated by numbers, the minister and his wife, perforce, must prospect for converts. "Work up your mission chapel" was the advice of a scheming prelate, when my husband assumed the care of an institutional church: "that 's where you 'll make your counts." Perhaps, also, it encourages elasticity in the test of membership. Thus a noted infidel of our acquaintance was urged by a distinguished clergyman to be confirmed. "I 'll make it easy for you," he argued obligingly.

The pressure for numerical growth is shared by the congregation. When a communion season arrives, and no candidates are propounded, the brethren and sisters are dispirited. The test of organic strength is in the length of the roll call, and not in the quantity and quality of spiritual life. Joy reigns when a goodly number gather for the first time about the altar, especially if there are boys and men in the group. New members are reported, not as souls, but as "male" and "female." The latter are so much in excess that males are considered great trophies.

The minister is under the same pressure to keep the benevolences of his church up to the high-water mark. Parochial gifts are scrutinized by the denominational fathers as the campaign fund is watched by political bosses. Here is a dilemma of divided sympathy. On one side the minister finds a group who are jealous of denominational honor. They implore him to quicken the sentiment for sectarian pledges. They deplore contributions which will not be credited in the annual report. They are offended when an "outside" cause is presented. On the other is a group who discredit sectarian propagandism. They demand that the pulpit address itself to the practical philanthropies close at hand. How shall the minister retain prestige in the ecclesiastical hierarchy, crushed between the millstones of denominational and local demands?

But by far the greatest obstacle in the path of the minister, and hence a constant perplexity to the minister's wife, is our highly organized systems of ecclesiastical government, and the emphasis placed upon philosophical thought. Each sect has a centralized system of government, and is conducted in the interest of special tenets. At the beginning of our

married life, I did not realize the alternatives which modern scholarship places before the religious teacher. We are in that transition period when old dogmas are disputed, and essential truths are not yet established. The young minister soon finds himself facing two masters: a sectarian system demands that he lend himself to the idiosyncrasies of its creed; intellectual liberty cries imperatively, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." Personal advantage requires him to stand by the machine, just as it requires the British army officer to stand by the royal family. Promotion and honor lie in this direction. His portrait appears in the denominational paper. His little successes are lauded and emphasized. Powerful churches make overtures for the pastorate. If, on the other hand, this minister fails in sectarian loyalty, the strength of the powerful machine is arrayed against him; that which was a savor of life unto life becomes a savor of death unto death. He who resists traditional theology becomes, in technical language, a "suspect," dangerous to the harmony of the church. Every parish is divided into factions, representing the "stationary class" and the "party of movement." The former dominates through the use of the machine. The pastor sought by religious bodies is, not the man of open vision, but he who preaches the prevailing theology. No persecution is so bitter, so brazen, so heartless, as that occasioned by religious prejudice. That the persecutors belong to the stationary class is confirmed by history. Were not the inquisitional fires kindled for the preservation of the established order? The party of movement in the church to-day is timid and half-hearted. It keeps silence in the hope of peace, or because its members have private interests to conserve. Thus it comes about that the minister who has chosen to be honest, and is loyal to the deepest convictions, must walk alone. So intense is factional prejudice that anathemas are hurled not only against the defenseless victim, but against his family. In a somewhat extended acquaintance among the liberal fraternity, I have learned that the wife of a suspect receives stony salutations from former friends; she is "cut dead" in a chance shopping rencounter, is sedulously avoided at the social function.

As a result of the attitude of the church, various types appear in her priesthood. There is the conformist, who resolutely stuffs his ears against the siren of progress. He is, in this transition period, the only man who can be happy in the clerical profession. It is possible to so nurse our prejudices that reason becomes inoperative. This type of minister uses all the stereotyped phraseology; the mind of the hearer is confused by mazes of speculative theology. Yet the conformist has a large following. Many are satisfied because accustomed to the conventional forms of expression. People in general do not want to have thought challenged in religious service, and "blind faith" is easy. The congregation expects neither intellectual nor spiritual help of the minister. The more serious endure in silence or remain at home. Peace and harmony prevail throughout the parochial borders. It is the peace and harmony of an autocracy, where people are too superstitious or too indifferent to rebel. Such priests bring discredit on the profession. True it is that some souls have found abiding peace through, or in spite of, dogmatic theology. Others have been driven into infidelity. The believe-what-you-cannot-understand preacher is held in just contempt by the more intelligent. I know a minister of this sort who asked a mother, in anguish over the death of a six-year-old son, "Did he understand the plan of salvation?"

Another type is the middle-of-the-road minister. He has tasted of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, but he wants to stay comfortably in his

Garden of Eden. He adopts the worldly policy, "Have no opinions until you are on the safe side of the dollar question." His tones are stentorian in proportion as they are insincere. In popular phraseology his oratorical efforts are denominated "cant;" in Scripture they are "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." All the woes of Christ were uttered against the hypocrite. For him no gracious "Go in peace; thy sins are forgiven." The congregation may be deceived, but what of the man who makes a business of kneeling to false gods?

Then we have the minister of profound insight and open vision. He is loyal to his deepest convictions, and gives the truth without reservation. He espouses unpopular reforms; his dress is that of a man among men; he is never seen in public places with a limp-covered Bible under his arm. His manner is unostentatious, his language simple and direct, his eloquence that of genuine purpose. Business men respect him. Men and women say to him: "I never before knew what it is to be a Christian. You have made the religious life practical and genuine." Yet, strange to say, things do not go well in the parish. Some old lady misses the traditional phraseology; the deacons fear the influence of practical teaching on the young; factional prejudices are roused; pews are given up, the salary is cut down; heresy trials threaten. At last this honest man cries out in bitterness, "With a great price obtained I this liberty!" and sometimes, in loneliness of heart, he exclaims, "My God, hast thou forsaken me?" Let the advocates of an open pulpit and an open college inaugurate a bread-and-butter fund for the maintenance of untrammeled preachers and professors!

Another temptation to insincerity meets both the minister and his wife on the social side. They must be friends of each member of the little flock. Now friendship is not made to order; it is the spontaneous result of affinity. The candidates for parochial love may not always be lovable. They may be vulgar, superstitious, ignorant, depraved, or even hostile. The temptation is to assume an interest which would not exist under other circumstances. An acquaintance, for many years a popular clergyman's wife, has shown, since the death of her husband, the prevalence of manufactured interest. "Count me out now," she says, very frankly. "I am not going to church unless I feel like it. I am not going to visit people whom I do not care to know."

Passing from these general subjects, let me speak of those which more intimately concern the minister's wife. During these twenty years, the sense of insecurity of position has been a constant undertone of anxiety and an unfailing shadow in the background of endeavor. The only parallel is the politician's tenure of office. The economic principles which dominate the conduct of other men are, with the minister, entirely reversed. Any apparent effort to better his condition is sure defeat. Money cannot buy a pastorate; ability cannot secure one. The church gives to its pastor quite as much as the pastor gives to his people. The minister of a prominent congregation occupies a position of dignity quite beyond and independent of personal merit. A minister without charge is distrusted. He is Jean Valjean with his yellow convict passport. Hence the clerical rule, "Never take up your foot until you know where you are going to put it down." A minister often endures untold indignities and remains, when both he and the congregation are secretly praying for deliverance. The minister without charge may be more desirable than he of the parish. Personal selfishness induces one to remain where his service is not desired. Chivalrous feeling and self-respect cause the other to retire. Moreover, the parish is quite as often at fault as the minister.

The process of gaining a new field is often fraught with ignominy and humiliation. Some one has well said, "If there be anything contingent in the Divine Mind, it is what a church will do when looking for a pastor." The first step is to appoint a committee, whose business is to scour the country for the right man. All churches are self-complacent, and, however difficult the work, however meagre the stipend, demand a first-class preacher and pastor. The committee of minister-tasters require months, and sometimes years, of experimenting before a nominee can be agreed upon. Then his record is looked up, and a tentative overture is made. The overture is carefully guarded, and the chairman discreetly intimates that he has only the authority of an advisory agent. A church does not commit itself, however, without some assurance of success. It is as if a youth said to his maiden: "It is possible I may wish to marry you. If I so decide, will your answer be affirmative?" His affirmation having been secured, the minister may be jilted without even a courteous explanation. "Candidating" is now disclaimed by churches of reputation. Whatever the course adopted, whether the candidate appears openly in the vacant pulpit or covertly preaches in a neighboring church, or the congregation act on the advice of the committee, the case must be brought before the people for final vote. Every detail concerning this unhappy man is openly discussed in the parish meeting, — his health, his age, his personal appearance, the quality of his voice, his theological and political opinions, his skill as an organizer, his social gifts. His wife, also, must be a discreet and godly person; always wisely helpful, but never officious. The one essential, spiritual power and practical righteousness, does not so much concern these census takers. All the offensive details of the parish meeting are talked of in the streets and the corner grocery. They are allowed to go into the hands of the enterprising reporter, and, with proper editorial embellishments, are served to the general public. Doubtless the law of causality operates in calling a minister, but the effect is so remote, so untraceable, that the outcome seems more like fatalism. The range of criticism extends from Alpha to Omega. "Too damn pious!" was the actual verdict of an important member of an important congregation upon my husband. A minister has been deposed for no greater offense than subscribing to the Outlook. A gifted preacher lost a prominent church because one man, of mechanical mind and fat pocketbook, objected to a single sentence in the evening sermon. The public, says Thackeray, is a jackass. The average congregation, to speak more civilly, is sadly lacking in discrimination. Perhaps fifteen out of one hundred catch the real thought of the speaker. Defective hearing is the cause of constant misapprehension and misquotation. In other callings, contracts are made between peers who have equal advantage in the decision. In this profession, the vote of a miss in her teens, a timid old woman, a blundering drayman, an unreasoning bigot, is as powerful as that of the intelligent and fair-minded. When factional passions have been roused, the most objectionable methods may be introduced into a parish meeting; and all this time the minister in question is absolutely defenseless. He has nothing of value in the world except his character. This he may see traduced, his motives impugned, misconceptions unexplained, yet he must remain silent.

The question of ways and means is always serious in the minister's family. Since the average salary is eight hundred dollars, it follows that life with average pastors is both frugal and strenuous. Most of them live from hand to mouth, and are denied not only comforts, but the equipment which is necessary for intelligent work. The minister's

tools are not simply pen and ink bottle, but a library and current literature. Their children are educated with great difficulty, and for the "rainy day" they must depend upon charitably disposed neighbors or the fund for disabled ministers. The average lawyer has not only a more generous income and less demand for gratuitous service, but a longer period of productive activity. This time limit is the *bête noire* of the ministerial profession. After seven years of specialized training, the theological graduate must serve a period of apprenticeship in some obscure or indigent church, where his latent possibilities are tested. He makes the real start of life at the age of thirty or over; at forty-five the shadows of coming dissolution stealthily approach. The minister's period of effective service is therefore within the radius of fifteen or twenty years. "The old minister," says Ian Maclaren, "ought to be shot," and the dead line is fixed at fifty. In law, in medicine, in civil government, society demands men of wisdom and experience. The church only gives preference to striplings.

A business man said recently to my husband, "I suppose that your fees are a very considerable item in the annual budget." "How much," he replied, "do you imagine I receive from this source?" "Well, from eight hundred to one thousand dollars per year." "That amount," said my husband, "would cover the fees of my entire ministry." Perquisites are confined almost entirely to the wedding fee. Marriages are rare events in parish history, and optional gratuity is meagre. A five-dollar bill expresses the happiness of the average bridegroom, and fifteen dollars implies exuberance of joy. Twice in our experience of twenty years the bridegroom has reached the hundred mark. Occasionally compensation is offered for attendance upon funerals: no right-minded man, however, accepts a fee for service in the house of mourning.

The frequent imputation that ministers have no sense of honor in financial matters has led me to close observation of their actual record. We have always paid our bills like other people, and so do our ministerial friends, even those living on starvation salaries. Rebates are extremely rare. Indeed, I have learned to avoid the milkman and coal dealer of our own congregation, because the ordinary protests against blue milk and light weight are impossible. Clerical half fares and "reductions to the cloth" are unusual, and are more than balanced by gratuitous service to the community.

I have often been commiserated upon the peculiar and irksome duties of a pastor's wife. The impression prevails that the parsonage is an open house, where chance guests appear at inopportune moments, and that the minister's wife is an unsalaried assistant, a victim to female prayer meetings and Dorcas Societies. Never having met with injustices of this kind in my own experience, I have been for some years in search of the abused clergyman's wife, in both city and country parishes. I have come to the conclusion that she is a myth. But I will speak only for myself. Neither the parish nor the public have presumed upon our hospitality. Our house is an open house only as we make it so. Instead of asking me to take up parish drudgeries, our people have always shielded me from them. Often they say, "You must not do this, because you are the minister's wife." So far as my observation goes, the church makes no demand upon the minister's wife; what she does, or refrains from doing, is at her own volition. I have no sympathy with those women who say, "The church engaged my husband, not me." The clergyman's wife has the same interest in the church that every loyal member feels, plus the interest that every loyal wife has in her husband's life work.

A parish, large or small, demands not only the gift of tongues, but that of a pastor and an administrator. The wife

coöperates in these various functions. She secures the study from interruption, keeps in touch with theological literature, suggests references bearing on the theme of the discourse, supplying, consciously or unconsciously, the feminine thought element. "Do you ever criticise your husband?" I am sometimes asked. Yes, from invocation to benediction, if there is aught to criticise. The pastor is responsible for the movement and efficiency of the entire organization. His wife, as far as possible, should share that responsibility. Never a baptismal service that I do not casually ascertain if the sexton has filled the font. The feminine mind instinctively keeps track of the sick, the disheartened, the malcontent.

Pastoral calls, which formerly partook of a religious nature, are now more purely social, and the tendency is to abandon them entirely. Yet, in the world of affairs, great stress is laid upon the social instinct. A very indifferent preacher may build up a strong congregation through friendly visitations. A woman, through her quick intuition, her tact and native instinct, recognizes the social needs of the parish, quickening and reinforcing the slower methods of the masculine mind. "Where shall I call to-day?" is a frequent question. The wise wife is ready with a carefully selected list, and the battle is half fought. At first I made calls with my husband. I soon observed that our people always preferred to talk with the minister. So I learned to bid him Godspeed without resentment or self-depreciation. Often there are perplexities, doubts, sorrows, and even joys, which can be better expressed to him in confidence. When I call alone, I am received with undivided cordiality. The minister's wife has personal interest in all the members of the congregation, adapting herself to their various needs, and helping each to the best. The more courage, the more sympathy, the more wisdom, the more spiritual illumination, the greater her ministry. As I recall my comrades among all denominations, the one who fills my ideal of a pastor's wife is a dear Methodist sister, of sainted memory. She wore a broché shawl, a rusty black gown, and an antiquated bonnet. But she had the grace of God in her heart; high and low, rich and poor, lettered and unlettered, sat at her feet.

General interest in the members of the congregation is no bar to special and congenial friendship either within or outside the parish. The only restraint I ever feel is in relation to ethical and sociological questions. When the trustees and representative pewholders are engaged in business trusts and combines, the minister's wife, at the Woman's Club, often with a lurking sense of moral cowardice, is wary of topics touching on private monopolies and strenuous reform. When the prevailing sentiment is conservative, she is too judicious to appear at a suffrage convention. However, the wife of the lawyer, the physician, the editor, is under similar bondage to a professional clientage.

While the church stands preëminently as a religious institution, it has a many-sided life, — social, educational, philanthropic. Ostensibly democratic, it yet reflects the social aspirations of its members. Thus we have an "aristocratic congregation" and a "people's church." In the aristocratic church, the Sunday school is composed chiefly of mission scholars. In this church, a reception is a bore, the prayer meeting languishes, and the congregation is "cold" toward strangers. A healthy congregation is composed largely of "plain people," who are the working bees of the religious hive. The commingling of all sorts and conditions is desirable, because they unconsciously modify each other. The social life of a church is dominated by women. How large a factor it has become is indicated by ecclesiastical architecture: a kitchen and a parlor are as

necessary as the audience room. Many families have no acquaintance outside their parish. A sewing society, a fair, a reception, is a social function; even the midweek meeting is a rallying point. The character and number of social activities depend largely upon the taste and organizing instinct of the pastor. The love of music, art, and literature is stimulated by well-planned lecture courses. Social functions, however, are usually combined with financial schemes. A fair has the double purpose of raising money and bringing the congregation together. An "active church" is one in which meetings of various kinds are so continuous that the saints can boast that the fire never goes out on the altar.

Naturally, more or less of the caste spirit prevails in religious organizations. Superior learning, superior wealth, foster the exclusive spirit and excite jealousy. There is always a class who complain that they are not "noticed" as often as a Lady Bountiful with arm's-length patronage. I have much sympathy with the unnoticed set, having seen, in the vicissitudes of parish history, how the obscure may become popular, and the popular may be in turn relegated to obscurity. For many years one of these unobserved members was constantly on my heart. Through legal technicalities she had lost her property, and, in a humble way, she worked out her own salvation. Whenever this brave soul appeared in the prayer meeting, I tried, gently, to jog the memory of former acquaintances. Not even our good deacons could remember her from week to week. But when this unobserved sister finally married a wealthy banker, and took a seat in the middle aisle, my duties as mentor came to a perpetual end.

If the principal work of each generation is the training of the next, the present-day Sunday school as an educational institution must be pronounced a failure. The great development of the pedagogical profession has not yet penetrated this department of ecclesiastics. While we cannot hope to have a satisfactory Sunday school until parents send their children with regularity and seriousness of purpose, neither can we expect parental coöperation until we offer instruction as intelligent as that of day schools. Sometimes I have rebelled against their futile if not pernicious influence. In our home, we have endeavored to surround our children with literature, music, and art, of unquestioned value. Schools and teachers have been carefully selected. In the Sunday school, the "lesson charts" are crude in line and color, and grotesque in conception. When I have tried to introduce illustrations of acknowledged artistic merit, I have been baffled by the announcement of the Sunday-school publisher, "It will not pay." Our hymnody is doctrinal in bias, maudlin in sentiment, and cheap in melody.

Yet these are trivial factors compared with the religious concepts of the average teacher: perhaps a young miss, ignorant of the Bible and of ethical principles; perhaps a veteran, who can quote Scripture from Genesis to Revelation, while quite devoid of spiritual insight. Often I have secretly rejoiced at the marching drills and mechanics of the infant department, because they leave little time for religious instruction. It has been a hard fight to undo the impressions made on our children by some of these well-meaning teachers: a God who dwells far away in the sky; a Heavenly Father who loves only good children; a book of remembrance in which are recorded every naughty word and thought. Here and there, indeed, I have found teachers of rare grace and intelligence, and these qualities are quickly recognized.

I have been connected with many Ladies' Aids and Woman's Guilds. Aside from the purpose of swelling the funds of the Lord's treasury, it has seemed to me that these societies exist in order to hold meetings. Successful meetings are

impossible without a genuine purpose. So the first care of the officers is to inaugurate finger occupation. It is a great boon when a destitute family must be sewed up, or a charitable institution appeals for pillowcases, or a missionary box is to be filled. But any effort to remove the causes of poverty and suffering, — like temperance work or sociological reform, — this kind of "Ladies' Aid" I have never seen. The benevolences of the church are not yet conducted in the scientific spirit; their aim is palliative, not curative.

For many years I have been an officer on the Board of Missions, and everywhere I have found indifference. The aggregate of contributions to foreign missions amounts annually to millions of dollars. Yet I venture to say that if we knew the history of each individual dollar, very few would prove a loving, genuine gift. I myself have given chiefly because my position demanded it. These enormous contributions are not the spontaneous offerings of the church. They represent the intense interest of a few individuals. These individuals are always women. They spur on the minister, hector the rich, stimulate the poor, quicken the conscienceless. In a certain church which had failed to raise its apportionment, one lowly, earnest woman, at the eleventh hour, went from house to house and secured the quota. So far as I could discover, the contributors felt more compassion for the woman than interest in the cause; or they were wearied by her importunity. The case is typical. The Woman's Boards in all denominations are admirably organized societies, with frequent local meetings, annual and semiannual rallies. The officers have personal relations with the higher ecclesiastical functionaries, and are zealous in filling all pledges to the Board. A woman may hold office in a missionary society, and even speak at its public meetings, without danger of social ostracism, as in temperance work. Indeed, I often think that our officers enjoy their little arena. I am persuaded that our Woman's Boards foster the denominational spirit; for if the majority of a congregation should reach that stage of spiritual development in which sectarian interest were lost in zeal for the kingdom of righteousness, the fealty of the Woman's Board would prevent practical steps toward comity. Federation of the denominations at home is more likely to come at the instance of the missionary abroad. He sees the waste of money and the waste of spiritual power which spring from divided effort, while we at home have our eyes fastened upon the ledger books of our Missionary Boards.

Do I, then, not believe in missions? Yes, in the development of the religious life which is found among all peoples.

Do I not love the church? There is no choice. "Wherever one hand reaches out to help another, there is the church of God."

Do I depreciate creeds? Yes, every creed which I may not restate in accordance with the demands of my growing spiritual nature.

Do I honor the Christian minister? Yes, the prophet, but not the priest.

Am I a pessimist? No. The pessimist has no future. His world is either stationary or retreating. My world is advancing and triumphing, as I grow into sympathy with the order and wisdom and goodness which impel the universe.

MR. SMEDLEY'S GUEST.

The Honorable B. Jerome Smedley was in a contented mood, — for him, to whom such moods came seldom. The great firm of Barlow Brothers & Co. had gone to the wall, drawing with it a score of lesser houses, and the business world had not yet recovered from the shock. Smedley's bank had been advancing money to the firm for two years past, and the failure had resulted from his deliberate policy. That very morning, Barlow senior had accused him of ruining the house under the pretense of aiding it, and Smedley had smiled a self-depreciating smile, as though the honor were too great for his modest ability. He held mortgages covering every available asset of the firm, and already had perfected a plan for its reorganization under his own management. If it were not for the action of the leather trust, which had stiffened the price of hides materially, and the rumor of another disgraceful escapade on the part of his stepson, Mr. H. Stillwell Barker, Smedley believed he should have been quite happy. As it was, he was disposed to make the best of what he had, and for an hour or two, at least, to give himself up to the enjoyment of his present success.

He was seated at the dinner table, in company with his wife and stepdaughter, Miss Maude Barker, but so busy was he in mentally recounting the various steps in the reorganization of Barlow Brothers & Co. under the direction of the Smedley Improvement Co. that he hardly noticed the two ladies. They were going out for the evening, and as he and his wife had already had a difference of opinion over his declining to accompany them, the silence at the table was broken only by the subdued discussion between the mother and daughter of some detail in the latter's costume.

Whether it was that Smedley had been out of his office and in the open air more than usual that day, or had been affected by the successful result of his labors in the direction of the Barlow Brothers & Co. assets, he had come to the dinner table with more than his customary appetite. It so frequently happened that he had little or no appetite that when the condition was reversed he indulged himself freely. He would have repudiated the assertion that he was not strong and hearty. He had commenced to grow somewhat rotund, and when obliged to walk up a flight of stairs he arrived at the top puffing and blowing badly. The gray hair had left the top of his head, and gathered around the sides and back, where it curled up in little waves to the height not covered by his hat. His face still had a hearty look, but the red in his cheeks seemed to be more mottled than formerly, and sometimes took on a purple hue. His wife had told him, on one occasion, when they had been discussing some family matter and his face had colored more fiercely than usual, that if he were not careful he would have apoplexy. His family physician, however, had assured him that it was only his liver, and had given him some medicine, which occasionally he took in a surreptitious manner, not wishing to attract his wife's attention.

He leaned back in his chair now, and looked thoughtfully at the large, dark oil portrait of his wife's father, the late Judge Stillwell, on the wall before him. The wife and daughter retired: the latter in silence; the former with a remark that was intended to, and did, recall to his mind the entire course of her argument used to induce him to accompany them that evening. He said nothing. He had enjoyed his dinner, and he was

in such a contented frame of mind that he did not wish to be forced into conversation. And he had learned long since that to answer certain remarks of his wife's was to bring on discussions which frequently terminated by leaving him in an ill humor, and without affecting in the slightest degree the objects he had in view. So he sighed gently, and kept his eyes fixed steadily upon the countenance of his departed father-in-law. When he was alone he called the butler, and sent him for a bottle of wine. It was not likely that Mrs. Smedley would return to the dining room, and, whether she did or not, he felt that he had fairly earned the right to enjoy the wine in peace. The successful result of the day's work, the dinner he had eaten, and the fact that he would have several troublesome matters to take up and dispose of on the morrow united in convincing him that for the present he should permit himself an added pleasure. He was not going out that evening, and he would therefore remain where he was, and later, after the ladies of his household had departed, slip into the library, and finish the wine in the company of a cigar and a newspaper.

The wine came, and was sipped. The servant was dismissed, and again the large features of the deceased member of the state judiciary became the object of Smedley's speculative gaze. He took his third glass of wine, settled a little more comfortably in his chair, and thought he heard the carriage drive up for his wife and daughter. He closed his eyes as he listened, and from the sound of the carriage wheels his mind traveled to other sounds and sights lying half hidden in the borderland of sleep, and then, still thinking busily, passed on into the darkness where dreams are born.

Ten minutes later he opened his eyes with a start, to find the butler standing before him with a card in his hand. He stared at the man for a moment, vainly trying to shake off the remnants of sleep and realize where he was. Then he freed himself, and as he did so gave the butler a suspicious glance, to discover whether the servant had seen that he was asleep. The butler's face was unmoved, but as he delivered the card he looked a trifle embarrassed, and said: "The gentlemun is at the door, sir. 'E insisted on comin' to you at once. 'E said 'e was un ole friend, sir, quite one of the family, an' 't wood be all right."

Smedley glanced at the card and fumbled for his glasses, wondering, with his mind not yet fully cleared of the fog of sleep, how the butler had happened to make such an unusual departure from his routine. The man stepped over and brought the glasses out from under his master's arm, where they had fallen during his brief nap. The act was done with the deferential tact of the well-trained servant, and Smedley was spared the slightest intimation that he was becoming stout and helpless. Before he could adjust the glasses the door opened, and he looked up. His guest had, indeed, followed closely upon the servant's heels, and, giving Smedley but a moment in which to read his card, had entered the dining room in search of him.

Smedley gazed at the visitor with an expression which hardly concealed his open curiosity. The man was not tall, though his somewhat spare figure gave him that appearance. He was well preserved, and appeared to be a thoughtful, scholarly man, who had spent much of his life in the open air. Clearly not a laborer, he yet had about him something of the air of one accustomed to out-of-door work. But it was his face that most impressed Smedley. He was a good judge of character, and the face was one to attract attention from a person less skilled in reading men. It was a smooth, dark face, surmounted by a mass of iron-gray hair, — the face of a strong man, who had seen his full share

of care and trouble; but the lines about the mouth and eyes, and especially the eyes themselves, showed one who was at peace with himself and the world he lived in. All this Smedley felt rather than saw. What most impressed him was the striking resemblance the man bore to some one he had seen before. He felt that he must have known either this man or some one looking very much like him. The stranger smiled, his face lighting up with pleasure, and advanced with extended hand.

"Of course you'll pardon me," he said; "but I really could n't bear to think of waiting to see you, so I came right in."

His voice struck Smedley as familiar, and he decided that this was some one he had known and forgotten, a common occurrence in a life so varied and busy as his had been. He felt that it was too late to adjust his glasses and look at the card, so he put the best face he could upon the matter, and pushed back his chair. The butler assisted him, and he rose to his feet.

"Yes," he replied, shaking hands with the visitor, and noting that, though plainly dressed, he had the air and appearance of a person of no mean standing in his own world, "I 'm glad you did n't wait. I just stopped after dinner to take a little wine. My wife and daughter have gone out, I think; so if you will come into the library, I can make you quite at home."

He told the butler to bring another bottle of wine and some cigars, and, carelessly slipping the visitor's card into his pocket, led the way into the other part of the house.

"Do you know, I believe I should have recognized your face anywhere," remarked Smedley, when they were seated. There was something very taking about his guest, and he warmed to him instinctively.

"It 's hardly to be wondered at, I suppose," answered the stranger, with the same winning smile. "And I can't tell you how glad I am to see you so comfortably situated here. It must be some compensation, I should think."

Smedley thought this remark a trifle uncalled for. Still, his guest had the air of a Westerner, and was probably accustomed to unconventional forms of intercourse; and then, plenty of people could imagine the cares and trials that Smedley's large business interests imposed upon him. It did not follow that reference was being made to his wife and her children. Anyway, it was impossible to be offended with this frank, honest, pleasant gentleman, who seemed to know him so well.

"Yes, it is," said Smedley, glancing about the room with satisfaction. "I took quite a little pleasure in arranging the house, though it was altered a good deal after my wife came to see it. I really enjoy my country place out at Shady Grove better. It 's an ideal retreat. I planned it before I was married for a sort of bachelor quarters; but since Shady Grove has become a fashionable place, we — that is, my wife and her daughter — spend considerable time there."

Smedley was busily going over in his mind all the old acquaintances he thought he had forgotten, in an effort to identify the stranger. After his own apparent recognition he could not make up his mind to ask him his name, and the longer he delayed the more impossible the question became.

"Do you know," he remarked, by way of edging around toward something that would enlighten him, "you remind me strongly of my brother."

"Your brother George, you mean?" inquired the other. "Will was too young when he died for me to resemble him much, I suppose. Yes, I think I do look like George. I think it 's hardly to be wondered at, being a — a relative, as I am."

"A relative!" said Smedley to himself, more puzzled than before.

"When — when did you see George for the last time?" he asked, deciding to plunge after a clue.

"Oh, I was with him when he died," answered his companion. And Smedley, glancing up quickly, noticed his veteran's bronze button. His brother had been killed at Gettysburg. The stranger's face took on a tender look, as his eyes traveled back to the scene he spoke of. "It was during the cannonading that preceded Pickett's charge," he said. "We were ordered up to strengthen the line that was meeting the attack, and it was then I found him. They had dragged him into a fence corner, and he was dying there, all alone, when I came upon him. I have always been thankful I was privileged to be there at that time. He recognized me, though he could n't say much, and he died with his head on my knee."

The speaker's eyes moistened, and Smedley felt something stirring in his breast.

"You — you — I 'm very glad I 've had a chance to see you," he said earnestly. "I 'm glad some one — you — were there. I used to have a sort of guilty feeling about my brother's death. I 'm glad to know, even after all these years, that he was n't alone when he died. He was younger than I, you know, and always seemed to depend upon me, somehow" — He checked himself. "Let me see; what regiment were you in?" he asked.

"The Sixty-Ninth," said the stranger.

"Oh yes. Of course. My old regiment." And Smedley stopped as he saw the blunder he had made. This, then, was an old comrade. "You were promoted after I was transferred, were n't you?" That certainly was a safe remark.

"Yes," replied the other. "I was made a major after you secured that place in the Commissary Department at Washington. You were transferred in '62, I think. That was really where we parted." (Smedley was trying to recall the majors of the Sixty-Ninth.) "You remember the colonel," continued the guest, — "old Plimmer? He lost his leg on the first day at Gettysburg."

"And then you" —

"Yes, I had charge of the men after that. I stayed with them until the Wilderness."

"Were you with them when they made that great stand during the first day there," asked Smedley, "when they were all cut up?"

"Yes," answered the other quietly. "I received a brevet for that; but my wound did n't heal rapidly, and I could n't get back again until it was all over."

"Then you must have known Furner," remarked the host, still trying to discover the man's identity without disclosing his own ignorance. "Furner took my company after I left, and was in command of the regiment during the last campaign. He was in charge when they did that great fighting on the first day in the Wilderness."

"I was in command there," said the stranger quietly. "He took my place the next day, after I was wounded."

Smedley knew well that Furner had been in command on that day. Only last fall he had heard Furner's war record eulogized in a political campaign speech, with a detailed description of how Furner, and Furner alone, had rallied the remnant of the regiment, and held the entire rebel right wing in check. "Saved the Union right there," Furner's advocate had declared. Smedley looked at his guest. The stranger's face was as calm as a child's. If the man was telling what was untrue, he was doing so in perfect innocence; there was no question as to that. Smedley was too keen a judge of men, and he already had too sympathetic a feeling for this man's moods, to be deceived. The man was uttering what he felt to be the truth. And now the question came again, Who was this man?

The guest continued to talk of the war days and the old regiment, and Smedley listened with a growing feeling of interest in him. He could not understand the influence this man exerted over him. It was something he had never experienced before. He felt that the stranger thoroughly understood him, and that in some degree he himself was in sympathy with his guest. The butler entered with the wine and cigars. The visitor declined the wine, but lighted a cigar.

"Maybe you 'd prefer whiskey?" suggested Smedley, pausing as he filled his own glass. "I always like port after dinner, myself. Oh, you don't drink? Strange, for an old soldier. Teetotaler, are you?"

"It 's more a matter of taste with me," answered the other quietly. "Most people have an aversion for certain kinds of food and drink, you know, and I dislike liquor. And, of course," he added, looking thoughtfully at Smedley as he sipped his wine, "there is, with some temperaments, the danger of excess."

Smedley set down his glass. He was not offended at any insinuation the remark might contain. It was impossible to be offended with this man. But he remembered that his wife, with whom it was not impossible to be offended, had made much the same observation. He changed the subject.

"What have you been doing since the war?" he asked. He was interested in this old friend, even though for the moment he did not know his name.

"Oh, I have followed up the start you gave me," said his guest. "You made a very good beginning; better, I have been inclined to think, than you or any one else guessed at the time. Just now I am at work on a new edition of my poems. I have n't published anything in the way of a collection in ten or fifteen years. The last volume contained my earlier work, and some of the best of yours."

"Eh!" exclaimed Smedley, in surprise.

"Yes," continued the other, in the most natural manner. "I included a number of your verses. My Lady's Glove, The Old Bridge, and The Cloud were the best of them. You remember The Cloud? You wrote it during the summer of '59, when you were out at the old farm. I consider it really one of the best in the collection. I have hardly surpassed it, I think, in the best of my own more mature work."

Smedley gasped. A rush of old memories came over him, and he saw his youth again. He saw the old home, the old friends, and the old occupations, and remembered, for the first time in years, the crude, boyish verses he used to scribble in the idle days when home from college. His surprise that this man should have known of those youthful verses, and have used them in a book of his own, was lost in the greater surprise that any of them should have been deemed worthy of preservation.

"You take little interest in poetry now, I fancy," said the visitor, with a peculiar smile.

"No-o," answered Smedley slowly. "I find hardly any time for it. My daughter, Miss Barker, makes rather a fad of it. She admires the modern poets, — the dialect ones, you know. But I never see much in them, myself. Those that are n't unintelligible seem to be using their lines to write editorials that could be done better by the newspapers. I 'm obliged to confess that I 'm not very familiar with your work."

"Yes, I suppose that is to be expected," said the other; and Smedley tried in vain to fathom the meaning of his peculiar smile.

"You find it pays?" he inquired. "There 's money in it?"

"I find it 'pays' *me*," replied his companion, slightly emphasizing the last word. "There would n't be money enough in it for you; but tastes differ.

As for that, it used to 'pay' me, as you call it, in the early days, when I had to work at something else to earn my bread. It is my life, you know, and one does n't estimate his life by the number of dollars he gets for it."

Smedley felt that he had been gently rebuked, and was silent, emptying his glass in an absent, preoccupied manner.

"I declare," said the visitor suddenly, "I nearly forgot my wife. I told her I would come around here and get you to come over to the house. I 've been so interested in visiting with you that it nearly slipped my mind. She is very anxious to see you."

"Oh, do you live here?" asked Smedley.

"We have been staying in town for some time past," he answered. "My publishers are here, and I found it more convenient to be near by while my book was being brought out. Our home is in Michigan. Don't refuse," he urged, as Smedley began to frame an apology. "We shall hardly have another chance to be together. My wife is very anxious to see you again."

Smedley hesitated. "Your wife was" —

"Oh, did n't you know? She was Mary Alden."

"Indeed," exclaimed Smedley, his face lighting up, "I should very much like to see her again! Why, do you know," with a little laugh, "I think she came very near being my wife. I always thought that if I 'd gone home, when I got that leave of absence in the summer of '62, I should have married her, or at least have tried to. But I went to Washington instead, and spent most of the time in pulling wires for that place in the Commissary Department. I never saw her again. How long ago it seems! Has she changed much?"

"Much less than you have," said the stranger, rising to accompany him.

On the street Smedley returned to the subject. "I heard in a roundabout way that she went West after the war, and died there. I had always supposed she never married."

"You did n't return to the old home after the war?" inquired his companion.

"No. I was pretty busy then. You see, I had left the service, and was getting contracts for government supplies. I had a good many irons in the fire, and could n't get away. That was where I got my first start in a financial way, you know. We did n't correspond very regularly during the last years of the war. I was traveling about quite a little, and so — finally we ceased writing."

They walked on in silence.

"She was quite my ideal of what a woman ought to be," remarked Smedley, in a retrospective tone, half to himself.

"She is mine still," said his companion. "All that I am I owe to her."

"I don't wonder at it," replied Smedley earnestly. "How time changes us!" he added. "Now at one time I thought I was in love with her. I dare say I did love her as much as a boy can love a girl. But I was an impulsive sort of a chap in those days."

"I think that was one thing that made her love you as she did."

"Did she love me?" inquired the old gentleman. "Well, well, I never — that is, I did n't really believe she thought much of me. Still, my going off to the war that way might have made her care for me more than" — He was silent, his mind busy with the pictures his words had conjured up out of the past.

"Her family were rather inferior people," said his companion, "though they were self-respecting enough. They had no wealth or position, you know."

"No, that 's so," answered Smedley more briskly. "And, of course, in those days I was hardly in a position to marry, anyway." And they walked on in silence.

The house into which Smedley's companion introduced him had been rented ready furnished, but it contained artistic

touches that gave Smedley a higher opinion of the culture of its occupants. There was about it, also, a homelike air which he had never found in his own house. He was strangely moved when his companion's wife came forward to greet him. The beautiful face of the girl he had known was gone, but in its place was the face of a mature woman who had grown beautiful through a life of loving service to her husband and children. The brown hair was getting a little gray about the temples, time had left loving marks on the face, and the laughter in the blue eyes had given place to a steadier, more thoughtful expression.

"I — I am very glad to meet you again," said Smedley, taking her hand.

She smiled quite in her old way, yet with something so calm and restful about the greeting that Smedley guessed where her husband had acquired his notably peaceful manner.

"I thought we might never meet," she answered. "It is indeed a great pleasure."

She glanced from his face to that of her husband, and back again, as though comparing them. She sighed a little, and Smedley thought there was something of pity in the look she gave him.

"You enjoy it," she asked, — "your present life?"

"Oh yes," replied Smedley, thinking of the affairs of Barlow Brothers & Co. "It keeps me pretty busy, of course, and I don't have much time for reading and that sort of thing," — he cast his eyes over the array of books in the room, — "but I find I don't miss it so much as I used to suppose I should. One's tastes change with time, I think."

"Yes, indeed," she said, giving him that peculiar look again. "And your home life," she inquired, as they seated themselves, — "that is pleasant?" How like her old way of questioning him!

"Quite so," he said a little stiffly. "Of course, I am not at home much of the time, and my wife and her daughter go out a good deal. My stepson does — does not live at home. I don't go into society much myself, though. I find I'm a little tired at the end of the day, and I usually stop at home or stay down at the club."

She asked him about old friends whose names and faces he supposed he had forgotten, and she told him of many of whom he had lost track. Yes, she informed him, they had three children living. He must have heard of their son, who was winning a name as a lawyer in Chicago. One daughter was married, she told him, and the other, the youngest of the family, was with them. The lady had been looking over the proof sheets of the volume of poems her husband had mentioned, and they were scattered about on the table.

"How do you like Bertram's poems?" she asked.

Smedley knew in a vague way that Bertram was considered one of the leading American poets. He had heard his stepdaughter speak of him many times, and believed that his poems had been the subject of study by the members of her literary club. The question was quite like the stereotyped phrases he had heard in society. He himself had never read any of the man's work, and was inclined to rate him with the other uninteresting writers of weak verse.

"I really know little about his work," he answered. "My daughter professes to be quite fond of his poems, but, as I said, I have so little time for reading that I don't pretend to keep up with current literature. I have to read the newspapers, but, aside from a magazine or two, that 's about all the reading I do."

His careless tone seemed to hurt her, and he saw the same look of mingled regret and pity that she had given him before.

"I dare say he 's better than many of them," added Smedley, thinking his tone might have jarred on her finer feelings. "I have really thought of getting a copy

of his poems and looking them over. It 's so difficult to judge from hearsay."

She turned to her husband. "Why, he does n't know," she said; and her look seemed one of regret, not that he was ignorant, but that he was content to remain so.

"Mary was referring to me," explained his host. "I usually write under the name 'Bertram.' But she was speaking of me by my own name, without thinking you were unfamiliar with it."

"Then you — you are the 'Bertram' we hear so much about?" asked Smedley, in astonishment.

"Yes," replied the other quietly. "You always signed your verses and early letters 'Bertram,' you know. I see you have dropped the first name, of late years. I kept up the custom, and have signed most of my later work in the same way."

Smedley's astonishment gave place to embarrassment at finding that his friend was "the great Bertram," as his daughter would say. Glancing toward the piano, he changed the subject by asking if his hostess still played. "Your playing used to have a great charm for me," he remarked.

She smiled and shook her head. "I have given that up," she said. "But I will have my daughter come and play for you. I think I heard her come in just now. I should like you to see her. Bertram thinks she looks much as I used to when we were young together."

She stepped out, and returned in a few moments, followed by a young girl about eighteen years of age.

"This is my daughter Mary, Mr. Smedley," she said.

The old gentleman rose to his feet, and gazed at the girl with a strange look in his eyes. For a moment the years seemed to have rolled away, and there before him stood the girl he had known in his youth: the same waving brown hair and deep blue eyes, the same beautiful face and graceful young figure, and, more than all, the same familiar air; the pose of the head and the expression in the eyes, the smile, the bow with which she greeted him, — all, all were the same. Smedley's eyes moistened. He turned to her mother. "She is very like you," he said; and then to the daughter, "My dear, I am very happy to meet you."

He kept his eyes upon her and followed her movement across the room; and later, when she had seated herself at the piano and commenced to play, he crossed over and turned the music for her. She seemed to know he would like old songs the best, and, taking up a well-worn, old-fashioned song book, which she explained had been her mother's, she played and sang several of the gentle, sweet, old-time melodies that were linked in his mind with the days that were gone. The old songs, sung by a clear, youthful voice that he remembered so well, the sight of the old book whose pages he had so often turned before, and, more than all, the presence of the fresh young creature at his side made him feel for the time that he really was a boy again. He wiped his eyes quietly when he took his seat, and his voice broke a little as he tried to thank her for the music.

Then the three older people sat and talked of the past, and the girl, still seated at the piano, listened with interest, and occasionally, at the suggestion of her mother, played or sang a verse or two; the music, to the ears of the guest, seeming to come directly out of the past. It was with genuine regret that he found himself obliged to leave. The peaceful air of the little family circle no less than the half-sad memories of the past had moved him more deeply than he had supposed possible. For two hours he had entirely forgotten his business and his family, and during all that time he had not once recalled the fact that he was ignorant of his host's name. The poet insisted upon walking back with him.

"I must see you again," said Smedley to his hostess, pausing at the door as he took his leave. "You must" — he smothered the thought of possible opposition from his wife and daughter — "you must come and see me at my home. I'll have my wife invite you to dinner." He was ignorant of the way his wife would make this lady's acquaintance, but a dinner always appealed to him.

"Thank you very much," answered his hostess. "I 'm afraid we cannot have that happiness. I do not suppose we shall meet again. This has been a great pleasure. I am so glad to have seen you, to have seen that you were — a — doing so well. I wish that we might see each other oftener, that we might — But there, we need not look at what is not and cannot be. Think only of this evening. I hope you will not forget it or forget us."

"I shall never forget you and your husband," replied Smedley earnestly. "But why" —

"I can explain that on the way back," said the poet.

"Good-night," said Smedley to the lady, "and, if I must say it now, good-by." He took her hand and bent low over it in the courteous style of other days, and there were tears in his eyes when he turned away and joined his companion.

The poet did not speak at first, and Smedley felt better pleased with silence. After a time, as they walked on, his friend called attention to the moon, which swung high over the city streets, and seemed sailing through masses of golden cloud. "Even here," he said gently, "where everything is so artificial, one can find the beauties of nature by simply looking up." But Smedley's mind was too busy with the events of the evening to heed what he said.

When they reached the house, his companion would have paused at the door, but Smedley urged him to step inside. Preceding him into the hall, he noticed that the dining-room door was ajar. He opened it and looked in. A single electric globe dimly lighted the apartment, and Smedley saw the half-emptied bottle on the table, at his plate. His chair was still pushed back from its place. Evidently, the servants had not been in the room since he left. He crossed over to the table, and laid his hand on the bottle.

"It 's still cold," he said, in some surprise. "Won't you have — Oh, I forgot. You don't care for wine. Well, if you 'll pardon me," — he poured out a glass, — "I 'll take a little myself. You see, I 'm so shut up in the office that I don't get much exercise, and that was quite a walk. Really, I feel more tired than I thought."

He seated himself in the chair, drew a long breath, and, resting his elbow on the table, held up the wineglass before his eye.

"I 'm sorry you 're to leave town so soon," he remarked, sipping a little and setting the glass down. "I want to see more of you. I 've never enjoyed an evening so much in my life."

"It was like my wife to wish you not to forget us," said his companion, standing near the door, ready to depart. "But it seems to me you would do better not to take her too seriously. I think you would better forget us; forget me, at any rate. You see, I could not but interfere with your business, and, though I don't know the trend of your thoughts and ambitions, at the best I must exert on you what I might call a weakening influence. It seems that it must be so. At all events, don't be led to vain regret. I can't say there 's danger," — he smiled modestly, — "but, whatever may remain to you of our meeting, apply it to the future, not to the past. For the future, you know, is all we have. We ourselves are held by the past; we hold only the future. Good-night."

"Stop!" cried Smedley. "Don't go

yet. I — I want to thank you. You have given me a great pleasure this evening. Leave me your address. I must not lose track of you. I must write to you. If we cannot meet again, we can " —

" No," responded the other, " it will be impossible. It is better so, I think." He approached the chair and held out his hand. " Good-by."

" Good-by," said Smedley, and then added: " Do you know, I don't remember your real name. I " —

" Ah ! " exclaimed the guest. " I thought once or twice you seemed hardly to understand. You have my card ? "

Smedley took it from his pocket, and felt for his glasses. Not finding them, he turned to his friend. " You are " —

" Bertram J. Smedley," answered the poet quietly.

Smedley frowned, and looked at him with a puzzled expression. " I don't understand," he said.

" I am the man you might have been," replied his companion.

" No, no. No joking," insisted Smedley. " That would make you a myth. You are real. You are alive, you know." He took a bit of the other's coat sleeve between his thumb and finger, as though testing the quality of the cloth. " That would be quite absurd," he said.

" It is true," declared the visitor, retiring. " Good-night."

Smedley gazed after him, saw him pass out and close the door behind him, and sat looking at the door until he heard the outer hall door open and close. He felt dazed. He could not understand it. He glanced at the card in his hand. That, at all events, was real. He fumbled for his glasses again. Then the door opened, and, glancing up, he saw his wife enter. She was in evening dress, with an opera cloak over her shoulders.

" You here still ! " she said somewhat sharply. " I should think you would be ashamed of yourself. This is too bad. I believe you have n't stirred from that chair since dinner. I hope you have n't drunk all the wine that 's gone from that bottle. You look as though you 'd been asleep."

" I have had a caller," explained Smedley. " I have spent the evening with him."

But his wife looked skeptical. " In the dining room ? " she inquired. " Who was he ? "

Smedley found his glasses and adjusted them. " His name was " — He glanced at the card and stopped. The name on the card was " B. Jerome Smedley."

E. S. Chamberlayne.

OUTLOOK.

We know but this: a glint afar
Through darkness of a heavenly light;
Beyond that star another night;
Beyond that night another star.

John Hall Ingham.

PENELOPE'S IRISH EXPERIENCES.[1]

PART FOURTH.

XVII.

"Silent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy water;
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose;
While murmuring mournfully, Lir's lovely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes."

SORLEY BOY HOTEL,
Glens of Antrim.

WE are here for a week, in the neighborhood of Cushendun, just to see a bit of the northeastern corner of Erin, where, at the end of the nineteenth century, as at the beginning of the seventeenth, the population is almost exclusively Catholic and Celtic. The Gaelic Sorley Boy is, in Irish state papers, Carolus Flavus,—yellow-haired Charles,—the most famous of the Macdonnell fighters; the one who, when recognized by Elizabeth as Lord of the Route, and given a patent for his estates, burned the document before his retainers, swearing that what had been won by the sword should never be held by the sheepskin. Cushendun was one of the places in our literary pilgrimage, because of its association with that charming Irish poetess and good glenswoman who calls herself "Moira O'Neill."

This country of the Glens, east of the river Bann, escaped "plantation," and that accounts for its Celtic character. When the great Ulster chieftains, the O'Donnells and the O'Neills of Donegal, went under, the third great house of Ulster, the "Macdonnells of the Isles," was more fortunate, and, thanks to its Scots blood, found favor with James I. It was a Macdonnell who was created first Earl of Antrim, and given a "grant of the Glens and the Route, from the Curran of Larne to the Cutts of Coleraine." Ballycastle is our nearest large town, and its great days were all under the Macdonnells, where, in the Franciscan abbey across the bay, it is said the ground "literally heaves with Clandonnell dust." Here are buried those of the clan who perished at the hands of Shane O'Neill,—Shane the Proud, who signed himself "Myself O'Neill," and who has been called "the shaker of Ulster;" here, too, are those who fell in the great fight at Slieve-an-Aura up in Glen Shesk, when the Macdonnells finally routed the older lords, the McQuillans. A clansman once went to the Countess of Antrim to ask the lease of a farm.

"Another Macdonnell?" asked the countess. "Why, you must all be Macdonnells in the Low Glens!"

"Ay," said the man. "Too many Macdonnells now, but not one too many on the day of Aura."

From the cliffs of Antrim we can see on any clear day the Sea of Moyle and the bonnie blue hills of Scotland, divided from Ulster at this point by only twenty miles of sea path. The Irish or Gaels or Scots of "Uladh" often crossed in their curraghs to this lovely coast of Alba, then inhabited by the Picts. Here, "when the tide drains out wid itself beyant the rocks," we sit for many an hour, perhaps on the very spot from which they pushed off their boats. The Mull of Cantire runs out sharply toward you; south of it are Ailsa Craig and the soft Ayrshire coast; north of the Mull are blue, blue mountains in a semicircle, and just beyond them somewhere, Francesca knows, are the Argyleshire High-

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lands. And oh! the pearl and opal tints that the Irish atmosphere flings over the scene, shifting them ever at will, in misty sun or radiant shower; and how lovely are the too rare bits of woodland! The ground is sometimes white with wild garlic, sometimes blue with hyacinths; the primroses still linger in moist hidden places, and there are violets and marsh marigolds.

Long, long before the Clandonnell ruled these hills and glens and cliffs they were the home of Celtic legend. Over the waters of the wee river Margy, with its half-mile course, often sailed the four white swans, those enchanted children of Lir, king of the Isle of Man, who had been transformed into this guise by their cruel stepmother, with a stroke of her druidical fairy wand. After turning them into four beautiful white swans she pronounced their doom, which was to sail three hundred years on smooth Lough Derryvara, three hundred on the gloomy Sea of Moyle, and three hundred on the Sea of Erris, — sail, and sail, until the union of Largnen, the prince from the north, with Decca, the princess from the south; until the Taillkenn [1] should come to Erinn, bringing the light of a pure faith, and until they should hear the voice of a Christian bell. They were allowed to keep their own Gaelic speech, and to sing sweet, plaintive fairy music, which should excel all the music of the world, and which should lull to sleep all who listened to it. We could hear it, we three, for we loved the story; and love opens the ear as well as the heart to all sorts of sounds not heard by the dull and incredulous. You may hear it, too, any fine soft day, if you will sit there looking out on Fair Head and Rathlin Island, and read the old fairy tale. When you put down the book, you will see Finola, Lir's lovely daughter, in any white-breasted bird; and while she covers her brothers with her wings, she will chant to you her old song in the Gaelic tongue.

[1] A name given by the druids to St. Patrick.

The Fate of the Children of Lir is the second of Erin's Three Sorrows of Story, and the third and greatest is the Fate of the Sons of Usnach, which has to do with a sloping rock on the north side of Fair Head, five miles from us. Here the three sons of Usnach landed when they returned from Alba to Erin with Deirdré, — Deirdré, who was "beautiful as Helen, and gifted like Cassandra with unavailing prophecy;" and by reason of her beauty many sorrows fell upon the Ultonians. It is a sad story, and we can easily weep at the thrilling moment when, there being no man among the Ultonians to do the king's bidding, a Norse captive takes Naisi's magic sword and strikes off the heads of the three sons of Usnach with one swift blow, and Deirdré, falling prone upon the dead bodies, chants a lament; and when she has finished singing, she puts her pale cheek against Naisi's, and dies; and a great cairn is piled over them, and an inscription in Ogham set upon it.

We were full of legendary lore, these days, for we were fresh from a sight of Glen Ariff. Who that has ever chanced to be there in a pelting rain but will remember its innumerable little waterfalls, and the great falls of Ess-na-Crubh and Ess-na-Craoibhe! And who can ever forget the atmosphere of romance that broods over these Irish glens!

We have had many advantages here as elsewhere; for kind Dr. La Touche, Lady Killbally, and Mrs. Colquhoun follow us with letters, and wherever there is an unusual personage in a district we are commended to his or her care. Sometimes it is one of the "grand quality," and often it is an Ossianic sort of person like Shaun O'Grady, who lives in a little whitewashed cabin, and who has, like Mr. Yeats' Gleeman, "the whole Middle Ages under his frieze coat." The longer and more intimately we know these peasants, the more we realize how much in imagination, or in the clouds, if you will, they live. The ragged man of

leisure you meet on the road may be a philosopher, and is still more likely to be a poet; but unless you have something of each in yourself, you may mistake him for a mere beggar.

"The practical ones have all emigrated," a Dublin novelist told us, "and the dreamers are left. The heads of the older ones are filled with poetry and legends; they see nothing as it is, but always through some iridescent-tinted medium. Their waking moments, when not tormented by hunger, are spent in heaven, and they all live in a dream, whether it be of the next world or of a revolution. Effort is to them useless, submission to everybody and everything the only safe course; in a word, fatalism expresses their attitude to life."

Much of this submission to the inevitable is a product of past poverty, misfortune and famine, and the rest is undoubtedly a trace of the same spirit that we find in the lives and writings of the saints, and which is an integral part of the mystery and the tradition of Romanism. We who live in the bright (and sometimes staring) sunlight of common sense can hardly hope to penetrate the dim, mysterious world of the Catholic peasant, with his unworldliness and sense of failure.

Dr. Douglas Hyde, an Irish scholar and stanch Protestant, says: "A pious race is the Gaelic race. The Irish Gael is pious by nature. There is not an Irishman in a hundred in whom is the making of an unbeliever. The spirit, and the things of the spirit, affect him more powerfully than the body, and the things of the body. . . . What is invisible for other people is visible for him. . . . He feels invisible powers before him, and by his side, and at his back, throughout the day and throughout the night. . . . His mind on the subject may be summed up in the two sayings: that of the early Church, 'Let ancient things prevail,' and that of St. Augustine, 'Credo quia impossibile.' Nature did not form him to be an unbeliever; unbelief is alien to his mind and contrary to his feelings."

Here, only a few miles away, is the Slemish mountain where St. Patrick, then a captive of the rich cattle-owner Milcho, herded his sheep and swine. Here, when his flocks were sleeping, he poured out his prayers, a Christian voice in pagan darkness. It was the memory of that darkness, you remember, that brought him back, years after, to convert Milcho. Here, too, they say, lies the great bard Ossian; for they love to think that Finn's son Oisin[1], the hero poet, survived to the time of St. Patrick, three hundred years after the other "Fianna" had vanished from the earth, — the three centuries being passed in Tir-nan-og, the Land of Youth, where the great Oisin married the king's daughter, Niam of the Golden Hair.

There is plenty of history here, and plenty of poetry, to one who will listen to it; but the high and tragic story of Ireland has been cherished mainly in the sorrowful traditions of a defeated race, and the legends have not yet been wrought into undying verse. Erin's songs of battle could only recount weary successions of Flodden Fields, with never a Bannockburn and its nimbus of victory; but somewhere in the green isle is an unborn poet who will put all this mystery, beauty, passion, romance, and sadness, these tragic memories, these beliefs, these visions of unfulfilled desire, into verse that will glow on the page and live forever. Somewhere is a mother who has kept all these things in her heart, and who will bear a son to write them. Meantime, who shall say that they have not been imbedded in the language, like flower petals in amber? — that language which, as an English scholar says, "has been blossoming there unseen, like a hidden garland of roses; and whenever the wind has blown from the west, English poetry has felt the vague perfume of it."

[1] Pronounced Isheen' in Munster, Osh'in' in Ulster.

XVIII.

"As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain."

We wanted to cross to Rathlin Island, which is "like an Irish stockinge, the toe of which pointeth to the main lande." That would bring Francesca six miles nearer to Scotland and her Scottish lover; and we wished to see the castle of Robert the Bruce, where, according to the legend, he learned his lesson from the "six times baffled spider." We delayed too long, however, and the Sea of Moyle looked as bleak and stormy as it did to the children of Lir. We had no mind to be swallowed up in Brecain's Caldron, where the grandson of Niall and the Nine Hostages sank with his fifty curraghs; so we left the Sorley Boy Hotel bright and early in the morning, for Coleraine, a great Presbyterian stronghold in what is called by the Roman Catholics the "black north." If we liked it, and saw anything of Kitty's descendants, or any nice pitchers to break, or any reason for breaking them, we intended to stop; if not, then to push on to the walled town of Derry,

"Where Foyle his swelling waters
Rolls northward to the main."

We thought it Francesca's duty, as she was to be the wife of a Scottish minister of the Established Church, to look up Presbyterianism in Ireland whenever and wherever possible, with a view to discoursing learnedly about it in her letters, — though, as she confessed ingenuously, Ronald, in his, never so much as mentions Presbyterianism. As for ourselves, we determined to observe all theological differences between Protestants and Roman Catholics, but leave Presbyterianism to gang its ain gait. We had devoted hours — yes, days — in Edinburgh to the understanding of the subtle and technical barriers which separated the Free Kirkers and the United Presbyterians; and the first thing they did, after we had completely mastered the subject, was to unite. It is all very well for Salemina, who condenses her information and stows it away neatly; but we who have small storage room and inferior methods of packing must be as economical as possible in amassing facts.

If we had been touring properly, of course we should have been going to the Giant's Causeway and the swinging bridge at Carrick-a-rede; but propriety was the last thing we aimed at, in our itineraries. We were within worshiping distance of two rather important shrines in our literary pilgrimage; for we had met a very knowledgable traveler at the Sorley Boy, and after a little chat with him had planned a day of surprises for the academic Miss Peabody. We proposed to halt at Port Stewart, lunch at Coleraine, sleep at Limavady; and meantime, Salemina was to read all the books at her command, and guess, we hoped vainly, the why and wherefore of these stops.

On the appointed day, the lady in question drove in state on a car with Benella, but Francesca and I hired a couple of very wheezy bicycles for the journey. We had a thrilling start; for it chanced to be a Fair day in Ballycastle, and we wheeled through a sea of squealing, bolting pigs, stupid sheep, and unruly cows, all pursued on every side by their drivers. To alight from a bicycle in such a whirl of beasts always seems certain death; to remain seated diminishes, I believe, the number of one's days of life to an appreciable extent. Francesca chose the first course, and, standing still in the middle of the street, called upon everybody within hearing to save her, and that right speedily. A crowd of "jibbing" heifers encircled her on all sides, while a fat porker, "who might be a prize

pig by his impidence," and a donkey that (his driver said) was feelin' blue-mouldy for want of a batin', tried to poke their noses into the group. Salemina's only weapon was her scarlet parasol, and, standing on the step of her side car, she brandished this with such terrible effect that the only bull in the cavalcade put up his head and roared. "Have conduct, woman dear!" cried his owner to Salemina. "Sure if you kape on moidherin' him wid that red ombrelly, you 'll have him ugly on me immajently, and the divil a bit o' me can stop him." "Don't be cryin' that way, asthore," he went on, going to Francesca's side, and piloting her tenderly to the hedge. "Sure I 'll nourish him wid the whip whin I get him to a more remoted place."

We had no more adventures, but Francesca was so unhinged by her unfortunate exit from Ballycastle that, after a few miles, she announced her intention of putting her machine and herself on the car; whereupon Benella proclaimed herself a cyclist, and climbed down blithely to mount the discarded wheel. Her ideas of propriety were by this time so developed that she rode ten or twelve feet behind me, where she looked quaint enough, in her black dress and little black bonnet with its white lawn strings.

"Sure it 's a quare footman ye have, melady," said a pleasant and friendly person who was sitting by the roadside smoking his old dudeen. An Irishman, somehow, is always going to his work "jist," or coming from it, or thinking how it shall presently be done, or meditating on the next step in the process, or resting a bit before taking it up again, or reflecting whether the weather is on the whole favorable to its proper performance; but, however poor and needy he may be, it is somewhat difficult to catch him at the precise working moment. Mr. Alfred Austin says of the Irish peasants that idleness and poverty seem natural to them. "Life to the Scotsman or Englishman is a business to conduct, to extend, to render profitable. To the Irishman it is a dream, a little bit of passing consciousness on a rather hard pillow; the hard part of it being the occasional necessity for work, which spoils the tenderness and continuity of the dream."

Presently we passed the castle, rode along a neat quay with a row of houses advertising lodgings to let; and here is Lever Cottage, where Harry Lorrequer was written; for Lever was dispensary doctor in Port Stewart when his first book was appearing in the Dublin University Magazine.

We did not fancy Coleraine; it looked like anything but Cuil-rathain, a ferny corner. Kitty's sweet buttermilk may have watered, but it had not fertilized the plain, though the town itself seemed painfully prosperous. Neither the Cloth-workers' Inn nor the Corporation Arms looked a pleasant stopping place; so we took the railway, and departed with delight for Limavady, where Thackeray, fresh from his visit to Charles Lever, laid his poetical tribute at the stockingless feet of Miss Margaret of that town.

O'Cahan, whose chief seat was at Limavady, was the principal *urraght* of O'Neill, and when one of the great clan was "proclaimed" at Tullaghogue it was the magnificent privilege of the O'Cahan to toss a shoe over his head. We slept at O'Cahan's Hotel, and — well, one must sleep; and wherever we attend to that necessary function without due preparation, we generally make a mistake in the selection of the particular spot. Protestantism does not necessarily mean cleanliness, although it may have natural tendencies in that direction; and we find, to our surprise (a surprise rooted, probably, in bigotry), that Catholicism can be as clean as a penny whistle, now and again. There were no special privileges at O'Cahan's for maids, and Benella, therefore, had a delightful evening in the coffee room with a storm-bound commercial traveler. As for Francesca and me,

there was plenty to occupy us in our regular letters to Ronald and Himself; and Salemina wrote several sheets of thin paper to somebody, — no one in America, either, for we saw her put on a penny stamp.

Our pleasant duties over, we looked into the cheerful glow of the turf sods while I read aloud Thackeray's verses, delightful all, from Peg's first entrance,

> "Presently a maid
> Enters with the liquor
> (Half-a-pint of ale
> Frothing in a beaker).
> Gads! I did n't know
> What my beating heart meant:
> Hebe's self I thought
> Enter'd the apartment.
> As she came she smiled,
> And the smile bewitching,
> On my word and honour,
> Lighted all the kitchen!"

to the last eloquent summing-up of her charms: —

> "This I do declare,
> Happy is the laddy
> Who the heart can share
> Of Peg of Limavaddy.
> Married if she were,
> Blest would be the daddy
> Of the children fair
> Of Peg of Limavaddy.
> Beauty is not rare
> In the land of Paddy,
> Fair beyond compare
> Is Peg of Limavaddy."

This cheered us a bit; but the wind sighed in the trees, the rain dripped on the window panes, and we felt for the first time a consciousness of home-longing. Francesca sat on a low stool, looking into the fire, Ronald's last letter in her lap, and it was easy indeed to see that her heart was in the Highlands. She had been giving us a few extracts from the letter, an unusual proceeding, as Ronald, in his ordinary correspondence, is evidently not a quotable person. We smiled over his account of a visit to his old parish of Inchcaldy in Fifeshire. There is a certain large orphanage in the vicinity, in which we had all taken an interest, chiefly because our friends the Macraes of Pettybaw House were among its guardians.

It seems that Lady Rowardennan of the Castle had promised the orphans, *en bloc*, that those who passed through an entire year without once falling into falsehood should have a treat or festival of their own choosing. On the eventful day of decision, those orphans, male and female, who had not for a twelvemonth deviated from the truth by a hair's breadth raised their little white hands (emblematic of their pure hearts and lips), and were solemnly counted. Then came the unhappy moment when a scattering of small grimy paws was timidly put up, and their falsifying owners confessed that they had fibbed more than once during the year. These tearful fibbers were also counted, and sent from the room, while the non-fibbers chose their reward, which was to sail around the Bass Rock and the Isle of May in a steam tug.

On the festival day, the matron of the orphanage chanced on the happy thought that it might have a moral effect on the said fibbers to see the non-fibbers depart in a blaze of glory; so they were taken to the beach to watch the tug start on its voyage. They looked wretched enough, Ronald wrote, when forsaken by their virtuous playmates, who stepped jauntily on board, holding their sailor hats on their heads and carrying nice little luncheon baskets; so miserably unhappy, indeed, did they seem that certain sympathetic and ill-balanced persons sprang to their relief, providing them with sandwiches, sweeties, and pennies. It was a lovely day, and when the fibbers' tears were dried they played merrily on the sand, their games directed and shared in by the aforesaid misguided persons.

Meantime a high wind had sprung up at sea, and the tug was tossed to and fro upon the foamy deep. So many and so varied were the ills of the righteous orphans that the matron could not attend

to all of them properly, and they were laid on benches or on the deck, where they languidly declined luncheon, and wept for a sight of land. At five the tug steamed up to the landing. A few of the voyagers were able to walk ashore, some were assisted, others were carried; and as the pale, haggard, truthful company gathered on the beach, they were met by a boisterous, happy crowd of Ananiases and Sapphiras, sunburned, warm, full of tea and cakes and high spirits, and with the moral law already so uncertain in their minds that at the sight of the suffering non-liars it tottered to its fall.

Ronald hopes that Lady Rowardennan and the matron may perhaps have gained some useful experience by the incident, though the orphans, truthful and untruthful, are hopelessly mixed in their views of right doing.

He is staying now at the great house of the neighborhood, while his new manse is being put in order. Roderick, the piper, he says, has a grand collection of pipe tunes given him by an officer of the Black Watch. Francesca, when she and Ronald visit the Castle on their wedding journey, is to have Johnnie Cope to wake her in the morning, Brose and Butter just before dinner is served, a reel, a strathspey, and a march while the meal is going on, and last of all The Highland Wedding. Ronald does not know whether there are any Lowland Scots or English words to this pipe tune, but it is always played in the Highlands after the actual marriage, and the words in the Gaelic are, "Alas for me if the wife I have married is not a good one, for she will eat the food and not do the work!"

"You don't think Ronald meant anything personal in quoting that?" I asked Francesca teasingly; but she shot me such a reproachful look that I had n't the heart to persist, her face was so full of self-distrust and love and longing.

What creatures of sense we are, after all; and in certain moods, of what avail is it if the beloved object is alive, safe, loyal, so long as he is absent? He may write letters like Horace Walpole or Chesterfield, — better still, like Alfred de Musset, or George Sand, or the Brownings; but one clasp of the hand that moved the pen is worth an ocean of words! You believe only in the ether-realized, the spiritualized passion of love; you know that it can exist through years of separation, can live and grow where a coarser feeling would die for lack of nourishment; still, though your spirit should be strong enough to meet its spirit mate somewhere in the realms of imagination, and the bodily presence ought not really to be necessary, your stubborn heart of flesh craves sight and sound and touch. That is the only pitiless part of death, it seems to me. We have had the friendship, the love, the sympathy, and these are things that can never die; they have made us what we are, and they are by their very nature immortal; yet we would come near to bartering all these spiritual possessions for the "touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still."

How could I ever think life easy enough to be ventured on alone! It is so beautiful to feel one's self of infinite value to one other human creature; to hear beside one's own step the tread of a chosen companion on the same road. And if the way be dusty or the hills difficult to climb, each can say to the other: "I love you, dear; lean on me and walk in confidence. I can always be counted on, whatever happens."

XIX.

"Here 's a health to you, Father O'Flynn!
Slainté, and slainté, and slainté agin;
Pow'rfulest preacher and tenderest teacher,
And kindliest creature in ould Donegal."

Coomnageeha Hotel,
In ould Donegal.

It is a far cry from the kingdom of Kerry to "ould Donegal," where we

have been traveling for a week, chiefly in the hope of meeting Father O'Flynn. We miss our careless, genial, ragged, southern Paddy just a bit; for he was a picturesque, likable figure, on the whole, and easier to know than this Ulster Irishman, the product of a mixed descent.

We did not stop long in Belfast; for if there is anything we detest, when on our journeys, it is to mix too much with people of industry, thrift, and business sagacity. Sturdy, prosperous, calculating, well-to-do Protestants are well enough in their way, and undoubtedly they make a very good backbone for Ireland; but we crave something more romantic than the citizen virtues, or we should have remained in our own country, where they are tolerably common, although we have not as yet anything approaching overproduction.

Dr. La Touche writes to Salemina that we need not try to understand all the religious and political complications which surround us. They are by no means as violent or as many as in Thackeray's day, when the great English author found nine shades of politico-religious differences in the Irish Liverpool. As the impartial observer must necessarily displease eight parties, and probably the whole nine, Thackeray advised a rigid abstinence from all intellectual curiosity. Dr. La Touche says, if we wish to know the north better, it will do us no harm to study the Plantation of Ulster, the United Irish movement, Orangeism, Irish Jacobitism, the effect of French and Swiss Republicanism in the evolution of public sentiment, and the close relation and affection that formerly existed between the north of Ireland and New England. (This last topic seems to appeal to Salemina particularly.) He also alludes to Tories and Rapparees, Rousseau and Thomas Paine and Owen Roe O'Neill, but I have entirely forgotten their connection with the subject. Francesca and I are thoroughly enjoying ourselves, as only those people can who never take notes, and never try, when Pandora's box is opened in their neighborhood, to seize the heterogeneous contents and put them back properly, with nice little labels on them.

Ireland is no longer a battlefield of English parties, neither is it wholly a laboratory for political experiment; but from having been both the one and the other, its features are a bit knocked out of shape and proportion, as it were. We have bought two hideous engravings of The Battle of the Boyne and The Secret of England's Greatness; and whenever we stay for a night in any inn where perchance these are not, we pin them on the wall, and are received into the landlady's heart at once. I don't know which is the finer study: the picture of his Majesty William III. crossing the Boyne, or the plump little Queen presenting a huge family Bible to an apparently uninterested black man. In the latter work of art the eye is confused at first, and Francesca asked innocently, "Which *is* the secret of England's greatness, — the Bible, the Queen, or the black man?"

This is a thriving town, and we are at a smart hotel which had for two years an English manager. The scent of the roses hangs round it still, but it is gradually growing fainter under the stress of small patronage and other adverse circumstances. The table linen is a trifle ragged, though clean; but the circle of red and green wineglasses by each plate, an array not borne out by the number of vintages on the wine list, the tiny ferns scattered everywhere in innumerable pots, and the dozens of minute glass vases, each holding a few blue hyacinths, give an air of urban elegance to the dining room. The guests are requested in printed placards to be punctual at meals, especially at the seven-thirty table d'hôte dinner, and the management itself is punctual at this function about seven forty-five. This is much better than at the south, where we, and sixty other

travelers, were once kept waiting fifteen minutes between the soup and the fish course. When we were finally served with half-cooked turbot, a pleasant-spoken waitress went about to each table, explaining to the irate guests that the cook was "not at her best."

There is nothing sacred about dinner to the average Irishman; he is willing to take anything that comes, as a rule, and cooking is not regarded as a fine art here. Perhaps occasional flashes of starvation and seasons of famine have rendered the Irish palate easier to please; at all events, wherever the national god may be, its pedestal is not in the stomach. Our breakfast, day after day, week after week, has been bacon and eggs. One morning we had tomatoes on bacon, and concluded that the cook had experienced religion or fallen in love, since both these operations send a flush of blood to the brain and stimulate the mental processes. But no; we found simply that the eggs had not been brought in time for breakfast. There is no consciousness of monotony, — far from it; the nobility and gentry can at least eat what they choose, and they choose bacon and eggs. There is no running of the family gamut, either, from plain boiled to omelet; poached or fried eggs on bacon, it is, week days and Sundays. The luncheon, too, is rarely inspired: they eat cold joint of beef with pickled beet root, or mutton and boiled potatoes, with unfailing regularity, finishing off at most hotels with semolina pudding, a concoction intended for, and appealing solely to, the taste of the toothless infant, who, having just graduated from rubber rings, has not a jaded palate.

It is odd to see how soon, if one has a strong sense of humanity, one feels at home in a foreign country. I am never impressed by the differences, at least, but only by the similarities, between English-speaking peoples. We take part in the life about us here, living each experience as fully as we can, whether it be a "hiring fair" in Donegal or a pilgrimage to the Doon "Well of Healing." Not the least part of the pleasure is to watch its effect upon the Derelict. Where, or in what way, could three persons hope to gain as much return from a monthly expenditure of twenty dollars, added to her living and traveling expenses, as we have had in Miss Benella Dusenberry? We sometimes ask ourselves what we found to do with our time before she came into the family, and yet she is as busy as possible herself.

Having twice singed Francesca's beautiful locks, she no longer attempts hairdressing; while she never accomplishes the lacing of an evening dress without putting her knee in the centre of your back once, at least, during the operation. She can button shoes, and she can mend and patch and darn to perfection; she has a frenzy for small laundry operations, and, after washing the windows of her room, she adorns every pane of glass with a fine cambric handkerchief, and, stretching a line between the bedpost and the bureau knob, she hangs out her white neckties and her bonnet strings to dry. She has learned to pack reasonably well, too. But if she has another passion beside those of washing and mending, it is for making bags. She buys scraps of gingham and print, and makes cases of every possible size and for every possible purpose; so that all our personal property, roughly speaking, — hairbrushes, shoes, writing materials, pincushions, photographs, underclothing, gloves, medicines, — is bagged. The strings in the bags pull both ways, and nothing is commoner than to see Benella open and close seventeen or eighteen of them when she is searching for Francesca's rubbers or my gold thimble. But what other lady's maid or traveling companion ever had half the Derelict's unique charm and interest, half her conversational power, her unusual and original defects and virtues? Put her in a third-class carriage when we go "first,"

and she makes friends with all her fellow travelers, discussing Home Rule or Free Silver with the utmost prejudice and vehemence, and freeing her mind on any point, to the delight of the natives. Occasionally, when borne along by the joy of argument, she forgets to change at the point of junction, and has to be found and dragged out of the railway carriage; occasionally, too, she is left behind when taking a cheerful cup of tea at a way station, but this is comparatively seldom. Her stories of life below stairs in the various inns and hotels, her altercations with housemaid or boots or landlady in our behalf, all add a zest to the day's doings.

Benella's father was an itinerant preacher, her mother the daughter of a Vermont farmer; and although she was left an orphan at ten years, educating and supporting herself as best she could after that, she is as truly a combination of both parents as her name is a union of their two names.

"I 'm so 'fraid I shan't run across any of grandmother's folks over here, after all," she said yesterday, "though I ask every nice-appearin' person I meet anywheres if he or she 's any kin to Mary Boyce of Trim; and then, again, I 'm scared to death for fear I shall find I 'm own cousin to one of these here critters that ain't brushed their hair nor washed their apurns for a month o' Sundays! I declare, it keeps me real nerved up. . . . I think it 's partly the climate that makes 'em so slack," she philosophized, pinning a new bag on her knee, and preparing to backstitch the seam. "There 's nothin' like a Massachusetts winter for puttin' the git-up-an'-git into you. Land! you 've got to move round smart, or you 'd freeze in your tracks. These warm, moist places always makes folks lazy; and when they 're hot enough, if you take notice, it makes heathen of 'em. It always seems so queer to me that real hot weather and the Christian religion don't seem to git along together. P'r'aps it 's just as well that the idol-worshipers should git used to heat in this world, for they 'll have it consid'able hot in the next one, I guess! And see here, Mrs. Beresford, will you get me ten cents' — I mean sixpence worth o' red gingham, to make Miss Monroe a bag for Mr. Macdonald's letters? They go sprawlin' all over her trunk; and there 's so many of 'em, I wish to the land she 'd send 'em to the bank while she 's travelin'!"

XX.

"Soon as you lift the latch, little ones are meeting you,
Soon as you 're 'neath the thatch, kindly looks are greeting you;
Scarcely have you time to be holding out the fist to them —
Down by the fireside you 're sitting in the midst of them."

ROOTHYTHANTHRUM COTTAGE,
Knockcool, County Tyrone.

Of course, we have always intended sooner or later to forsake this life of hotels and lodgings, and become either Irish landlords or tenants, or both, with a view to the better understanding of one burning Irish question. We heard of a charming house in County Down, which could be secured by renting it the first of May for the season; but as we could occupy it only for a month at most, we were obliged to forego the opportunity.

"We have been told from time immemorial that absenteeism has been one of the curses of Ireland," I remarked to Salemina; "so, whatever the charms of the cottage in Rostrevor, do not let us take it, and in so doing become absentee landlords."

"It was you two who hired the 'wee theekit hoosie' in Pettybaw," said Francesca. "I am going to be in the vanguard of the next house-hunting expedition; in fact, I have almost made up my mind to take my third of Benella and

be an independent householder for a time. If I am ever to learn the management of an establishment before beginning to experiment on Ronald's, now is the proper moment."

"Ronald must have looked the future in the face when he asked you to marry him," I replied, "although it is possible that he looked only at you, and therefore it is his duty to endure your maiden incapacities; but why should Salemina and I suffer you to experiment upon us, pray?"

It was Benella, after all, who inveigled us into making our first political misstep; for, after avoiding the sin of absenteeism, we fell into one almost as black, inasmuch as we evicted a tenant. It is part of Benella's heterogeneous and unusual duty to take a bicycle and scour the country in search of information for us: to find out where shops are, post office, lodgings, places for good sketches, ruins, pretty roads for walks and drives, and many other things, too numerous to mention. She came home from one of these expeditions flushed with triumph.

"I've got you a house!" she exclaimed proudly. "There 's a lady in it now, but she 'll move out to-morrow when we move in; and we are to pay seventeen dollars fifty — I mean three pound ten — a week for the house, with privilege of renewal, and she throws in the hired girl." (Benella is hopelessly provincial in the matter of language; butler, chef, boots, footman, scullery maid, all come under the generic term "help.")

"I knew our week at this hotel was out to-morrow," she continued, "and we 've about used up this place, anyway, and the new village that I 've b'en to is the prettiest place we 've seen yet; it 's got an up-and-down hill to it, just like home, and the house I 've partly rented is opposite a Fair green, where there 's a market every week, and Wednesday 's the day; and we 'll save money, for I shan't cost you so much when we can housekeep."

"Would you mind explaining a little more in detail," asked Salemina quietly, "and telling me whether you have hired the house for yourself or for us?"

"For us all," she replied genially, — "you don't suppose I 'd leave you? I liked the looks of this cottage the first time I passed it, and I got acquainted with the hired girl by going in the side yard and asking for a drink. The next time I went I got acquainted with the lady, who 's got the most outlandish name that ever was wrote down, and here it is on a paper; and to-day I asked her if she did n't want to rent her house for a week to three quiet ladies without children. She said it wa'n't her own house, and I asked her if she could n't sublet to desirable parties, — I knew she was as poor as Job's turkey by her looks; and she said it would suit her well enough, if she had any place to go. I asked her if she would n't like to travel, and she said no. Then I says, 'Would n't you like to go to visit some of your folks?' And she said she s'posed she could stop a week with her son's wife, just to oblige us. So I engaged a car to drive you down this afternoon just to look at the place; and if you like it we can easy move over to-morrow. The sun 's so hot I asked the stableman if he had n't got a top buggy, or a surrey, or a carryall; but he never heard tell of any of 'em; he did n't even know a shay. I forgot to tell you the lady is a Protestant, and the hired girl's name is Bridget Thunder, and she 's a Roman Catholic, but she seems extra smart and neat. I was kind of in hopes she would n't be, for I thought I should enjoy trainin' her, and doin' that much for the country."

And so we drove over to this village of Knockcool (Knockcool, by the way, means "Hill of Sleep"), as much to make amends for Benella's eccentricities as with any idea of falling in with her proposal. The house proved everything she said, and in Mrs. Wogan Odevaine Benella had found a person every whit

as remarkable as herself. She was evidently an Irish gentlewoman of very small means, very flexible in her views and convictions, very talkative and amusing, and very much impressed with Benella as a product of New England institutions. We all took a fancy to one another at first sight, and we heard with real pleasure that her son's wife lived only a few miles away. We insisted on paying the evicted lady the three pounds ten in advance for the first week. She seemed surprised, and we remembered that Irish tenants, though often capable of shedding blood for a good landlord, are generally averse to paying him rent. Mrs. Wogan Odevaine then drove away in high good humor, taking some personal belongings with her, and promising to drink tea with us some time during the week. She kissed Francesca good-by, told her she was the prettiest creature she had ever seen, and asked if she might have a peep at all her hats and frocks when she came to visit us.

Salemina says that Rhododendron Cottage (pronounced by Bridget Thunder "Roothythanthrum") being the property of one landlord and the residence of four tenants at the same time makes us in a sense participators in the old system of rundale tenure, long since abolished. The good will or tenant right was infinitely subdivided, and the tiniest holdings sometimes existed in thirty-two pieces. The result of this joint tenure was an extraordinary tangle, particularly when it went so far as the subdivision of "one cow's grass," or even of a horse, which, being owned jointly by three men, ultimately went lame, because none of them would pay for shoeing the fourth foot.

We have been here five days, and instead of reproving Benella, as we intended, for gross assumption of authority in the matter, we are more than ever her bond slaves. The place is altogether charming, and here it is for you.

Knockcool Street is Knockcool village itself, as with almost all Irish towns; but the line of little thatched cabins is brightened at the far end by the neat house of Mrs. Wogan Odevaine, set a trifle back in its own garden, by the pillared porch of a modest hotel, and by the barracks of the Royal Irish Constabulary. The sign of the Provincial Bank of Ireland almost faces our windows; and although it is used as a meal shop the rest of the week, they tell us that two thousand pounds in money is needed there on Fair days. Next to it is a little house, the upper part of which is used as a Methodist chapel; and old Nancy, the caretaker, is already a good friend of ours. It is a humble house of prayer, but Nancy takes much pride in it, and showed us the melodeon, "worked by a young lady from Rossantach," the Sunday-school rooms, and even the cupboard where she keeps the jugs for the love feast and the linen and wine for the sacrament, which is administered once in three years. Next comes the Hoeys' cabin, where we have always a cordial welcome, but where we never go all together, for fear of embarrassing the family, which is a large one, — three generations under one roof, and plenty of children in the last. Old Mrs. Hoey does not rightly know her age, she says; but her daughter Ellen was born the year of the Big Wind, and she herself was twenty-two when she was married, and you might allow a year between that and when Ellen was born, and make your own calculation. Ellen's husband, Miles M'Gillan, is the carpenter on an estate in the neighborhood. His shop opens out of the cabin, and I love to sit by the Hoey fireside, where the fan bellows, turned by a crank, brings in an instant a fresh flame to the sods of smouldering turf, and watch a wee Colleen Bawn playing among her ancestral shavings, tying them about her waist and fat wrists, hanging them on her ears and in among her brown curls. Mother Hoey says that I do not speak like an

American, — that I have not so many "caperin's" in my language, whatever they may be; and so we have long delightful chats together when I go in for a taste of Ellen's griddle bread, cooked over the peat coals. Francesca, meantime, is calling on Mrs. O'Rourke, whose son has taken more than fifty bicycle prizes; and no stranger can come to Knockcool without inspecting the brave show of silver, medals, and china that adorn the bedroom, and make the O'Rourkes the proudest couple in ould Donegal. Phelim O'Rourke smokes his dudeen on a bench by the door, and invites the passer-by to enter and examine the trophies. His trousers are held up with bits of rope arranged as suspenders; indeed, his toilet is so much a matter of strings that it must be a work of time to tie on his clothing in the morning, in case he takes it off at night, which is open to doubt; nevertheless it is he that 's the satisfied man, and the luck would be on him as well as on e'er a man alive, were he not kilt wid the cough intirely! Mrs. Phelim's skirt shows a triangle of red flannel behind, where the two ends of the waistband fail to meet by about six inches, but are held together by a piece of white ball fringe. Any informality in this part of her costume is, however, more than atoned for by the presence of a dingy bonnet of magenta velvet, which she always dons for visitors.

The O'Rourke family is the essence of hospitality, so their kitchen is generally full of children and visitors; and on the occasion when Salemina issued from the prize bedroom, the guests were so busy with conversation that, to use their own language, divil a wan of thim clapt eyes on the O'Rourke puppy, and they did not notice that the baste was floundering in a tub of soft, newly made butter standing on the floor. He was indeed desperately involved, being so completely wound up in the waxy mass that he could not climb over the tub's edge. He looked comical and miserable enough in his plight: the children and the visitors thought so, and so did Francesca and I; but Salemina went directly home, and was not at her best for an hour. She is so sensitive! Och, thin, it 's herself that 's the marthyr intirely! We cannot see that the incident affects us so long as we avoid the O'Rourkes' butter; but she says, covering her eyes with her handkerchief and shuddering: "Suppose there are other tubs and other pup— Oh, I cannot bear the thought of it, dears! Please change the subject, and order me two hard-boiled eggs for dinner."

Leaving Knockcool behind us, we walk along the country road between high, thick hedges: here a clump of weather-beaten trees, there a stretch of bog with silver pools and piles of black turf, then a sudden view of hazy hills, a grove of beeches, a great house with a splendid gateway, and sometimes, riding through it, a figure new to our eyes, a Lady Master of the Hounds, handsome in her habit with red facings. We pass many an "evicted farm," the ruined house with the rushes growing all about it, and a lonely goat browsing near; and on we walk, until we can see the roofs of Lisdara's solitary cabin row, huddled under the shadow of a gloomy hill topped by the ruin of an old fort. All is silent, and the blue haze of the peat smoke curls up from the thatch. Lisdara's young people have mostly gone to the Big Country; and how many tears have dropped on the path we are treading, as Peggy and Mary, Cormac and Miles, with a little wooden box in the donkey cart behind them, or perhaps with only a bundle hanging from a blackthorn stick, have come down the hill to seek their fortune! Perhaps Peggy is barefooted; perhaps Mary has little luggage beyond a pot of shamrock or a mountain thrush in a wicker cage; but what matter for that? They are used to poverty and hardship and hunger, and although

they are going quite penniless to a new country, sure it can be no worse than the old. This is the happy-go-lucky Irish philosophy, and there is mixed with it a deal of simple trust in God.

How many exiles and wanderers, both those who have no fortune and those who have failed to win it, dream of these cabin rows, these sweet-scented boreens with their "banks of furze unprofitably gay," these leaking thatches with the purple loosestrife growing in their ragged seams, and, looking backward across the distance of time and space, give the humble spot a tender thought, because after all it was in their dear native isle!

"Pearly are the skies in the country of my fathers,
Purple are thy mountains, home of my heart;
Mother of my yearning, love of all my longings,
Keep me in remembrance long leagues apart."

I have been thinking in this strain because of an old dame in the first cabin in Lisdara row, whose daughter is in America, and who can talk of nothing else. She shows us the last letter, with its postal order for sixteen shillings, that Mida sent from New York, with little presents for blind Timsy, "dark since he were three year old," and for lame Dan, or the "Bocca," as he is called in Lisdara. Mida was named for the virgin saint of Killeedy in Limerick, often called the Brigit of Munster. "And it 's she that 's good enough to bear a saint's name, glory be to God!" exclaims the old mother, returning Mida's photograph to a little hole in the wall, where the pig cannot possibly molest it.

At the far end of the row lives "Omadhaun Pat." He is a "little sthrange," you understand; not because he was born with too small a share of wit, but because he fell asleep one evening when he was lying on the grass up by the old fort, and — "well, he was niver the same thing since." There are places in Ireland, you must know, where, if you lie down upon the green earth and sink into untimely slumber, you will "wake silly;" or, for that matter, although it is doubtless a risk, you may escape the fate of waking silly, and wake a poet! Carolan fell asleep upon a faery rath, and it was the faeries who filled his ears with music, so that he was haunted by the tunes ever afterward; and perhaps all poets, whether they are conscious of it or not, fall asleep on faery raths before they write sweet songs.

Little Omadhaun Pat is pale, hollow-eyed, and thin; but that, his mother says, is "because he is overstudyin' for his confirmation." The great day is many weeks away, but to me it seems likely that, when the examination comes, Pat will be where he will know more than the priests!

Next door lives old Biddy Tuke. She is too old to work, and she sits in her doorway, always a pleasant figure in her short woolen petticoat, her little shawl, and her neat white cap. She has pitaties for food, with stirabout of Indian meal once a day (oatmeal is too dear), tea occasionally when there is sixpence left from the rent, and she has more than once tasted bacon in her eighty years of life; more than once, she tells me proudly, for it 's she that 's had the good sons to help her a bit now and then, — four to carry her and one to walk after, which is the Irish notion of an ideal family.

"It 's no chuckens I do be havin' now, ma'am," she says, "but it 's a darlin' flock I had ten year ago, whin Dinnis was harvestin' in Scotland! Sure it was two-and-twinty chuckens I had on the floore wid meself that year, ma'am."

"Oh, it 's a conthrary world, that 's a mortial fact!" as Phelim O'Rourke is wont to say when his cough is bad; and for my life I can frame no better wish for ould Biddy Tuke and Omadhaun Pat, dark Timsy and the Bocca, than that they might wake, one of these summer mornings, in the harvest field of the seventh heaven. That place is reserved

for the saints, and surely these unfortunates, acquainted with grief like Another, might without difficulty find entrance there.

I am not wise enough to say how much of all this squalor and wretchedness and hunger is the fault of the people themselves, how much of it belongs to circumstances and environment, how much is the result of past errors of government, how much is race, how much is religion. I only know that children should never be hungry, that there are ignorant human creatures to be taught how to live: and if it is a hard task, the sooner it is begun the better, both for teachers and pupils. It is comparatively easy to form opinions and devise remedies, when one knows the absolute truth of things; but it is so difficult to find the truth here, or at least there are so many and such different truths to weigh in the balance, — the Protestant and the Roman Catholic truth, the landlord's and the tenant's, the Nationalist's and the Unionist's truth! I am sadly befogged, and so, pushing the vexing questions all aside, I take dark Timsy, Bocca Lynch, and Omadhaun Pat up on the green hillside near the ruined fort, to tell them stories, and teach them some of the thousand things that happier, luckier children know.

This is an island of anomalies; the Irish peasants will puzzle you, perplex you, disappoint you, with their inconsistencies, but keep from liking them if you can! There are a few cleaner and more comfortable homes in Lisdara and Knockcool than when we came, and Benella has been invaluable, although her reforms, as might be expected, are of an unusual character; and with her the wheels of progress never move silently, as they should, but always squeak. With the two golden sovereigns given her to spend, she has bought scissors, knives, hammers, boards, sewing materials, knitting needles, and yarn, — everything to work with, and nothing to eat, drink, or wear, though Heaven knows there is little enough of such things in Lisdara.

"The quicker you wear 'em out, the better you 'll suit me," she says to the awe-stricken Lisdarians. "I 'm a workin' woman myself, an' it 's my ladies' money I 've spent this time; but I 'll make out to keep you in brooms and scrubbin' brushes, if only you 'll use 'em! You must n't take offense at anything I say to you, for I 'm part Irish, — my grandmother was Mary Boyce of Trim; and if she had n't come away and settled in Salem, Massachusetts, mebbe I would n't have known a scrubbin' brush by sight myself!"

XXI.

"What ails you, Sister Erin, that your face
Is, like your mountains, still bedewed with tears?

. . . . . .

Forgive! forget! lest harsher lips should say,
Like your turf fire, your rancour smoulders long,
And let Oblivion strew Time's ashes o'er your wrong."

At tea time, and again after our simple dinner, — for Bridget Thunder's repertory is not large, and Benella's is quite unsuited to the Knockcool markets, — we wend our way to a certain little house that stands by itself on the road to Lisdara. It is only a whitewashed cabin with green window trimmings, but it is a larger and more comfortable one than we commonly see, and it is the perfection of neatness within and without. The stone wall that incloses it is whitewashed, too, and the iron picket railing at the top is painted bright green; the stones on the posts are green, also, and there is the prettiest possible garden, with nicely cut borders of box. In fine, if ever there was a cheery place to look at, Sarsfield Cottage is that one; and if ever there was a cheerless gentleman, it is Mr. Jordan, who dwells there. Mrs. Wogan Odevaine commended him to us as the

man of all others with whom to discuss Irish questions, if we wanted, for once in a way, to hear a thoroughly disaffected, outraged, wrong-headed, and rancorous view of things.

"He is an encyclopædia, and he is perfectly delightful on any topic in the universe but the wrongs of Ireland," said she; "not entirely sane, and yet a good father, and a good neighbor, and a good talker. Faith, he can abuse the English government with any man alive! He has a smaller grudge against you Americans, perhaps, than against most of the other nations, so possibly he may elect to discuss something more cheerful than our national grievances; if he does, and you want a livelier topic, just mention — let me see — you might speak of Wentworth, who destroyed Ireland's woolen industry, though it is true he laid the foundation of the linen trade, so he would n't do, though Mr. Jordan is likely to remember the former point, and forget the latter. Well, just breathe the words 'Catholic Disqualification' or 'Ulster Confiscation,' and you will have as pretty a burst of oratory as you 'd care to hear. You remember that exasperated Englishman who asked in the House why Irishmen were always laying bare their grievances? And Major O'Gorman bawled across the floor, 'Because they want them redressed!'"

Salemina and I went to call on Mr. Jordan the very next day after our arrival at Knockcool. Over the sitting-room or library door at Sarsfield Cottage is a coat of arms with the motto of the Jordans, "Percussus surgus;" and as our friend is descended from Richard Jordan of Knock, who died on the scaffold at Claremorris in the memorable year 1798, I find that he is related to me, for one of the De Exeter Jordans married Penelope O'Connor, daughter of the king of Connaught. He took her to wife, too, when the espousal of anything Irish, names, language, apparel, customs, or daughters, was high treason, and meant instant confiscation of estates. I never thought of mentioning the relationship, for obviously a family cannot hold grievances for hundreds of years and bequeath a sense of humor at the same time.

Mr. Jordan's wife has been long dead, but he has four sons, only one of them, Napper Tandy, living at home. Theobald Wolfe Tone is practicing law in Dublin; Hamilton Rowan is a physician in Cork; and Daniel O'Connell, commonly called "Lib" (a delicate reference to the Liberator), is still a lad at Trinity. It is a great pity that Mr. Jordan could not have had a larger family, that he might have kept fresh in the national heart the names of a few more patriots; for his library walls, "where Memory sits by the altar she has raised to Woe," are hung with engravings and prints of celebrated insurgents, rebels, agitators, demagogues, denunciators, conspirators, — pictures of anybody, in a word, who ever struck a blow, right or wrong, well or ill judged, for the green isle. That gallant Jacobite, Patrick Sarsfield, Burke, Grattan, Flood, and Robert Emmet stand shoulder to shoulder with three Fenian gentlemen, named Allan, Larkin, and O'Brien, known in ultra-Nationalist circles as the "Manchester martyrs." For some years after this trio was hanged in Salford jail, it appears that the infant mind was sadly mixed in its attempt to separate knowledge in the concrete from the more or less abstract information contained in the Catechism; and many a bishop was shocked, when asking in the confirmation service, "Who are the martyrs?" to be told, "Allan, Larkin, and O'Brien, me lord!"

Francesca says she longs to smuggle into Mr. Jordan's library a picture of Tom Steele, one of Daniel O'Connell's henchmen, to whom he gave the title of Head Pacificator of Ireland. It is true he was half a madman, but as Sir James O'Connell, Daniel's candid brother, said, "And who the divil else would take such a job?" At any rate, when we gaze

at Mr. Jordan's gallery, imagining the scene that would ensue were the breath of life breathed into the patriots' quivering nostrils, we feel sure that the Head Pacificator would be kept busy.

Dear old white-haired Mr. Jordan, known in select circles as "Grievance Jordan," sitting in his library surrounded by his denunciators, conspirators, and martyrs, with incendiary documents piled mountains high on his desk, — what a pathetic anachronism he is!

The shillelagh is hung on the wall now, for the most part, and faction-fighting is at an end; but in the very last moments of it there were still "ructions" between the Fitzgeralds and the Moriartys, and the age-old reason of the quarrel was, according to the Fitzgeralds, the betrayal of the "Cause of Ireland." The particular instance occurred in the sixteenth century, but no Fitzgerald could ever afterward meet any Moriarty at a fair without crying, "Who dare tread on the tail of me coat?" and inviting him to join in the dishcussion with shticks. This practically is Mr. Jordan's position; and if an Irishman desires to live entirely in the past, he can be as unhappy as any man alive. He is writing a book, which Mrs. Wogan Odevaine insists is to be called The Groans of Ireland; but after a glance at a page of memoranda penciled in a collection of Swift's Irish tracts that he lent to me (the volume containing that ghastly piece of irony, The Modest Proposal for Preventing the Poor of Ireland from being a Burden to their Parents and Country), I have concluded that he is editing a Catalogue of Irish Wrongs Alphabetically Arranged. This idea pleased Mrs. Wogan Odevaine extremely; and when she drove over to tea, bringing several cheerful young people to call upon us, she proposed, in the most lighthearted way in the world, to play what she termed the Grievance Game, an intellectual diversion which she had invented on the instant. She proposed it, apparently, with a view of showing us how small a knowledge of Ireland's ancient wrongs is the property of the modern Irish girl, and how slight a hold on her memory and imagination have the unspeakably bitter days of the long ago.

We were each given pencil and paper, and two or three letters of the alphabet, and bidden to arrange the wrongs of Ireland neatly under them, as we supposed Mr. Jordan to be doing for the instruction and the depression of posterity. The result proved that Mrs. Odevaine was a true prophet, for the youngest members of the coterie came off badly enough, and read their brief list of grievances with much chagrin at their lack of knowledge; the only piece of information they possessed in common being the inherited idea that England never had understood Ireland, never would, never could, never should, never might understand her.

Rosetta Odevaine succeeded in remembering, for A, F, and H, Absenteeism, Flight of the Earls, Famine, and Hunger; her elder sister, Eileen, fresh from college, was rather triumphant with O and P, giving us Oppression of the Irish Tenantry, Penal Laws, Protestant Supremacy, Poyning's Law, Potato Rot, and Plantations. Their friend, Rhona Burke, had V, W, X, Y, Z, and succeeded only in finding Wentworth and Woolen Trade Destroyed, until Miss Odevaine helped her with Wood's Halfpence, about which everybody else had to be enlightened; and there was plenty of laughter when Francesca suggested, for V, Vipers Expelled by St. Patrick. Salemina carried off the first prize; but we insisted that C and D were the easiest letters; at any rate, her list showed great erudition, and would certainly have pleased Mr. Jordan. C. Church Cess, Catholic Disqualification, Crimes Act of 1887, Confiscations, Cromwell, Carrying Away of Lia Fail (Stone of Destiny) from Tara. D. Destruction of Trees on Confiscated Lands, Discoverers (of flaws

in Irish titles), Debasing of the Coinage by James I.

Mrs. Odevaine came next with R and S. R. Recall of Lord Fitzwilliams by Pitt, Rundale Land Tenure, Rack-Rents, Ribbonism. S. Schism Act, Supremacy Act, Sixth Act of George I.

I followed with T and U, having unearthed Tithes and the Test Act for the first, and Undertakers, the Acts of Union and Uniformity, for the second; while Francesca, who had been given I, J, K, L, and M, disgraced herself by failing on all the letters but the last, under which she finally catalogued one particularly obnoxious wrong in Middlemen.

This ignorance of the past may have its bright side, after all, though, to speak truthfully, it did show a too scanty knowledge of national history. But if one must forget, it is as well to begin with the wrongs of far-off years, those "done to your ancient name or wreaked upon your race."

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

(*To be continued.*)

MAKING THE CROWD BEAUTIFUL.

I.

A CROWD civilization produces, as a matter of course, crowd art and art for crowded conditions. This fact is at once the glory and the weakness of the kind of art a democracy is bound to have.

The most natural evidence to turn to first — of the crowd in a crowd age — is such as can be found in its literature, especially in its masterpieces.

The significance of shaking hands with a Senator of the United States is that it is a convenient and labor-saving way of shaking hands with two or three million people. The impressiveness of the Senator's Washington voice, the voice on the floor of the Senate, consists in the mystical undertone, — the chorus in it, — multitudes in smoking cities, men and women, rich and poor, who are speaking when this man speaks, and who are silent when he is silent, in the government of the United States.

The typical fact that the Senator stands for in modern life has a corresponding typical fact in modern literature. The typical fact in modern literature is the epigram, the senatorial sentence, — the sentence that immeasurably represents what it does not say. The difference between democracy in Washington and democracy in Athens may be said to be that in Washington we have an epigram government, a government in which seventy million people are crowded into two rooms to consider what to do, and in which seventy million people are made to sit in one chair to see that it is done. In Athens every man represented himself.

It may be said to be a good working distinction between modern and classic art that in modern art words and colors and sounds stand for things, and in classic art they said them. In the art of the Greek, things were what they seemed, and they were all there. Hence simplicity. It is a quality of the art of to-day that things are not what they seem in it. If they were, we should not call it art at all. Everything stands not only for itself and for what it says, but for an immeasurable something that cannot be said. Every sound in music is the senator of a thousand sounds, thoughts, and associations, and in literature every word that is allowed to appear is the representative in three syllables of three pages of a dictionary. The whistle of the lo-

comotive, and the ring of the telephone, and the still, swift rush of the elevator are making themselves felt in the ideal world. They are proclaiming to the ideal world that the real world is outstripping it. The twelve thousand horse power steamer does not find itself accurately expressed in iambics on the leisurely fleet of Ulysses. It is seeking new expression. The command has gone forth over all the beauty and over all the art of the present world, crowded for time and crowded for space. "Telegraph!" To the nine Muses the order flies. One can hear it on every side. "Telegraph!" The result is symbolism, the Morse alphabet of art and "types," the epigrams of human nature, crowding us all into ten or twelve people. The epic is telescoped into the sonnet, and the sonnet is compressed into quatrains or Tabbs of poetry, and couplets are signed as masterpieces. The novel has come into being, — several hundred pages of crowded people in crowded sentences, jostling each other to oblivion; and now the novel, jostled into oblivion by the next novel, is becoming the short story. Kipling's short stories sum the situation up. So far as skeleton or plot is concerned, they are built up out of a bit of nothing put with an infinity of Kipling; so far as meat is concerned, they are the Liebig Beef Extract of fiction. A single jar of Kipling contains a whole herd of old-time novels lowing on a hundred hills.

The classic of any given world is a work of art that has passed through the same process in being a work of art that that world has passed through in being a world. Mr. Kipling represents a crowd age, because he is crowded with it; because, above all others, he is the man who produces art in the way the age he lives in is producing everything else.

This is no mere circumstance of democracy. It is its manifest destiny that it shall produce art for crowded conditions, that it shall have crowd art. The kind of beauty that can be indefinitely multiplied is the kind of beauty in which, in the nature of things, we have made our most characteristic and most important progress. Our most considerable success in pictures could not be otherwise than in black and white. Black-and-white art is printing-press art, and art that can be produced in endless copies, that can be subscribed for by crowds, finds an extraordinary demand, and artists have applied themselves to supplying it. All the improvements, — moving on through the use of wood and steel and copper, and the process of etching, to the photogravure, the lithograph, and the latest photograph in color, — whatever else may be said of them from the point of view of Titian or Michael Angelo, constitute a most amazing and triumphant advance from the point of view of making art a democracy, of making the rare and the beautiful minister day and night to crowds. The fact that the mechanical arts are so prominent in their relation to the fine arts may not seem to argue a high ideal amongst us; but as the mechanical arts are the body of beauty, and the fine arts are the soul of it, it is a necessary part of the ideal to keep body and soul together until we can do better. Mourning with Ruskin is not so much to the point as going to work with William Morris. If we have deeper feelings about wall papers than we have about other things, it is going to the root of the matter to begin with wall papers, — to make machinery say something as beautiful as possible, inasmuch as it is bound to have, for a long time at least, about all the say there is. The photograph does not go about the world doing Murillos everywhere by pressing a button, but the camera habit is doing more in the way of steady daily hydraulic lifting of great masses of men to where they enjoy beauty in the world than Leonardo da Vinci would have dared to dream in his far-off day; and Leonardo's pictures — thanks to the same

photograph — and everybody's pictures, films of paper, countless spirits of themselves, pass around the world to every home in Christendom. The printing press made literature a democracy, and machinery is making all the arts democracies. The symphony piano, an invention for making vast numbers of people who can play only a few very poor things play very poorly a great many good ones, is a consummate instance both of the limitation and the value of our contemporary tendency in the arts. The pipe organ, though on a much higher plane, is an equally characteristic contrivance, making it possible for a man to be a complete orchestra and a conductor all by himself, playing on a crowd of instruments, to a crowd of people, with two hands and one pair of feet. It is a crowd invention. The orchestra — a most distinctively modern institution, a kind of republic of sound, the unseen spirit of the many in one — is the sublimest expression yet attained of the crowd music, which is, and must be, the supreme music of this modern day, the symphony. Richard Wagner comes to his triumph because his music is the voice of multitudes. The opera — a crowd of sounds accompanied by a crowd of sights, presented by one crowd of people on the stage to another crowd of people in the galleries — stands for the same tendency in art that the syndicate stands for in commerce. It is syndicate music; and in proportion as a musical composition in this present day is an aggregation of multitudinous moods, in proportion as it is suggestive, complex, paradoxical, the way a crowd is complex, suggestive, and paradoxical, — provided it be wrought at the same time into some vast and splendid unity, — just in this proportion is it modern music. It gives itself to the counterpoints of the spirit, the passion of variety in modern life. The legacy of all the ages, is it not descended upon us? — the spirit of a thousand nations? All our arts are thousand-nation arts, shadows and echoes of dead worlds playing upon our own. Italian music, out of its feudal kingdoms, comes to us as essentially solo music, — melody; and the civilization of Greece, being a civilization of heroes, individuals, comes to us in its noble array with its solo arts, its striding heroes everywhere in front of all, and with nothing nearer to the people in it than the Greek Chorus, which, out of limbo, pale and featureless across all ages, sounds to us as the first far faint coming of the crowd to the arts of this groping world. Modern art, inheriting each of these and each of all things, is revealed to us as the struggle to express all things at once. Democracy is democracy for this very reason, and for no other: that all things may be expressed at once in it, and that all things may be given a chance to be expressed at once in it. Being a race of hero worshipers, the Greeks said the best, perhaps, that could be said in sculpture; but the marbles and bronzes of a democracy, having average men for subjects, and being done by average men, are average marbles and bronzes. We express what we have. We are in a transition stage. It is not without its significance, however, that we have perfected the plaster cast, — the establishment of democracy among statues, — and mobs of Greek gods mingling with the people can be seen almost any day in every considerable city of the world. The same principle is working itself out in our architecture. It is idle to contend against the principle. The way out is the way through. However eagerly we gaze at Parthenons on their ruined hills, if twenty-one-story blocks are in our souls, twenty-one-story blocks will be our masterpieces, whether we like it or not. They will be our masterpieces because they tell the truth about us; and while truth may not be beautiful, it is the thing that must be told first before beauty can begin. The beauty we are to have shall only be worked out from the

truth we have. Living as we do in a new era, not to see that the twenty-one-story block is the expression of a new truth is to turn ourselves away from the one way that beauty can ever be found by men, whether in this era or in any other.

What is it that the twenty-one-story block is trying to say about us? The twenty-one-story block is the masterpiece of mass, of immensity, of numbers; with its 1425 windows and its 497 offices, and its crowds of lives piled upon lives, it is expressing the one supreme and characteristic thing that is taking place in the era in which we live. The city is the main fact that modern civilization stands for, and crowding is the logical architectural form of the city idea. The twenty-one-story block is the statue of a crowd. It stands for a spiritual fact, and it will never be beautiful until that fact is beautiful. The only way to make the twenty-one-story block beautiful (the crowd expressed by the crowd) is to make the crowd beautiful. The most artistic, the only artistic thing the world can do next is to make the crowd beautiful.

The typical city blocks, with their garrets in the lower stories of the sky, were not possible in the ancient world, because steel had not been invented; and the invention of steel, which is not the least of our triumphs in the mechanical arts, is in many ways the most characteristic. Steel is republican for stone. Putting whole quarries into a single girder, it makes room for crowds; and what is more significant than this, inasmuch as the steel pillar is an invention that makes it possible to put floors up first, and build the walls around the floors, instead of putting the walls up first, and supporting the floors upon the walls, as in the ancient world, it has come to pass that the modern world being the ancient world turned upside down, modern architecture is ancient architecture turned inside out, a symbol of many things. The ancient world was a wall of individuals, supporting floor after floor and stage after stage of society, from the lowest to the highest; and it is a typical fact in this modern democratic world that it grows from the inside, and that it supports itself from the inside. When the mass in the centre has been finished, an ornamental stone facing of great individuals will be built around it and supported by it, and the work will be considered done.

The modern spirit has much to boast of in its mechanical arts, and in its fine arts almost nothing at all, because the mechanical arts are studying what men are needing to-day, and the fine arts are studying what the Greeks needed three thousand years ago. To be a real classic is, first, to be a contemporary of one's own time; second, to be a contemporary of one's own time so deeply and widely as to be a contemporary of all time. The true Greek is a man who is doing with his own age what the Greeks did with theirs, — bringing all ages to bear upon it, interpreting it. As long as the fine arts miss the fundamental principle of this present age, — the crowd principle, — and the mechanical arts do not, the mechanical arts are bound to have their way with us. And it were vastly better that they should. Sincere and straightforward mechanical arts are not only more beautiful than affected fine ones, but they are more to the point; they are the one sure sign we have of where we are going to be beautiful next. It is impossible to love the fine arts in the year 1901 without studying the mechanical ones; without finding one's self looking for artistic material in the things that people are using, and that they are obliged to use. The determining law of a thing of beauty being, in the nature of things, what it is for, the very essence of the classic attitude in a utilitarian age is to make the beautiful follow the useful and inspire the useful with its spirit. The fine art of the next one thousand years shall be the transfiguring of the mechan-

ical arts. The modern hotel, having been made necessary by great natural forces in modern life, and having been made possible by new mechanical arts, now puts itself forward as the next great opportunity of the fine arts. One of the characteristic achievements of the immediate future shall be the twentieth-century Parthenon, — a Parthenon not of the great and of the few and of the gods, but of the great many, where, through mighty corridors, day and night, democracy wanders and sleeps and chatters and is sad, and lives and dies, the streets rumbling below. The hotel, — the crowd fireside, — being more than any other one thing, perhaps, the thing that this civilization is about, the token of what it loves and of how it lives, is bound to be a masterpiece sooner or later that shall express democracy. The hotel rotunda, the parlor for multitudes, is bound to be made beautiful in ways we do not guess. Why should we guess? Multitudes have never wanted parlors before. The idea of a parlor has been to get out of a multitude. All the inevitable problems that come of having a whole city of families live in one house have yet to be solved by the fine arts as well as by the mechanical ones. We have barely begun. The time is bound to come when the radiator, the crowd's fireplace-in-a-pipe, shall be made beautiful; and when the electric light shall be taught the secret of the candle; and when the especial problem of modern life, of how to make two rooms as good as twelve, shall be mastered æsthetically as well as mathematically; and when even the piano-folding-bed-bookcase-toilet-stand-writing-desk — a crowd invention for living in a crowd — shall either take beauty to itself, or lead to beauty that serves the same end.

While for the time being it seems to be true that the fine arts are looking to the past, the mechanical arts are producing conditions in the future that will bring the fine arts to terms, whether they want to be brought to terms or not. The mechanical arts hold the situation in their hands. It is decreed that people who cannot begin by making the things they use beautiful shall be allowed no beauty in other things. We may wish that Parthenons and cathedrals were within our souls; but what the cathedral said of an age that had the cathedral mood, that had a cathedral civilization and thrones and popes in it, we are bound to say in some stupendous fashion of our own, — something which, when it is built at last, will be left worshiping upon the ground beneath the sky when we are dead, as a memorial that we too have lived. The great cathedrals, with the feet of the huddled and dreary poor upon their floors, and saints and heroes shining on their pillars, and priests behind the chancel with God to themselves, and the vast and vacant nave, symbol of the heaven glimmering above that few could reach, — it is not to these that we shall look to get ourselves said to the nations that are now unborn; rather, though it be strange to say it, we shall look to something like the ocean steamship — cathedral of this huge unresting modern world — under the wide heaven, on the infinite seas, with spars for towers and the empty nave reversed filled with human beings, souls, — the cathedral of crowds hurrying to crowds. There are hundreds of them throbbing and gleaming in the night, — this very moment, — lonely cities in the hollow of the stars, bringing together the nations of the earth.

When the spirit of a thing, the idea of it, the fact that it stands for, has found its way at last into the minds of artists, masterpieces shall come to us out of every great and living activity in our lives. Art shall tell the things these lives are about. When this fact is once realized in America as it was in Greece, the fine arts shall cover the other arts as the waters cover the sea. The Brooklyn Bridge, swinging its web for immortal souls across sky and sea, comes

nearer to being a work of art than almost anything we possess to-day, because it tells the truth, because it is the material form of a spiritual idea, because it is a sublime and beautiful expression of New York in the way that the Acropolis was a sublime and beautiful expression of Athens. The Acropolis was beautiful because it was the abode of heroes, of great individuals; and the Brooklyn Bridge, because it expresses the bringing together of millions of men. It is the architecture of crowds, — this Brooklyn Bridge, — with winds and sunsets and the dark and the tides of souls upon it; it is the type and symbol of the kind of thing that our modern genius is bound to make beautiful and immortal before it dies. The very word "bridge" is the symbol of the future of art and of everything else, the bringing together of things that are apart, — democracy. The bridge, which makes land across the water, and the boat, which makes land on the water, and the cable, which makes land and water alike, — these are the physical forms of the spirit of modern life, the democracy of matter. But the spirit has countless forms. They are all new, and they are all waiting to be made beautiful. The dumb crowd waits in them. We have electricity, — the life current of the republican idea, — characteristically our foremost invention, because it takes all power that belongs to individual places and puts it on a wire and carries it to all places. We have the telephone, an invention which makes it possible for a man to live on a back street and be a next-door neighbor to boulevards; and we have the trolley, the modern reduction of the private carriage to its lowest terms, so that any man for five cents can have as much carriage power as Napoleon with all his chariots. We have the phonograph, an invention which gives a man a thousand voices; which sets him to singing a thousand songs at the same time to a thousand crowds; which makes it possible for the commonest man to hear the whisper of Bismarck or Gladstone, to unwind crowds of great men by the firelight of his own house. We have the elevator, an invention for making the many as well off as the few, an approximate arrangement for giving first floors to everybody, and putting all men on a level at the same price, — one more of a thousand instances of the extraordinary manner in which the mechanical arts have devoted themselves from first to last to the Constitution of the United States. While it cannot be said of many of these tools of existence that they are beautiful now, it is enough to affirm that when they are perfected they will be beautiful; and that if we cannot make beautiful the things that we need, we cannot expect to make beautiful the things that we merely want. When the beauty of these things is at last brought out, we shall have attained the most characteristic and original and expressive and beautiful art that is in our power. It will be unprecedented, because it will tell unprecedented truths. It was the mission of ancient art to express states of being and individuals, and it may be said to be in a general way the mission of our modern art to express the beautiful in endless change, the movement of masses, coming to its sublimity and immortality at last by revealing the beauty of the things that move and that have to do with motion, the bringing of all things and of all souls together on the earth.

The fulfillment of the word that has been written, "Your valleys shall be exalted, and your mountains shall be made low," is by no means a beautiful process. Democracy is the grading principle of the beautiful. The natural tendency the arts have had from the first to rise from the level of the world, to make themselves into Switzerlands in it, is finding itself confronted with the Constitution of the United States, — a Constitution which, whatever it may be said to mean in the years to come, has placed

itself on record up to the present time, at least, as standing for the table-land.

The very least that can be granted to this Constitution is that it is so consummate a political document that it has made itself the creed of our theology, philosophy, and sociology; the principle of our commerce and industry; the law of production, education, and journalism; the method of our life; the controlling characteristic and the significant force in our literature; and the thing our religion and our arts are about.

II.

If it is true, as events now seem to point out, that whatever is accomplished in a crowd civilization — that is, a modern civilization — is being accomplished by the crowd for the crowd, we are brought face to face with what must soon be recognized as the great challenge of modern life. Nothing beautiful can be accomplished in a crowd civilization, by the crowd for the crowd, unless the crowd is beautiful. No man who is engaged in looking under the lives about him, who wishes to face the facts of these lives as they are lived to-day, will find himself able to avoid this last and most important fact in the history of the world, — the fact that, whatever it may mean, or whether it is for better or worse, the world has staked all that it is and has been, and all that it is capable of being, on the one supreme issue, "How can the crowd be made beautiful?"

The answer to this question involves two difficulties: (1.) A crowd cannot make itself beautiful. (2.) A crowd will not let any one else make it beautiful.

The men who have been on the whole the most eager democrats of history, — the real-idealists, that is, — the men who love the crowd and the beautiful too, and who can have no honest or human pleasure in either of them except as they are being drawn together, are obliged to admit that living in a democratic country, a country where politics and æsthetics can no longer be kept apart, is an ordeal that can only be faced a large part of the time with heavy hearts. We are obliged to admit that it is a country where paintings have little but the Constitution of the United States wrought into them; where sculpture is voted and paid for by the common people; where music is composed for majorities; where poetry is sung to a circulation; where literature itself is scaled to subscription lists; where all the creators of the True and the Beautiful and the Good may be seen almost any day, tramping the table-land of the average man, fed by the average man, allowed to live by the average man, plodding along with weary and dusty steps to the average man's forgetfulness. And indeed, it is no least trait of this same average man that he forgets, that he is forgotten, that all his slaves are forgotten; that the world remembers only those who have been his masters.

On the other hand, the literature of finding fault with the average man (which is what the larger part of our more ambitious literature really is) is not a kind of literature that can do anything to mend matters. The art of finding fault with the average man, with the fact that the world is made convenient for him, is inferior art because it is helpless art. The world is made convenient for the average man because it has to be, to get him to live in it; and if the world were not made convenient for him, the man of genius would find living with him a great deal more uncomfortable than he does. He would not even be allowed the comfort of saying how uncomfortable. The world belongs to the average man, and, excepting the stars and other things that are too big to belong to him, the moment the average man deserves anything better in it or more beautiful in it than he is getting, some man of genius rises by his side, in spite of him, and claims it for him. Then he slowly

claims it for himself. The last thing to do, to make the world a good place for the average man, would be to make it a world with nothing but average men in it. If it is the ideal of democracy that there shall be a slow massive lifting, a grading up of all things at once; that whatever is highest in the True and the Beautiful, and whatever is lowest in it, shall be graded down and graded up to the middle height of human life, where the greatest numbers shall make their home and live upon it; if the ideal of democracy is table-land, — that is, mountains for everybody, — a few mountains must be kept on hand to make table-land out of.

Two solutions, then, of a crowd civilization — having the extraordinary men crowded out of it as a convenience to the average ones, and having the average men crowded out of it as a convenience to the extraordinary ones — are equally impracticable.

This brings us to the horns of our dilemma. If the crowd cannot be made beautiful by itself, and if the crowd will not allow itself to be made beautiful by any one else, the crowd can only be made beautiful by a man who lives so great a life in it that he can make a crowd beautiful whether it allows him to or not.

When this man is born to us and looks out on the conditions around him, he will find that to be born in a crowd civilization is to be born in a civilization, first, in which every man can do as he pleases; second, in which nobody does. Every man is given by the government absolute freedom; and when it has given him absolute freedom, the government says to him, "Now, if you can get enough other men, with their absolute freedom, to put their absolute freedom with your absolute freedom, you can use your absolute freedom in any way you want." Democracy, seeking to free a man from being a slave to one master, has simply increased the number of masters a man shall have. He is hemmed in with crowds of masters. He cannot see his master's huge amorphous face. He cannot go to his master and reason with him. He cannot even plead with him. You can cry your heart out to one of these modern ballot boxes. You have but one ballot. They will not count tears. The ultimate question in a crowd civilization becomes, not "What does a thing mean?" or "What is it worth?" but "How much is there of it?" "If thou art a great man," says Civilization, "get thou a crowd for thy greatness. Then come with thy crowd, and we will deal with thee. It shall be even as thou wilt." The pressure has become so great, as is obvious on every side, that men who are of small or ordinary calibre can only be more pressed by it. They are pressed smaller and smaller, — the more they are civilized, the smaller they are pressed; and we are being daily brought face to face with the fact that the one solution a crowd civilization can have for the evil of being a crowd civilization is the man in the crowd who can withstand the pressure of the crowd; that is to say, the one solution of a crowd civilization is the great-man solution, — a solution which is none the less true because by name, at least, it leaves most of us out, or because it is so familiar that we have forgotten it. The one method by which a crowd can be freed and can be made to realize itself is the great-man method, — the method of crucifying and worshiping great men, until by crucifying and worshiping great men enough, inch by inch and era by era, it is lifted to greatness itself.

Not very many years ago, certain great and good men, who at the cost of infinite pains were standing at the time on a safe and lofty rock, protected from the fury of their kind by the fury of the sea, contrived to say to the older nations of the earth, "All men are created equal." It is a thing to be borne in mind, that if these men, who declared that all men were created equal, had not been some

several hundred per cent better men than the men they said they were created equal to, it would not have made any difference to us or to any one else whether they had said that all men were created equal or not, or whether the Republic had ever been started or not, in which every man, for hundreds of years, should look up to these men and worship them, as the kind of men that every man in America was free to try to equal. A civilization by numbers, a crowd civilization, if it had not been started by heroes, could never have been started at all; and on whether or not this civilization shall attempt to live by the crowd principle, without men in it who are living by the hero principle, depends the question whether this civilization, with all its crowds, shall stand or fall among the civilizations of the earth. The main difference between the heroes of Plymouth Rock, the heroes who proclaimed freedom in 1776, and the heroes who must contrive to proclaim freedom now is that tyranny now is crowding around the Rock, and climbing up on the Rock, seventy-five million strong, and that tyranny then was a half-idiot king three thousand miles away.

III.

Bearing in mind the extraordinary and almost impossible terms the crowd civilization makes with the Individual, the question arises, "If the crowd is to be made beautiful by the Individual, — by the great man in it, — what kind of a great man is it going to be necessary for a man to be, and what kind of a life shall he live?" Looking at the matter from the historical point of view, whatever else this man may be, *he will be an artist* (using the word in the heroic and more generous sense), *and he will live the life of the artist.*

A crowd can only be made beautiful by a man who defies it and delights in it at once. A crowd can only be defied by a man who has resources outside the crowd, and it cannot be delighted in or helped except by a man who has resources inside the crowd, who is identified with it. The man who masters the crowd enough to serve it can only do it by attacking it from the outside and the inside at the same time, by putting his inside and outside resources together. He must be a man who has the spirit of the artist, who is a sharer and spectator at once; living above the crowd enough to lift it, and living in the midst of the crowd enough to be loved by it, so that it will let him lift it. The man who lives in two worlds, — the world the crowd has, and the world it ought to have; who insists on keeping up a complete establishment in each of them; who moves from one to the other as his work demands, avoiding the disadvantages of both worlds, and claiming the advantages of both, is the only man who can be free and independent enough to accumulate the strength, the material, and the method — either in matter or in spirit — that world-lifting calls for. It is impossible for a man to become interested in world-lifting — to feel, as many men do, that it is the only exercise that has joy enough in it to be worth while — without coming to the conclusion very soon that the only way to move anything as large as a world is to get hold of another world to move it with, one that is at least one size larger than this one. The world that is one size larger than this one is the ideal world. By this is not meant the one our ditties are about (mainly remarkable for being one size smaller than this one), but the ideal world which is the to-morrow of this one, — of this one as it actually is, — the real-ideal world, unashamed of nature, based upon an apocalypse of facts. The men who most habitually demand the freedom of two worlds to do their living in are found to be, as a matter of fact, almost without exception in every generation, the artists of that generation. Artists may be defined as the men in

all classes of society and in every walk of life who are preëminent for seeing things for themselves, and who are engaged in making over the things that they see for themselves into things that others can see. They may differ as regards the substances they are dealing with, and the spirit they are expressing in the substances, or they may differ in degree in their power of seeing what they see and embodying it, but they all have the same class of power in them, and they can differ only in their degree of power. When a man sees with such vividness that vision overflows from him on all the lives around him, and he lights all men up to themselves; when he sees so deeply and clearly that he has merely to say the thing that he sees, to make other men do it, he is an artist of the first degree of power, like Ralph Waldo Emerson or the upper Ruskin. The artist of the second degree sees the thing he sees clearly enough to do it himself, like William Morris or Thomas Edison, — two men who have lived their lives on the opposite sides of Wonder, both artists with it, as far around it as they could see, but who, like most artists of the second degree, are scarcely on speaking terms with each other.

Laying all matters of degree aside, however, the important fact remains, that whether it is a great commercial enterprise, a new-dreamed loom, or dynamo, or telephone, or water color, or symphony, any man who is a seer in matter and spirit is an artist; and all artists may be said to belong to the same class, — that is, the master class. They are all two-world men, engaged in making an ideal something in the world within them over into a real something in the world outside them. It is these men who have made the world, and the history of their lives is the history of the world. Nations that have not spelled themselves out in men like these are as if they had never been, to us. They have but rearranged Dust on the edge of the globe. They blow like an empty wind on it, and vanish. Nations do things. Ages are full of achievements. They pile and unpile, and die; but at last, in the great dim gallery of the years, the nation that has lived and struggled and died, and piled and unpiled, shall be but the sound of a Voice to us, or a bit of color, or a vision to light a world with, or a few beautiful words. It shall be what some artist did with it. It shall say in clay and spirit what he made it say; and if he cannot make it say anything, if it is a world that will not let him make it say anything, men shall not know that world. They shall not even know that it is silent. We are not making too large a claim for the artist. Men who are masters of the world two thousand years after they are dead were the real masters of it when they lived, whether any one knew it or not. And it is the men who are the most like these, the two-world men, the artists, who are the real masters of it now.

IV.

If the only way that our modern civilization can be made beautiful is to make the crowd beautiful; and if the crowd will not make itself beautiful, and will not let any one else make it beautiful; and if it can only be made beautiful by the great man in it delighting in it and defying it; and if the only way a man can be a great man in a crowd civilization is to be a two-world man, an artist, the next question that confronts us is, considering the trend of a crowd civilization, "What kind of an artist will he be?"

He will be a novelist. Whatever his art form may be called, and whether he literally writes novels or not, he will have the equipment, the spiritual habit, and the temperament of the great novelist.

The crowd can only be made beautiful in proportion as every man in the crowd is interpreted to every other man in the crowd. The reason that the crowd is not beautiful now is that interpreta-

tion has not taken place. Every man in the crowd is spending his time in struggling against every other man instead of in understanding him. The more time such men spend in doing "practical things," — that is, in struggling against one another's lives to get a living, — the less they understand one another's lives. The man who is going to be able to make every man, living in his pigeonhole in the crowd, understand every other man will be a man who spends a great deal of time in understanding every man in the crowd; that is, in watching all of the crowd's pigeonholes instead of merely struggling inside one of them. The man who comes nearest to doing this is the artist. He will be a great artist, in conditions like these, in proportion as he is a novelist. The great artist of the modern age cannot help being a novelist. The novel is what the modern age is for. It tells what every man in it is for. The only artist who can either get or hold the attention of men who are living in a modern age is the artist who will tell these men what they are for, and who will tell them what other men are for. The artist who shall be able to put himself in the place of the most men shall be the greatest artist a modern age can produce, because he will be the most practical man in it, — the man who is most to the point in it. He may make his point by being a novelist who writes poems, as Browning did; or by being a novelist in oils, like Sargent or Millet; or a novelist with an orchestra, like Wagner; but in proportion as he is a powerful artist in this modern world he will be an interpreter of persons.

To say that the power to do this is a beautiful or graceful accomplishment, that it ought to be held in honor by a practical world, is not enough. The power of putting one's self in the place of other men is the most direct and practical and lasting force of human history. It is the primal energy of it. It is what the ages and nations are for. Every government that has lived has lived because it could put itself in the place of more men than the governments before it, and it has died because it could not put itself in the place of men enough.

A man's ability to put himself in the place of others is religion and economics, literature and art, theology, sociology, and politics, all in one. The typical man who has this ability is the artist, and the typical artist who has it is the novelist. This truth is so true that, like all reaching-under truths, it applies to all men. Every man in modern life may be said to be a force in it, a maker of the crowd beautiful, in proportion as he is his own novelist, goes up and down in it, living his life with the instincts of the novelist. The man we call great in history is a great or less great man according to the repertoire of the men he might have been, the different kinds of lives he might have lived. The preëminence of Shakespeare is that he might have been almost any one else, that he had a many-peopled typically modern mind. As far as he went, Shakespeare (like most men of genius) may be characterized as a pagan who had the abilities of Christ; and the one ability Christ had, that included all the others, was his ability to be all men in one, — the comprehensiveness of his temperament. His supreme doctrine was his ability, and it was his abilities rather than his doctrines that he sought to convey to others. The degree of a man's Christianity in any age may be exactly measured and counted off by the number of the kinds of men he can put himself in the place of. The Golden Rule was offered to the world as an ability, and not as a precept. This ability, by whatever theological name it is called, is the typical ability of the artist; and it is the one ability that can ever draw the crowd together, that can ever make the crowd beautiful. The man who spends his days in weaving light

and energy into the inner essence of every life about him, whether he does it with his hands or with his lips, or by holding up a light to it (which men call art), fulfills the supreme office of history. His work, whatever its art form or life form may be, is at once the spirit and the fibre of progress and the method of it. Acts of the legislature, park grants, and eight-hour laws are but symptoms that the method is working, that men are seeing and living in one another's lives.

The crowd is not beautiful because the men who live in it are deceived by appearances. They cannot understand one another's lives as they would like to live them. So they do not let one another live them. The only men in the crowd who can be said to be doing any real living in it (so far as they go) are those whose lives are so small that the crowd can comprehend them, or so convenient that the crowd can use them without needing to comprehend them. Inasmuch as the majority even of the commonest people are hard to comprehend, the more people there are in a crowd, the fewer people there are living in it. It is this not being able to live which the average man calls life. He calls it life with a sad shake of the head; but the shake of the head is as far as he gets with it. Reduced to its last analysis, this not being able to live, called life, consists in being afraid to live. Being afraid to live, the man in the crowd says, is hard, but it is not so hard as living. The few men he knows in the crowd who really are living — who are living their own lives in it — are paying, so far as he has observed, a great deal more for their lives than their lives are worth. The crowd cuts itself off from them. As long as the crowd is deceived by appearances, persecutes men for living, and honors men for looking as if they were living, it cannot be free, and therefore it cannot be beautiful.

So it comes to pass that the solution of the crowd civilization is not going to be a mere great-man solution, — a museum of heroes on pedestals, as Carlyle would have it; nor is it going to be an endless row of pleasant and proper persons, as the average church would have it; nor is it going to be infinite soup kitchens, parks with benches and fountains in them, and acts of the legislature, as philanthropists would have it; nor is it going to be a kind of immeasurable man-machine, a huge, happy world windlass, hauling all men up to a prairie heaven of bliss, in a kind of colossal clattering belt of buckets, as the socialist would have it. The solution of the crowd civilization is going to be the man who shall have it in him to be a crowd-in-spirit. The man who is the crowd spirit, when the crowd finds out that he is its spirit, shall be the crowd's hero; and being the crowd's hero, like all heroes he shall draw it together. The character of Christ is not merely the greatest spectacle in history. It is the greatest energy in history because it is the greatest spectacle. History is made by seeing things so clearly that they cannot help being done; by conceiving a great human life so clearly that it has to be lived. When the spectacle of a human life with all men's lives in it is before the world, all lives draw together in it, — great ones and little ones, — as the flowers and seas and mountains troop to the sun. The man who understands everybody brings all men together. Their understanding him and wanting to understand him brings them together. They cannot understand him — all of him — except they are together. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me," was not the assertion of a heroic egoism. It was the assertion of a world process, — the one process by which a world can be lifted, and by which every man can help in lifting it. The more religion and economics, literature and art, are looked in the face, the more we see that the difficulties in all of them are due to small individuals in all of them, —

men who separate. No solution is, or has been, or can be lasting, in any one of them, except through producing comprehensive individuals, — men who bring together. It is the law of democracy that little men, being born in the world, must be served in it, and it is the gospel of democracy that they shall be served by great ones. When we have enough small democracies, enough great men who are democracies all by themselves, there will be a great democracy. Human society, swinging its thousands of years from ballot box to dynasty, and from dynasty to ballot box again, faces the true secret of government, namely, that the type of the ideal democrat is the true king, the man who represents everybody. In his own life he shall prove that the crowd can be beautiful, and the crowd shall look in his face and know that it can be beautiful. By looking in his face it shall become beautiful.

This civilization is a crowd civilization. The only beauty of art or life that such a civilization can produce must be produced by making the crowd beautiful. The crowd can only be made beautiful by the great man in it. A man can only be great in it by being a two-world man, an artist. He can only be a great artist by possessing and expressing the New Testament temperament, the temperament of the great novelist, making the crowd beautiful by being a crowd in himself. In its last analysis, the solution of the crowd is the most practical man in it; that is, the diviner, the interpreter of persons. He sees so much that he makes us all see. He is the lifter of the horizons in which we live our lives. He is the man whose seeing is so deep a seeing that it is a kind of colossal doing, — who goes about amongst us, world-making with his eyes. He gazes on each of us through the world's heart. He is the eye of a thousand years. It takes a thousand years for the world to make him; and when he is made, he makes the world for a thousand years. Men shall be born, troops of generations of them, and go through their days and die, that the visions of a man like this may be lived upon the platform of the earth. History is the long slow pantomime acted by all of us — now in sorrow, and now in joy — of the dreams of a man like this. We cannot escape him. He is universal. Only by being out of the universe can we escape him. The stars are his footlights. We are born in the cast of his dreams. He is the playwright over us all.

He shall master the crowd and make it beautiful by glorying in all of its lives. His soul shall go up and down in it, crying: "What a miracle is Man, that I should call him Brother, that I should commune with his spirit! The globe is his gate. The sea is flashed through with his thought. He warms himself with the hearts of mountains, and his hand is upon the poles of the earth, — four thousand headlights boring the night for him, the trail of their glimmering trains — hands of his hands, feet of his feet — flying and plying fate for him; while he lies in his bed and sleeps, dreams that he sleeps, dreams that he dreams, his will is on a thousand hills. Four thousand ships with their flocks of smoke, shut in with space by day, spirits of light by night, signal his soul on the roofs of skies beneath the boundaries of the earth."

When a man like this — the Maker of the Crowd-Beautiful — shall come to us, there will be No One to take him away. He shall haunt all life. To stand in the hurrying great highway shall be to be crowded and jostled by him. The ceaseless pouring of The Face of the Street — the long, hot, hissing wave of it — on our souls, its awful current of pain and joy, shall be as the sweep of his heart upon us, flowing over us, gliding on with us. . . . Whatever his singing may be, whether he prints it, or paints it, or builds it, the rhythm of the pave-

ments shall be in it, and the footfall of the crowd. His soul shall be the boundless book of the street.

In the roar of the street, as in some vast transcendent shell on the shore of the Day and the Night, we shall hear the songs of ages and nations, and of Death and Life, and, across spaces we cannot go and years that are not, the low, far singing of God.

Gerald Stanley Lee.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

When Jael Boltwood was carried into the Hôtel Dieu, the nuns cried out in amazement that one so old could have borne the hardships of the flight from Boston and the journey to Quebec.

They laid her in the softest bed in the big, bright room in which the sun shone all day long.

"C'est incroyable à son age!" said Mother St. Anthony of Padua.

"En voilà une qui est vaillante!" Mother St. Bernard exclaimed, as she busied herself about the bed, smoothing the pillows and adjusting the coverlet.

The New England woman did not understand. She made no attempt to thank them, for she could not speak their tongue. She offered no response to their kind looks, to their gentle pressures of the hand, to their efforts to make her feel, without the use of words, that she was among friends.

When they had done their best, she lay back upon the pillows, with folded hands and fixed eyes, as though awaiting death.

"It is enough," she breathed. "Now, O Lord, take away my life. Take it away. Take it away."

But when, a little later, the nuns had forced her to eat and drink, she was stronger. She suffered them to bathe her face and hands, and smooth her snow-white hair. They tried to comfort her with caresses and to soothe her with endearing words, but she paid no heed. She was beyond the reach of superficial solace.

When they left her alone, she looked about her. There were two empty beds besides her own. The walls were whitewashed, but not quite bare. A roughly carved crucifix was fastened over the empty fireplace, and in a conspicuous position hung the engraved portrait of a lady in court dress and flowing curls. It was inscribed with the legend, *Très haute et puissante dame, Marie de Vignerod, Duchesse d'Aiguillon*, and represented Cardinal Richelieu's niece, the foundress of the Hôtel Dieu. Apart from the picture and the crucifix, there was nothing in the room which was not of the simplest necessity. The floor was clean, but uncarpeted; the linen white, but coarse.

Jael Boltwood turned her eyes away from this appalling emptiness. Her bed was near a window; the window commanded the prospect of the meeting of the St. Lawrence with the St. Charles. The town in the foreground was little more than a stockade. The Indians squatting in the *place* before the hospital made the sick woman tremble. When a cassocked priest went by, she lifted her eyes with a shudder to the distant autumn-tinted hills.

She thought of her home in Sudbury Street, — the house which Philip had built after they had grown rich. She thought of its spacious, well-filled rooms in which she had taken so much pride; she thought of her Chippendale furniture, strong and slender, which Philip had bought in England; she thought of her

service of Lowestoft, each piece bearing her initials in black and gold. She thought of her negro servants, her coach, her stores. People had called their house the Boltwood Mansion. She herself, since her three sons had taken wives, had been addressed as Madam Boltwood. Philip and she had held their heads high in Boston. They had begun poor, but had worked their way upwards. They had moved on the same level as the Faneuils, the Vassalls, the Royals, and the Lees. When the war began, Philip had been loyal to his friends and to the King. His three sons were in the Continental army, but he himself would not forsake the traditions in which he had lived for over ninety years.

The result had been flight. Their friends had told them to remain in Boston, for at their age they would be unmolested. Philip would not listen. He would not be spared through pity. He braved, provoked, and finally exasperated public opinion. When the moment came to flee, he had bidden his wife remain behind; her sons' influence would protect her. But it was her turn to be daring. After having lived with him for fifty years, she would not be parted from him now. She was as hale as he. She would die with him, if need were, on the road, but she would neither forsake him nor be forsaken.

Broken, penniless, and spent they had reached Quebec, just in time for Philip to die under the flag he had fought for. He had been buried that afternoon. The English governor had begged the Hospitalières of the Hôtel Dieu to take the heroic widow under their protection. She had neither assented nor refused. She had felt herself helpless, like a bit of a wreckage on the ocean. She was in a strange land, amid strange people, speaking a language she did not understand, and surrounding themselves with religious emblems of which she had always thought with horror.

"Surely the bitterness of death is past," she had moaned, as they took her husband's body away.

She had neither wept nor prayed. Her old eyes had no more tears; and the God of this wild land of cliffs and rushing waters, the God who was worshiped with beads and crosses, was not the God of the Old South Church in Boston.

But now that all was over, and she was lying on a bed, she began to think again. Hitherto she had had time for nothing but each moment's bitterness; now all would be leisure to the end.

"I said, I shall die in my nest," she murmured, half aloud, as in thought she traversed the rooms of the Boltwood Mansion one by one. "I said, I shall die in my nest. I shall multiply my days as the sand. And now my soul is poured out upon me; the days of affliction have taken hold upon me. My harp is turned to mourning, and my organ into the voice of them that weep."

She went back over her long life with Philip. She began with the days when she had first loved him; when she had planned and plotted and lied to make him love her in return. She recalled the triumph of their marriage, their removal to Boston, the coming of their children, and the long road by which they had climbed to wealth and honor.

"My God," she cried, "do not let me see him! I am going fast. My feet are on the river's brink. I feel its waters. Let me not cross where Philip is! Send me into some other world! Give me any other torture but that of my soul coming face to face with his! He has loved and honored me all these years, and now he knows the truth. Shut me out from his presence! Shut me out from Thine! Let me not see him, even with the impassable gulf between us!"

Yet, because she was human, she could not relinquish every hope.

When, toward evening, Mother St.

Anthony of Padua came in again, the dying woman, with eager inquiry in her eyes, watched her moving about the room.

"Poor lady — dear lady," the nun murmured caressingly, as she rearranged the pillows. She was a brisk, motherly French Canadian, with dark eyes twinkling under the severe white wimple and long black veil. Her wide white robes made her look short and stout. Since the conquest of Canada, sixteen years before, she had picked up a few English words.

"Tell me," Jael Boltwood said suddenly, as the nun stood beside her bed. "In your religion they teach that sins can be forgiven by some one here on earth; that we can know it and have peace before we die. Is it true?"

But the nun only smiled and spread her hands apart with an apologetic gesture.

"Not understand," she stammered. "No English. But Mother St. Perpetua speak English. I go. I send."

But it was not until after the last night office that Mother St. Perpetua came.

Jael Boltwood, lying in sleepless despair, and gazing fixedly into the darkness which, by the light of the one candle burning beside the bed, became a haunted shadowland, suddenly saw the door opened, while a tall, slight figure, robed in white, with long, black, floating veil, came slowly in.

Mother St. Perpetua carried a candle in one hand, and in the other a cane, by the aid of which she walked. She stood erect, but as she came forward Madam Boltwood saw that she was very old.

"As old as I," she thought.

She saw, too, that the nun had a sort of aged beauty. The face framed in its white bands was delicate in feature, and the complexion of ethereal transparency.

The nun placed the candle on the table, and sat down beside the bed.

"The Reverend Mother," she began, "has allowed me to come and spend the night with you. She thought you might like to talk with me. I am the only one in the house who speaks English."

The voice stirred something in Madam Boltwood's memory. It was nothing that could be seized or understood. It was like the recollection of a dream, of which everything has passed but a vague emotion. The nun's accent, too, was that of New England. Its very sound seemed to call the exiled woman back from the desert of despair.

"You are very kind to come. But it will tire you."

"Mother St. Anthony of Padua will remain in the next room, in case we need anything. I am too old to run about. The Reverend Mother was only afraid you would be lonely."

"I thank her," said Madam Boltwood stiffly, "but we must go down into the valley of the shadow one by one."

"I too feel that; for I, like you, am going down. And yet 't is a comfort to feel the grasp of loving hands on earth, even to the moment when we see the angel's arms outstretched to carry us into paradise."

The nun's voice was low and soft. She spoke slowly, as if choosing her words. A slight French intonation was perceptible.

"I have almost forgotten my English," she continued after a pause, during which the sick woman seemed to have retired into her own thoughts. "I speak it so rarely; but more now than formerly, — now since our nation has taken possession of Quebec."

"Do you believe in the forgiveness of sins?"

The question came abruptly, as though the dying woman forced herself with an effort back into the world of men.

"Assuredly," the nun said tranquilly.

"Do you think God has mercy on us?"

"I know it."

"How can you tell?" Jael Boltwood demanded almost fiercely. "You say so because your priests have told you. You do not know. I have never had any mercy."

"Oh, madame!"

"Never, I tell you. I have had everything else a woman could have, but it has always been mingled with gall. And now I am dying, and there is no hope. Till to-day I have kept some trust that the crooked might be made straight, but the last chance was buried this afternoon."

"I do not know your trouble, madame, but if you would pray" —

"Pray? I have prayed for sixty years. And for answer I am sent here to die."

"Who knows? That may be the best answer. God is love."

"I have tried to believe so. I believe it no more."

"Even your own religion teaches that. I know, for I have been a Protestant."

"Who are you? I seem to have seen you before."

Again the question came with fierce abruptness, but the nun was not disturbed.

"No, madame, I think not," she said, with a faint, sweet smile. "I have been many years in the convent. It is long since I left my native land. I was born in Deerfield."

"Ah!" The exclamation was prolonged. Jael Boltwood raised herself on her arm, and looked with eager scrutiny into the nun's pale, saintly face. "How came you here?"

"I was taken captive in a great massacre at that place, when I was a girl."

"And you exchanged your religion for your life? There were many who did so."

"No. That is what my friends at home would think, but it was not so."

"What then? Go on. Tell me. Begin at the beginning."

"The beginning was at dawn on a February morning, many years ago. My father and mother were dead, and I lived with my grandparents, having no other kin. There had been talk for some days of Indians being not far from the town, but the winter was so cold and the snow so deep that we thought they would not be able to attack us. But they came."

"Go on. Go on," Madam Boltwood whispered hoarsely.

"They came upon us stealthily, giving no sign until they were almost within our houses. When I awaked, a tall Indian was already at my door. Seeing that I was but a girl, he turned from me and entered the adjoining room, where my grandparents lay. By this time three or four more were stealing up the stair. I slipped from my bed, and, wrapping myself in a blanket, followed the Indian into the next room. My grandmother woke with a shriek. My grandfather seized the pistol from a shelf above the bed and fired. The Indian fell dead. But in an instant his companions were in the room, yelling and dancing. One of them seized me and threw me to the floor, and so I mercifully did not see the blow which killed my grandfather before he had time to rise. They dragged my grandmother from the bed and bound her. They bound me, too, and, carrying us like bundles down the stair, threw us into the snow. Then they fired the house, and only the heat from the flames kept us from perishing of cold."

Mother St. Perpetua spoke tranquilly, as though telling a dream rather than an actual experience.

"Yes, yes," Jael Boltwood said impatiently. "What then? What then?"

"As we lay in the snow, we could see fire and fighting everywhere in our village street. Many of the houses were in flames. Women and children who were still free ran shrieking from house to house. Some were caught, and, after

being bound with thongs, were cast, like ourselves, into the snow, to await the captor's pleasure. Our men fought bravely, but all were overpowered, and many slain. Here and there we could see the dead bodies of our neighbors lying in the snow, the crust of which was everywhere trampled down and stained with blood."

The nun paused, and seemed for a moment lost in reflection.

"I was to have been married the next week," she began tranquilly, again, "though I was only seventeen. My lover had built a house next to that of my grandparents, so that I might be near them. It was new and unfurnished, and so burnt quickly. Him I saw not, and feared he was among the slain. My grandmother, as she lay in the snow, prayed aloud, and repeated texts of Scripture, comforting and supporting all who were within sound of her voice. Mr. Williams, the minister, also sustained the faith of many. As he passed us, on his way to Canada, — for he was among the first of the captives to begin the march, — he called out to us, 'God is our hope and strength, a very present help in trouble.' To which my grandmother replied in a ringing voice, quoting from the same psalm: 'The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah! Selah! Selah!' But," said the nun, with a sudden change of tone, "you are tired, madame. You would like to sleep."

"No, no. I shall have time to sleep hereafter. Do not stop. I must hear all."

"Then I shall put this candle out. We shall keep it in case we talk late. At our age sleep does not matter."

She rose as she spoke, and extinguished one of the two candles. Jael Boltwood fell back again upon her pillows, gazing into the darkness with fixed eyes, but listening intently.

"It was about ten by the clock," Mother St. Perpetua resumed, as she took her seat again, "when we set out for Canada. Most of the captives had already gone, but some few were left to follow after us. As we came near to the foot of our mountain, we saw my lover fastened hand and foot to a great oak tree, and guarded by two Macquas. His garments were torn, his head bare, and his face and hands streaming with blood. When he saw me he struggled to free himself, but in vain.

"'Have no fear!' he called out to me. 'Go on to Canada. I shall find means to meet you there and redeem you.'

"'When the Lord bringeth back the captivity of his people,' my grandmother cried to him, 'Jacob shall rejoice and Israel shall be glad.'

"'Tarry thou the Lord's leisure and be strong,' I whispered to him, as I went by.

"'Commit thy way unto the Lord,' he replied, 'and put thy trust in Him, and He shall bring it to pass.'

"'Now God Himself and our Father and our Lord Jesus Christ direct our way unto you!' called out Eunice Williams, the minister's wife, as she too passed my lover by.

"'Amen! Amen! Amen!' cried Mary Brooks, pressing onward in the rear of our party, carrying her two years' child.

"I could hear my lover's voice calling out encouraging words to us until we were beyond earshot. Our masters would not suffer us to look back, but the thought that my lover would come for me gave me heart. It sustained me through all the three weeks' march, when so many others of my sex fell by the way.

"The snow was very deep, and the surface, while crisp, was not strong enough to support us. We walked with difficulty, and the crust cut deeply into our ankles.

"In our party were four women, — my grandmother, Eunice Williams, Mary Brooks, and I. Eunice Williams had pleaded to have at least one of her living children with her, but the Indians

would not suffer it. Two had been slain at their own door, and the others were scattered among the companies. Mary Brooks had kept her youngest in her arms, and one of our masters, after first attempting to snatch it from her, had allowed her to retain it. We were guarded by three Indians, of whom the youngest seemed to be a chief.

"At noon they suffered us to sit down and rest, and gave us to eat a little frozen meat with some black bread, taken from one of the houses.

"'T is Remembrance Stebbins's bread,' said Mary Brooks; and at the thought of our pleasant homes in ashes, and all our ties of friendship and family broken up forever, our first tears fell.

"'Strengthen ye the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees,' said my grandmother. 'Say to them of a fearful heart: Be strong, fear not. Behold your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; He will come and save you.'

"In the afternoon we were much distressed because of the heavy burdens of every kind of household stuff which the Macquas had bound upon us. Mary Brooks, carrying one child and expecting another, was ready to faint by the way. Fearing to lose a woman captive, one of the older Indians seized the child, and, as we were passing above a rushing mountain stream, threw it into the waters far below. The mother would fain have sprung after it, but the savages held her back and forced us on.

"'Thus saith the Lord,' my grandmother cried to the stricken parent, 'Refrain thy voice from weeping and thine eyes from tears; for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord, and they shall come again from the land of the enemy. And there is hope in thine end, saith the Lord, that thy children shall come again to their own border.'

"At nightfall we came up with some of the other companies; and though we were not permitted speech, the savages did not silence us when we raised our voices in a hymn. It was my grandmother who started it, and the tune was taken up from camp to camp.

'Jerusalem, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

'O happy harbor of the Saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil,
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

'Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
God grant I soon may see
Thy endless joys, and of the same
Partaker aye to be.'"

Mother St. Perpetua repeated the words softly, lifting her thin white hand in time to the measure. Then she paused, and, raising her eyes, seemed to be looking at something visible to her in the darkness.

"And then? What then?" Jael Boltwood broke in, as though impatient of the nun's gentle exaltation.

"Then," said Mother St. Perpetua, "then we slept. The savages had made us wigwams and beds of boughs. It was cold, but we huddled together, and notwithstanding all that we had seen since dawn we slept as if at home. The next day our masters provided us with snowshoes and Indian moccasins, so that those of us who could use them walked with greater ease. But my grandmother, being old, and weary with the journey of yesterday, began to lag behind. The savages struck her and forced her forward, but under her heavy burden she repeatedly staggered and fell. At last, late in the afternoon, having fallen, she could not rise. I tried to go back to her, but the savages would not suffer me.

"'I will lay me down in peace and take my rest, for it is Thou, Lord'—

"But I heard no more. The same Indian who had slain Mary Brooks' babe had run back to my grandmother and given her her freedom. Next day we lost Eunice Williams. She had grown

feeble, and had missed her footing while crossing a rapid stream. As she drifted down the waters a savage struck at her with his hatchet, and she too found peace. Mary Brooks and I were thus left together; but she losing strength we overheard our masters deciding to take her life also. Then she boldly prayed them to let her see once more our good minister, Mr. Williams, and take farewell of him. This, to our surprise, they consented to, and so she received before her death the blessing of the holy man, and gave him the tidings of his wife's release.

"Thus I was left alone with my masters. Suddenly their behavior toward me changed. I was no more beaten nor forced to carry burdens. They treated me with kindness, and gave me the best of all they had. In due time I learned the reason of this unexpected favor. When we neared Sorel, instead of being led with the other captives into the French fort, I was taken to the encampment of the savages, some miles away. Here I was made to understand that I should not be held for ransom, but should be adopted into their tribe, and become one day the wife of the young chief who had brought me from Deerfield. I was cast down, but not in despair, for I knew that God would not forsake me. My lover's words, 'Have no fear,' were always ringing in my mind, and I was sure that he would come and rescue me. For two years I lived among the Indians. In all that was outward I was a Macqua woman, like one of their own. The French priests came from time to time, and gave me both counsel and comfort. Then it was that I began to feel kindly toward their religion. At first I had held it in horror, and when the Macquas bade me sign the cross or go to mass I allowed myself to be beaten rather than obey. But little by little the French priests taught me much that was good, and I began to thank them."

"It was for their own purposes. It was to ensnare your feeble soul," Madam Boltwood declared.

"No, I think not," the nun replied, speaking always in the same sweet voice. "One of them, Père Duplessis, saved me from becoming the young chief's wife, and at last helped me to escape. The Macquas had at that time moved their camp to Chambly. Having aided me, under cover of darkness, to slip away unseen, the priest conveyed me to Mount Royal. Thence I passed down the river to Quebec, disguised as an Ursuline nun. At Quebec the Intendant's wife received me kindly, and took me to her house. By this time the captives had all been redeemed, and had gone back by sea to New England. But one Isaac Allis, a young Deerfield man, was belated. By him I sent word to my lover that I was alive and would wait for him, bidding him come for me here at the Hôtel Dieu, where the nuns had consented to shelter me."

Jael Boltwood raised herself on her arm again, and peered into the aged face.

"Yes? Yes? Then? What then?"

"He never came," the nun said, with a sigh. "When ten years had gone by, I knew he would not come. Then I embraced the Catholic religion, the faith of those whom I had learned to love, and took the veil. My lover never came."

"Because I kept him, Marah Carter."

The dying woman dragged herself to the edge of the bed, and seized the nun by the arm. Mother St. Perpetua started, and became, if possible, whiter still.

"Marah Carter, Marah Carter," she murmured under her breath. "It used to be my name in Deerfield. I have not heard it for over sixty years."

"I was Jael Hurst!" Madam Boltwood cried. "I was Jael Hurst! You remember me?"

"Yes," said Mother St. Perpetua doubtfully, as if searching in her mem-

ory, "I think so. I am not sure. Did you live at Green River?"

"At first; and then we moved to Deerfield. It was then I met your lover, Philip Boltwood!"

The nun rose, trembling.

"Sit down," the sick woman said imperiously, and the nun obeyed. "Yes, I met him, and I loved him. You did not know it, nor did he. I used to watch you together, and then go home to offer up tears and prayers that he might be mine."

"But" —

"No. Do not speak. My time is short. I must say it. I must lay bare my heart. When the time came for you to be married, I could endure no more. I begged my parents to take me to Boston, where we had kin. We had scarce arrived when we heard of the fate of Deerfield. After that I neither ate nor slept till I knew that Philip Boltwood was alive. He escaped from his captors, and reached Lancaster."

"Thank God!" the nun breathed fervently. "I never knew it."

"He was buried this afternoon. His funeral passed under these very walls."

"And I saw it by hazard in looking out. Ah, God! Ah, God!"

"Yes, cry to God! There may be peace for such as you."

"For all, madame."

"No, not for me. But let me go on. Let me speak. In time your lover went back to Deerfield. I too went back. We became friends, but he had no love for any one but you. The redeemed captives returned one by one, but brought no tidings of Marah Carter. All the other women of her party were known to be gone, and she was numbered with them. Philip Boltwood was a stricken man, but I learnt the art to comfort him. I talked of Marah Carter, praised her, mourned for her, wept at the sound of her name. Yet we were only friends. He did not give up hope that Marah Carter might be alive, and so worked and saved that he might go into Canada with money for her redemption."

"Ah, God! Ah, God!"

"Two years later I was again in Boston, visiting my kin. One day they told me that Isaac Allis, long given up for dead, had come back again. I hurried to his ship, for he was of a mind now to be a sailor.

"'Have you any tidings of Marah Carter?' was my first question.

"'Yes, she is alive, and waiting for Philip Boltwood in the nuns' hospital at Quebec.'

"'Then I will tell him so,' I said, 'for I go back soon to Deerfield.'

"'And I,' said he, 'intrust the task to you.'

"Isaac Allis sailed for the China seas, and I went home again. I swear that at first I had no intention to do evil. My heart was breaking, but I meant to let it break. It was not until I saw Philip Boltwood that the temptation came to me. He was right on the eve of going into Canada, and I could not let him go.

"'I have seen Isaac Allis,' I said to him. 'He had tidings for you.'

"'Speak, speak, in God's name!' he cried.

"'Marah Carter is dead. Your quest will be in vain.'"

Mother St. Perpetua sat with bowed head, her hands clasped in her lap. Tears rolled down her faded, waxlike cheeks. Then she took the cross hanging on her breast and pressed it to her lips. Beyond that she gave no sign.

"When I had spoken," Madam Boltwood continued feverishly, "I knew that Philip Boltwood's heart was slain. It never lived again. Long years afterwards we were married, but his love was always Marah Carter's. You were like an angel in his life, but like a haunting, torturing ghost in mine. We were happy together as lives go. I bore him three sons. We grew rich, and I made him a good wife. But the lie was

always between us. I prayed that he might never know it; that no accident, no chance word, might uncover the foundation on which our married life was built. God was so far merciful that He granted that. When tidings came that Isaac Allis had been lost in the China seas, I felt as if the Divine Will itself were protecting me. And yet I suffered, — no one but God knows how. Sometimes it was remorse, sometimes it was dread. As I rose each morning I said, 'Perhaps he will know to-day;' as I laid me down each night 't was with the thought, 'Perhaps he will know to-morrow.' At last I came to have but one prayer: 'God, keep him from knowing in this life, and I will give him up in the next!' I was willing to buy for time at the price of eternity; and I bought, I paid, I received what I asked for. When his eyes closed, two days ago, I had had my request to the full. There was nothing left for me. Mine was a love with no future to it; for the future, the eternal future, must be yours."

Jael Boltwood fell back upon her pillows, and sank into deathlike silence.

Mother St. Perpetua continued to sit with bowed head and hands clasping the cross. Then she rose slowly and knelt down beside the bed. She took the dying woman in her arms.

"My sister, my dear sister," she murmured, "how you have suffered! But be comforted. God is love."

"It is not God I fear; 't is you."

"And I forgive you, fully, freely, as I have been forgiven. You thought to do me wrong, but God overruled it to the highest good. How wonderful He is in his doings toward the children of men! When earthly love was taken from me, He inspired me with his own. Do not pity me, Jael Hurst, Jael Boltwood, you who have been my lover's wife. I am the Bride of Christ. You do not know that happiness; you cannot guess it; you cannot fancy it. Better than all human love, however close, however dear, is that which wraps me round; which holds me nearer than I am holding you; which breathes upon me, smiles upon me, lifts me up and draws me to itself, filling me, thrilling me, with a joy surpassing words, transcending thought, excelling every earthly passion, and making all other joys seem dim. Oh, Jael, Jael! mine has been the better part. I thank and bless you. Much as I love Philip, I love my Bridegroom more. For I was made for Him."

"When you see Philip, will you tell him that?"

"'T is you shall tell him. You shall tell him first. You shall tell it him from me, from God, from all the records of God's fact and truth. Tell him that you were best fitted to be his wife; that I had other work to do."

"He will not believe me. He knows that I have lied."

"He is in the Land where all things are viewed in a clearer, juster light than that in which we see them here."

"'T is justice that I dread."

"And yet 't is perfect justice which makes perfect mercy possible."

"Light the other candle. It is growing dark. I want to see you plainly."

The nun rose and obeyed.

"Stoop nearer me. I cannot see you yet."

The nun bent down. The woman raised herself.

"Yes, you are Marah Carter. But this is not the face that has haunted me for fifty years. There is a light around you. What is it? Ah, I see, I see. It is the light of the love of God."

"It is round you too, my sister."

"Is it? Is it? Is it? Are you sure? Yes, something is shining. Put the candle out again. It is too bright. What is it? What is it? O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength! Sister, hold me, kiss me. I am going away. My spirit is breaking forth. Put both the candles out. The light is blinding

me. Yes, Philip, I am coming, dear. I hear your voice, but call me once again. Philip, Philip, here is Marah Carter! She is coming home with me. She is clothed in fine linen, pure and white, for she is the Bride of the Lamb of God. Yes, Philip, my husband, Marah's lover, I am here. Ah, the dear, dear face! Ah, the mercy of God! See him, Marah! But who else is there? Who is that in the garment of light, with the eyes like fire, with the feet like brass, and girt with the golden girdle? Let me go. Let me go. Do not keep me. He is holding out His hands. I come. I come."

When, a few minutes later, Mother St. Anthony of Padua came into the room to renew the lights, Mother St. Perpetua still stood beside the bed.

"Our dear sister has gone home," she said. "Pray for her soul, and pray for mine, for I am going too. The hour has nearly come, and I am ready. I am going to my Lover, for whom I here renounce all other love I have ever cherished in my heart. I hear my Bridegroom's voice, like the sound of many waters. I see his Face, his Form, and lo, it is the Son of God!"

Mother St. Anthony of Padua caught the aged woman as she fell.

Basil King.

THE GREAT PREACHER.

IMMEDIATELY after the death of Phillips Brooks, Dr. Allen contributed to this magazine [1] a warm-hearted, discriminating appreciation of the great preacher. He wrote from the same sort of personal knowledge which other of his friends had, and, without attempting any historical study, held Dr. Brooks to have been throughout his life a man with a genius for preaching. "In Phillips Brooks," he said, "the inward preparation does not seem to correspond with the vast influence he exerted, and certainly the negative attitude of antagonism toward rejected beliefs was almost wholly wanting." Now, after three years' close study of the great volume of Dr. Brooks's printed and unprinted writings, and of the tributes, public and private, to his character and influence, he has written a generous memoir,[2] which is a revisal of his early judgment, and such a disclosure of the correspondence between inward preparation and outward influence as would be hard to parallel in the whole range of biographic literature. Dr. Allen intimates in his preface that he started out on his task with no theory respecting biography. The result is evident in the free handling of his great subject. Clearly he had no theory, but he had a consuming desire to get at the man himself, and, if possible, to reproduce in his volumes some image of a nature which towered head and shoulders above other men of like vocation in his generation. It was plain to Dr. Allen, as it must be to any one who stops to reflect, that a history of Phillips Brooks's career could be told with brevity. A preacher who confined his work almost wholly to preaching, who held but three rectorships in the thirty-three years of his ministry, who took almost no part in any organization outside of his parish, and scarcely any initiative there, whose vacations were spent in foreign travel, and whose recreation was in his friend-

[1] See the Atlantic Monthly for April, 1893.

[2] *Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks.* By ALEXANDER V. G. ALLEN, Professor in the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge. With Portraits and Illustrations. In two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1900.

ships, — what was there in the outward details of such a life to demand and hold attention?

There was nothing dramatic in this preacher's life, except as one counts the scenes connected with his successive promotions in influence as dramatic; and yet what a triumphal progress that was when the young man who broke down at the outset of his career as a teacher, and was harried out of the schoolroom by boys, finally was borne in his dead majesty on the shoulders of manly students out of a great church which was a glorious monument to the affection his people bore him, through a weeping multitude, and across a college yard where a university stood hushed in solemn grief, while the whole city of his birth mourned over the untimely death! Surely a life sealed with such profound witness held something that could be told beyond the simple annals of a popular preacher, and Dr. Allen was right when he judged that a man built on so great a scale as was Phillips Brooks was to be measured and interpreted only as one applied himself to the discovery of the very secret of his being.

For this Life of Phillips Brooks is the history of a human soul, engaged in the greatest of affairs, and yet in its work unwittingly writing down the records by which its history may be read. The documents which were at the hand of the biographer were the sermons Brooks had preached, of which many had been printed; the abundant notebooks, which contained the jottings of the hour; a great many letters, comparatively of little value; and the contemporary records of the press, which preserved the impressions created by the preacher on many occasions. Added to this material were the numberless testimonies of men and women and children who had come within the sweep of his personal influence. Out of all this really vast mass of evidence Dr. Allen was to construct an image which we may justly regard as having the same relation to the spiritual life of Brooks, and as permanently so, as the statue by St. Gaudens may be expected to have to his physical presence, or Trinity Church to his constructive power as a great force in the society of his day. The Life never loses sight of its great purpose to show the correspondence between the inward preparation and the outward influence.

Dr. Allen very wisely looks carefully at the stock from which Brooks sprang, and especially does he reproduce, not in a single statement, but with a multitude of significant touches, the figures of his father and mother and the whole family group; for with all the breadth of his affection, indeed because of it, Phillips Brooks was a plant that struck its roots deep in the family life. Near the end of the book, when the shadows begin to fall, we are told that now Brooks spoke often of his mother. The phrase is an illuminating one. Mrs. Brooks had then been dead more than ten years, and when she died he had spoken little of her. She was too deeply set in the secret place of his life to be lightly spoken of; but when his own end drew near, he could not help discovering this holy presence, — the veil was being removed. The letters from Mrs. Brooks to her son which Dr. Allen prints show us a New England Monica; and one is tempted to ask again and again, Is such a life to be lost out of the world in the extinction of the New England type of evangelical religion? And if so, what have we to show that is worthy to take its place? It is not difficult to see in what a shrine Phillips Brooks set his mother, a shrine in the very heart of the household, — homely, close, and yet infinitely sacred. We are even fain to believe that in the very sanctity of her nature, her burning zeal for the truth of God as she perceived it, lay in part the difficulty of her son's approach to her, which finds its explanation in Dr. Allen's pages in the nature of the son himself.

For early in the study of Phillips Brooks's character we come upon that profound reserve, that deep consciousness of the sacrosanct personality, which lay at the very foundation of his being. Here was a mother loving her son with a passionate fervor, and hungering for some confession from his lips of a consecration of his life to the God whom she worshiped with the whole might of her nature; and here was the son himself conscious of a great turning toward God, yet dumb in the presence of his anxious, trembling mother. Surely it was not only his deep reserve, but something also of awe before that saint, that sealed his lips.

The boyish portrait of the young collegian, the first in an admirable series of portraits scattered through the two volumes, comports well with the description which Dr. Allen gives of Brooks's youth; and in the narrative which recounts the experiment in teaching at the Latin School, when Brooks made so conspicuous a failure, we are able to trace something of the character lying behind the incident. The instinct for teaching which sent him back to his old school after he was graduated from Harvard was one which deepened into the consciousness of a great vocation. The defeat which he met at the threshold of his career was precisely of a nature to give him pause in the particular form of teaching he had essayed, and to throw him in on such an examination of his own nature as led him into a profounder apprehension of life. Dr. Allen, pursuing the wise course adopted for the whole work, has given copious extracts from Phillips Brooks's notebooks during the period which elapsed between the resignation of the ushership at the Latin School and his entrance on theological studies at Alexandria, but he has not indulged in much speculation over the process which was going on in the young man's mind. In consequence, though one reads these pages attentively he gains little specific knowledge of the workings of the young man's thought, but he brings away a strong sense of the reserve which was so fundamental a characteristic. Those lonely walks through Boston streets, those reflections on books and life committed to the notebooks, and the hunger after companionship which his letters disclose, — what are they all but half-hidden evidences of a struggle going on deep beneath the surface, a struggle in which the bitter sense of personal humiliation unquestionably stung his thought about himself into action? Now and then one sees a meek man who betrays by the telltale flush on his cheek that his meekness is not a negative quality, but a virtue won by hard battle with an imperious nature. It is not too much to say that the pride which accompanies so strong a sense of personal dignity as Phillips Brooks had by an endowment of nature was at this time resolutely subdued, and that the humility which throughout life was the crowning grace of this masterly man registered a victory which was won after the indignity he had suffered. This humility, which was Pauline in its nobility, lay behind that disposition he now felt to subject himself to further discipline under the teaching of the greatest of sciences, and the almost secret departure for Alexandria marked a temper which was at once docile and honest and yet profoundly self-centred.

It is a striking fact that not only did Phillips Brooks enter a school for the training of Christian ministers before he had apparently made up his mind to accept that calling, but before he had come forward for confirmation, or, to use the term which the evangelical school in which he was brought up would say, before he was converted. The independence of his nature could not better be affirmed, nor the sincerity of his purpose. With scarcely a word to those most concerned he put himself to the test, and he put also to the test the

claims of the church upon him for service. The strength of his convictions which made him so powerful a pleader for righteousness was due, in the first instance, to his determination to stand on no false bottom of merely hereditary faith or conventional view of the ministry.

The life at Alexandria, which occupies a large space in Dr. Allen's record, was in part a prolongation of the lonely walks in Boston when he had been thrown in his early wrestling match. To one who looks eagerly for the hand of the potter shaping each vessel to honor or dishonor, nothing could seem more fit than the secluded life that Phillips Brooks now led, with little in the way of collegiate instruction to distract him, with a companionship easily limited in intimacy to a very few who remained lifelong friends, but with leisure for great books and the meditation on great themes. It is a commonplace that great men have had this sort of withdrawal into the wilderness, and certainly there is no seminary of intellectual eminence which does not seem to include in its academic buildings a hermitage. Here, as one reads on and on in the notebooks which contain the confidences of Phillips Brooks, one sees the gradual unfolding of a rare soul. What splendor of imagination is revealed, what glowing spirit of discovery in the great realms of human feeling, new, undiscovered territory to every son of man, yet so rarely traversed, since most are content with their own little plots of earth! To read these passages alone, one might easily fancy that here a poet was making; and it is no surprise to find the young theological student taking verse naturally and simply as his vehicle of expression, packing criticism into a sonnet, and singing his way among the mysteries.

Dr. Allen has called attention to the predominance of intellectualism in his early sermons, and to the play even of fancy, but he has also reminded us of the fervor and the strong human sympathy which from the first marked his preaching. What most impresses the reader, as he follows Phillips Brooks through his ministry in Philadelphia, is the manner in which he threw himself into the national cause of the war for the Union, and then and later into the education of the blacks. The war came at a time when the young preacher was coming into conscious possession of his power, and furnished him at once with a field for large endeavor. He proved himself to be of the order of prophets; and as we are most concerned with the development of the man, we have a right to say that the cause of union and freedom both amplified his thought and prepared the way for that still higher consecration of his powers which came when he concentrated, as he did later, all his energies in the work of declaring a gospel commensurate with the needs and aspirations of humanity. In those days Phillips Brooks was a great civilian. His conception of nationality was a religious conception, and the attitude which he took toward the war was one which presaged his attitude toward life, when this dramatic occasion passed. He had a profound respect for the individual soul; but his vision was always of a large humanity penetrated with the divine influence, and his preaching grew steadily in the direction of the interpretation of this truth.

For, though one may not seek to mark the boundaries of life in such a nature, it is clear, from the evidence given in these volumes, that when Phillips Brooks transferred the scene of his endeavor from Philadelphia to Boston, there was something more than a mere change of residence or expansion of influence. No great development comes in a man's expression which does not spring from some inner experience, however that experience may be concealed from view; and in a marked degree, this man, so reticent in his speech regarding himself,

so little given to personal disclosure, from this time forward became the most personal of preachers. One hesitates about seeming too intimate with this reserved man, yet it almost appears that as, at the time of his disappointment over his trial of teaching in Boston, he had gone down to the depths of his nature, and come forth as a strong man armed for the calling of his life, so now he had touched some deep experience in life which thenceforth made him surrender himself, and not merely his gifts, to the noble work of preaching. This man, who could be dumb before the passionate longing of his mother for a response, even while he was quite ready to meet her most darling wish, could now stand before an audience and empty his heart and soul to them.

In nothing has Dr. Allen shown greater insight as a biographer than in the interpretation which he has put upon the abundant material he possessed in Phillips Brooks's sermons, whether printed or unprinted. The letters which Brooks wrote are very expressive of a certain side of his nature, that sunny side which made so large a part of his greatness, but they rarely are more than superficial disclosures of his temperament. In his case, as in so many others, life must be read in the man's performance of his chosen work; and when one has such ample witness to work as may be found in these innumerable sermons, one feels instinctively that there he must look for the man. Dr. Allen, at any rate, had this instinct. He looked for Brooks in his sermons, and there he has found him. Never was there a more complete fulfillment of the mystic words of Christ: "What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light: and what ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the housetops." It is not merely that the great truths which were luminous in these sermons had been nourished in the secret places of life, but the still voice which had whispered in his ear, and had come from the very depth of his personal experience, was now at once translated by him into a public message. Again and again does Dr. Allen draw forth from this rich treasury sentences which, if deftly put together, would be a very mosaic of the man's inner portrait. The great cardinal truths were there, especially the comprehensive one of the Incarnation; but the terms in which they were presented were often autobiographic, though veiled in an impersonal speech.

From this time forward one must increasingly think of Phillips Brooks as a great preacher; and here comes into view a homely consideration, almost startling in the impression which it makes on the reader's mind. If there was any one feature in Brooks's impassioned discourse which had universal acceptance, it was his spontaneity, so that one always regarded him as possessing in his nature a wonderful living spring which flowed as if inexhaustible. At the very last of his life he was at a New England dinner in New York. "A gentleman who sat beside him complained that he could not enjoy the dinner because of the speech he had to make. 'That,' said Phillips Brooks, 'is also my trouble.' 'Why,' said the gentleman, 'I did not suppose you ever gave a thought to any speech you had to make.' 'And is that your impression of the way in which I have done all my work?' 'It is,' said the gentleman; 'I have thought it was all spontaneous, costing you no effort of preparation.'" Now, the evidence which Dr. Allen brings from the preacher's multitudinous notebooks and memoranda is cumulative to the effect that the most apparently unpremeditated discourse was patiently prepared. The glimpses we get into the workshop of this man of genius show him to the very last making the most careful preparation for every discourse, however simple. The views we get of him in the delivery also show

him very often apparently brushing aside manuscripts and notes, and letting his impetuous speech carry him beyond the bounds of his preparation. But the fact that is most important is the respect in which he held his audience and his work, so that he never slighted his workmanship. His rapid utterance made a stenographic report exceedingly difficult, and it was in part the risk he ran of being misquoted that led him imperatively to refuse a sanction of publication following upon such reports; but beside this it may justly be inferred that, knowing the actual discourse to be a genuine work of art, he would not have a mangled substitute presented.

Alike the scrupulous care in preparation and the freedom afterward, knowing that he could trust his spontaneity since it had been so brought under the control of a disciplined judgment, testified to the nobility of his conception of the preacher's vocation. We are sometimes in danger of suspecting the art of an orator, to hold it as something inferior to the wayward impulse of the improvisatore, and to regard what looks like an unpremeditated burst of eloquence as a bit of nature, and thus above the work of the artist, and subject only to some law superior to the ordinary laws of art. But here was an example of freedom gained by perfect obedience, and the example is of the utmost value. If ever a man had a genius for pulpit oratory, it was Phillips Brooks, and yet this memoir bears indisputable evidence of the toil with which he wrought at his sermons. The explanation is to be found in two causes. There was in him the consciousness of an artist. One can see this in such insignificant matters as the character of his handwriting and the finish of his ordinary expression as in familiar letters. He was not merely a man of taste, exquisitely modulated for the appreciation of all forms of art, if music be excepted, — a not uncommon exception, — but he had the constructive gift, and his first efforts in youth made it easy to predict for him a literary career. But there was in him emphatically that which now and then lifts an artist into the region of inspiration, namely, a possession. And here, again, it will not do to look upon him as some half-conscious instrument, to be played upon by spiritual forces; he had, by the struggles to which we have referred, and by a long process of training, wrought of himself a mighty engine for doing a piece of work in which the emotional nature and the intellectual energy both bore a part. Filled he was in all his being by this breath of the divine will; but the largeness of soul which could be so filled was not a mere gift, — it was a great development. As the reader moves through these absorbing pages, he becomes aware of a concentration at last of the preacher upon the great message of reconciliation, of harmony, which it is his to deliver. That picture drawn of the eloquent preacher in the darkening church, with the light thrown only upon his rapt face as he makes his passionate appeal, may stand for an image of the life; for it would seem that, though his horizon was constantly widening and his opportunities increasing, he was forever, by the force of his determination and the impulse of a mighty purpose, narrowing the activities of life to this one function of preaching. Books came, but they were his sermons put into type; and when he spoke on occasions commonly regarded as secular, he was swiftly drawn by the controlling purpose of his life into some radiant transfiguration of the occasion, so that his hearers could not fail to be swept into that circle within which he was moving.

It is especially to be noted that while the first impression of a hearer was likely to be of light and heat in the glow of the preacher's discourse, he was soon made aware that he was not being magnetized by a man of overpowering emotional nature, but that he was listening

to one whose mind was very far from losing itself in vague generalities. It was a part of Phillips Brooks's work as a preacher to transfuse thought and emotion, to attack the whole man, because it was the whole man that was on fire with great ideas. Dr. Allen has touched upon Dr. Brooks's theology from point to point, and in one masterly chapter has passed the whole subject in review; and ample evidence is given that here was a man not merely gifted with poetic insight, but having a high order of ratiocination. So overpowering was the eloquence of the man that it was easy to suspect he could not be a deep thinker. It ought not to be so easy now, in the face of these memoirs.

It was in happy accord with the character of this great preacher that he should have been a great traveler. By this we mean that, though he only once went round the globe, he made repeated visits to Europe, and was at home in many cities and countries. It was a pity, we think, that he could not have known more of America by travel, both that many more might have known him, and that he might have come by personal contact to have conceived more perfectly the range and variety of American life; but the conditions were unfavorable. His travels were vacation travels, and the rest of the ocean and the freedom from responsibilities in his office were essential parts of such a break in his life. Moreover, he was eager to apprehend the great movements of history, and these were brought more vividly to his notice by the monuments of history that make Europe a crowded museum, and by his association with men and women, especially in England, who were active instruments in current religious and social development.

Our purpose has been simply to intimate how thoroughly Dr. Allen has performed the very delicate task of showing the growth of a noble nature, and we have scarcely hinted at the admirable manner in which he has set Brooks before us in the habit as he lived. But of the warm nature of the man, his humor, his genius for friendship, his versatility, the memoir gives delightful illustration. A loving hand has traced the outline of a very human life, and the honesty, the uncompromising truthfulness, of the subject has entered into the disposition of the biographer. It is proverbially difficult for a biographer to exclude himself from his work, and Dr. Allen is here; but he is here as Phillips Brooks's friend, with a wise sympathy and with a beautiful charity; for he has treated those incidents in Bishop Brooks's life like the ordeal through which he passed when called to the episcopate with a dignified reserve which leaves nothing to be desired. No one will find in these volumes any arsenal of controversial weapons.

It is for this reason in particular, and for the reason in general that we have here presented the figure of an inspiring man, that we welcome this Life and Letters as not only a very notable contribution to the small class of really worthy American biographies, but as the prolongation of one of the finest influences that have been moulding American character, especially in the field of spiritual development. Many busy men and women will doubtless look with dismay upon so considerable an undertaking as the reading of some sixteen hundred pages upon the life of one man, but great lives demand great books, and the wealth and variety of the material compelled this profuse illustration. And there is, moreover, one very important class in the community to whom this memoir will be simply invaluable: for a generation to come, those who are qualifying themselves for the Christian ministry, of whatever name, must read this book. It is indispensable to them, for nowhere else can they find so rich a portrayal of that character which all instinctively feel to be the one hope of the Christian ministry, — the character of utter devotion, of sure-footed

theology, of the consecration of great powers in the noblest of professions. The exceptional endowments of Phillips Brooks will always give him an elevation which will inspire young students and forbid them to emulate him, but his large-hearted humanity will affect them with a noble zeal to warm themselves at the same fires which made him to glow.

It is most fortunate that so rich a life should have been written by a man who has the writer's art. Dr. Allen disavows any theory as to how biography should be written. If any one thinks he has mistaken the annalist's function for that of the biographer, merely because he has required great space, let him read the consummate sketch of Phillips Brooks's brother Arthur in the preface to this Life, and he will see that Dr. Allen is not only a great portrait painter, but can produce an exquisite miniature.

A CENTURY OF AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.[1]

THIS is an eminently readable sketch of our diplomatic history, written by a gentleman who was himself for a time at the head of our Department of State. It is the outcome of a course of lectures given to a college class. A considerable part of the text consists of apt quotations from men who, early or later, played leading parts in conducting our foreign relations, or in moulding public opinion on questions of foreign policy. The whole gives an impression of careful use of first-hand sources, and a laudable desire to present the leading facts of the story in a clear and effective manner. Some of his quotations are perhaps a trifle below the dignity of his subject, and others have little beyond personal bitterness to commend them. Again, the wisdom of reviving, in a work of this kind, the details of the petty and sometimes squalid wrangling between the early agents of the country may well be doubted. If it was wise to do it at all, Mr. Foster has done it in a very striking and impartial way.

Historians of diplomacy may take widely differing views of their precise function. If a man undertakes it, as for example Mr. Trescott did, with the feeling that he frankly holds a brief for his own country's case, the product may be excellent in its way; it may be the truth, but is very sure not to be the whole truth. On the other hand, the writer may set himself the task of describing impartially the various questions and troubles that have arisen between his own and other governments. The man who would perform this task must have the rare gift of a really judicial mind; for the bias of patriotism will be continually at work. Diplomatic history, in this highest sense, is the most difficult kind of history to write. It is as if a Republican or a Democrat were called upon to write a true history of American parties. What would seem true history to the one would not seem so to the other.

As to this supreme quality of judicial fairness I think Mr. Foster's book leaves a somewhat mixed impression. He seems to have been conscious of strong feelings, and to have wished to be fair to other countries in spite of them. The result is at times a little puzzling to the reader.

[1] *A Century of American Diplomacy.* Being a Brief Review of the Foreign Relations of the United States, 1776–1876. By JOHN W. FOSTER. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1900.

Great Britain is of course the country with which we have had, and are likely always to have, the most numerous and important diplomatic dealings. It happens that this quality of Mr. Foster's mind is most conspicuously shown in his treatment of our relations with England. His history of these relations strikes me as, on the whole, extremely good; occasionally (for example, p. 249) he chides us for undue hardness toward England; but there are omissions of facts important for the English case, and there are occasional outbursts that seem hardly in keeping with the context. For example, he devotes a long paragraph to the burning of the public buildings at Washington in 1814; but he makes no mention of the previous burnings by American troops in Canada for which the destruction of the Capitol was declared to be reprisal. He remarks, in a casual way (p. 62), that "it is well known that the British were in the habit both of making false translations or decipherings and of forging documents;" but he gives no example, and cites no authority for these extraordinary charges. He goes out of his way to remark that England's course in relation to the South American republics was "wholly influenced by a desire to enlarge its trade, and by its jealousy of France," — an imputation of motives uncalled for and unseemly. He is a little overfond of phrases such as the "arrogant and selfish conduct" of the British. These are blemishes which detract from the value of his book. The historian must condemn bad conduct; but it is no part of his business to call bad names or to impute mean motives.

Mr. Foster associates himself unreservedly with the most advanced version of the Monroe Doctrine. He leaves no doubt as to his own thorough "Americanism." Every expansion of the Monroe Doctrine meets his approval. He is strong in condemnation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, as a sad lapse from that doctrine: he calls it "the most serious mistake in our diplomatic history." He quotes, with seeming approval, Secretary Frelinghuysen's contention that it "is voidable at the option of the United States because of its violation by Great Britain." He gives no hint of Great Britain's defense against the charge of violating that treaty, nor any mention of the fact that she eventually agreed to act on our interpretation of it, and made arrangements which our government declared to be "entirely satisfactory." If the space he devotes to quotations denouncing the treaty had been given to a simple narration of the facts connected with it, he would have done his readers a more useful service.

With his account of the "most recent assertion of the Monroe Doctrine" — that made by President Cleveland in the Venezuela boundary question — more serious fault must be found. He makes the assertion that the British government "had from time to time enlarged its claims, and was steadily encroaching upon territory claimed by Venezuela, and over which that government had exercised jurisdiction." These statements I believe to be demonstrably untrue. The charge, made by Venezuelans, of enlarging claims is based upon a mere juggling with the facts. The British claim, from beginning to end, was that possession of the lower course of the Essequibo River carried with it a right to the interior basin drained by that river; and that, by early occupation of the coast up to the mouth of the Orinoco, their predecessors, the Dutch, had won a title to the coast region. No enlargement of that claim was made at any stage. The only thing that can be said with truth is that certain offers of compromise, which were rejected by Venezuela, were withdrawn, and that the later offers were less favorable to her. The fact that the arbitrators unanimously awarded to the British colony several thousand square miles more than

the British proposed as a settlement, as late as 1886, ought to have opened Mr. Foster's eyes as to the real merits of this famous controversy. Further, his account of the arbitration treaty needs revision. He states that, as a result of our intervention, it was "finally agreed that the whole territory in dispute should be submitted to arbitration." Now, Venezuela had persistently claimed up to the river Essequibo, including territory that had been actually occupied by settlers, under Dutch and later English rule, for over two hundred years. No government could consent to arbitrate such a claim as that. Lord Salisbury refused to do it, as his predecessors had done. Contrary to Mr. Foster's assertion, the whole territory in dispute was not submitted to arbitration; it was agreed in the treaty that title to territory actually occupied by either party for fifty years or upwards should not be drawn in question. The final award, which assigned to British Guiana the whole coast up to the mouth of the Orinoco, carried the boundary a hundred and thirty miles farther to the west than Lord Aberdeen offered to set it in 1844; and in the interior it gave the colony not only the whole of the territory which England refused to arbitrate, but also nearly the whole of what Lord Rosebery's offer of 1886 would have submitted to arbitration. In view of the whole story, Mr. Foster's suggestion of British arrogance and grasping selfishness in connection with this matter would seem to be singularly misplaced. If defense of the latest form of Monroe's legacy requires this sort of argument, more 's the pity.

In spite of some defects, the book is certain to be very useful. It is a decided advance, in my humble opinion, on earlier efforts in the same line. The publishers deserve a word of recognition for the excellence of their share in the work. Type, proofreading, and general appearance are all that could be desired.

S. M. Macvane.

TWO BOOKS ABOUT ITALY.

Of making many books about Italy there will never be an end, so long as men are captivated by beauty and curious concerning the past. The siren country whom age cannot wither still smiles her enslaving smile and weaves her irresistible spell, as she has been doing since the dawn of authentic history; and every new convert to her mysterious cult believes his ecstatic experience to be quite solitary, and cannot rest until he has at least tried to tell the world what Italy has "done for his soul."

The prevailing fashion, of late, has been for impressionist books about Italy. Paul Bourget frankly gave the world for just what they were worth his Impressions d'Italie; and we have had the pictured page and finespun theories of Vernon Lee, the pleasant reveries of the gentleman who assumes the curiously polyglot style of the Chevalier di Pensieri-Vani, and the lime-lighted visions of Maurice Hewlett. Even Symonds, the historian of the Renaissance, always abandoned himself as to a kind of intoxication, forgot the critic and lapsed into the dreamer's mood, when he wrote of the external aspects of Italy; and he has been followed by the daughter who was the constant companion of his travels and studies, in her charming little monograph on Perugia.

Mr. Marion Crawford's books about the country where he was born and bred are of a different and somewhat more

solid order. He writes neither for the epicure in emotions, nor for that remote and joyless being the scientific investigator, but for the vast and ever increasing company of the demi-learned. In his Ave Roma he attempted, with considerable success, the very difficult task of combining into a consistent and shapely whole the crowding and overlapping histories which even he who runs after a personal conductor may partly read in the huddled remains of the regal, the republican, the imperial and papal capitals. Now he has turned aside into a neighboring field, less extensive than the other and very much less trodden, and in two handsome volumes, entitled The Rulers of the South,[1] he has taken a comprehensive survey of the history of that fairest of terrestrial regions, which was long known to European history as the kingdom of the two Sicilies.

The romantic story of the Trinacrian island and the southernmost Italian mainland, from which it is divided at Messina by so narrow a frith, falls naturally into epochs which are distinctly marked in Mr. Crawford's flowing narrative. A millennium — roughly speaking — of Greek colonization and culture, another of Roman, Byzantine, and barbarian rule, two hundred years to the Saracen, and as many more to the descendants of the chivalrous Norman adventurer, Tancred of Hauteville, bring us down to the end of the thirteenth century A. D., and the memorable hour of the Sicilian vespers. The insulted sons of the soil rose as if by a common impulse on that soft spring evening in 1282, and furiously expelled the Frenchman from their coasts; but only to receive, before the end of the same year, a Spanish king who had married a Norman wife, and to remain, except for a few unimportant intervals, until the middle of the nineteenth century, subject to Spain and the Spanish Bourbons.

[1] *The Rulers of the South: Sicily, Calabria, and Malta.* By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1900.

Mr. Crawford's treatment of his theme is, above everything, picturesque. He never misses a thrilling situation, or fails to set an heroic figure in a brilliant and becoming light. He calls, in sonorous tones, the almost unending roll of widely famous names which are intimately associated with the fortunes of the island and mainland: Pythagoras and the Hieros, Æschylus and Euripides, Timoleon and Theocritus, Cicero and the two foremost Cæsars, Alaric the Goth and Gregory the Great, and the fanatical captains of the Mohammedan hosts, Tancred, and the crusading kings, and the greatest of the Holy Roman Emperors. He shows us a dazzling succession of dissolving views, all mounted in the most effective manner: the first great Hamilcar sacrificing human victims for the success of the Carthaginian arms all day in the sight of two hosts, until the battle was lost at nightfall, and he flung himself upon the flames; Vettius in his Campanian villa listening to the pleadings of his beautiful Greek handmaid, and finally heading an insurrection of the oppressed Greeks in southern Italy against the iron rule of his own countrymen; Cicero dancing with true antiquarian glee, when he found the tomb of Archimedes, long overgrown by brambles; Richard Cœur de Lion doing public penance, before he departed on his ill-starred crusade, for the crimes he had committed on his disorderly passage through Sicily; Constance of Hauteville, the empress of Henry VI., bringing forth the son who was to be Frederick II. under a pavilion in the Cathedral of Palermo, that no one might question the child's parentage on the score of her own mature age; brave young Conradin kissing the severed head of his boyish companion-in-arms, the Duke of Asturia, before he laid his own bright curls upon the block at the bidding of the infamous Charles II. of Anjou.

But though Mr. Crawford writes history like a novelist, primarily for dra-

matic effect, he never willingly sacrifices to effect the truth as he sees it. He goes regularly to original and contemporary sources of information, where such are available, and he has so steeped himself in the ancient chronicles, from which he professed almost to have compiled his book about Rome, that his own style has become affected, not to say infected, by their garrulity; and he gives us more than enough, at times, of that artificially simplified and condescending kind of relation which is supposed to be especially adapted to the nursery and the girls' boarding school: "He set sail, therefore, with a good heart and dreaming of great spoil. But immediately a great storm arose," etc.

Mr. Crawford is, however, equally master of a very much more virile manner than this, and he can discuss a perplexed historical question, if he will, with independence, impartiality, and keen discrimination. His analysis of the methods and machinery of Roman government in Sicily is very able; and his reflections upon colonial rule generally, as illustrated by the dealings of Rome with her dependencies and the policy of Great Britain in India, are striking and full of timely suggestion for ourselves. His account of the origin of the Pope's temporal power may also be noted as lucid and fair-minded, as well as admirably succinct. Very ingenious and original, too, is the comparison he draws between the influence of Greek and of Roman tradition over the modern mind. He says, and I think truly, that the Roman memories hold the majority of men with a more human and lasting grip through the influence of that inbred Romanticism which betrays its lineage by its name, and is utterly alien to the glad detachment of the genuine Greek spirit. Mr. Crawford's own clever epigram — "The poetic sense is the fourth dimension of the historic understanding" — might undoubtedly stand as an appropriate motto for the greater part of his work. He seldom cites an authority, or consents to deface his fair page with a footnote. But his book is thoroughly indexed, beside having a full and very helpful chronological table at the end of each volume; and he is rarely so forgetful, or so careless, of the results of recent discovery as in the passage on the poets most identified with Sicily, where he says that "nothing has come down to us" of the work of Bacchylides.

Mr. Crawford labors under the disadvantage, common to all who attempt brief summaries of long historic periods, that his task becomes increasingly difficult as he advances in time, and has a more vast and bewildering mass of material from which to make selection.

He will be thought, by some, to have given a disproportionate amount of space to the Greek and Roman periods; but he also grapples firmly and to good purpose with the wild confusion of mediæval dynasties in Sicily, and the rapid changes of Norman, German, Angevine, and Spanish succession. The condensed and informal genealogy of the Norman line which he gives us on page 268 of his second volume is really a model of compact statement, shedding light on some of the most puzzling facts of royal consanguinity in later times; and, knowing our author's Black proclivities, we feel it to be rather handsome in him to call attention, as he does, to the distinct lineal right of the ancient house of Savoy to the headship of Sicily. He believes, however, that the present dynasty is especially menaced by the Mafia, to which curious organization he devotes, at the end of his book, a very interesting and somewhat apologetic chapter.

A word must be said for the extraordinary beauty of the illustrations to The Rulers of the South. Sicilian photographs are proverbially good, and there are a few of these finely reproduced in photogravure. But they are entirely eclipsed in charm by the prints from the

drawings of Henry Brokman, to whom the book is fitly dedicated. The distinction of some of these delicate little sketches is wonderful. They suggest within the space of a few inches, and seemingly by the simplest means, all the visionary bloom of the Mediterranean atmosphere, the classic elegance of south-European plant forms, and the grace that clothes as with a royal mantle even ruin and beggary in the south. Inserted irregularly, sometimes very appositely to the text which they interrupt, and sometimes otherwise, the drawings of Mr. Brokman form an integral and by no means the least eloquent part of the language of a book which will be a helpful practical guide to the actual traveler in Sicily and Calabria, as well as a *bel divertimento* to him who merely imagines the aspect of the shining shore, by the carefully sustained glow of a northern fireside.

A book less attractive, perhaps, to the rapid traveler and the general reader, but more profoundly studied and permanently valuable, is the Italian Cities of Edwin and Evangeline Blashfield,[1] the accomplished editors of Vasari's Lives of the Painters. The twin volumes are smaller by a third than Mr. Crawford's, but they contain some of the sanest, most catholic, and most conclusive art criticism of recent times. It is criticism based on a full technical knowledge, especially of painting, but expressed with great literary urbanity and an almost entire absence of strictly technical phraseology. The authors know their northern Italy almost as well as Mr. Crawford knows the south, and the region for which they offer themselves as guides to the reader is very nearly the exact complement of the one covered by the scenes of his narrative. Five of the great Tuscan and Umbrian cities — Ravenna, Siena, Parma, Perugia, and Assisi — are made the subjects of elaborate monographs. In each of these art centres the authors have lived long enough to imbibe the sentiment and slowly assimilate the history of the place, grasp the full measure and meaning of its artistic development, and learn by heart all the varying expressions of that physiognomy, physical and spiritual, whereby each one of them is distinguished from every other Italian town.

The opening essay on Ravenna and its mosaics is the most searching, and in many respects the most excellent of all. To read it at an uninterrupted sitting is to be carried back to the gray old city by the Adriatic, so marvelously preserved from decay; to be brought face to face, once more, with the quaint and solemn childhood of Christianity; and to assist at the tardy evolution of Christian out of pagan art. Not a note is dropped here, not a shade slurred. It is as nearly as possible a perfect piece of work.

The chapters on Siena and Perugia are a mine of information concerning the masters of the early Sienese and Umbrian schools, whose work is reviewed minutely and in a spirit both temperate and sympathetic, though with frank dissent from the indiscriminate veneration and exclusive sentimentalism of Rio and Lindsay. The estimate of the work of Pinturicchio and Sodoma (Antonio Bazzi) is peculiarly brilliant; yet one misses something out of the general view of both these memorable places which it is so natural to associate together. There is just one haunting element in the complex impression produced upon the receptive mind by the old mid-Italian towns, to which our authors appear imperfectly sensible, and that is the pre-classic or Etruscan element. It underlies the insistent mediævalism of Siena, like the mysterious labyrinth which ramifies under her narrow streets. It is importunate at Perugia, and simply overpowering at Cortona, where the wanderers never met at all, as it would seem, the dark and tongue-tied genius of the place,

[1] *Italian Cities.* By E. H. and E. W. Blashfield. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1900.

but amused themselves quite simply by discovering living copies of the meek angels and ingenuous nuns of Perugino in the hill convent of Santa Margherita.

At Assisi, St. Francis is yet more to them than Giotto, although the frescoes of the great church are both learnedly seen and luminously described, as one short quotation out of half a dozen pregnant pages will be enough to show: —

"When we say enthusiastically of Giotto, 'There was a decorator for you! There was a muralist far more purely decorative than some later and even greater men,' we are thinking, not of the superiority of his drawing and composition, but of the simple flatness of his masses, free from any elaborate modeling, the lightness and purity of his color, so suited to gloomy interiors, the excellence of his silhouette and his pattern. The layman may not deliberately reason to this effect; but he instinctively thinks of these qualities, because they are what impress him as decorative before he has time to go further in his mental appreciation to the qualities of draughtsmanship and dramatic composition. But the essentially decorative qualities did not belong especially to Giotto; he had no proprietary rights in them; they belonged to the history and development of mural painting, to the Greeks, the Romans, the Byzantines, who had learned centuries before St. Francis, centuries even before the Master whom St. Francis served came into the world, — had learned, we say, that dimly lighted interiors require flat, pure colors with little modeling."

This is the kind of writing about art which not merely stimulates or vaguely excites the unprofessional observer, but clears his mind of cant, and, if he be in any sense teachable, shows him how to see.

The shorter chapters, devoted to Correggio in Parma, and Mantegna in Mantua, may be cited as illustrating the singular catholicity of the writers' tastes, and their equal appreciation of two widely differing orders of beauty, neither of which is in the least spiritual. The Lombard and Venetian schools do not come within the scope of these volumes. A few pages are devoted to a tiny but admirable vignette of the seldom visited Spoleto; a few of the myriad aspects of Florentine art are touched upon in a couple of comparatively light chapters; and a full and very nobly worded appreciation of Raphael's work in the Vatican closes an exceedingly beautiful and instructive work, which, though it deals largely with pictorial themes, is without pictorial illustrations, and does not need them.

Harriet Waters Preston.

REMINISCENCES OF HUXLEY.

THE recent publication of an admirable memoir of Huxley, by his son Leonard,[1] has awakened in me old memories of some of the pleasantest scenes I have ever known. The book is written in a spirit of charming frankness, and is thickly crowded with details not one of which could well be spared. A notable feature is the copiousness of the extracts from familiar letters, in which everything is faithfully reproduced, even to the genial nonsense that abounds, or the big, big D that sometimes, though rarely, adds its pungent flavor. Huxley was above all things a man absolutely simple and natural; he never posed, was never starched, or prim, or on his good be-

[1] *Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley.* By his Son, LEONARD HUXLEY. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1900.

havior; and he was nothing if not playful. A biography that brings him before us, robust and lifelike on every page, as this book does, is surely a model biography. A brief article, like the present, cannot even attempt to do justice to it, but I am moved to jot down some of the reminiscences and reflections which it has awakened.

My first introduction to the fact of Huxley's existence was in February, 1861, when I was a sophomore at Harvard. The second serial number of Herbert Spencer's First Principles, which had just arrived from London, and on which I was feasting my soul, contained an interesting reference to Huxley's views concerning a "pre-geologic past of unknown duration." In the next serial number a footnote informed the reader that the phrase "persistence of force," since become so famous, was suggested by Huxley, as avoiding an objection which Spencer had raised to the current expression "conservation of force." Further references to Huxley, as also to Tyndall, in the course of the book, left me with a vague conception of the three friends as, after a certain fashion, partners in the business of scientific research and generalization.

Some such vague conception was developed in the mind of the general public into divers droll misconceptions. Even as Spencer's famous phrase, "survival of the fittest," which he suggested as preferable to "natural selection," is by many people ascribed to Darwin, so we used to hear wrathful allusions to "Huxley's Belfast Address," and similar absurdities. The climax was reached in 1876, when Huxley and his wife made a short visit to the United States. Early in that year Tyndall had married a daughter of Lord Claud Hamilton, brother of the Duke of Abercorn, and one fine morning in August we were gravely informed by the newspapers that "Huxley and his titled bride" had just arrived in New York. For our visitors, who had left at home in London seven goodly children, some of them approaching maturity, this item of news was a source of much merriment.

To return to my story, it was not long before my notion of Huxley came to be that of a very sharply defined and powerful individuality; for such he appeared in his Lectures on the Origin of Species and in his Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature, both published in 1863. Not long afterward, in reading the lay sermon on The Advisableness of Improving Natural Knowledge, I felt that here was a poetic soul whom one could not help loving. In those days I fell in with Youmans, who had come back from England bubbling and brimming over with racy anecdotes about the philosophers and men of science. Of course the Soapy Sam incident was not forgotten, and Youmans's version of it, which was purely from hearsay, could make no pretension to verbal accuracy; nevertheless it may be worth citing. Mr. Leonard Huxley has carefully compared several versions from eye and ear witnesses, together with his father's own comments, and I do not know where one could find a more striking illustration of the difficulty of attaining absolute accuracy in writing even contemporary history.

As I heard the anecdote from Youmans: It was at the meeting of the British Association at Oxford in 1860, soon after the publication of Darwin's epoch-making book, and while people in general were wagging their heads at it, that the subject came up for discussion before a fashionable and hostile audience. Samuel Wilberforce, the plausible and self-complacent Bishop of Oxford, commonly known as "Soapy Sam," launched out in a rash speech, conspicuous for its ignorant misstatements, and highly seasoned with appeals to the prejudices of the audience, upon whose lack of intelligence the speaker relied. Near him sat Huxley, already eminent

as a man of science, and known to look favorably upon Darwinism, but more or less youthful withal, only five-and-thirty, so that the bishop anticipated sport in badgering him. At the close of his speech he suddenly turned upon Huxley and begged to be informed if the learned gentleman was really willing to be regarded as the descendant of a monkey. Eager self-confidence had blinded the bishop to the tactical blunder in thus coarsely inviting a retort. Huxley was instantly upon his feet with a speech demolishing the bishop's card house of mistakes; and at the close he observed that since a question of personal preferences had been very improperly brought into the discussion of a scientific theory, he felt free to confess that if the alternatives were descent, on the one hand from a respectable monkey, or on the other from a bishop of the English Church who could stoop to such misrepresentations and sophisms as the audience had lately listened to, he should declare in favor of the monkey!

Now this was surely not what Huxley said, nor how he said it. His own account is that, at Soapy Sam's insolent taunt, he simply whispered to his neighbor, Sir Benjamin Brodie, "The Lord hath delivered him into my hands!" a remark which that excellent old gentleman received with a stolid stare. Huxley sat quiet until the chairman called him up. His concluding retort seems to have been most carefully reported by John Richard Green, then a student at Oxford, in a letter to his friend, Boyd Dawkins: "I asserted — and I repeat — that a man has no reason to be ashamed of having an ape for his grandfather. If there were an ancestor whom I should feel shame in recalling, it would rather be a man — a man of restless and versatile intellect — who, not content with an equivocal success in his own sphere of activity, plunges into scientific questions with which he has no real acquaintance, only to obscure them by an aimless rhetoric, and distract the attention of his hearers from the real point at issue by eloquent digressions and skilled appeals to religious prejudice." This can hardly be accurate; no electric effect could have been wrought by so long-winded a sentiment. I agree with a writer in Macmillan's Magazine that this version is "much too Green," but it doubtless gives the purport of what Huxley probably said in half as many but far more picturesque and fitting words. I have a feeling that the electric effect is best preserved in the Youmans version, in spite of its manifest verbal inaccuracy. It is curious to read that in the ensuing buzz of excitement a lady fainted, and had to be carried from the room; but the audience were in general quite alive to the bishop's blunder in manners and tactics, and, with the genuine English love of fair play, they loudly applauded Huxley. From that time forth it was recognized that he was not the sort of man to be browbeaten. As for Bishop Wilberforce, he carried with him from the affray no bitterness, but was always afterward most courteous to his castigator.

When Huxley had his scrimmage with Congreve, in 1869, over the scientific aspects of Positivism, I was giving lectures to postgraduate classes at Harvard on the Positive Philosophy. I never had any liking for Comte or his ideas, but entertained an absurd notion that the epithet "Positive" was a proper and convenient one to apply to scientific methods and scientific philosophy in general. In the course of the discussion I attacked sundry statements of Huxley with quite unnecessary warmth, for such is the superfluous belligerency of youth. The World reported my lectures in full, insomuch that each one filled six or seven columns, and the editor, Manton Marble, sent copies regularly to Huxley and others. Four years afterward I went to London, to spend some time there in finishing Cosmic Philosophy and getting it through the press. I had corre-

sponded with Spencer for several years, and soon after my arrival he gave one of his exquisite little dinners at his own lodgings. Spencer's omniscience extended to the kitchen, and as composer of a menu neither Carême nor Francatelli could have surpassed him. The other guests were Huxley, Tyndall, Lewes, and Hughlings Jackson. Huxley took but little notice of me, and I fancied that something in those lectures must have offended him. But two or three weeks later Spencer took me to the dinner of the *x* Club, all the members of which were present except Lubbock. When the coffee was served Huxley brought his chair around to my side, and talked with me the rest of the evening. My impression was that he was the cosiest man I had ever met. He ended by inviting me to his house for the next Sunday at six, for what he called "tall tea."

This was the introduction to a series of experiences so delightful that, if one could only repeat them, the living over again all the bad quarters of an hour in one's lifetime would not be too high a price to pay. I was already at home in several London households, but nowhere was anything so sweet as the cordial welcome in that cosy drawing-room on Marlborough Place, where the great naturalist became simply "Pater" (pronounced *Patter*), to be pulled about and tousled and kissed by those lovely children; nor could anything so warm the heart of an exile (if so melancholy a term can properly be applied to anybody sojourning in beloved London) as to have the little seven-year-old miss climb into one's lap and ask for fairy tales, whereof I luckily had an ample repertoire. Nothing could be found more truly hospitable than the long dinner table, where our beaming host used to explain, "Because this is called a tea is no reason why a man should n't pledge his friend in a stoup of Rhenish, or even in a noggin of Glenlivet, if he has a mind to." At the end of our first evening I was told that a plate would be set for me every Sunday, and I must never fail to come. After two or three Sundays, however, I began to feel afraid of presuming too much upon the cordiality of these new friends, and so, by a superhuman effort of self-control, and at the cost of unspeakable wretchedness, I stayed away. For this truancy I was promptly called to account, a shamefast confession was extorted, and penalties, vague but dire, were denounced in case of a second offense; so I never missed another Sunday evening till the time came for leaving London.

Part of the evening used to be spent in the little overcrowded library, before a blazing fire, while we discussed all manner of themes, scientific or poetical, practical or philosophical, religious or æsthetic. Huxley, like a true epicure, smoked the sweet little brierwood pipe, but he seemed to take especial satisfaction in seeing me smoke very large full-flavored Havanas from a box which some Yankee admirer had sent him. Whatever subject came uppermost in our talk, I was always impressed with the fullness and accuracy of his information and the keenness of his judgments; but that is, of course, what any appreciative reader can gather from his writings. Unlike Spencer, he was an omnivorous reader. Of historical and literary knowledge, such as one usually gets from books, Spencer had a great deal, and of an accurate and well-digested sort; he had some incomprehensible way of absorbing it through the pores of his skin, — at least, he never seemed to read books. Huxley, on the other hand, seemed to read everything worth reading, — history, politics, metaphysics, poetry, novels, even books of science; for perhaps it may not be superfluous to point out to the general world of readers that no great man of science owes his scientific knowledge to books. Huxley's colossal knowledge of the animal kingdom was not

based upon the study of Cuvier, Baer, and other predecessors, but upon direct personal examination of thousands of organisms, living and extinct. He cherished a wholesome contempt for mere bookishness in matters of science, and carried on war to the knife against the stupid methods of education in vogue forty years ago, when students were expected to learn something of chemistry or palæontology by reading about black oxide of manganese or the dentition of anoplotherium. A rash clergyman once, without further equipment in natural history than some desultory reading, attacked the Darwinian theory in some sundry magazine articles, in which he made himself uncommonly merry at Huxley's expense. This was intended to draw the great man's fire; and as the batteries remained silent the author proceeded to write to Huxley, calling his attention to the articles, and at the same time, with mock modesty, asking advice as to the further study of these deep questions. Huxley's answer was brief and to the point: "Take a cockroach and dissect it!"

Too exclusive devotion, however, to scalpel and microscope may leave a man of science narrow and one-sided, dead to some of the most interesting aspects of human life. But Huxley was keenly alive in all directions, and would have enjoyed mastering all branches of knowledge, if the days had only been long enough. He found rest and recreation in change of themes, and after a long day's scientific work at South Kensington would read Sybel's French Revolution, or Lange's History of Materialism, or the last new novel, until the witching hour of midnight. This reading was in various languages. Without a university education, Huxley had a remarkably good knowledge of Latin. He was fond of Spinoza, and every once in a while, in the course of our chats, he would exclaim, "Come, now, let 's see what old Benedict has to say about it! There 's no better man." Then he would take the book from its shelf, and while we both looked on the page he would give voice to his own comments in a broad and liberal paraphrase that showed his sound and scholarlike appreciation of every point in the Latin text. A spirited and racy version it would have been had he ever undertaken to translate Spinoza. So I remember saying once, but he replied: "We must leave it for young Fred Pollock, whom I think you have seen; he is shy and does n't say much, but I can tell you, whatever he does is sure to be amazingly good." They who are familiar with Sir Frederick Pollock's noble book on Spinoza, to say nothing of his other works, will recognize the truth of the prophecy.

Huxley had also a mastery of French, Italian, and German, and perhaps of some other modern languages. Angelo Heilprin says that he found him studying Russian, chiefly in order to acquire a thorough familiarity with the work of the great anatomist, Kovalevsky. How far he may have carried that study I know not; but his son tells us that it was also in middle life that he began Greek, in order to read at first hand Aristotle and the New Testament. To read Aristotle with critical discernment requires an extremely good knowledge of Greek; and if Huxley got so far as that, we need not be surprised at hearing that he could enjoy the Homeric poems in the original.

I suppose there were few topics in the heavens or on earth that did not get overhauled at that little library fireside. At one time it would be politics, and my friend would thank God that, whatever mistakes he might have made in life, he had never bowed the knee to either of those intolerable humbugs, Louis Napoleon or Benjamin Disraeli. Without admitting that the shifty Jew deserved to be placed on quite so low a plane as Hortense Beauharnais's feeble son, we can easily see how distasteful he would be to a man of Huxley's ear-

nest and whole-souled directness. But antipathy to Disraeli did not in this case mean fondness for Gladstone. In later years, when Huxley was having his great controversy with Gladstone, we find him writing: "Seriously, it is to me a grave thing that the destinies of this country should at present be seriously influenced by a man who, whatever he may be in the affairs of which I am no judge, is nothing but a copious shuffler in those which I do understand." In 1873 there occurred a brief passage at arms between Gladstone and Herbert Spencer, in which the great statesman's intellect looked amusingly small and commonplace in contrast with the giant mind of the philosopher. The defeated party was left with no resources except rhetorical artifice to cover his retreat, and his general aspect was foxy, not to say jesuitical. At least so Huxley declared, and I thoroughly agreed with him. Yet surely it would be a very inadequate and unjust estimate of Gladstone which should set him down as a shuffler, and there leave the matter. From the statesman's point of view it might be contended that Gladstone was exceptionally direct and frank. But a statesman is seldom, if ever, called upon to ascertain and exhibit the fundamental facts of a case without bias and in the disinterested mood which Science demands of her votaries. The statesman's business is to accomplish sundry concrete political purposes, and he measures statements primarily, not by their truth, but by their availableness as means toward a practical end. Pure science cultivates a widely different habit of mind. One could no more expect a prime minister, as such, to understand Huxley's attitude in presence of a scientific problem than a deaf-mute to comprehend a symphony of Beethoven. Gladstone's aim was to score a point against his adversary, at whatever cost, whereas Huxley was as quick to detect his own mistakes as anybody else's; and such differences in temperament were scarcely compatible with mutual understanding.

If absolute loyalty to truth, involving complete self-abnegation in face of the evidence, be the ideal aim of the scientific inquirer, there have been few men in whom that ideal has been so perfectly realized as in Huxley. If ever he were tempted by some fancied charm of speculation to swerve a hair's breadth from the strict line of fact, the temptation was promptly slaughtered and made no sign. For intellectual integrity he was a spotless Sir Galahad. I believe there was nothing in life which he dreaded so much as the sin of allowing his reason to be hoodwinked by personal predilections, or whatever Francis Bacon would have called "idols of the cave." Closely connected with this ever present feeling was a holy horror of *a priori* convictions of logical necessity and of long festoons of deductive argument suspended from such airy supports. The prime necessity for him was to appeal at every step to observation and experiment, and in the absence of such verification to rest content with saying, "I do not know." It is to Huxley, I believe, that we owe the epithet "Agnostic," for which all men of scientific proclivities owe him a debt of gratitude, since it happened to please the popular fancy, and at once supplanted the label "Positivist" which used to be ruthlessly pasted upon all such men, in spite of their protests and struggles. No better word than "Agnostic" could be found to express Huxley's mental temperament, but with anything like a formulated system of agnosticism he had little more to do than with other "isms." He used to smile at the formidable parade which Lewes was making with his Objective Method and Verification, in which capital letters did duty for part of the argument; and as for Dean Mansel's elaborate agnosticism, in his Limits of Religious Thought, Huxley, taking a hint from Hogarth, used to liken him to a (theological) inn-

keeper who has climbed upon the sign-board of the rival (scientific) inn, and is busily sawing it off, quite oblivious of the gruesome fact that he is sitting upon the unsupported end! But while he thus set little store by current agnostic metaphysics, Huxley's intellectual climate, if I may so speak, was one of perfect agnosticism. In intimate converse with him, he always seemed to me a thoroughgoing and splendid representative of Hume; indeed, in his writings he somewhere lets fall a remark expressing a higher regard for Hume than for Kant. It was at this point that we used to part company in our talks: so long as it was a question of Berkeley we were substantially agreed, but when it came to Hume we agreed to differ.

It is this complete agnosticism of temperament, added to his abiding dread of intellectual dishonesty, that explains Huxley's attitude toward belief in a future life. He was not a materialist; nobody saw more clearly than he the philosophic flimsiness of materialism, and he looked with strong disapproval upon the self-complacent negations of Ludwig Buechner. Nevertheless, with regard to the belief in an immortal soul his position was avowedly agnostic, with perhaps just the slightest possible tacit though reluctant leaning toward the negative. This slight bias was apparently due to two causes. First, it is practically beyond the power of science to adduce evidence in support of the soul's survival of the body, since the whole question lies beyond the bounds of our terrestrial experience. Huxley was the last man to assume that the possibilities of nature are limited by our experience, and I think he would have seen the force of the argument that, in questions where evidence is in the nature of the case inaccessible, our inability to produce it does not afford even the slightest *prima facie* ground for a negative verdict.[1] Nevertheless, he seems to have felt as if the absence of evidence did afford some such prima facie ground; for in a letter to Charles Kingsley, written in 1860, soon after the sudden death of his first child, he says: "Had I lived a couple of centuries earlier, I could have fancied a devil scoffing at me . . . and asking me what profit it was to have stripped myself of the hopes and consolations of the mass of mankind. To which my only reply was, and is, O devil! truth is better than much profit. I have searched over the grounds of my belief, and if wife and child and name and fame were all to be lost to me one after the other, as the penalty, still I will not lie." This striking declaration shows that the second cause of the bias was the dread of self-deception. It was a noble exhibition of intellectual honesty raised to a truly Puritanic fervor of self-abnegation. Just because life is sweet, and the love of it well-nigh irrepressible, must all such feelings be suspected as tempters, and frowned out of our temple of philosophy. Rather than run any risk of accepting a belief because it is pleasant, let us incur whatever chance there may be of error in the opposite direction; thus we shall at least avoid the one unpardonable sin. Such, I think, was the shape which the case assumed in Huxley's mind. To me it takes a very different shape; but I cannot help feeling that mankind is going to be helped by such stanch intellectual integrity as his far more than it is going to be helped by consoling doctrines of whatever sort; and therefore his noble self-abnegation, even though it may have been greater than was called for, is worthy of most profound and solemn homage.

But we did not spend the whole of the evening in the little library. Brierwood and Havana at length gave out, and the drawing-room had its claims upon us. There was a fondness for music in the family, and it was no unusual thing for us to gather around the piano and sing psalms, after which there would perhaps

[1] I have explained this point at some length in The Unseen World, pp. 43–53.

be a Beethoven sonata, or one of Chopin's nocturnes, or perhaps a song. I can never forget the rich contralto voice of one bright and charming daughter, since passed away, or the refrain of an old-fashioned song which she sometimes sang about "My love, that loved me long ago." From music it was an easy transition to scraps of Browning or Goethe, leading to various disquisition. Of mirth and badinage there was always plenty. I dare say there was not another room in London where so much exuberant nonsense might have been heard. It is no uncommon thing for masters of the Queen's English to delight in torturing it, and Huxley enjoyed that sort of pastime as much as James Russell Lowell. "Smole" and "declone" were specimens of the preterites that used to fall from his lips; and as for puns, the air was blue with them. I cannot recall one of them now, but the following example, from a letter of 1855 inviting Hooker to his wedding, will suffice to show the quality: "I terminate my Baccalaureate and take my degree of M. A. trimony (is n't that atrocious?) on Saturday, July 21."

One evening the conversation happened to touch upon the memorable murder of Dr. Parkman by Dr. Webster, and I expressed some surprise that an expert chemist, like Webster, should have been so slow in getting his victim's remains out of the way. "Well," quoth Huxley, "there 's a good deal of substance in a human body. It is n't easy to dispose of so much *corpus delicti*, — a reflection which has frequently deterred me when on the point of killing somebody." At such remarks a soft ripple of laughter would run about the room, with murmurs of "Oh, Pater!" It was just the same in his lectures to his students. In the simple old experiment illustrating reflex action, a frog, whose brain had been removed, was touched upon the right side of the back with a slightly irritating acid, and would forthwith reach up with his right hind leg and rub the place. The next thing in order was to tie the right leg, whereupon the left leg would come up, and by dint of strenuous effort reach the itching spot. One day the stretching was so violent as to result in a particularly elaborate and comical somersault on the part of the frog, whereupon Huxley exclaimed, "You see, it does n't require much of a brain to be an acrobat!" In an examination on anatomy a very callow lad got the valves of the heart wrong, putting the mitral on the right side; but Huxley took compassion on him, with the remark, "Poor little beggar! I never got them correctly myself until I reflected that a bishop was never in the right!" On another occasion, at the end of a lecture, he asked one of the students if he understood it all. The student replied, "All, sir, but one part, during which you stood between me and the blackboard." "Ah," rejoined Huxley, "I did my best to make myself clear, but could not make myself transparent!"[1]

Probably the most tedious bore on earth is the man who feels it incumbent on him always to be facetious and to turn everything into a joke. Lynch law is about the right sort of thing for such persons. Huxley had nothing in common with them. His drollery was the spontaneous bubbling over of the seething fountains of energy. The world's strongest spirits, from Shakespeare down, have been noted for playfulness. The prim and sober creatures who know neither how to poke fun nor to take it are apt to be the persons who are ridden by their work, — useful mortals after their fashion, mayhap, but not interesting or stimulating. Huxley's playfulness lightened the burden of life for himself and for all with whom he came in contact. I seem to see him now, looking up from his end of the table, — for my place was usually

[1] I have here eked out my own reminiscences by instances cited from Leonard Huxley's book.

at Mrs. Huxley's end, — his dark eyes kindling under their shaggy brows, and a smile of indescribable beauty spreading over the swarthy face, as prelude to some keen and pithy but never unkind remark. Electric in energy, formidable in his incisiveness, he smote hard; but there was nothing cruel about him, nor did he ever inflict pain through heedless remarks. That would have been a stupidity of which he was incapable. His quickness and sureness of perception, joined with his abounding kindliness, made him a man of almost infinite tact. I had not known him long before I felt that the ruling characteristic in his nature was *tenderness*. He reminded me of one of Charles Reade's heroes, Colonel Dujardin, who had the eye of a hawk, but down somewhere in the depths of that eye of a hawk there was the eye of a dove. It was chiefly the sympathetic quality in the man that exerted upon me an ever strengthening spell. My experiences in visiting him had one notable feature, which I found it hard to interpret. After leaving the house, at the close of a Sunday evening, the outside world used to seem cold and lonely for being cut off from that presence; yet on the next Sunday, at the moment of his cordial greeting, a feeling always came over me that up to that moment I had never fully taken in how lovable he was, I had never quite done him justice. In other words, no matter how vivid the image which I carried about in my mind, it instantly seemed dim and poor in presence of the reality. Such feelings are known to lovers; in other relations of life they are surely unusual. I was speaking about this to my dear old friend, the late Alexander Macmillan, when he suddenly exclaimed: "You may well feel so, my boy. I tell you, there is so much real Christianity in Huxley that if it were parceled out among all the men, women, and children in the British Islands, there would be enough to save the soul of every one of them, and plenty to spare!"

I have said that Huxley was never unkind; it is perhaps hardly necessary to tell his readers that he could be sharp and severe, if the occasion required. I have heard his wife say that he never would allow himself to be preyed upon by bores, and knew well how to get rid of them. Some years after the time of which I have been writing, I dined one evening at the Savile Club with Huxley, Spencer, and James Sime. As we were chatting over our coffee, some person unknown to us came in and sat down on a sofa near by. Presently, this man, becoming interested in the conversation, cut short one of our party, and addressed a silly remark to Spencer in reply to something which he had been saying. Spencer's answer was civil, but brief, and not inviting. Nothing abashed, the stranger kept on, and persisted in forcing himself into the conversation, despite our bleak frowns and arctic glances. It was plain that something must be done, and while the intruder was aiming a question directly at Huxley, the latter turned his back upon him. This was intelligible even to asinine apprehension, and the remainder of our evening was unmolested.

I never knew (not being inquisitive) just when the Huxleys began having their "tall teas" on Sunday evenings; but during that first winter I seldom met any visitors at their house, except once or twice Ray Lankester and Michael Foster. Afterward, Huxley with his wife, on their visit to America, spent a few summer days with my family at Petersham, where the great naturalist learned for the first time what a tin dipper is. Once, in London, in speaking about the starry heavens, I had said that I never could make head or tail of any constellation except the Dipper, and of course everybody must recognize in that the resemblance to a dipper. To my surprise, one of the young ladies asked, "What is a dipper?" My effort at explanation went far enough to evoke the

idea of "a ladle," but with that approximation I was fain to let the matter rest until that August day in New England, when, after a tramp in the woods, my friends quaffed cool mountain water from a dipper, and I was told that not only the name, but the thing, is a Yankee notion.

Some time after this I made several visits to England, giving lectures at the Royal Institution and elsewhere, and saw the Huxleys often, and on one occasion, with my wife, spent a fortnight or so at their home in Marlborough Place. The Sunday evenings had come to be a time for receiving friends, without any of the formality that often attaches to "receptions." Half a dozen or more would drop in for the "high tea." I then noticed the change in the adjective, and observed that the phrase and the institution were not absolutely confined to the Huxley household; but their origin is still for me enshrouded in mystery, like the "empire of the Toltecs." After the informal and jolly supper others would come in, until the company might number from twenty to thirty. Among the men whom I recall to mind (the married ones accompanied by their wives, of course) were Mark Pattison, Lecky, and J. R. Green, Burdon Sanderson and Lauder Brunton, Alma Tadema, Sir James Stephen and his brother Leslie, Sir Frederick Pollock, Lord Arthur Russell, Frederic Harrison, Spencer Walpole, Romanes, and Ralston. Some of these I met for the first time; others were old friends. Nothing could be more charming than the graceful simplicity with which all were entertained, nor could anything be more evident than the affectionate veneration which everybody felt for the host.

The last time that I saw my dear friend was early in 1883, just before coming home to America. I found him lying on the sofa, too ill to say much, but not too ill for a jest or two at his own expense. The series of ailments had begun which were to follow him for the rest of his days. I was much concerned about him, but journeys to England had come to seem such a simple matter that the thought of its being our last meeting never entered my mind. A few letters passed back and forth with the lapse of years, the last one (in 1894) inquiring when I was likely to be able to come and visit him in the pretty home which he had made in Sussex, where he was busy with "digging in the garden and spoiling grandchildren." When the news of the end came, it was as a sudden and desolating shock.

There were few magazines or newspapers which did not contain articles about Huxley, and in general those articles were considerably more than the customary obituary notice. They were apt to be more animated than usual, as if they had caught something from the blithe spirit of the man; and they gave so many details as to show the warm and widespread interest with which he was regarded. One thing, however, especially struck me. While the writers of these articles seemed familiar with Huxley's philosophical and literary writings, with his popular lectures on scientific subjects and his controversies with sundry clergymen, they seemed to know nothing whatever about his original scientific work. It was really a singular spectacle, if one pauses to think about it. Here are a score of writers engaged in paying tribute to a man as one of the great scientific lights of the age, and yet, while they all know something about what he would have considered his fugitive work, not one of them so much as alludes to the cardinal achievements in virtue of which his name marks an epoch! It is very much as if the biographers of Newton were to enlarge upon his official labors at the Mint and his theory of light, while preserving a dead silence as to gravitation and fluxions. A few words concerning Huxley's work will therefore not seem superfluous. A few

words are all that can here be given; I cannot pretend even to make a well-rounded sketch.

In one respect there was a curious similarity between the beginnings of Huxley's scientific career and of Darwin's. Both went, as young men, on long voyages into the southern hemisphere, in ships of the royal navy, and from the study of organisms encountered on these voyages both were led to theories of vast importance. Huxley studied with keen interest and infinite patience the jellyfish and polyps floating on the surface of the tropical seas through which his ship passed. Without books or advisers, and with scant aid of any sort except his microscope, which had to be tied to keep it steady, he scrutinized and dissected these lowly forms of life, and made drawings and diagrams illustrating the intricacies of their structure, until he was able, by comparison, to attain some very interesting results. During four years, he says, "I sent home communication after communication to the Linnæan Society, with the same result as that obtained by Noah when he sent the raven out of his ark. Tired at last of hearing nothing about them, I determined to do or die, and in 1849 I drew up a more elaborate paper, and forwarded it to the Royal Society." This was a memoir On the Anatomy and the Affinities of the Family of Medusæ; and it proved to be his dove, though he did not know it until his return to England, a year later. Then he found that his paper had been published, and in 1851, at the age of twenty-six, he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society. He went on writing papers giving sundry results of his observations, and the very next year received the society's Royal medal, a supreme distinction which he shared with Joule, Stokes, and Humboldt. In the address upon the presentation of the medal, the president, Lord Rosse, declared that Huxley had not only for the first time adequately described the Medusæ and laid down rational principles for classifying them, but had inaugurated "a process of reasoning, the results of which can scarcely yet be anticipated, but must bear in a very important degree upon some of the most abstruse points of what may be called transcendental physiology."

In other words, the youthful Huxley had made a discovery that went to the bottom of things; and as in most if not all such cases, he had enlarged our knowledge not only of facts, but of methods. It was the beginning of a profound reconstruction of the classification of animals, extinct and living. In the earlier half of the century the truest classification was Cuvier's. That great genius emancipated himself from the notion that groups of animals should be arranged in an ascending or descending series, and he fully proved the existence of three divergent types, — Vertebrata, Mollusca, and Articulata. Some of the multitude of animals lower or less specialized than these he grouped by mistake along with Mollusca or Articulata, while all the rest he threw into a fourth class, which he called Radiata. It was evident that this type was far less clearly defined than the three higher types. In fact, it was open to the same kind of objection that used to be effectively urged against Max Müller's so-called Turanian group of languages: it was merely a negation. Radiata were simply animals that were neither Articulata nor Mollusca nor Vertebrata; in short, they were a motley multitude, about which there was a prevailing confusion of ideas at the time when young Huxley began the study of jellyfish.

We all know how it was the work of the great Esthonian embryologist, Baer, that turned Herbert Spencer toward his discovery of the law of evolution. It is therefore doubly interesting to know that in these early studies Huxley also profited by his knowledge of Baer's methods and results. It all tended toward a theory of evolution, although

Baer himself never got so far as evolution in the modern sense; and as for Huxley, when he studied Medusæ, he was not concerned with any general theory whatever, but only with putting into shape what he saw.

And what he saw was, that throughout their development the Medusæ consist of two foundation membranes, or delicate weblike tissues of cells, — one forming the outer integument, the other doing duty as stomach lining, — and that there was no true body cavity with blood vessels. He showed that groups apparently quite dissimilar, such as the hydroid and sertularian polyps, the Physophoridæ and sea anemones, are constructed upon the same plan; and so he built up his famous group of Cœlenterata, or animals with only a stomach cavity, as contrasted with all higher organisms, which might be called Cœlomata, or animals with a true body cavity, containing a stomach with other viscera and blood vessels. In all Cœlomata, from the worm up to man, there is a third foundation membrane. Thus the Cuvierian group of Radiata was broken up, and the way was prepared for this far more profound and true arrangement: (1) Protozoa, such as the amœba and sponges, in which there is no distinct separation of parts performing different functions; (2) Cœlenterata, in which there is a simple differentiation between the inside which accumulates energy and the outside which expends it; and (3) Cœlomata, in which the inside contains a more or less elaborate system of distinct organs devoted to nutrition and reproduction, while the outside is more or less differentiated into limbs and sense organs for interaction with the outer world. Though not yet an evolutionist, Huxley could not repress the prophetic thought that Cœlenterata are ancient survivals, representing a stage through which higher animal types must once have passed.

As further elaborated by Huxley, the development above the cœlenterate stage goes on in divergent lines; stopping abruptly in some directions, in others going on to great lengths. Thus, in the direction taken by echinoderms, the physical possibilities are speedily exhausted, and we stop with starfishes and holothurians. But among Annuloida, as Huxley called them, there is more flexibility, and we keep on till we reach the true Articulata in the highly specialized insects, arachnoids, and crustaceans. It is still more interesting to follow the Molluscoida, through which we are led, on the one hand, to the true Mollusca, reaching their culmination in the nautilus and octopus, and, on the other hand, to the Tunicata, and so on to the vertebrates.

In the comparative anatomy of vertebrates, also, Huxley's achievements were in a high degree original and remarkable. First in importance, perhaps, was his classification of birds, in which their true position and relationships were for the first time disclosed. Huxley showed that all birds, extinct and living, must be arranged in three groups, of which the first is represented by the fossil archæopteryx with its handlike wing and lizardlike tail, the second by the ostrich and its congeners, and the third by all other living birds. He further demonstrated the peculiarly close relationship between birds and reptiles through the extinct dinosaurs. In all these matters his powerful originality was shown in the methods by which these important results were reached. Every new investigation which he made seemed to do something toward raising the study of biology to a higher plane, as for example his celebrated controversy with Owen on the true nature of the vertebrate skull. The mention of Owen reminds us that it was also Huxley who overthrew Cuvier's order of Quadrumana, by proving that apes are not four-handed, but have two hands and two feet; he showed that neither in limbs nor in brain does man present differ-

ences from other primates that are of higher than generic value. Indeed, there were few corners of the animal world, past or present, which Huxley did not at some time or other overhaul, and to our knowledge of which he did not make contributions of prime importance. The instances here cited may serve to show the kind of work which he did, but my mention of them is necessarily meagre. In the department of classification, the significance of which has been increased tenfold by the doctrine of evolution, his name must surely rank foremost among the successors of the mighty Cuvier.

Before 1860 the vastness and accuracy of Huxley's acquirements and the soundness of his judgment were well understood by the men of his profession, insomuch that Charles Darwin, when about to publish The Origin of Species, said that there were three men in England upon whose judgment he relied; if he could convince those three, he could afford to wait for the rest. The three were Lyell, Hooker, and Huxley, and he convinced them. How sturdily Huxley fought Darwin's battles is inspiring to remember. Darwin rather shrank from controversy, and, while he welcomed candid criticism, seldom took any notice of ill-natured attacks. On one occasion, nevertheless, a somewhat ugly assault moved Darwin to turn and rend the assailant, which was easily and neatly done in two pages at the end of a scientific paper. Before publishing the paper, however, Darwin sent it to Huxley, authorizing him to omit the two pages if he should think it best. Huxley promptly canceled them, and sent Darwin a delicious little note, saying that the retort was so excellent that if it had been his own he should hardly have had virtue enough to suppress it; but although it was well deserved, he thought it would be better to refrain. "If I say a savage thing, it is only 'pretty Fanny's way;' but if you do, it is not likely to be forgotten." There was a friend worth having!

There can be little doubt, I think, that, without a particle of rancor, Huxley did keenly feel the *gaudium certaminis*. He exclaimed among the trumpets, Ha! ha! and was sure to be in the thickest of the fight. His family seemed to think that the "Gladstonian dose" had a tonic effect upon him. When he felt too ill for scientific work, he was quite ready for a scrimmage with his friends the bishops. Not caring much for episcopophagy (as Huxley once called it), and feeling that controversy of that sort was but a slaying of the slain, I used to grudge the time that was given to it, and taken from other things. In 1879 he showed me the synopsis of a projected book on The Dog, which was to be an original contribution to the phylogenetic history of the order Carnivora. The reader who recalls his book on The Crayfish may realize what such a book about dogs would have been. It was interrupted and deferred, and finally pushed aside, by the thousand and one duties and cares that were thrust upon him, — work on government commissions, educational work, parish work, everything that a self-sacrificing and public-spirited man could be loaded with. In the later years, whenever I opened a magazine and found one of the controversial articles, I read it with pleasure, but sighed for the dog book.

I dare say, though, it was all for the best. "To smite all humbugs, however big; to give a nobler tone to science; to set an example of abstinence from petty personal controversies, and of toleration for everything but lying; to be indifferent as to whether the work is recognized as mine or not, so long as it is done," — such were Huxley's aims in life. And for these things, in the words of good Ben Jonson, "I loved the man, and do honor to his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any."

John Fiske.

ON A SOLDIER FALLEN IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Streets of the roaring town,
Hush for him, hush, be still!
He comes, who was stricken down
Doing the word of our will.
Hush! Let him have his state.
Give him his soldier's crown.
The grists of trade can wait
Their grinding at the mill,
But he cannot wait for his honor, now the trumpet has been blown.
Wreathe pride now for his granite brow, lay love on his breast of stone.

Toll! Let the great bells toll
Till the clashing air is dim.
Did we wrong this parted soul?
We will make it up to him.
Toll! Let him never guess
What work we set him to.
Laurel, laurel, yes;
He did what we bade him do.
Praise, and never a whispered hint but the fight he fought was good;
Never a word that the blood on his sword was his country's own heart's blood.

A flag for the soldier's bier
Who dies that his land may live;
Oh, banners, banners here,
That he doubt not nor misgive!
That he heed not from the tomb
The evil days draw near
When the nation, robed in gloom,
With its faithless past shall strive.
Let him never dream that his bullet's scream went wide of its island mark,
Home to the heart of his darling land where she stumbled and sinned in the dark.

William Vaughn Moody.

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DEMOCRACY AND EFFICIENCY.

It is no longer possible to mistake the reaction against democracy. The nineteenth century was above all others a century of democracy; and yet the world is no more convinced of the benefits of democracy as a form of government at its end than it was at its beginning. The history of closeted Switzerland has not been accepted as proving the stability of democratic institutions; the history of the United States has not been accepted as establishing their tendency to make governments just and liberal and pure. Their eccentric influence in France, their disastrous and revolutionary operation in South America, their power to intoxicate and their powerlessness to reform, — except where the states which use them have had in their training and environment what Switzerland or the colonies and commonwealths sprung from England have had, to strengthen and steady them, — have generally been deemed to offset every triumph or success they can boast. When we praise democracy, we are still put to our proofs; when we excuse its errors, we are understood to have admitted its failure.

There need be in this, however, no serious discouragement for us, whose democratic institutions have in all large things succeeded. It means nothing more than that the world is at last ready to accept the moral long ago drawn for it by de Tocqueville. He predicted the stability of the government of the United States, not because of its intrinsic excellence, but because of its suitability to the particular social, economic, and political conditions of the people and the country for whose use and administration it had been framed; because of the deliberation and sober sagacity with which it had been devised and set up; because it could reckon upon a sufficient "variety of information and excellence of discretion" on the part of the people who were to live under it to insure its intelligent operation; because he observed a certain uniformity of civilization to obtain throughout the country, and saw its affairs steadied by their fortunate separation from European politics; because he found a sober, religious habit of thought among our people, and a clear sense of right. Democracy was with us, he perceived, already a thing of principle and custom and nature, and our institutions admirably expressed our training and experience. No other people could expect to succeed by the same means, unless those means equally suited their character and stage of development. Democracy, like every other form of government, depended for its success upon qualities and conditions which it did not itself create, but only obeyed.

Many excellent suggestions, valid and applicable everywhere, we have given the world, with regard to the spirit in which government should be conducted. No doubt class privilege has been forever discredited because of our example. We have taught the world the principle of the general welfare as the

object and end of government, rather than the prosperity of any class or section of the nation, or the preferment of any private or petty interest. We have made the law appear to all men an instrument wherewith to secure equality of rights and a protection which shall be without respect of persons. There can be no misgivings about the currency or the permanency of the *principles* of right which we have exalted. But we have not equally commended the forms or the organization of the government under which we live.

A federal union of diverse commonwealths we have indeed made to seem both practicable and efficient as a means of organizing government on a great scale, while preserving at the same time the utmost possible latitude and independence in local self-government. Germany, Canada, Australia, Switzerland herself, have built and strengthened their constitutions in large part upon our model. It would be hard to exaggerate the shock which has been given to old theories, or the impetus which has been given to hopeful experiment, in the field of political action, by our conspicuous successes as constitution-makers and reformers. But those successes have not been unlimited. We have not escaped the laws of error that government is heir to. It is said that riots and disorders are more frequent amongst us than in any other country of the same degree of civilization; justice is not always done in our courts; our institutions do not prevent, they do not seem even to moderate, contests between capital and labor; our laws of property are no more equitable, our laws of marriage no more moralizing, than those of undemocratic nations, our contemporaries; our cities are perhaps worse governed than any in Europe outside the Turkish Empire and Spain; crime defies or evades the law amongst us as amongst other peoples, less favored in matters of freedom and privilege; we have no monopoly either of happiness or of enlightened social order. As we grow older, we grow also perplexed and awkward in the doing of justice and in the perfecting and safeguarding of liberty. It is character and good principle, after all, which are to save us, if we are to escape disaster.

That moral is the justification of what we have attempted. It is for this that we love democracy: for the emphasis it puts on character; for its tendency to exalt the purposes of the average man to some high level of endeavor; for its just principle of common assent in matters in which all are concerned; for its ideals of duty and its sense of brotherhood. Its forms and institutions are meant to be subservient to these things. Democracy is merely the most radical form of "constitutional" government. A "constitutional" government is one in which there is a definite understanding as to the sphere and powers of government; one in which individual liberty is defined and guaranteed by specific safeguards, in which the authority and the functions of those who rule are limited and determined by unmistakable custom or explicit fundamental law. It is a government in which these understandings are kept up, alike in the making and in the execution of laws, by frequent conferences between those who govern and those who are governed. This is the purpose of representation: stated conference and a cordial agreement between those who govern and those who are governed. The process of the understanding is discussion, — public and continuous, and conducted by those who stand in the midst of affairs, at the official centre and seat of management, where affairs can be looked into and disposed with full knowledge and authority; those intrusted with government being present in person, the people by deputy.

Representative government has had its long life and excellent development, not in order that common opinion, the opinion of the street, might prevail, but

in order that the best opinion, the opinion generated by the best possible methods of general counsel, might rule in affairs; in order that some sober and best opinion might be created, by thoughtful and responsible discussion conducted by men intimately informed concerning the public weal, and officially commissioned to look to its safeguarding and advancement, — by discussion in parliaments, discussion face to face between authoritative critics and responsible ministers of state.

This is the central object to which we have devoted our acknowledged genius for practical politics. During the first half century of our national life we seemed to have succeeded in an extraordinary degree in approaching our ideal, in organizing a nation for counsel and coöperation, and in moving forward with cordial unison and with confident and buoyant step toward the accomplishment of tasks and duties upon which all were agreed. Our later life has disclosed serious flaws, has even seemed ominous of pitiful failure, in some of the things we most prided ourselves upon having managed well: notably, in pure and efficient local government, in the successful organization of great cities, and in well-considered schemes of administration. The boss — a man elected by no votes, preferred by no open process of choice, occupying no office of responsibility — makes himself a veritable tyrant amongst us, and seems to cheat us of self-government; parties appear to hamper the movements of opinion rather than to give them form and means of expression; multitudinous voices of agitation, an infinite play of forces at cross-purpose, confuse us; and there seems to be no common counsel or definite union for action, after all.

We keep heart the while because still sure of our principles and of our ideals: the common weal, a common and cordial understanding in matters of government, secure private rights and yet concerted public action, a strong government and yet liberty also. We know what we have to do; what we have missed and mean to find; what we have lost and mean to recover; what we still strive after and mean to achieve. Democracy is a principle with us, not a mere form of government. What we have blundered at is its new applications and details, its successful combination with efficiency and purity in governmental action. We tell ourselves that our partial failure in these things has been due to our absorption in the tasks of material growth; that our practical genius has spent itself upon wealth and the organization of industry. But it is to be suspected that there are other elements in the singular fact. We have supposed that there could be one way of efficiency for democratic governments, and another for monarchical. We have declined to provide ourselves with a professional civil service, because we deemed it undemocratic; we have made shift to do without a trained diplomatic and consular service, because we thought the training given by other governments to their foreign agents unnecessary in the case of affairs so simple and unsophisticated as the foreign relations of a democracy in politics and trade, — transactions so frank, so open, so straightforward, interests so free from all touch of chicane or indirection; we have hesitated to put our presidents or governors or mayors into direct and responsible relations of leadership with our legislatures and councils in the making of laws and ordinances, because such a connection between lawmakers and executive officers seemed inconsistent with the theory of checks and balances whose realization in practice we understood Montesquieu to have proved essential to the maintenance of a free government. Our theory, in short, has paid as little heed to efficiency as our practice. It has been a theory of non-professionalism in public affairs; and in many great matters of

public action non-professionalism is non-efficiency.

"If only we had our old leisure for domestic affairs, we should devise a way of our own to be efficient, consonant with our principles, characteristic of our genius for organization," we have heard men say. "How fatal it may prove to us that our attention has been called off from a task but half done to the tasks of the world, for which we have neither inclination nor proper training nor suitable organization, — from which, until now, we were so happily free! We shall now be forever barred from perfection, our own perfection, at home!" But may it not be that the future will put another face upon the matter, and show us our advantage where least we thought it to lie? May it not be that the way to perfection lies along these new paths of struggle, of discipline, and of achievement? What will the reaction of new duty be? What self-revelations will it afford; what lessons of unified will, of simplified method, of clarified purpose; what disclosures of the fundamental principles of right action, the efficient means of just achievement, if we but keep our ideals and our character?

At any rate, it is clear that we could not have held off. The affairs of the world stand in such a case, the principles for which we have battled the long decades through are now put in such jeopardy amidst the contests of nations, the future of mankind faces so great a peril of reactionary revolution, that our own private business must take its chances along with the greater business of the world at large. We dare not stand neutral. All mankind deem us the representatives of the moderate and sensible discipline which makes free men good citizens, of enlightened systems of law and a temperate justice, of the best experience in the reasonable methods and principles of self-government, of public force made consistent with individual liberty; and we shall not realize these ideals at home, if we suffer them to be hopelessly discredited amongst the peoples who have yet to see liberty and the peaceable days of order and comfortable progress. We should lose heart ourselves, did we suffer the world to lose faith in us as the champions of these things.

There is no masking or concealing the new order of the world. It is not the world of the eighteenth century, nor yet of the nineteenth. A new era has come upon us like a sudden vision of things unprophesied, and for which no polity has been prepared. Here is straightway a new frontage for the nations, — this frontage toward the Orient. Our almost accidental possession of the Philippines has put us in the very presence of the forces which must make the politics of the twentieth century radically unlike the politics of the nineteenth; but we must have taken cognizance of them and dealt with them in any event. They concern us as nearly as they concern any other nation in the world. They concern all nations, for they shall determine the future of the race. Fortunately, they have not disclosed themselves before we were ready. I do not mean that our thought was prepared for them; I do not mean that our domestic affairs were in such shape as to seem fairly well ordered, so that we might in good conscience turn from them as from things finished and complete, and divert our energies to tasks beyond our borders. I mean that this change in the order of the world came, so far as we are concerned, at the natural point in our national development. The matter is worth looking into.

There has been a certain singular unity in our national task, hitherto; and these new duties now thrust upon us will not break that unity. They will perpetuate it, rather, and make it complete, if we keep but our integrity and our old-time purpose true. Until 1890 the United States had always a frontier; looked always to a region beyond, unoccupied,

unappropriated, an outlet for its energy, a new place of settlement and of achievement for its people. For nearly three hundred years their growth had followed a single law, — the law of expansion into new territory. Themselves through all their history a frontier, the English colonies in America grew into a nation whose life poured still with strong tide along the old channel. Over the mountains on to the long slopes that descended to the Mississippi, across the great river into the plains, up the plains to the crowning heights of the Rockies, beyond the Rockies to the Pacific, slowly moved the frontier nation. England sought colonies at the ends of the earth to set her energy free and give vent to her enterprise ; we, a like people in every impulse of mastery and achievement, had our own vast continent and were satisfied. There was always space and adventure enough and to spare, to satisfy the feet of our young men.

The great process put us to the making of states ; kept the wholesome blood of sober and strenuous and systematic work warm within us ; perpetuated in us the spirit of initiative and of practical expediency which had made of the colonies vigorous and heady states ; created in us that national feeling which finally put sectionalism from the field and altered the very character of the government ; gave us the question of the extension of slavery, brought on the Civil War, and decided it by the weight of the West. From coast to coast across the great continent our institutions have spread, until the western sea has witnessed the application upon a great scale of what was begun upon a small scale on the shores of the Atlantic, and the drama has been played almost to its last act, — the drama of institutional construction on the vast scale of a continent. The whole European world, which gave us our materials, has been moralized and liberalized by the striking and stupendous spectacle.

No other modern nation has been schooled as we have been in big undertakings and the mastery of novel difficulties. We have become confirmed in energy, in resourcefulness, in practical proficiency, in self-confidence. We have become confirmed, also, so far as our character is concerned, in the habit of acting under an odd mixture of selfish and altruistic motives. Having ourselves a population fit to be free, making good its freedom in every sort of unhampered enterprise, determining its own destiny unguided and unbidden, moving as it pleased within wide boundaries, using institutions, not dominated by them, we have sympathized with freedom everywhere ; have deemed it niggardly to deny an equal degree of freedom to any race or community that desired it ; have pressed handsome principles of equity in international dealings ; have rejoiced to believe that our principles might some day make every government a servant, not a master, of its people. Ease and prosperity have made us wish the whole world to be as happy and well to do as ourselves ; and we have supposed that institutions and principles like our own were the simple prescription for making them so. And yet, when issues of our own interest arose, we have not been unselfish. We have shown ourselves kin to all the world, when it came to pushing an advantage. Our action against Spain in the Floridas, and against Mexico on the coasts of the Pacific ; our attitude toward first the Spaniards, and then the French, with regard to the control of the Mississippi ; the unpitying force with which we thrust the Indians to the wall wherever they stood in our way, have suited our professions of peacefulness and justice and liberality no better than the aggressions of other nations that were strong and not to be gainsaid. Even Mr. Jefferson, philanthropist and champion of peaceable and modest government though he was, exemplified this double temper of the people he ruled. " Peace

is our passion," he had declared ; but the passion abated when he saw the mouth of the Mississippi about to pass into the hands of France. Though he had loved France and hated England, he did not hesitate then what language to hold. "There is on the globe," he wrote to Mr. Livingston at Paris, "one single spot the possessor of which is our natural and habitual enemy. The day that France takes possession of New Orleans seals the union of two nations, who, in conjunction, can maintain exclusive possession of the sea. From that moment we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation." Our interests must march forward, altruists though we are ; other nations must see to it that they stand off, and do not seek to stay us.

It is only just now, however, that we have awakened to our real relationship to the rest of mankind. Absorbed in our own development, we had fallen into a singular ignorance of the rest of the world. The isolation in which we lived was quite without parallel in modern history. Our only near neighbor of any consequence was like ourselves in every essential particular. The life of Canada has been unlike ours only in matters which have turned out in the long run to be matters of detail; only because she has had direct political connection with the mother country, and because she has had to work out the problem of forming a real union of life and sentiment between alien strains of French and English blood in her population. The contrast grows less and less between the two sides of the friendly border. And so we have looked upon nothing but our own ways of living, and have been formed in isolation. This has made us — not provincial, exactly: upon so big and various a continent there could not be the single pattern of thought and manners and purpose to be found cloistered in a secluded province. But if *provincial* be not the proper word, it suggests the actual fact. We have, like provincials, too habitually confined our view to the range of our own experiences. We have acquired a false self-confidence, a false self-sufficiency, because we have heeded no successes or failures but our own.

There could be no better illustration of this than the constant reargument, *de novo*, of the money question among us, and the easy currency to be obtained, at every juncture of financial crisis, for the most childish errors with regard to the well-known laws of value and exchange. No nation not isolated like ourselves in thought and experience could possibly think itself able to establish a value of its own for gold and silver, by legislation which paid no regard either to the commercial operations or to the laws of coinage and exchange which obtained outside its own borders. That a great political party should be able to win men of undoubted cultivation and practical sense to the support of a platform which embodied palpable and thrice-proven errors in such matters, and that, too, at a great election following close upon protracted, earnest, frank, and universal discussion, and should poll but little less than half the votes of the nation, is startling proof enough that we have learned to think, for the most part, only in terms of our own separate life and independent action, and have come to think ourselves a divided portion of mankind, masters and makers of our own laws of trade.

We have been equally deceived in matters in which we might more reasonably have deemed ourselves accredited experts. Misled by our own splendid initial advantage in the matter of self-government, we have suffered ourselves to misunderstand self-government itself, when the question was whether it could be put into practice amidst conditions totally unlike those with which, and with which alone, we have been familiar. The people of the United States have never known anything but self-government since the colonies were founded. They have for-

gotten the discipline which preceded the founding of the colonies, the long drill in order and in obedience to law, the long subjection to kings and to parliaments which were not in fact of the people's choosing. They have forgotten how many generations were once in tutelage in order that the generations which discovered and settled the coasts of America might be mature and free. No thoughtful student of history or observer of affairs needs to be told the necessary conditions precedent to self-government: the slow growth of the sense of law; the equally slow growth of the sense of community and of fellowship in every general interest; the habit of organization, the habit of discipline and obedience to those intrusted with authority, the self-restraint of give and take; the allegiance to ideals, the consciousness of mutual obligation; the patience and intelligence which are content with a slow and universal growth. These things have all been present in abundant measure in our own national life; but we have not deemed them singular, and have assumed that they were within reach of all others as well, and at as little cost of conscious effort.

Our own form of self-government is, in fact, by no means the one necessary and inevitable form. England is the oldest home of self-government in the modern world; our own principles and practices of self-government were derived from her; she has served as the model and inspiring example of self-government for every country in Europe throughout a century of democratic reform. And yet England did not have what we should call local self-government until 1888, outside her boroughs. Until 1888, influential country gentlemen, appointed justices of the peace by the crown upon the nomination of the Lord Chancellor, were the governing officers of her counties. Practically every important matter of local administration was in their hands, and yet the people of the counties had absolutely no voice in their selection. Things had stood so for more than four hundred years. Professor Rudolph Gneist, the great German student of English institutions, in expounding English ideas of self-government as he found them exemplified in the actual organization of local administration, declared that the word *government* was quite as emphatic in the compound as the word *self*. The people of the counties were not self-directed in affairs: they were governed by crown officials. The policy of the crown was indeed moderated and guided in all things by the influence of a representative parliament; the justices received no salaries; were men resident in the counties for which they were commissioned, identified with them in life and interest, landlords and neighbors among the men whose public affairs they administered. They had nothing to gain by oppression, much to gain by the real advancement of prosperity and good feeling within their jurisdictions: they were in a very excellent and substantial sense representative men. But they were not elected representatives; their rule was not democratic either in form or in principle. Such was the local self-government of England during some of the most notable and honorable periods of her history.

Our own, meanwhile, though conceived in the same atmosphere and spirit, had been set up upon a very different pattern, suitable to a different order of society. The appointment of officials was discredited amongst us; election everywhere took its place. We made no hierarchy of officials. We made laws, — laws for the selectmen, laws for the sheriff, laws for the county commissioners, laws for the district attorney, laws for each official from bailiff to governor, — and bade the courts see to their enforcement; but we did not subordinate one officer to another. No man was commanded from the capital, as if he were a servant of officials rather than

of the people. Authority was put into commission and distributed piecemeal; nowhere gathered or organized into a single commanding force. Oversight and concentration were omitted from the system. Federal administration, it is true, we constituted upon a different principle, — the principle of appointment and of responsibility to the President; but we did not, when that new departure was made, expect the patronage of the President to be large, or look to see the body of federal officials play any very important or intimate part in our life as a people. The rule was to be, as before, the dispersion of authority. We printed the *SELF* large and the *government* small in almost every administrative arrangement we made; and that is still our attitude and preference.

We have found that even among ourselves such arrangements are not universally convenient or serviceable. They give us untrained officials, and an expert civil service is almost unknown amongst us. They give us petty officials, petty men of no ambition, without hope or fitness for advancement. They give us so many elective offices that even the most conscientious voters have neither the time nor the opportunity to inform themselves with regard to every candidate on their ballots, and must vote for a great many men of whom they know nothing. They give us, consequently, the local machine and the local boss; and where population crowds, interests compete, work moves strenuously and at haste, life is many-sided and without unity, and voters of every blood and environment and social derivation mix and stare at one another at the same voting places, government miscarries, is confused, irresponsible, unintelligent, wasteful. Methods of electoral choice and administrative organization, which served us admirably well while the nation was homogeneous and rural, serve us oftentimes ill enough now that the nation is heterogeneous and crowded into cities.

It is of the utmost importance that we should see the unmistakable truth of this matter and act upon it with all candor. It is not a question of the excellence of self-government: it is a question of the method of self-government, and of choosing which word of the compound we shall emphasize in any given case. It is a matter of separating the essentials from the non-essentials, the principle of self-government from its accidental forms. Democracy is unquestionably the most wholesome and livable kind of government the world has yet tried. It supplies as no other system could the frank and universal criticism, the free play of individual thought, the open conduct of public affairs, the spirit and pride of community and of coöperation, which make governments just and public-spirited. But the question of efficiency is the same for it as for any other kind of polity; and if only it have the principle of representation at the centre of its arrangements, where counsel is held and policy determined and law made, it can afford to put into its administrative organization any kind of businesslike power or official authority and any kind of discipline as if of a profession that it may think most likely to serve it. This we shall see, and this we shall do.

It is the more imperative that we should see and do it promptly, because it is our present and immediate task to extend self-government to Porto Rico and the Philippines, if they be fit to receive it, — so soon as they can be made fit. If there is to be preparation, we must know of what kind it should be, and how it ought to be conducted. Although we have forgot our own preparatory discipline in that kind, these new tasks will undoubtedly teach us that some discipline — it may be prolonged and tedious — must precede self-government and prepare the way for it; that one kind of self-government is suitable for one sort of community, one stage of

development, another for another; that there is no universal form or method either of preparation or of practice in the matter; that character and the moralizing effect of law are conditions precedent, obscure and difficult, but absolutely indispensable. An examination of our own affairs will teach us these things; an examination of the affairs of the peoples we have undertaken to govern will confirm us in the understanding of them.

We shall see now more clearly than ever before that we lack in our domestic arrangements, above all things else, concentration, both in political leadership and in administrative organization; for the lack will be painfully emphasized, and will embarrass us sadly in the career we have now set out upon. Authority has been as much dispersed and distributed in the making of law and the choice of policy, under the forms we have used hitherto, as it has been in administrative action. We have been governed in all things by mass meetings. Committees of Congress, as various in their make-up as the body itself, sometimes guided by the real leaders of party, oftener guided by men whom the country at large neither knew nor looked to for leadership, have determined our national policy, piece by piece, and the pieces have seldom been woven together into any single or consistent pattern of statesmanship. There has been no leadership except the private leadership of party managers, no integration of the public business except such as was effected by the compromises and votes of party caucuses. Such methods will serve very awkwardly, if at all, for action in international affairs or in the government of distant dependencies. In such matters leadership must be single, open, responsible, and of the whole. Leadership and expert organization have become imperative, and our practical sense, never daunted hitherto, must be applied to the task of developing them at once and with a will.

We did not of deliberate choice undertake these new tasks which shall transform us. All the world knows the surprising circumstances which thrust them upon us. Sooner or later, nevertheless, they would have become inevitable. If they had not come upon us in this way, they would have come in another. They came upon us, as it was, though unexpected, with a strange opportuneness, as if part of a great preconceived plan for changing the world. Every man now knows that the world is to be changed,—changed according to an ordering of Providence hardly so much as foreshadowed until it came; except, it may be, to a few Europeans who were burrowing and plotting and dreaming in the mysterious East. The whole world had already become a single vicinage; each part had become neighbor to all the rest. No nation could live any longer to itself, the tasks and the duties of neighborhood being what they were. Whether we had had a material foothold there or not, it would have been the duty of the United States to play a part, and a leading part at that, in the opening and transformation of the East. We might not have seen our duty, had the Philippines not fallen to us by the willful fortune of war; but it would have been our duty, nevertheless, to play the part we now see ourselves obliged to play. The East is to be opened and transformed, whether we will or no; the standards of the West are to be imposed upon it; nations and peoples which have stood still the centuries through are to be quickened, and made part of the universal world of commerce and of ideas which has so steadily been a-making by the advance of European power from age to age. It is our peculiar duty, as it is also England's, to moderate the process in the interests of liberty: to impart to the peoples thus driven out upon the road of change, so far as we have opportunity or can make it, our own principles of self-help; teach them

order and self-control in the midst of change; impart to them, if it be possible by contact and sympathy and example, the drill and habit of law and obedience which we long ago got out of the strenuous processes of English history; secure for them, when we may, the free intercourse and the natural development which shall make them at least equal members of the family of nations. In China, of course, our part will be indirect, but in the Philippines it will be direct; and there in particular must the moral of our polity be set up and vindicated.

This we shall do, not by giving them out of hand our codes of political morality or our methods of political action, the generous gifts of complete individual liberty or the full-fangled institutions of American self-government, — a purple garment for their nakedness, — for these things are not blessings, but a curse, to undeveloped peoples, still in the childhood of their political growth; but by giving them, in the spirit of service, a government and rule which shall moralize them by being itself moral, elevate and steady them by being itself pure and steadfast, inducting them into the rudiments of justice and freedom. In other words, it is the aid of our character they need, and not the premature aid of our institutions. Our institutions must come after the ground of character and habit has been made ready for them; as effect, not cause, in the order of political growth. It is thus that we shall ourselves recognize the fact, at last patent to all the world, that the service of democracy has been the development of ideals rather than the origination of practical methods of administration of universal validity, or any absolute qualification of the ultimate conceptions of sovereignty and the indispensable disciplinary operation of law. We must aid their character and elevate their ideals, and then see what these will bring forth, generating after their kind. As the panacea for oppressive taxation lies in honesty and economy rather than in this, that, or the other method of collection, in reasonable assessment rather than in a particular machinery of administration, so the remedy for oppressive government in general is, not a constitution, but justice and enlightenment. One set of guarantees will be effective under one set of circumstances, another under another.

The best guarantee of good government we can give the Filipinos is, that we shall be sensitive to the opinion of the world; that we shall be sensitive in what we do to our own standards, so often boasted of and proclaimed, and shall wish above all things else to live up to the character we have established, the standards we have professed. When they accept the compulsions of that character and accept those standards, they will be entitled to partnership with us, and shall have it. They shall, meanwhile, teach us, as we shall teach them. We shall teach them order as a condition precedent to liberty, self-control as a condition precedent to self-government; they shall teach us the true assessment of institutions, — that their only invaluable content is motive and character. We shall no doubt learn that democracy and efficiency go together by no novel rule. Democracy is not so much a form of government as a set of principles. Other forms of government may be equally efficient; many forms of government are more efficient, — know better ways of integrating and purifying administration than we have yet learned, more successful methods of imparting drill and order to restless and undeveloped peoples than we are likely to hit upon of ourselves, a more telling way of getting and a more effectual way of keeping leadership in a world of competitive policies, doubtful concerts, and international rivalries. We must learn what we can, and yet scrupulously square everything that we do with the high principles we

brought into the world: that justice may be done to the lowly no less than to the great; that government may serve its people, not make itself their master, — may in its service heed both the wishes and the needs of those who obey it; that authority may be for leadership, not for aggrandizement; that the people may be the state.

The reactions which such experiments in the universal validity of principle and method are likely to bring about in respect of our own domestic institutions cannot be calculated or forecast. Old principles applied in a new field may show old applications to have been clumsy and ill considered. We may ourselves get responsible leadership instead of government by mass meeting; a trained and thoroughly organized administrative service instead of administration by men privately nominated and blindly elected; a new notion of terms of office and of standards of policy. If we but keep our ideals clear, our principles steadfast, we need not fear the change.

Woodrow Wilson.

MR. McKINLEY AS PRESIDENT.

To understand Mr. McKinley as President you must understand him as a man. This seems easy, since he has lived so simply and so openly. But, on the contrary, it is hard, because, more than most Presidents, Mr. McKinley has been at once misunderstood and successfully misrepresented. Like all his predecessors, he is neither the saint that his friends, nor the sinner that his enemies, have painted; but, unlike most of his predecessors, he has been made to appear, partly by friends and partly by enemies, very different from the man he really is.

Nothing illustrates the popular misunderstanding of Mr. McKinley more than the astounding delusion, entertained by some Republicans as well as by many Democrats who do not know him, that he is, and has been ever since 1895, more or less under the influence of Senator Hanna. This sums up, in a way that is as unjust as it is picturesque, all the notions to the effect that Mr. McKinley is a yielding and unstable person, without convictions, or even opinions, that cannot be changed at the command of a stronger man. Newspaper cartoons, which now have more influence than newspaper editorials, are largely responsible for these strange beliefs, but they have been fostered by uninformed editors and politicians misled by deceptive appearances and by malice. It is interesting to see how ignorance alone misleads writers about President McKinley who are friendly to him, as when they speak of him as "stolid and solemn" because they have only seen his manner in public, when the fact is that he is a man of humor, who enjoys even the cartoons at his own expense, and is as fond of good jokes, and as apt at telling them, as Abraham Lincoln. Remembering the fate of public men who have done otherwise, Mr. McKinley has kept his wit and humor for private conversation, and thus, naturally enough, has been accused of having none. These writers would probably be unwilling to believe that Mr. McKinley was a constant reader of Mr. Dooley during the Spanish War, just as Mr. Lincoln found recreation in the humorists of the Civil War.

As it takes more faith to be an infidel than a believer, so it takes more credulity to believe in the McKinley of fiction than in the McKinley of fact. It

seems incredible that intelligent and educated men and women should be able to believe, even on the authority of both newspaper cartoons and editorials, that the man who has done what Mr. McKinley has done could be under the domination of any other man. Even after taking from President McKinley all the achievements of his administration that can possibly be credited to others, it must be admitted that he has accomplished more than any of his predecessors, with possibly one or two exceptions, in what he has clearly done himself. From such work it ought to be easy to infer the workman.

At all events, the only way to understand President McKinley's first administration is to recognize the fact that it was his administration. There is no doubt about this fact in Washington, where the whole story is known in detail, and all the characters in it are rightly appreciated because thoroughly understood. If it be said that Washington is friendly to Mr. McKinley, it can be said that Washington is familiar with Mr. McKinley. He has had to meet the disadvantage that the prophet finds proverbially in his own country and in his own house; for he has lived in Washington for almost a quarter of a century, and has grown steadily into larger powers before the eyes of many men who remember what he was when he first came to the House of Representatives. He has had to live down that familiarity which, in the beginning of a career, is still apt to breed contempt. It has been hard to do this, just as it has been hard to take command of men who were his commanders when he first appeared in public life. But to make himself the acknowledged leader under these circumstances means more than if he had gained the place by coming first to Washington with the prestige and authority of a President elect, personally unknown to most public men.

President McKinley's personal manner, which has had so much to do with his success, has had quite as much to do with the misunderstanding of him. The expression of a kindly and equable nature governed by the moderation and patience suggested by the crest of his Scotch ancestors, an olive branch clasped in a mailed hand, with the motto "Not too much," its strength failed to impress those who think that brusqueness and bluster and bragging are the necessary signs of power. "A very parfit gentil knyghte" is to many people a weakling simply because he is gentle, and they have had to know Mr. McKinley well to appraise him properly. Even close acquaintance has not helped those of opposite qualities to appreciate him. His "suaviter et fortiter" is one of the secrets of his success in making his way to the headship of his party, through the ranks of his colleagues, without alienating any considerable number of them, and without making personal enemies of any of his political opponents. It is the key, too, to his dealings with his Cabinet, which has contained such a large proportion of strong men, with Senators and Representatives of all parties, and with public men generally. Mr. McKinley has had his own way more than most party leaders, more than most of his predecessors in the White House. But he has had it in his own way. Always tactful, serene, patient, modest in manner, never sounding a trumpet of announcement or indulging in noisy threatenings or complaining recriminations, he has not had credit for his courage, persistence, and determination. He has cared more for real success than for making people think that he would have it or had won it. Now, most men are still children who are impressed by appearances. They like to be told, even by the President himself, that he is doing or going to do great things, especially if, as in the case of Andrew Jackson, he publicly defies some enemy, or talks contemptuously of

the coördinate branches of the government. Most Americans look upon the President as superior to the Congress and the Supreme Court, about whose powers and functions they know very little; and they are rather pleased than otherwise when he acts as though he agreed with this opinion. Even if such a President actually fails to accomplish, perhaps because of a bellicose and blustering manner, any real, substantial success in the way of legislation or diplomatic negotiations; even if he is destructive rather than constructive, and leaves the country and his party worse off than when he became President, he may remain a hero indefinitely to many people.

Not only is Mr. McKinley's manner different from that of the Presidents that such men admire, but his theory of the presidency is equally different. Trained as he was, almost from his youth up, in the House of Representatives, intimately acquainted with all the phases of Congress and deeply imbued with its spirit, while possessed of the friendship of most of its leaders of his time, it was very natural that he should consider it entitled to its full constitutional powers and duties, and to the most respectful consideration on a plane of absolute equality with the President of the United States. Mr. Garfield was the only President of our time, except Mr. McKinley, who came to the White House after such an experience at the Capitol, and he had precisely the same theory of the relations between the President and Congress. According to this theory, Congress ought not to dominate the President, the President ought not to dominate Congress, but they should cooperate as far as practicable for the good of the country.

As human nature is very much the same in Congress as in a stock exchange, a church convention, or a newspaper office, the President who deals with Congress tactfully and courteously will, in the long run, get more of what he wants than the President who does not do so. He may not get so much credit for what he does gain, from those people who like to see a President fight Congress, especially in that flattering way which consists in appealing to them to make Congress do what the President wants done. The tendency toward government by a monarch in this country appears most clearly in the sayings and doings of the people who want "a strong man in the White House," who shall show his strength by fighting the Senators and Representatives, who have been chosen quite as directly by the popular voice as he has. They like an arrogant egotism in the President, and would be quite willing to have him dominate Congress all the time, and the Supreme Court part of the time. They think the President is very much more likely to be right, and certainly more nearly represents the popular will, or at least what the popular will ought to be, than the other two branches of the government, and that he ought to fight as hard to get what he wants in legislation as to protect the executive prerogatives from encroachment. What they want, apparently, is a President who shall be the whole government, as in Mexico.

President McKinley had the point of view of Congress before he took the point of view of the President. He knows that Congress, collectively, is as wise, as patriotic, and as representative of the people as he is, and that, individually, there may be men in both houses who would be able to take his place at short notice, without detriment to the country. He remembers, too, how he looked at the President when he was a member of the House, and how what the President said and did affected him. It is, therefore, comparatively easy for him to practice the Golden Rule in dealings with Congress as in dealings with others. By treating Senators and Representatives, collectively and individually, in this

spirit, President McKinley has forfeited the praise of some men outside of Congress, but he has won the confidence and coöperation of Congress as has no other President. It is admitted that no other President has had so many personal friends and admirers in Congress; and there could be no greater tribute to Mr. McKinley, for no one knows him better than these men. When, on the 9th of March, 1898, without a written request, without a word from him in public and formal fashion, on his mere intimations to the leaders of all parties in private conversation in his office, both houses by unanimous vote gave him fifty million dollars, "for the national defense, and for each and every purpose connected therewith, to be expended at the direction of the President," Congress showed what it thought of President McKinley. No such appropriation on such a request was ever made in such a way before, and it never would have been made in that way for any other kind of a President.

It is not enough that a President should be patriotic and high-minded in his intentions and wise in his purposes; he must also be efficient in carrying them out. In point of efficiency President McKinley has no superior in his predecessors, and this is largely because he has treated Congress as he wanted Congress to treat him. It is also, however, because Congress believed in him. The personal equation was as important in this case as in any other. His career has kept him under public observation from the day when, as a boy, he left his simple but comfortable home in the Western Reserve to go to the Civil War. As he rose from private to major, and as, after the war, he rose from country lawyer to Representative in Congress, he was constantly watched, and men recorded that he was honest, candid, courageous, clean in speech and behavior, a model son and an ideal husband. This record, with his intelligence and industry and his felicitous manner, has given him his place among public men. It is impossible to describe either President McKinley or his reputation without dwelling upon the fact that he has lived a life as nearly blameless as that of any public man of our history. It may be, as we are told sometimes, that a good man may make a bad President, and that a bad man may make a good President, but in this particular instance a good man makes a good President chiefly because he is a good man.

His character secured him the confidence of his associates, his temperance and moderation kept mind and body in full vigor, and his religious faith sustained him in dark and trying days. Besides all this, his good life has given him much of his hold upon the country at large. Yet it must not be forgotten that goodness and greatness are not the same thing in a President, and that Mr. McKinley has shown not only goodness, but greatness. It is simple truth to say that he has met all the extraordinary requirements of an extraordinary period, and met them easily and well, and this is to say that he is a great President. It has been hard for many public men who frankly admitted his goodness to frankly admit his greatness, because he has been growing ever since they first knew him, and they have been too close to the process to observe the results. But some have been wiser. Mr. McKinley had been marked for the presidency by keener eyes, at a greater distance, than those of his associates, long before he was honored with a ballot in a national convention. Twenty years ago Mr. Blaine predicted with emphasis that Mr. McKinley would become President, at a time when Mr. McKinley had still to wait ten years before he became leader of the House. And there were others than Mr. Blaine who saw then, or a little later, that this young statesman, so strong, so industrious, so attractive, and so honorably ambitious, would reach the White House if he lived. As each

opportunity came to him Mr. McKinley was ready for it, and he had patience to wait for the opportunity.

He might have been nominated for the presidency at Chicago, in the Republican National Convention of 1888, had he been willing to desert John Sherman, who could not be nominated, but whom McKinley, as a member of the Ohio delegation, had been instructed to support. He was the most popular man in that convention, and was applauded every time he came into the hall. After five ballots had shown that none of the candidates had a majority, on the sixth ballot one vote was cast for William McKinley, and this was cheered by two thirds of the convention. Seventeen votes were cast for him by the next state called; and while the convention was cheering for him, and it seemed evident that it would nominate him, he sprang upon a chair and stopped it all by an appeal, or rather a demand, "that no delegate who would not cast reflection upon me shall cast a ballot for me. I cannot," said Mr. McKinley to the convention, "I cannot, consistently with the wish of the state whose credentials I bear, and which has trusted me; I cannot, consistently with my own views of personal integrity, consent, or seem to consent, to permit my name to be used as a candidate before this convention. I would not respect myself if I could find it in my heart to do, or permit to be done, that which could even be ground for any one to suspect that I wavered in my loyalty to Ohio, or my devotion to the chief of her choice and the chief of mine." And on the seventh ballot Benjamin Harrison was nominated.

Four years later Mr. McKinley was tested again, while presiding as chairman of the Republican National Convention at Minneapolis, where he had gone to advocate the renomination of President Harrison. The anti-Harrison managers, without consulting Mr. McKinley, sought to unite a majority of the convention in his support, and were apparently succeeding. They had induced the Ohio delegation, of which he was a member, to vote for him. From the chair Mr. McKinley challenged the announcement of the Ohio vote, and demanded, as a member of the delegation, that its roll should be called. Upon this poll of the delegation, his alternate, under his instructions, voted for Benjamin Harrison, while all the other votes were cast for Mr. McKinley; but Mr. McKinley's action prevented the success of the movement to nominate him, and although he received 182 votes, Mr. Harrison was renominated on that ballot.

When the fullness of time for his nomination came, at St. Louis, in 1896, he received the nomination on the first ballot with 661½ votes, 84½ being cast for Thomas B. Reed, 61½ for M. S. Quay, 58 for Levi P. Morton, and 35½ for William B. Allison. In 1900 he was nominated before the convention met at Philadelphia, by the voice of his party, and, when the roll was called, received the votes of all the 926 delegates.

All this time Mr. McKinley had been broadening and deepening in mind and heart. All this time, through prosperity and adversity, public and private, he had been getting a stronger and wider grip upon the majority of his countrymen. The McKinley tariff bill of 1890, although he was not entirely responsible for it, retired him from Congress, but made him governor of Ohio, and eventually President of the United States. There was nothing accidental in it all. It was simply a natural and orderly process of evolution under favoring circumstances. It was the old story of an American country boy's success through steady and deserved promotion, without wealth, or a college education, or high social position as aid or hindrance. At fifty-three, ripened and enriched intellectually, he was elected President of the United States as though

by inevitable logic. He was ready for his great task. How great it was to be neither he nor any one else could have imagined then. Few seriously thought that the United States was in danger of war with Spain, and even those who thought war possible did not conceive the extent and character of its consequences. Mr. McKinley was elected, as he thought, and as almost everybody else in his party thought, to substitute on the statute books, in coöperation with the Republican Congress elected at the same time, a modification of the McKinley tariff bill for the Wilson-Gorman tariff law, and thus to restore the prosperity which had for some reason disappeared; and also, as others thought, to bring about the enactment of a law for the maintenance of the existing gold standard, and to remedy the defects in the Treasury system which, under the conditions of the former administration, had compelled it to issue two hundred and thirty million dollars in new bonds, and at the same time to make a last effort to secure an agreement on "international bimetallism." To accomplish these things was felt to be enough for one administration, with the minor matters which naturally would be disposed of besides.

If the Cuban question, with all its consequences, could have been postponed for four years, and if the Chinese question, with all its consequences, had not arisen, Mr. McKinley could still have pointed, at the end of his first administration, to a record of work accomplished that would have been extremely creditable. The Fifty-Fifth Congress, on his recommendation and under his inspiration, passed the Dingley tariff law to take the place of the Wilson-Gorman law, at the extra session which he called promptly after his inauguration; and the next Congress, on his recommendation and under his inspiration, passed the law to maintain the gold standard, to provide for refunding at two per cent, the lowest rate of interest ever paid by the United States government, and to extend the national banking system to small towns. These two measures by themselves would make a very respectable showing for an administration in time of peace. While neither the President nor Congress can make prosperity to order, they can make conditions which are favorable or unfavorable to it. The Wilson-Gorman act, which was considered to be so largely a protectionist measure that President Cleveland allowed it to become law only against his protest, did not yield sufficient revenue, because the Supreme Court annulled its provision for an income tax; and this kept the "endless chain" going which drew the gold out of the Treasury, and compelled the issue of bonds to put more gold in the Treasury, since there was no law to protect the gold reserve necessary to maintain the gold standard. Following close on the commercial panic of 1893, these conditions prevented the restoration of business confidence, and so the return of prosperity. Sentiment, as usual, played a large part in the matter. President McKinley, who was nominated chiefly because of his record on the tariff question, and elected largely because of his position on the money question, stood, after his victory at the polls, as the prophet of "good times," and the long-desired confidence began to return before he was inaugurated. Redeeming his pledges in the order in which it could be best done, as well as in the order of making them, President McKinley first secured the necessary revenue, and at the same time satisfied the sentimental desire for a Republican tariff. He knew that that could be had quickly and easily, compared with any measure for the improvement of the financial system, in view of the differences over remedies for its ills which compelled delay and discussion. The drain of the Treasury gold was stopped, so that there was time to consider what

should be and what could be done with respect to the future of the currency system. By the time Congress met in regular session the President was ready with his recommendation, which, postponing all the more elaborate and experimental projects of "currency reform," provided the plan on which the gold standard act of 1900 was built, — of keeping United States notes redeemed in gold at the Treasury, to be paid out again only in exchange for gold.

The President's wisdom in pressing the tariff bill ahead of the currency reform measure was shown by the fact that Congress could not agree upon a financial bill, and he had to wait until the first session of the next Congress for the law he desired. By that time, good crops, and a demand for them, and for an unparalleled amount of our manufactures, abroad, besides the extraordinary demand at home, caused by the Spanish War, had reversed the conditions of the former administration, so that gold was pouring into the Treasury. After the law was passed, this influx of gold continued until the Treasury held more than ever before in the history of the country. In inducing Congress to pass these two important acts President McKinley showed over and over again his tact and skill and courage, and utilized his friendly relations with Senators and Representatives of the opposition, as well as of his own party, to the utmost advantage. In this work, as in all his dealings with Congress, President McKinley showed little care for getting the credit of what was done, compared with his great desire to secure results and maintain harmony. This way of thinking came out constantly in his unwillingness to exercise the veto power, which, he thought, ought to be reserved for rare occasions; preferring to point out privately his objections to bills before or after they came to him, so that their sponsors might correct them by amendments or new legislation, without having to undergo the disappointment, sometimes humiliating, of a presidential veto.

President McKinley, besides settling, with the aid of Congress, the tariff and the Treasury questions to the satisfaction of a majority of the people, brought about the annexation of Hawaii and the much-needed improvement in the government of Alaska. The adjustment of the long-standing controversy with the Pacific railroads, as to their indebtedness for the aid given them by the government, which secured a much larger amount than had been regarded as obtainable, so that the government will lose none of the principal, and only a comparatively small proportion of the interest, was so quietly made under President McKinley's direction that the country generally probably does not realize that it has been done.

In his strictly executive work President McKinley has shown administrative ability of the first order. This has appeared not only in his management of great affairs, but in what might be called the routine business of the office. Under his direction, his admirable secretaries, John Addison Porter and George B. Cortelyou, revolutionized the business methods of the Executive Mansion, to the great benefit of the government and everybody who had business with the President. In the matter of appointments, small and great, President McKinley has done his best to secure the best men available, and with remarkable success. He has not hesitated to appoint, as well as to retain, Democrats who seemed better fitted than Republicans for particular places. In the selection of men to establish civil government in the islands taken from Spain the President exercised his usual care, and was as usual successful. Like every other President, he had to make most of his appointments on the recommendation of public men. Even a President like Mr. McKinley, who has more personal friends than any other man in his party, cannot know who

should fill every office to which he must make an appointment, even if he were disposed, as President McKinley was not, to ignore any of the party leaders. But President McKinley has held to one rule throughout his dealings with the party leaders in making appointments, and that is that he must have a suitable man for every vacancy. When a suitable man was not presented, the party leader would be given, politely but positively, the alternative of indorsing a man that the President could find without his assistance.

A friend of the civil service reform when it had few friends in public life, who avowed his friendship in public speech in the House of Representatives when it was much harder to do so than a few years later, President McKinley has made his appointments in the spirit of the true civil service reformer, nor has he taken any backward step in the execution of the civil service law. He has been severely, but unjustly, criticised for taking out of the classified service a number of places which had been included in it by President Cleveland's blanket order at the close of his last administration. But these were taken out only because, in the practical working of the order, Cabinet officers, all of whom were civil service reformers, — notably Secretary Gage, — advised the President that, for administrative reasons, it was necessary to permit exemptions. It was well understood at the time President Cleveland issued his order that it was experimental, and that his successor would have to make exceptions. President McKinley refused to yield many exceptions that he was urged by party leaders to grant, just as he stood firmly and successfully against any such looting of the executive departments as had taken place to a greater or less extent under recent administrations. The enemies of civil service reform, who are wiser in their generation than the children of light, can testify, and have testified, sometimes in bitterness, to the stanchness with which President McKinley has protected the merit system.

President McKinley has not been unmindful of the evil of the commercial combinations which will always go by the misnomer "trusts." He did all that he could do to meet them under the law through the Department of Justice, and all that he could do to strengthen the law by recommendations to Congress, and meantime favored and appointed the Industrial Commission, which Congress authorized, and which has collected much valuable information on this subject.

The President has been fortunate in his dealings with foreign nations, apart from those which grew out of the war with Spain. He was able to settle satisfactorily the old and vexatious question of our relations to England and Germany in the Samoan Islands, by ending the embarrassing condominium and dividing the islands among the three governments, securing the best harbor for the United States. When the Yukon gold discoveries moved Canada to claim American territory in Alaska, in order to get a seaport for the Yukon district, and Great Britain, somewhat against her will, pressed the claim, with an intimation that a collision between American miners and Canadian constabulary would mean bloodshed, and might mean war, Secretary Hay, under the President's direction, succeeded in arranging a *modus vivendi* which, by establishing a temporary boundary line, postponed the question to a better occasion for peaceful settlement, without giving the Canadians, even temporarily, a seaport, or any concession of real importance. Secretary Hay was also able to negotiate with Great Britain a convention popularly known as the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, which abrogated so much of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty as prevented the United States from constructing an Isthmian canal without the

coöperation of Great Britain, and secured the absolute neutrality, and therefore the absolute protection, of such a canal when built, since the other Powers were known to be ready to assent to it. But, unfortunately, the treaty was sent to the Senate on the eve of the presidential campaign, and side-tracked by Republican Senators upon Democratic criticism because it had not reserved the right to the United States to close the canal against an enemy in time of war. It was pressed, however, in the next session of Congress, only to be so amended as to provide for an exclusively United States canal before it was ratified.

The attempt which the President made through the Wolcott Commission to secure an international agreement on bimetallism failed, as was inevitable in view of the conditions; but its very failure helped the gold standard movement.

President McKinley's personal qualities make him most successful in the performance of all the social functions of his office, formal and informal. President Arthur, hitherto unexcelled among modern Presidents in charm and courtesy to callers and guests, has been surpassed by President McKinley. "I ran into a bank of roses," said a Senator who went angrily to the White House to ask the removal of a Cabinet officer, and came away smiling, without having been able to complete his request: and this sums up in a striking way the experiences of all those who talk with the President. He likes to please. He would rather say yes than no, although he says no firmly enough whenever it is absolutely necessary to deny a request, but he always makes his visitor feel his desire to gratify him. Although he has never been a society man, he has performed the duties of entertaining at dinners and receptions — which are so much more important than they seem outside of Washington — in a most acceptable manner. His kindness and thoughtfulness have appeared in numberless personal courtesies to those in special joy or special sorrow, which have given him a personal place in Washington such as no other President has ever had. All this, and much more of a minor character, would have made an enviable record for President McKinley in his first administration, if there had been no Spanish War or Chinese upheaval.

The war with Spain, which President McKinley did everything in his power to prevent, gave him the great opportunity of his life, and the one that he best improved. In it he lifted his administration to the plane of those of Washington and Lincoln, and linked his name with theirs for our time, if not for all time, as the liberator of millions from the yoke of Spain. The country wanted war, but was not prepared for it; the President did not want it, but was prepared for it when it came. Throughout the war he was not only the actual commander in chief, but the director of our diplomacy. The story of the United States in the summer of 1898 is as dramatic and as brilliant and as glorious as any that history tells. Spain was expelled from her last strongholds in the West Indies and in the East Indies, and shut up in the home peninsula; the islands she had misgoverned came under our flag; the United States, as the champion of the millions whom Spain had oppressed, came out of her isolation, and received recognition from all the nations. President McKinley could say more truthfully than any other man, "This was my work," while, with characteristic modesty, thoughtfulness, and generosity, he was praising and thanking other men, all of whom did not deserve to be so praised and thanked. The suddenness and completeness of our achievement won the admiration of the world. Its consequences made us an active instead of a passive world power, and gave us new duties and responsibilities, which we may regret, but could not honorably avoid.

No one foresaw all of this when President McKinley was elected. Few foresaw even the possibility of it when he was inaugurated. On that beautiful 4th of March nothing seemed more unlikely than that in a year the United States would be entering into war again. The thousands who heard President McKinley's inaugural address, in which Cuba was not even mentioned by name, listened without apprehension of war to the President's declaration against it in the abstract, and his warm commendation of the treaty of arbitration which Secretary Olney had concluded with Great Britain, and which the Senate had not yet ratified, as an illustration of the way in which war should be averted. War with Spain to free Cuba had been suggested by sensational newspapers, but they had not been taken seriously. The country was quite willing to leave Spain in possession of Cuba, if Spain could be induced to stop the cruelties, and give the Cubans a measure of freedom. It was willing to give the new President time to work it all out. A strong minority, made up of intelligent and unemotional people, was opposed to any interference by the United States that would bring the United States into a serious collision with Spain. While he was waiting in his Canton home for inauguration day, Mr. McKinley, whose sympathies had been touched by the tales of the suffering in Cuba, brought to him, after election, by agents of the Cubans and others who wanted him to use his coming power to secure better conditions, and, if possible, independence for Cuba, thought out carefully a plan for bringing about the amelioration, if not the emancipation of Cuba, by diplomatic negotiations with Spain, to be carried on as rapidly as practicable. The surrender of Spanish sovereignty from motives of self-interest on the part of Spain, and probably for a sum of money to be paid by the United States, or by a Cuban republic under a guarantee by the United States, was apparently the ultimate object of this plan, although its purpose might have been satisfied by the cessation of Spanish cruelties, and the concession of real autonomy to the Cubans. President McKinley had the horror of war which most good men who have fought on great battlefields have entertained. He believed, as he said in his inaugural address, that "war should never be entered upon until every agency of peace has failed; peace is preferable to war in almost every contingency."

Mr. McKinley is a born peacemaker, in spite of his valiant service in the Civil War, and the fighting courage he has shown when it was necessary in public life. It is interesting to recall that the purpose he had most at heart, when he became President, was to bring about a complete reunion of the North and South, and to trample out the last embers of hostility between them. As a Northern soldier who was personally popular in the South, he felt that he could do much in his high office to obliterate sectional feeling and restore lasting peace. He could not know that he would be powerfully aided in this undertaking by another war, and that his great desire for the reconciliation of North and South would be satisfied when they once more marched to battle under the old flag.

The President has good reason to believe that if it had not been for the explosion of the Maine, war with Spain could have been averted, and his general purpose with respect to Cuba accomplished. While the war can justly be called a war of humanity, it is still true that the feeling suggested in the popular cry, "Remember the Maine!" was the immediate cause of it, under the predisposing cause of chivalric sympathy with the oppressed Cubans.

The President made the bravest fight of his life during the year that he tried to relieve Cuba by peaceful means, while the demand for war gradually rose until it engulfed Congress and all his advis-

ers, and left him only the alternative of guiding it into the best expression, or of being swept aside by it. When he saw that there was nothing left but this choice, by choosing quickly and acting calmly and courageously, he was able to prevent a formal declaration of war at the first, and any official recognition of the paper republic of Cuba, with all the embarrassing consequences which that would have entailed. He also kept the full direction of the war, and was able to bring it to a close largely by his personal management of our dealings with other countries. After the explosion of the Maine, the President was preparing, through the State, War, and Navy departments, for the conflict that seemed likely to come. Through the State Department he was making our position clear to foreign nations, trying to conciliate their friendship, and getting valuable information about their intentions. Through the War and Navy departments, especially the latter, he was doing all that could be done to get the army and navy into a state of readiness. Both were very far from being ready, — a fact which the men and the newspapers who were advocating the war-making measure of recognizing the independence of the republic of Cuba probably did not realize. At last the verdict of the Court of Inquiry came, and its significant conclusion, although it did not hold the Spanish government or any Spaniard responsible, confirmed in most American minds the suspicion that the Maine had been blown up by Spanish agencies. All that President McKinley could do then was to delay the process of going to war until the army and navy were better prepared for it, with the faint hope that, in the interval, Spain might come to a better understanding with the Cubans by agreeing to give up the island. He has been criticised because he did not hold out longer against the demand for war, but those who were in Washington at the time can see no justice in this criticism. Spain prevented him from doing so by characteristic procrastination and persistence in a fatuous course. Congress, which had shown its confidence in the President by the unprecedented action of giving him fifty million dollars to spend in his own discretion for "the national defense," remained on good terms with him; but with almost unanimous voice, all the Democrats and the majority of the Republicans being openly in favor of war with Spain, it insisted that he should cut short the negotiations which he was still carrying on, and recommend war. Speaker Reed could not restrain the Republicans of the House. One by one the conservative men in the Cabinet and Congress who had stood by the President at first, including Vice President Hobart, his most trusted counselor, joined more or less strongly in the general demand. No President with less personal influence could have held Congress back so long. Finally, when he could do no more, and there was no hope of accomplishing anything by further resistance, he recommended armed intervention, after a last appeal to Spain; and Congress, under the guidance of his counsels authorizing this, refused to recognize the republic of Cuba, but promised that we would make Cuba independent. Spain responded by breaking off diplomatic relations, and the war was on.

Its striking events are so fresh in the public mind that they need not be rehearsed. President McKinley played the same part that President Lincoln played in the Civil War, night and day, sometimes all night and day, from the "war room" in the White House. The War Department, with a Secretary chosen with no thought of war, an antiquated bureau system, and some inefficient officials among many who were highly efficient, was used by President McKinley as the best means then at hand, and no one regretted more than he any ill consequences that followed, or made

more allowance for them. He could find compensation for whatever was lacking in the War Department in the almost faultless administration of the Navy Department, which shone the more by contrast. At the head of the State Department, after the war began, he had his closest personal friend and most trusted adviser, William R. Day; and in their administration of its affairs no real mistakes have been discovered, although there was some criticism at the time. When the inner history of that war comes to be written, it will be seen that the administration's achievements in diplomacy were more remarkable than its achievements on the sea or in the field. The way in which the invaluable moral aid of Great Britain was secured, when all other Powers were indifferent or unfriendly to us, and still regarded us as a second or third class power, and the way in which they were later brought to see our true position and influence, and therefore to cultivate our friendship, made a wonderful impression upon the world. President McKinley, who seemed to overlook nothing, made the war the occasion for establishing more firmly the most enlightened rules of naval warfare, and thus incidentally conferred a lasting benefit on all maritime nations.

It was by the administration's diplomacy that the war was brought so quickly to an end; for Spain would have dragged it on indefinitely, in spite of her defeats, if it had not been for the pressure brought upon her, through France, by the other Powers to end what had become a trying and even dangerous situation to most of them, with the threat looming large before their imaginations that the United States, for the first time, would invade Europe by attacking the Spanish coast. President McKinley made peace in the courteous and clement fashion characteristic of him, and with such acknowledgments to France and her representatives as furnished recognition for their timely assistance, and drew our ancient ally back to us, with her modern ally, Russia, our quondam friend.

President McKinley, in sending Admiral Dewey to capture or destroy the Spanish fleet in the Philippines, had no intention of acquiring that archipelago for the United States. He merely sought to make war most effectively on Spain. Nor, when Admiral Dewey, having no other port open to him in that part of the world, and having shattered the only sovereignty there was in the Philippines, remained in Manila harbor, was there any intention on the part of the President to take even the city of Manila as a permanent possession. The Philippines had not been in his scheme of action any more than they had been in the thought of the country. It was a providence, or an accident, according to the point of view, that the most striking victory of the war came at the most unexpected point and time, and with the most unexpected consequences. But events marched fast from May until September, when Secretary Day and the other members of the Peace Commission went to Paris to negotiate the treaty of peace with the representatives of Spain; and by that time it was evident that, for our own interest in the East, and for the protection of those who had trusted us in particular, and of all the inhabitants of the Philippines in general, we must remain in the archipelago.

Upon this principle, the cession of the entire archipelago was obtained in the treaty of peace concluded on December 10, 1898; the United States agreeing to pay Spain twenty million dollars, and the treaty providing that "the civil rights and political status of the native inhabitants of the territories hereby ceded to the United States shall be determined by the Congress." Proclamation was immediately made by our representatives in the Philippines that the authority thus obtained by the United States would be used only for the protection and benefit of the natives; that "we come, not as

invaders or conquerors, but as friends;" and every effort was made to impress this upon the people. The President has been more severely criticised for taking the Philippines than for any other act of his administration or of his life. Not only his political opponents generally, but many of his own party, have contended that he ought not to have done so, although they have not agreed as to what he should have done. It is a matter of fact that the treaty of peace, carrying the title to the Philippines, was ratified by the two-thirds vote of the Senate on the 6th of February, 1899, and the twenty million dollars promised to Spain was immediately appropriated by large majorities in both houses of Congress; and neither of these things could have been accomplished except by the leave of those who differed from the President. And Congress has left the whole matter to the President ever since.

The President, it should be said, has been criticised also, though less severely, by those who thought that he ought to have prevented the insurrection by having the leaders apprehended before they were ready to strike, instead of allowing them to obtain advantage of his policy of conciliation. To this the reply is that until the treaty of peace was ratified, after the armistice with Spain was begun, he could not honorably do anything in the Philippines but what he did do, to say nothing of his desire to win the affection of the people. In this effort he has spared no pains. He sent first the Schurman Commission, and then the Taft Commission, to treat with the natives, with a view to convincing them of our good intentions, and setting up suitable local and general governments for them, offering amnesty and even reward to armed insurgents; and those efforts are gradually producing the result desired. The President has constantly emphasized the difference between Aguinaldo and his associates of the Tagal tribe, and the people of the other eighty tribes of the archipelago; justly holding the former responsible for the insurrection, and believing that the latter would willingly have accepted the sovereignty of the United States, and the good government that it means. He has argued that only as a sovereign power can we guide the Filipinos to self-development and self-government; that a protectorate would be impossible; and that we could no more establish one, under the arguments of his opponents, "without the consent of the governed," than we could establish a government of our own.

The logic and the practical wisdom have been in the President's argument rather than in that of his opponents, many of whom were trying to rush us into war with Spain when he was trying to prevent it, and are now unwilling to take the necessary consequences. They have called President McKinley, the most democratic of men, an "imperialist," and have accused him, known to be a lover of peace and a hater of war, of leaning to "militarism." Nevertheless, while the people generally have grown as weary as the President himself of the long and costly struggle in the Philippines, fomented and maintained in a measure by the President's critics, it seems certain that a majority of the voters would have condemned at the polls a surrender to Aguinaldo or an abandonment of the purpose of the President in the Philippines; and that the overwhelming majority of the President's reëlection means that the country believes the time has come when, in the providence of God, our nation, reunited by war, prosperous and powerful beyond the dreams of its founders, must meet new responsibilities in new ways.

By the treaty of peace, the United States took Cuba in trust for its people, then without other government than that of Spain, and it took Porto Rico absolutely as partial indemnity, as the island commanding the entrance to the proposed Nicaraguan Canal, and for the benefit of the Porto Ricans. The United

States, through the declaration of Congress, having promised Cuba independence upon the establishment of a stable government, President McKinley, through Major General Leonard Wood and other competent officers, has been endeavoring to construct a state out of the ruins that we found when we took possession on the 1st of January, 1899. He is able to say with truth: "We have restored order and established domestic tranquillity. We have fed the starving, clothed the naked, and ministered to the sick. We have improved the sanitary condition of the island. We have stimulated industry, introduced public education, taken a full and comprehensive enumeration of the inhabitants." Local governments administered by the people have been chosen for all the municipalities of Cuba, and by the first Monday in November last a convention, chosen by the people, had assembled to frame a constitution, which must be acceptable to Congress, preparatory to independence and adjustment of Cuba's relations to the United States. But although by that time the army of occupation had been cut down from 43,000 to less than 6000, the fact that the President had not withdrawn it and all other American authority from the island, precipitously and without action of Congress, was used to sustain the accusations of "imperialism" and "militarism," and even insinuations that the promise of the United States would not be kept; while the embezzlements of two or three postal officials in Cuba, in spite of the prompt exposure and prosecution of them by the administration, were dwelt upon.

Much more was made by the President's critics, in his own party as well as in the opposition, of a determination to treat Porto Rico as a special form of territory, not intended to become a state, and for two years to be distinguished by a duty of fifteen per cent of the Dingley tariff on its imports and exports in its dealings with the United States. Declaring that "the Constitution follows the flag," although that doctrine is contrary to the precedents, and without waiting for the authoritative decision sought from the Supreme Court of the United States, the opponents of the President's policy stirred up a strong sentiment against this form of imperialism. The President had said, in his annual message in December, 1899, that it was our "plain duty" to give Porto Rico freedom of trade with the United States; and his critics harped upon that, ignoring the fact that it was found afterwards to be necessary to provide revenue temporarily for the island by very small tariff duties, all the money collected here as well as there being spent on the island, which, swept by a hurricane and disordered by Spanish misrule, could not raise adequate revenue by internal taxation. Congress was careful to provide that this tariff taxation should cease in two years, and earlier if sufficient revenue were provided otherwise. The President sent an admirable man in Governor Allen, and gave him assistants of like character, to coöperate with the natives, who were given a larger measure of self-government than Louisiana had under Jefferson, in the reorganization and upbuilding of the island. Guam and other small islands taken from Spain have been governed wisely and without serious criticism.

From the time that Mr. John Hay succeeded Secretary Day as the head of the State Department, the President's attention was directed with special care, amid all his other responsibilities, to the necessity of maintaining our commercial and other treaty rights in China, in view of the gradual encroachments of Russia, Germany, England, and France upon the territory and authority of that empire. In due time, Secretary Hay, by the President's direction, by clever and candid management, drew from these Powers and others assent to the maintenance of the "open door" of commercial and

financial dealings with China, guaranteed to us as to the other Powers by the treaties with China, and declarations that no further territorial acquisition would be made by the Powers in China. This success in an entirely new rôle among the nations gave our government a position of leadership in China; so that when, in May, 1900, the anti-foreign Empress Dowager and her advisers encouraged anti-foreign demonstrations by the patriotic society known as the "Boxers," which led to attacks upon the diplomatic corps and the other foreigners in Pekin, and finally their imprisonment in the British legation compound under intermittent assaults from imperial troops, the concerted movement for their rescue was led by the United States, helped greatly by having the Philippines as a base of operations. Moreover, Secretary Hay, on the 3d of July, laid down the principles which were accepted by the other Powers, for the settlement of this matter with China, under which, after the rescue, negotiations began for the settlement, with the strict understanding that there would be no territorial indemnities, and no interference with the open door in the exaction of penalties for the past and guarantees for the future. In the rivalries among the European Powers over this settlement, they paid a remarkable tribute to the success of the McKinley administration in foreign affairs by competing with one another for the favor and influence of the United States. President McKinley, who had been accused by his critics of entangling alliances with Great Britain and other countries, notwithstanding his constant refusal to enter into such alliances, was able to secure every advantage the United States desired by acting concurrently with the Powers as they accepted his principles of dealing with the Chinese question, and finally to prevent the dismemberment of the Chinese Empire and maintain the open door.

Without undertaking to anticipate the judgment of posterity, it seems safe to say that President McKinley has had a great part to play, and has played it well, and that it was fortunate for the republic that he was at its head in the closing years of the nineteenth century.

Henry B. F. Macfarland.

PENELOPE'S IRISH EXPERIENCES.[1]

PART FIFTH.

XXII.

"Moist and agreeable, — that 's the Irish notion both for climate and company."

SHAN VAN VOCHT HOTEL,
Heart of Connemara.

SHAN VAN VOCHT means in English the "Poor Little Old Woman," one of the many endearing names given to Ireland in the Gaelic. There is, too, a well-known rebel song called by this title, — one which was not only written in Irish and English, but which was translated into French for the soldiers at Brest who were to invade Ireland under Hoche.

We had come from Knockcool, Donegal, to Westport, in County Mayo, and the day was enlivened by two purely Irish touches, one at the beginning and one at the end. We alighted at a certain railway junction to await our train, and were interested in a large detach-

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ment of soldiers, — starting for a long journey, we judged, by the number of railway carriages and the amount of luggage and stores. In every crowded compartment there were two or three men leaning out over the locked doors; for the guard was making ready to start. All were chatting gayly with their sweethearts, wives, and daughters, save one gloomy fellow sitting alone in a corner, searching the crowd with sad eyes for a wished-for face or a last greeting. The bell rang, the engine stirred; suddenly a pretty, rosy girl flew breathlessly down the platform, pushing her way through the groups of on-lookers. The man's eyes lighted; he rose to his feet, but the other fellows blocked the way; the door was locked, and he had but one precious moment. Still he was equal to the emergency, for he raised his fist and with one blow shattered the window, got his kiss, and the train rumbled away, with his victorious smile set in a frame of broken glass! I liked that man better than any one I've seen since Himself deserted me for his Duty! How I hope the pretty girl will be faithful, and how I hope that an ideal lover will not be shot in South Africa!

And if he was truly Irish, so was the porter at a little way station where we stopped in the dark, after being delayed interminably at Claremorris by some trifling accident. We were eight persons packed into a second-class carriage, and totally ignorant of our whereabouts; but the porter, opening the door hastily, shouted, "Is there anny one there for here?" — a question so vague and illogical that none of us said anything in reply, but simply gazed at one another, and then laughed as the train went on.

We are on a here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow journey, determined to avoid the railways, and travel by private conveyance and the public "long cars," just for a glimpse of the Weeping West before we settle down quietly in County Meath for our last few weeks of Irish life.

Thus far it has been a pursuit of the picturesque under umbrellas; in fact, we're desthroyed wid the dint of the damp! If the barometer bore any relation to the weather, we could plan our drives with more discretion; but it sometimes remains as steady as a rock during two days of sea mist, and Francesca, finding it wholly regardless of gentle tapping, lost her temper on one occasion and rapped it so severely as to crack the glass. That this peculiarity of Irish barometers has been noted before we are sure, because of this verse written by a native bard: —

> "When the glass is up to thirty,
> Be sure the weather will be dirty.
> When the glass is high, O very!
> There 'll be rain in Cork and Kerry.
> When the glass is low, O Lork!
> There 'll be rain in Kerry and Cork!"

I might add: —

> And when the glass has climbed its best,
> The sky is weeping in the West.

The national rainbow is as deceitful as the barometer, and it is no uncommon thing for us to have half a dozen of them in a day, between heavy showers, like the smiles and tears of Irish character; though, to be sure, one does not need to be an Irish patriot to declare that a fine day in this country is worth three fine days anywhere else. The present weather is accounted for partially by the fact that, as Horace Walpole said, summer has set in with its usual severity, and the tourist is abroad in the land.

I am not sure but that we belong to the hated class for the moment, though at least we try to emulate tourist virtues, if there are any, and avoid tourist vices, which is next to impossible, as they are the fruit of the tour itself. It is the circular tour which, in its effect upon the great middle class, is the most virulent and contagious, and which breeds the most offensive habits of thought and speech. The circular tour is a magnificent idea, a praiseworthy

business scheme; it has educated the minds of millions, and why it should have ruined their manners is a mystery, unless indeed they had none when they were at home. Some of our fellow travelers with whom we originally started disappear every day or two, to join us again. We lose them temporarily when we take a private conveyance or when they stop at a cheap hotel, but we come together again on coach or long car; and although they have torn off many coupons in the interval, their remaining stock seems to assure us of their society for days to come.

We have a Protestant clergyman who is traveling for his health, but beguiling his time by observations for a volume to be called The Relation between Priests and Pauperism. It seems, at first thought, as if the circular coupon system was ill fitted to furnish him with corroborative detail; but inasmuch as every traveler finds in a country only, so to speak, what he brings to it, he will gather statistics enough. Those persons who start with a certain bias of mind in one direction seldom notice any facts that would throw out of joint those previously amassed; they instinctively collect the ones that "match," all others having a tendency to disturb the harmony of the original scheme. The clergyman's traveling companion is a person who possesses not a single opinion, conviction, or trait in common with him; so we conclude that they joined forces for economy's sake. This comrade we call "the man with the evergreen heart," for we can hardly tell by his appearance whether he is an old young man or a young old one. With his hat on he is juvenile; when he removes it, he is so distinctly elderly that we do not know whether to regard him as damaged youth or well-preserved old age; but he transfers his solicitous attentions to lady after lady, rebuffs not having the slightest effect upon his warm, susceptible, ardent nature. We suppose that he is single, but we know that he can be married at a moment's notice by anybody who is willing to accept the risks of the situation. Then we have a nice schoolmaster, so agreeable that Salemina, Francesca, and I draw lots every evening as to who shall sit beside him next day. He has just had seventy boys down with measles at the same time, giving prizes to those who could show the best rash! Salemina is no friend to the competitive system in education, but this appealed to her as being as wise as it was whimsical.

We have also in our company an indiscreet and inflammable Irishman from Wexford and a cutler from Birmingham, who lose no opportunity to have a conversational scrimmage. When the car stops to change or water the horses (and as for this last operation, our steeds might always manage it without loss of time by keeping their mouths open), we generally hear something like this; for although the two gentlemen have never met before, they fight as if they had known each other all their lives.

Mr. Shamrock. "Faith, then, if you don't like the hotels and the railroads, go to Paris or London; we 've done widout you up to now, and we can kape on doing widout you! We 'd have more money to spind in entertainin' you if the government had n't taken three million of pounds out of us to build fortifications in China."

Mr. Rose. "That 's all bosh and nonsense; you would n't know how to manage a hotel if you had the money."

Mr. Shamrock. "If we can't make hotel-kapers, it 's soldiers we can make; and be the same token you can't manage India or Canada widout our help! Faith, England owes Ireland more than she can pay, and it 's not her business to be thravelin' round criticisin' the throubles she 's helped to projuce."

Mr. Rose. "William Ewart Gladstone did enough for your island to make up for all the harm that the other statesmen may or may not have done."

Mr. Shamrock, touched in his most vulnerable point, shrieks above the rattle of the wheels: "The wurrst statesman that iver put his name to paper was William Ewart Gladstone!"

Mr. Rose. "The best, I say!"

Mr. Shamrock. "I say the wurrst!"

Mr. Rose. "The best!!"

Mr. Shamrock. "The wurrst!!"

Mr. Rose (after a pause). "It's your absentee landlords that have done the mischief. I 'd hang every one of them, if I had my way."

Mr. Shamrock. "Faith, they 'd be absint thin, sure enough!"

And at this everybody laughs, and the trouble is over for a brief space, much to the relief of Mrs. Shamrock.

The last two noteworthy personages are a dapper Frenchman, who is in business at Manchester, and a portly Londoner, both of whom are seeing Ireland for the first time. The Frenchman does not grumble at the weather; for he says that in Manchester it rains twice a day all the year round, save during the winter, when it commonly rains all day.

Sir James Paget, in an address on Recreation, defined its chief element to be surprise. If that is true, the portly Londoner must be exhilarated beyond words. But with him the sensation does not stop with surprise: it becomes first amazement, and then horror; for he is of the comparative type, and therefore sees things done and hears things said, on every hand, that are not said and done at all in the same way in London. He sees people — ay, and policemen — bicycling on footpaths and riding without lamps, and is horrified to learn that they are seldom, if ever, prosecuted. He is shocked at the cabins, and the rocks, and the beggar children, and the lack of trees; at the lack of logic, also, and the lack of shoes; at the prevalence of the brogue; above all, at the presence of the pig in the parlor. He is outraged at the weather, and he minds getting wet the more because he hates Irish whiskey. He keeps a little notebook, and he can hardly wait for dinner to be over, he is so anxious to send a communication (probably signed "Veritas") to the London Times.

The multiplicity of rocks and the absence of trees are indeed the two most striking features of the landscape; and yet Boate says, "In ancient times, as long as the land was in full possession of the Irish themselves, all Ireland was very full of woods on every side, as evidently appeareth by the writings of Giraldus Cambrensis." But this was long ago, —

> "Ere the emerald gem of the western world
> Was set in the brow of a stranger."

In the long wars with the English these forests were the favorite refuge of the natives, and it was a common saying that the Irish could never be tamed while the leaves were upon the trees. Then passages were cut through the woods, and the policy of felling them, as a military measure, was begun and carried forward on a gigantic scale in Elizabeth's reign.

At one of the cabins along the road they were making great preparations, which we understood, from having seen the same thing in Lisdara. There are wee villages and solitary cabins so far from chapel that the priests establish "stations" for confession. A certain house is selected, and all the old, infirm, and feeble ones come there to confess and hear mass. The priest afterwards eats breakfast with the family; and there is great pride in this function, and great rivalry in the humble arrangements. Mrs. Odevaine often lends a linen cloth and flowers to one of her neighbors, she tells us; to another a knife and fork, or a silver teapot; and so on. This cabin was at the foot of a long hill, and the driver gave me permission to walk; so Francesca and I slipped down, I with a parcel which chanced to have in it some small purchases made at the last hotel. We asked if we might help a bit, and give a little teapot of Belleek ware and

a linen doily trimmed with Irish lace. Both the articles were trumpery bits of souvenirs, but the old dame was inclined to think that the angels and saints had taken her in charge, and nothing could exceed her gratitude. She offered us a potato from the pot, a cup of tea or goat's milk, and a flower from a cracked cup; and this last we accepted as we departed in a shower of blessings, the most interesting of them being, "May the Blessed Virgin twine your brow with roses when ye sit in the sates of glory!" and "The Lord be good to ye and sind ye a duke for a husband!" We felt more than repaid for our impulsive interest, and as we disappeared from sight a last "Bannact dea leat!" (God's blessing be on your way!) was wafted to our ears.

I seem to have known all these people before, and indeed I have met them between the covers of a book; for Connemara has one prophet, and her name is Jane Barlow. In how many of these wild bog lands of Connaught have we seen a huddle of desolate cabins on a rocky hillside, turf stacks looming darkly at the doors, and empty black pots sitting on the thresholds, and fancied we have found Lisconnel! I should recognize Ody Rafferty, the Widow McGurk, Mad Bell, old Mrs. Kilfoyle, or Stacey Doyne, if I met them face to face, just as I should know other real human creatures of a higher type, — Beatrix Esmond, Becky Sharp, Meg Merrilies, or Di Vernon.

XXIII.

"'Did the Irish elves ever explain themselves to you, Red Rose?'

"'No, I can't say that they did,' said the English Elf. 'You can't call it an explanation to say that a thing has always been that way, just; or that a thing would be a heap more bother any other way.'"

The west of Ireland is depressing, but it is very beautiful; at least if your taste includes an appreciation of what is wild, magnificent, and sombre. Oppressed you must be, even if you are an artist, by its bleakness and its dreariness, its lonely lakes reflecting a dull gray sky, its desolate bog lands, its solitary chapels, its wretched cabins perched on hillsides that are very wildernesses of rocks. But for cloud effects, for wonderful shadows, for fantastic and unbelievable sunsets, when the mountains are violet, the lakes silver with red flashes, the islets gold and crimson and purple, and the whole cloudy west in a flame, it is unsurpassed; only your standard of beauty must not be a velvet lawn studded with copper beeches, or a primary-hued landscape bathed in American sunshine. Connemara is austere and gloomy under a dull sky, but it has the poetic charm that belongs to all mystery, and its bare cliffs and ridges are delicately penciled on a violet background, in a way peculiar to itself and enchantingly lovely.

The waste of all God's gifts; the incredible poverty; the miserable huts, often without window or chimney; the sad-eyed women, sometimes nothing but "skin, bones, and grief;" the wild, beautiful children, springing up like startled deer from behind piles of rocks or growths of underbrush; the stony little bits of earth which the peasants cling to with such passion, while good grass lands lie unused, yet seem forever out of reach, — all these make one dream, and wonder, and speculate, and hope against hope that the worst is over and a better day dawning. We passed within sight of a hill village without a single road to connect it with the outer world. The only supply of turf was on the mountain top, and from thence it had to be brought, basket by basket, even in the snow. The only manure for such land is seaweed, and that must be carried from the shore to the tiny plats of sterile earth on the hillside. I remember it all, for I refused to buy a pair of stockings of a woman along the road. We

had taken so many that my courage failed; but I saw her climbing the slopes patiently, wearily, a shawl over her white hair, — knitting, knitting, knitting, as she walked in the rain to her cabin somewhere behind the high hills. We never give to beggars in any case, but we buy whatever we can as we are able; and why did I draw the line at that particular pair of stockings, only to be haunted by that pathetic figure for the rest of my life? Beggars there are by the score, chiefly in the tourist districts; but it is only fair to add that there are hundreds of huts where it would be a dire insult to offer a penny for a glass of water, a sup of milk, or the shelter of a turf fire.

As we drive along the road, we see, if the umbrellas can be closed for a half hour, flocks of sheep grazing on the tops of the hills, where it is sunnier, where food is better and flies less numerous. Crystal streams and waterfalls are pouring down the hillsides to lose themselves in one of Connemara's many bays, and we have a glimpse of osmunda fern, golden green and beautiful. It was under a branch of this *Osmunda regalis* that the Irish princess lay hidden, they say, till she had evaded her pursuers. The blue turf smoke rises here and there, — now from a cabin with houseleek growing on the crumbling thatch, now from one whose roof is held on by ropes and stones, — and there is always a turf bog, stacks and stacks of the cut blocks, a woman in a gown of dark red flannel resting for a moment, with the empty creel beside her, and a man cutting in the distance. After climbing the long hill beyond the "station" we are rewarded by a glimpse of more fertile fields; the clumps of ragwort and purple loosestrife are reinforced with kingcups and lilies growing near the wayside, and the rare sight, first of a pot of geraniums in the window, and then of a garden all aglow with red fuchsias, torch plants, and huge dahlias, so cheers Veritas that he takes heart again. "This is something like home!" he exclaims breezily; whereupon Mr. Shamrock murmurs that if people find nothing to admire in a foreign country save what resembles their own, he wonders that they take the trouble to be traveling.

"It is a darlin' year for the pitaties," the driver says; and there are plenty of them planted hereabouts, even in stony spots not worth a *keenogue* for anything else, for "pitaties does n't require anny in*thrick*et farmin', you see, ma'am."

The clergyman remarks that only three things are required to make Ireland the most attractive country in the world, — "Protestantism, cleanliness, and gardens;" and Mr. Shamrock, who is of course a Roman Catholic, answers this tactful speech in a way that surprises the speaker and keeps him silent for hours.

The Birmingham cutler, who has a copy of Ismay's Children in his pocket, triumphantly reads aloud, at this moment, a remark put into the mouth of an Irish character: "The low Irish are quite destitute of all notion of beauty, — have not the remotest particle of artistic sentiment or taste; their cabins are exactly as they were six hundred years ago, for they never want to improve themselves."

Then Mr. Shamrock asserts that any show of prosperity on a tenant's part would only mean an advance of rent on the landlord's; and Mr. Rose retorts that while that might have been true in former times, it is utterly false to-day.

Mrs. Shamrock, who is a natural apologist, pleads that the Irish gentry have the most beautiful gardens in the world and the greatest natural taste in gardening, and there must be some reason why the lower classes are so different in this respect. May it not be due partly to lack of ground, lack of money to spend on seeds and fertilizers, lack of all refining, civilizing, and educating influences? Mr. Shamrock adds that the dwellers in cabins cannot successfully train creepers against the walls or flowers in the door-yard, because of the goat, pig, donkey,

ducks, hens and chickens; and Veritas asks triumphantly, "Why don't you keep the pig in a sty, then?"

The man with the evergreen heart (who has already been told this morning that I am happily married, Francesca engaged, Salemina a determined celibate, but Benella quite at liberty) peeps under Salemina's umbrella at this juncture, and says tenderly, "And what do you think about these vexed questions, dear madam?" Which gives her a chance to reply with some distinctness, "I shall not know what I think for several months to come; and at any rate, there are various things more needed on this coach than opinions."

At this the Frenchman murmurs, "Ah, qu'elle a raison!" and the Birmingham cutler says, "'Ear! 'ear!"

On another day the parson began to tell the man with the evergreen heart some interesting things about America. He had never been there himself, but he had a cousin who had traveled extensively in that country, and had brought back much unusual information. "The Americans are an extraordinary people on the practical side," he remarked; "but having said that, you have said all, for they are sordid and absolutely devoid of ideality. Take an American at his roll-top desk, a telephone at one side and a typewriter at the other, talk to him of pork and dollars, and you have him at his very best. He always keeps on his Panama hat at business, and sits in a rocking-chair smoking a long cigar. The American woman wears a blue dress with a red lining, or a black dress with orange trimmings, showing a survival of African taste; while another exhibits the American Indian type, — sallow, with high cheek bones. The manners of the servant classes are extraordinary. I believe they are called the 'help,' and they commonly sit in the drawing-room after the work is finished."

"You surprise me!" said Mrs. Shamrock.

"It is indeed amazing," he continued; "and there are other extraordinary customs, among them the habit of mixing ices with all beverages. They plunge ices into mugs of ale, beer, porter, lemonade, or Apollinaris, and sip the mixture with a long ladle at the chemist's counter, where it is usually served."

"You surprise me!" exclaimed the cutler.

"You surprise me too!" I echoed in my inmost heart. Francesca would not have confined herself to that blameless mode of expression, you may be sure, and I was glad that she was on the back seat of the car. I did not know it at the time, but Veritas, who is a man of intelligence, had identified her as an American, and, wishing to inform himself on all possible points, had asked her frankly why it was that the people of her nation gave him the impression of never being restful or quiet, but always so excessively and abnormally quick in motion and speech and thought.

"Casual impressions are not worth anything," she replied nonchalantly. "As a nation, you might sometimes give us the impression of being phlegmatic and slow-witted. Both ideas may have some basis of fact, yet not be absolutely true. We are not all abnormally quick in America. Look at our messenger boys, for example."

"We! Phlegmatic and slow-witted!" exclaimed Veritas. "You surprise me! And why do you not reward these government messengers for speed, and stimulate them in that way?"

"We do," Francesca answered; "that is the only way in which we ever get them to arrive anywhere, — by rewarding and stimulating them at both ends of the journey, and sometimes, in extreme cases, at a halfway station."

"This is most interesting," said Veritas, as he took out his damp notebook; "and perhaps you can tell me why your newspapers are so poorly edited. so cheap, so sensational?"

"I confess I can't explain it," she sighed, as if sorely puzzled. "Can it be that we have expended our strength on magazines, where you are so lamentably weak?"

At this moment the rain began, as if there had been a long drought, and the sky had just determined to make up the deficiency. It fell in sheets, and the wind blew I know not how many Irish miles an hour. The Frenchman put on a silk mackintosh with a cape, and was berated by everybody in the same seat because he stood up a moment and let the water in under the lap covers. His umbrella was a dainty *en-tout-cas* with a mother-of-pearl handle, that had answered well enough in heavy mist or soft drizzle. His hat of fine straw was tied with a neat cord to his buttonhole; but although that precaution insured its ultimate safety, it did not prevent its soaring from his head and descending on Mrs. Shamrock's bonnet. He conscientiously tried holding it on with one hand, but was then reproved by both neighbors because his mackintosh dripped over them.

"How are your spirits, Frenchy?" asked the cutler jocosely.

"I am not too greatly sad," said the poor gentleman, "but I will be glad it should be finished; far more joyfully would I be at Manchester, triste as it may be."

Just then a gust of wind blew his cape over his head, and snapped his parasol.

"It is evidently it has been made in Ireland," he sighed, with a desperate attempt at gayety. "It should have had a grosser stem, and hélas! it must not be easy to have it mended in these barbarous veelages."

We stopped at four o'clock at a wayside hostelry, and I had quietly made up my mind to descend from the car, and take rooms for the night, whatever the place might be. Unfortunately, the same idea occurred to three or four of the soaked travelers; and as men could leap down, while ladies must wait for the steps, the chivalrous sex secured the rooms, and I was obliged to ascend again, wetter than ever, to my perch beside the driver.

"Can I get the box seat, do you think, if I pay extra for it?" I had asked one of the stablemen, before breakfast.

"You don't need to be payin', miss! Just confront the driver, and you'll get it aisy!" If, by the way, I had confronted him at the end instead of at the beginning of the journey, I should never have succeeded; for my coat had been leaked upon by red and green umbrellas, my hat was a shapeless jelly, and my face imprinted with the spots from a drenched blue veil.

After two hours more of this we reached the Shan Van Vocht Hotel, where we had engaged apartments; but we found to our consternation that it was full, and that we had been put in lodgings a half mile away.

Salemina, whose patience was quite exhausted by the discomforts of the day, groaned aloud when we were deposited at the door of a village shop, and ushered upstairs to our tiny quarters; but she ceased abruptly when she really took note of our surroundings. Everything was humble, but clean and shining, — glass, crockery, bedding, floor, on the which we were dripping pools of water, while our landlady's daughter tried to make us more comfortable.

"It 's a soft night we 're havin'," she said, in a dove's voice, "but we 'll do right enough if the win' does n't rise up on us."

Left to ourselves, we walked about the wee rooms on ever new and more joyful voyages of discovery. The curtains rolled up and down easily; the windows were propped upon nice clean sticks instead of tennis rackets and hearth brushes; there was a well-washed stone to keep the curtain down on the sill; and just outside were tiny window gardens, in each of which grew three marigolds and three

asters, in a box fenced about with little green pickets. There were well-dusted books on the tables, and Francesca wanted to sit down immediately to The Charming Cora, reprinted from The Girl's Own Paper. Salemina meantime had tempted fate by looking under the bed, where she found the floor so exquisitely neat that she patted it affectionately with her hand.

We had scarcely donned our dry clothing when the hotel proprietor sent a jaunting car for our drive to the seven-o'clock table d'hôte dinner. We carefully avoided our traveling companions that night, but learned the next morning that the Frenchman had slept on four chairs, and rejected the hotel coffee with the remark that it was not "*véritable*," — a criticism in which he was quite justified. Our comparative Englishman had occupied a cot in a room where the tin bathtubs were kept. He was writing to the Times at the moment of telling me his woes, and, without seeing the letter, I could divine his impassioned advice never to travel in the west of Ireland in rainy weather. He remarked (as if quoting from his own communication) that the scenery was magnificent, but that there was an entirely insufficient supply of hot water; that the waiters had the appearance of being low comedians, and their service was of the character one might expect from that description; that he had been talking before breakfast with a German gentleman, who had sat on a wall opposite the village of Dugort, in the island of Achill, from six o'clock in the morning until nine, and in that time he had seen coming out of an Irish hut three geese, eight goslings, six hens, fifteen chickens, two pigs, two cows, two barefooted girls, the master of the house leading a horse, three small children carrying cloth bags filled with school-books, and finally a strapping mother leading a donkey loaded with peat baskets; that all this poverty and ignorance and indolence and filth was spoiling his holiday; and finally, that if he should be as greatly disappointed in the fishing as he had been in the hotel accommodations, he should be obliged to go home; and not only that, but he should feel it his duty to warn others of what they might expect.

"Perhaps you are justified," said Francesca sympathetically. "People who are used to the dry, sunny climate and the clear atmosphere of London ought not to expose themselves to Irish rain without due consideration."

He agreed with her, glancing over his spectacles to see if she by any possibility could be amusing herself at his expense, — good old fussy, fault-finding Veritas; but indeed Francesca's eyes were so soft and lovely and honest that the more he looked at her, the less he could do her the injustice of suspecting her sincerity.

But mind you, although I would never confess it to Veritas, because he sees nothing but flaws on every side, the Irish pig is, to my taste, a trifle too much in the foreground. He pays the rent, no doubt; but this magnificent achievement could be managed from a sty in the rear, ungrateful as it might seem to immure so useful a personage behind a door or conceal his virtues from the public at large.

XXIV.

"Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes."

If you drive from Clifden to Oughterard by way of Maam Cross, and then on to Galway, you will pass through the O'Flahertys' country, one of whom, Murrough O'Flaherty, was governor of this county of Iar (western) Connaught. You will like to see the last of the O'Flaherty yews, a thousand years old at least, and the ruins of the castle and banqueting hall. The family glories are enumerated in ancient Irish manuscript,

and instead of the butler, footman, chef, coachman, and gardener of to-day we read of the O'Flaherty physician, standard bearer, brehon or judge, keeper of the black bell, master of the revels, and keeper of the bees; and the moment Himself is rich enough, I intend to add some of these personages to our staff.

We afterwards learned that there was formerly an inscription over the west gate of Galway: —

> "From the fury of the O'Flaherties,
> Good Lord, deliver us."

After Richard de Burgo took the town, in 1226, it became a flourishing English colony, and the citizens must have guarded themselves from any intercourse with the native Irish; at least, an old by-law of 1518 enacts that "neither O' nor Mac shalle strutte ne swaggere thro' the streetes of Galway."

We did not go to Galway straight, because we never do anything straight. We seldom get any reliable information, and never any inspiring suggestions, from the natives themselves. They are all patriotically sure that Ireland is the finest counthry in the world, God bless her! but in the matter of seeing that finest counthry in the easiest or best fashion they are all very vague. Indirectly, our own lack of geography, coupled with the ignorance of the people themselves, has been of the greatest service in enlivening our journeys. Francesca says that, in looking back, she finds that our errors of judgment have always resulted in our most charming and unforgettable experiences; but let no one who is traveling with a well-balanced and logical-minded man attempt to follow in our footsteps.

Being as free as air on this occasion (if I except the dread of Benella's scorn, which descends upon us now and then, and moves us to repentance, sometimes even to better behavior), we passed Porridgetown and Cloomore, and ferried across to the opposite side of Lough Corrib. Salemina, of course, had fixed upon Cong as our objective point, because of its caverns and archæological remains, which Dr. La Touche tells her not on any account to miss. Francesca and I said nothing, but we had a very definite idea of avoiding Cong, and going nearer Tuam, to climb Knockma, the hill of the fairies, and explore their ancient haunts and archæological remains, which are more in our line than the caverns of Cong.

Speaking of Dr. La Touche reminds me that we have not the smallest notion as to how our middle-aged romance is progressing. Absence may, at this juncture, be just as helpful a force in its development as daily intercourse would be; for when one is past thirty, I fancy there is a deal of "thinking-it-over" to do. Precious little there is when we are younger; heart does it all then, and never asks head's advice! But in too much delay there lies no plenty, and there 's the danger. Actually, Francesca and I could be no more anxious to settle Salemina in life if she were lame, halt, blind, and homeless, instead of being attractive, charming, absurdly young for her age, and not without means. The difficulty is that she is one of those "continent, persisting, immovable persons" whom Emerson describes as marked out for the blessing of the world. That quality always makes a man anxious. He fears that he may only get his rightful share of blessing, and he craves the whole output, so to speak.

We naturally mention Dr. La Touche very often, since he is always writing to Salemina or to me, offering counsel and suggestion. Madam La Touche, the venerable aunt, has written also, asking us to visit them in Meath; but this invitation we have declined, principally because the Colquhouns will be with them, and they would surely be burdened by the addition of three ladies and a maid to their family; partly because we shall be freer in our own house, which will be as near the La Touche mansion as pos-

sible, you may be sure, if Francesca and I have anything to do with choosing it.

The La Touche name, then, is often on our lips, but Salemina offers no intimation that it is indelibly imprinted on her heart of hearts. It is a good name to be written anywhere, and we fancied there was the slightest possible hint of pride and possession in Salemina's voice when she read to us to-night, from her third volume of Lecky's History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century, a paragraph concerning one David La Touche, from whom Dr. Gerald is descended: —

"In the last of the Irish Parliaments no less than five members of the name sat together in the House of Commons, and his family may claim what is in truth the highest honor of which an Irish family can boast, — that during many successive governments and in a period of most lavish corruption it possessed great parliamentary influence, and yet passed through political life untitled and unstained."

There is just the faintest gleam of hope, by the way, that Himself may join us at the very end of June, and he is sure to be helpful on this sentimental journey; he aided Ronald and Francesca more than once in their tempestuous love affair, and if his wits are not dulled by marriage, as so often happens, he will be invaluable. It will not be long then, probably, before I assume my natural, my secondary position in the landscape of events. The junior partners are now, so to speak, on their legs, although it is idle to suppose that such brittle appendages will support them for any length of time. As soon as we return in the autumn, I should like to advertise (if Himself will permit me) for a perfectly sound and kind junior partner, — one who has been well broken to harness, and who will neither shy nor balk, no matter what the provocation; the next step being to urge Himself to relinquish altogether the bondage of business care. There is no need of his continuing in it, since other people's business will always give him ample scope for his energies. He has, since his return to America, dispensed justice and mercy, chiefly mercy, to one embezzler, one honest fellow tempted beyond his strength, one widow, one unfortunate friend of his youth, and two orphans, and it was in no sense an extraordinary season.

To return to notes of travel, our method of progression, since we deserted the highroad and the public car, has been strangely varied. I think there is no manner of steed or vehicle which has not been used by us, at one time or another, even to the arch donkey and the low-backed car with its truss of hay, like that of the immortal Peggy. I thought at first that "arch" was an unusual adjective to apply to a donkey, but I find after all that it is abundantly expressive. Benella, who disapproves entirely of this casual sort of traveling, far from "answerable roads" and in "backwards places" (Irish for "behind the times"), is yet wonderfully successful in discovering equipages of some sort in unlikely spots.

In towns of any size or pretension, we find by the Town Cross or near the inn a motley collection of things on wheels, with drivers sometimes as sober as Father Mathew, sometimes not. Yesterday we had a mare which the driver confessed he bought without "overcircumspectin' it," and although you could n't, as he said, "extinguish her at first sight from a grand throtter, she had n't rightly the speed you could wish."

"It 's not so powerful young she is, melady!" he confessed. "You 'd be afther lookin' at a chicken a long time and niver be reminded of her; but sure ye might thry her, for belike ye would n't fancy a horse that would be leppin' stone walls wid ye, like Dan Ryan's, there! My little baste 'll get ye to Rossan before night, and she won't hurt man nor mortial in doin' it."

"Begorra, you 're right, nor herself

nayther," said Dan Ryan; "and if it 's leppin' ye mane, sure she could n't lep a sod o' turf, that mare could n't! God pardon ye, melady, for thrustin' yerself to that paiceable brindly-colored ould hin, whin ye might be gettin' a dacint high-steppin' horse for a shillin' or two more; an' belike I might contint meself to take less, for I would n't be extortin' ye like Barney O'Mara there!"

Our chosen driver replied to this by saying that he would n't be caught dead at a pig fair with Dan Ryan's horse, but in the midst of all the distracting discussions and arguments that followed we held to our original bargain; for we did not like the look of Dan Ryan's high-stepper, who was a "thrifle mountainy," as they say in these parts, and had a wild eye to boot. We started, and in a half hour we could still see the chapel spire of the little village we had just left. It was for once a beautiful day, but we felt that we must reach a railway station some time or other, in order to find a place to sleep.

"Can't you make her go a bit faster? Do you want to keep us on the road all night?" inquired Francesca.

"I do not, your ladyship's honor, ma'am."

"Is she tired, or does n't she ever go any better?" urged Salemina.

"She does; it 's God's truth I 'm tellin' ye, melady, she 's that flippant sometimes that I scarcely can hould her, and the car jumps undher her like a spring bed."

"Then what on earth *is* the matter with her?" I inquired, with some fire in my eye.

"Sure I believe she 's takin' time to think of the iligant load she 's carryin', melady, and small blame to her!" said Mr. Barney O'Mara; and after that we let him drive as best he could, although it did take us four hours to do nine Irish miles. He was a perfect honey-pot of useless and unreliable information, was Barney O'Mara, and most learned in fairy lore; but, for that matter, all the people walking along the road, the drivers, the boatmen and guides, the men and women in the cottages where we stop in a shower or to inquire the way, relate stories of phookas, leprehauns, and sprites, banshees and all the various classes of elves and fays, as simply and seriously as they would speak of any other occurrences. Barney told us gravely of the old woman who was in the habit of laying *pishogues* (charms) to break the legs of his neighbor's cattle, because of an ancient grudge she bore him; and also how necessary it is to put a bit of burning turf under the churn to prevent the phookas, or mischievous fairies, from abstracting the butter or spoiling the churning in any way. Irish fays seem to be much interested in dairy matters, for, besides the sprites who delight in spoiling the churning (I wonder if a lazy up-and-down movement of the dasher invites them at all?), it is well known that many a milkmaid on a May morning has seen fairy cows browsing along the banks of lakes, — cows that vanish into thin mist at the sound of human footfall.

When we were quite cross at missing the noon train from Rossan, and quite tired of the car's jolting, Barney appeased us all by singing, in a delightful mellow voice, a fairy song called The Leprehaun.[1] This personage, you must know, if you have n't a large acquaintance among Irish fairies, is a tricksy fellow in a green coat and scarlet cap, with brave shoe buckles on his wee brogues. You will catch him sometimes, if the "glamour" is on you, under a burdock leaf or a thorn bush, and he is always making or mending a shoe. He commonly has a little purse about him, which, if you are quick enough, you can snatch; and a wonderful purse it is, for, whatever you spend, there is always money to be found in it. Truth to tell, nobody has yet succeeded in being quicker than

[1] By Patrick W. Joyce.

Master Leprehaun, though many have offered to fill his cruiskeen with "mountain dew," of which Irish fairies are passionately fond.

"In a shady nook, one moonlight night,
A leprehaun I spied;
With scarlet cap and coat of green,
A cruiskeen by his side.
'T was tick, tack, tick, his hammer went,
Upon a weeny shoe;
And I laughed to think of his purse of gold;
But the fairy was laughing too!

"With tip-toe step and beating heart,
Quite softly I drew nigh:
There was mischief in his merry face,
A twinkle in his eye.
He hammered, and sang with tiny voice,
And drank his mountain dew;
And I laughed to think he was caught at last;
But the fairy was laughing too!

"As quick as thought I seized the elf.
'Your fairy purse!' I cried.
'The purse!' he said — 't is in her hand —
That lady at your side.'
I turned to look: the elf was off.
Then what was I to do?
O, I laughed to think what a fool I 'd been;
And the fairy was laughing too!"

I cannot communicate any idea of the rollicking gayety and quaint charm Barney gave to the tune, nor the light-hearted, irresistible chuckle with which he rendered the last two lines, giving a snap of his whip as accent to the long "O": —

"O, I laughed to think what a fool I 'd been;
And the fairy was laughing too!"

After he had sung it twice through, Benella took my guitar from its case for me, and we sang it after him, again and again; so it was in happy fashion that we at last approached Ballyrossan, where we bade Barney O'Mara a cordial farewell, paying him four shillings over his fare, which was cheap indeed for the song.

As we saw him vanish slowly up the road, ragged himself, the car and harness almost ready to drop to pieces, the mare, I am sure, in the last week of her existence, we were glad that he had his Celtic fancy to enliven his life a bit, — that fancy which seems a providential reaction against the cruel despotisms of fact.

XXV.

"There sings a bonnie linnet
Up the heather glen;
The voice has magic in it
Too sweet for mortal men!
Sing O, the blooming heather,
O, the heather glen!
Where fairest fairies gather
To lure in mortal men."

CARRIG-A-FOOKA INN, near Knockma,
On the shores of Lough Corrib.

A modern Irish poet [1] says something that Francesca has quoted to Ronald in her letter to-day, and we await from Scotland his confirmation or denial. He accuses the Scots of having discovered the fairies to be pagan and wicked, and of denouncing them from the pulpits, whereas Irish priests discuss with them the state of their souls; or at least they did, until it was decided that they had none, but would dry up like so much bright vapor at the last day. It was more in sadness than in anger that the priests announced this fiat; for Irish sprites and goblins do gay, graceful, and humorous things, for the most part, tricksy sins, not deserving annihilation, whereas Scottish fays are sometimes malevolent, — or so says the Irish poet.

This is very sad, no doubt, but it does not begin to be as sad as having no fairies at all. There must have been a few in England in Shakespeare's time, or he could never have written The Tempest or the Midsummer Night's Dream; but where have they vanished?

As for us in America, I fear that we never have had any "wee folk." The Indians had their woodland spirits, spirits of rocks, trees, mountains, star and moon maidens; the negroes had their enchanted animals and conjure men; but as for real wee folk, either they were not indigenous to the soil, or else we

[1] W. B. Yeats.

unconsciously drove them away. Yet we had facilities to offer! The columbines, harebells, and fringed gentians would have been just as cosy and secluded places to live in as the Irish foxgloves, which are simply running over with fairies. Perhaps they would n't have liked our cold winters; still it must have been something more than climate, and I am afraid I know the reason well, — we are too sensible; and if there is anything a fairy detests, it is common sense. We are too rich, also; and a second thing that a fairy abhors is the chink of dollars. Perhaps, when I am again enjoying the advantages brought about by sound money, commercial prosperity, and a magnificent system of public education, I shall feel differently about it; but for the moment I am just a bit embarrassed and crestfallen to belong to a nation absolutely shunned by the fairies. If they had only settled among us like other colonists, shaped us to their ends as far as they could, and, when they could n't, conformed themselves to ours, there might have been, by this time, fairy trusts stretching out benign arms all over the continent.

Of course it is an age of incredulity, but Salemina, Francesca, and I have not come to Ireland to scoff, and, whatever we do, we shall not go to the length of doubting the fairies; for, as Barney O'Mara says, "they stand to raison."

Glen Ailna is a "gentle" place near Carrig-a-fooka Inn,— that is, one beloved by the *sheehogues;* and though you may be never so much interested, I may not tell you its exact whereabouts, since no one can ever find it unless he is himself under the glamour. Perhaps you might be a doubter, with no eyes for the "dim kingdom;" perhaps you might gaze forever, and never be able to see a red-capped fiddler, fiddling under a blossoming sloe bush. You might even see him, and then indulge yourself in a fit of common sense or doubt of your own eyes, in which case the wee dancers would never flock to the sound of the fiddle or gather on the fairy ring. This is the reason that I shall never take you to Knockma, to Glen Ailna, or especially to the hyacinth wood, which is a little plantation near the ruin of a fort. Just why the fairies are so fond of an old *rath* or *lis* I cannot imagine, for you would never suppose that antiquaries, archæologists, and wee folk would care for the same places.

My desire of all desires is to see a fairy ring and its dancers, or hear the fairy pipes. The "ring" is made, you know, by the tiny feet that have tripped for ages and ages, flying, dancing, circling, over the tender young grass. Rain cannot wash it away; you may walk over it; you may even plough up the soil, and replant it ever so many times; the next season the fairy ring shines in the grass just the same. It seems strange that I am blind to it, when an ignorant, dirty spalpeen who lives near the foot of Knockma has seen it and heard the fairy music again and again. He took me to the very place where, last Lammas Eve, he saw plainly — for there was a beautiful white moon overhead — the arch king and queen of the fairies, who appear only on state occasions, together with a crowd of dancers, and more than a dozen pipers piping melodious music. Not only that, but (lucky little beggar!) he heard distinctly the *fulparnee* and the *folpornee*, the *rap-lay-hoota* and the *roolya-boolya*, — noises indicative of the very jolliest and wildest and most uncommon form of fairy conviviality. Failing a glimpse of these midsummer revels, my next choice would be to see the Elf Horseman galloping round the shores of the Fairy Lough in the cool of the morn.

"Loughareema, Loughareema,
Stars come out and stars are hidin';
The wather whispers on the stones,
The flittherin' moths are free.
Onest before the mornin' light
The Horseman will come ridin'
Roun' an' roun' the Fairy Lough,
An' no one there to see."

But there will be some one there, and that is the aforesaid Jamesy Flanigan! Sometimes I think he is fibbing, but a glance at his soft, dark, far-seeing eyes under their fringe of thick lashes convinces me to the contrary. His field of vision is different from mine, that is all, and he fears that if I accompany him to the shores of the Fairy Lough the Horseman will not ride for him; so I am even taunted with undue common sense by a little Irish gossoon.

I tried to coax Benella to go with me to the hyacinth wood by moonlight. Fairies detest a crowd, and I ought to have gone alone; but, to tell the truth, I hardly dared, for they have a way of kidnapping attractive ladies and keeping them for years in the dim kingdom. I would not trust Himself at Glen Ailna for worlds, for gentlemen are not exempt from danger. Connla of the Golden Hair was lured away by a fairy maiden, and taken, in a "gleaming, straight-gliding, strong crystal canoe," to her domain in the hills; and Oisin, you remember, was transported to the Land of the Ever Youthful by the beautiful Niam. If one could only be sure of coming back! But Oisin, for instance, was detained three hundred years, so one might not be allowed to return, and still worse, one might not wish to; three hundred years of youth would tempt — a woman! My opinion, after reading the Elf Errant, is that one woman has been there, — Moira O'Neill. I should suspect her of being able to wear a fairy cap herself, were it not for the human heart throb in her verses; but I am sure she has the glamour whenever she desires it, and hears the fairy pipes at will.

Benella is of different stuff; she not only distrusts fairies, but, like the Scotch Presbyterians, she fears that they are wicked. "Still, you say they have n't got immortal souls to save, and I don't suppose they 're responsible for their actions," she allows; "but as for traipsing up to those heathenish haunted woods when all Christian folks are in bed, I don't believe in it, and neither would Mr. Beresford; but if you 're set on it, I shall go with you!"

"You would n't be of the slightest use," I answered severely; "indeed, you 'd be worse than nobody. The fairies cannot endure doubters; it makes them fold their wings over their heads and shrink away into their flower cups. I should be mortified beyond words if a fairy should meet me in your company."

Benella seemed hurt and a trifle resentful as she replied: "That about doubters is just what Mrs. Kimberly used to say." (Mrs. Kimberly is the Salem priestess, the originator of the "science.") "She could n't talk a mite if there was doubters in the hall; and it 's so with spiritualists and clairvoyants too, — they 're all of 'em scare-cats. I guess likely that those that 's so afraid of being doubted has some good reason for it!"

Well, I never went to the hyacinth wood by moonlight, since so many objections were raised, but I did go once at noonday, the very most unlikely hour of all the twenty-four, and yet —

As I sat there beneath a gnarled thorn, weary and warm with my climb, I looked into the heart of a bluebell forest growing under a circle of gleaming silver birches, and suddenly I heard fairy music, — at least it was not mortal, — and many sounds were mingled in it: the sighing of birches, the carol of a lark, the leap and laugh of a silvery runnel tumbling down the hillside, the soft whir of butterflies' wings, and a sweet little over or under tone, from the over or under world, that I took to be the opening of a million hyacinth buds in the sunshine. Then I heard the delicious sound of a fairy laugh, and, looking under a swaying branch of meadowsweet, I saw — yes, I really saw —

You must know that first a wee green door swung open in the stem of the meadowsweet, and out of that land where you can buy joy for a penny

came a fairy in the usual red and green. I had the Elf Errant in my lap, and I think that in itself made him feel more at home with me, as well as the fact, perhaps, that for the moment I was n't a bit sensible and had no money about me. I was all ready with an Irish salutation, for the purpose of further disarming his aversion. I intended to say, as prettily as possible, though, alas, I cannot manage the brogue, "And what way do I see you now?" or "Good-mornin' to yer honor's honor!" But I was struck dumb by my good fortune at seeing him at all. He looked at me once, and then, flinging up his arms, he gave a weeny, weeny yawn! This was disconcerting, for people almost never yawn in my company; and, to make it worse, he kept on yawning, until, for very sympathy, and not at all in the way of revenge, I yawned too. Then the green door swung open again, and a gay rabble of wide-awake fairies came trooping out: and some of them kissed the hyacinth bells to open them, and some of them flew to the thorn tree, until every little brancheen was white with flowers, where but a moment ago had been tightly closed buds. The yawning fairy slept meanwhile under the swaying meadowsweet, and the butterflies fanned him with their soft wings; but, alas, it could not have been the hour for dancing on the fairy ring, nor the proper time for the fairy pipers, and long, long, as I looked I saw and heard nothing more than what I have told you. Indeed, I presently lost even that, for a bee buzzed and a white petal dropped from the thorn tree on my face, and in that moment the glamour that was upon me vanished in a twinkling.

"But I really did see the fairies!" I exclaimed triumphantly to Benella, the doubter, when I returned to Carrig-a-fooka Inn, much too late for luncheon.

"I should think you did, by the looks of your eyes," she responded, gazing at me searchingly. "Land! they 're all puffed up, and you won't sleep a wink to-night!"

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

(*To be continued.*)

JOHN MARSHALL.[1]

It was one hundred years ago on the 4th of February since the Supreme Court of the United States first sat in the new Capitol at Washington, that "wilderness city, set in a mudhole," of whose beginnings we have all lately been reading. The court sat with a new Chief Justice, John Marshall, of Virginia.

At that time he was something over forty-five years old, for he was born on September 24, 1755. His home had always been in Virginia. The first twenty years of his life were passed in that part of Prince William County which became, a few years after Marshall's birth, the new, wide-spreading, frontier county of Fauquier, — so named, after a Virginia fashion, from the new royal governor of 1758. He was born in the eastern part of it, and after ten years, or so, lived in the western part, at Oakhill and in the neighborhood, just under the Blue Ridge.

[1] What follows was, in part, contained in an address before the Harvard Law School and the Suffolk Bar, at Cambridge, on February 4, 1901, the centennial anniversary of the inauguration of Chief Justice Marshall. The consideration of the legal side of this great man is necessarily omitted here.

They show you still at Midland, on the Southern Railroad, a little south of Manassas, a small, rude heap of bricks and rubbish, as being all that is left of the house where Marshall was born; and children on the farm reach out to you a handful of the bullets with which that sacred spot and the whole region were thickly sown, before a generation had passed, after his death. Marshall's education was got from his father, from such teachers as the neighborhood furnished, and, for about a year, at a school in Westmoreland County, where his father and George Washington had attended, and where James Monroe was his own schoolmate.

His father, Thomas Marshall, — great-grandson of John Marshall, a Royalist captain of cavalry, who had come to Virginia in 1650, — a man of good stock, of a cultivated mind, enterprise, and strong character, had been a neighbor and friend of Washington in Westmoreland County, on the Potomac, where both were born; and had served under him as a surveyor of the estates of Lord Fairfax, and afterwards as an officer in the French War and the War of Independence. He became colonel of a Continental regiment, in which his son John was a lieutenant, and afterwards a captain; and Colonel Marshall showed distinguished capacity and courage. John Marshall loved and admired him, and declared him to be a far abler man than any of his sons. He took great care in the education of his children, among whom John was the oldest of fifteen. His wife, Mary Randolph Keith, was the daughter of a Scotch clergyman, who had married one of that Randolph family so famous in the history of Virginia. As I have said, all his later youth was passed in the mountain region, under the Blue Ridge. Judge Story declared that it was to the hardy, athletic habits of his youth among the mountains, operating, we may well conjecture, upon a happy physical inheritance, "that he probably owed that robust and vigorous constitution which carried him almost to the close of his life with the freshness and firmness of manhood."

The farmhouse that Marshall's father built at Oakhill is still standing, an unpretending, small, frame building, having connected with it now, as a part of it, another house built by Marshall's son Thomas. At one time the farm comprised an estate of six thousand acres. Since 1865 it has passed out of the hands of the family. It is beautifully placed on high, rolling ground, looking over a great stretch of fertile country, and along the chain of the Blue Ridge, close by. To this region, where his children and kindred lived, about a hundred miles from Richmond, Marshall delighted to resort in the summer, all his life long. In the autumn of 1807, after the Burr trial, he writes to a friend, "The day after the commitment of Colonel Burr for a misdemeanor, I galloped to the mountains." "I am on the wing," he writes to Judge Story in 1828, "for my friends in the upper country, where I shall find rest and dear friends, occupied more with their farms than with party politics."

When Marshall was about eighteen years old he began to study Blackstone; but he quickly dropped it, for the troubles with Great Britain thickened, and, like his neighbors, he prepared for fighting. The earliest personal description of Marshall that we have belongs to this period. It is preserved in Horace Binney's admirable address at Philadelphia, after Marshall's death. He gives it from the pen of an eyewitness, a "venerable kinsman" of Marshall. News had come, in May, 1775, of the fighting at Concord and Lexington. The account shows us the youth, as lieutenant, drilling a company of soldiers in Fauquier County: —

"He was about six feet high, straight, and rather slender, of dark complexion, showing little if any rosy red, yet good health, the outline of the face nearly a circle, and, within that, eyes dark to

blackness, strong and penetrating, beaming with intelligence and good nature; an upright forehead, rather low, was terminated in a horizontal line by a mass of raven-black hair, of unusual thickness and strength. The features of the face were in harmony with this outline, and the temples fully developed. The result of this combination was interesting and very agreeable. The body and limbs indicated agility rather than strength, in which, however, he was by no means deficient. He wore a purple or pale blue hunting shirt, and trousers of the same material fringed with white. A round black hat, mounted with the buck's tail for a cockade, crowned the figure and the man. He went through the manual exercise by word and motion, deliberately pronounced and performed in the presence of the company, before he required the men to imitate him; and then proceeded to exercise them with the most perfect temper. . . .

"After a few lessons the company were dismissed, and informed that if they wished to hear more about the war, and would form a circle about him, he would tell them what he understood about it. The circle was formed, and he addressed the company for something like an hour. He then challenged an acquaintance to a game of quoits, and they closed the day with foot races and other athletic exercises, at which there was no betting."

"This," adds Mr. Binney, "is a portrait, my fellow citizens, to which, in simplicity, gayety of heart, and manliness of spirit, in everything but the symbols of the youthful soldier, and one or two of those lineaments which the hand of time, however gentle, changes and perhaps improves, he never lost his resemblance. All who knew him well will recognize its truth to nature."

In the war, Marshall served, as might be expected, with courage and fidelity. He was in the first fighting in Virginia, which was in the fall of 1775, at Norfolk; afterwards he served in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and New York; and again in Virginia, toward the end of the war. He was at Valley Forge, in the fighting at the Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth, Stony Point, and Powles Hook, between 1776 and 1779. He served often as judge advocate, and in this way was brought into personal relations with Washington and Hamilton. A fellow officer and messmate describes him, during the dreadful winter at Valley Forge, as neither discouraged nor disturbed by anything, content with whatever turned up, and cheering everybody by his exuberance of spirits and "his inexhaustible fund of anecdote." He was "idolized by the soldiers and his brother officers."

President Quincy gives us a glimpse of him at this period, as he heard him described at a dinner with John Randolph and a large company of Virginians and other Southern gentlemen. They were talking of Marshall's early life and his athletic powers. "It was said," he relates, "that he surpassed any man in the army: that when the soldiers were idle at their quarters, it was usual for the officers to engage in matches at quoits, or in jumping and racing; that he would throw a quoit farther, and beat at a race any other; that he was the only man who, with a running jump, could clear a stick laid on the heads of two men as tall as himself. On one occasion he ran in his stocking feet with a comrade. His mother, in knitting his stockings, had the legs of blue yarn and the heels of white. This circumstance, combined with his uniform success in the race, led the soldiers, who were always present at these races, to give him the *sobriquet* of 'Silver-Heels,' the name by which he was generally known among them."

Toward the end of 1779, owing to the disbanding of Virginia troops at the end of their term of service, he was left without a command, and went to Virginia to await the action of the legislature as to

raising new troops. It was a fortunate visit; for at Yorktown he met the young girl who, two or three years later, was to become his wife; and he was also able to improve his leisure by attending, for a few months in the early part of 1780, two courses of lectures at the college, on law and natural philosophy. This was all of college or university that he ever saw; but later he received their highest honors from several universities. Harvard made him doctor of laws in 1806. Marshall's opportunity for studying law, under George Wythe, at William and Mary College, seems to have been owing to a change in the curriculum, made, just at that time, at the instance of Jefferson, governor of the state, and, in that capacity, visitor of the college. The chair of divinity had just been abolished, and one of law and police, and another of medicine, were substituted. And on December 29 the faculty voted that, "for the encouragement of science, a student, on paying annually 1000 pounds of tobacco, shall be entitled to attend any school of the following Professors, viz.: of Law and Police; of Natural Philosophy and Mathematics," etc. Marshall chose the two courses above named; he must have been one of the very first to avail himself of this new privilege. He remained only one term. In view of what was to happen by and by, it is interesting to observe that his opportunity for an education in law came, thus, through the agency of Thomas Jefferson.

The records of the Phi Beta Kappa Society at William and Mary College, where that now famous society had originated less than a year and a half before, show that on the 18th of May, 1780, "Captain John Marshall, being recommended as a gentleman who would make a worthy member of the society, was balloted for and received;" and three days later he was appointed, with others, "to declaim the question whether any form of government is more favorable to public virtue than a Commonwealth." Bushrod Washington and other well-known names are found among his associates in this chapter, which has been well called "an admirable nursery of patriots and statesmen."

It was in the summer of 1780 that Marshall was licensed to practice law.

During this visit to Virginia, as I have said, he met at Yorktown the little lady, fourteen years old, who was to become his wife three years later, and the mother of his ten children,[1] and was to receive from him the most entire devotion until the day of her death at Christmas, in 1831. Some letters of her older sister, Mrs. Carrington, written to another sister, have lately been printed, which give us a glimpse of Captain Marshall in his twenty-fifth year. These ladies were the daughters of Jaquelin Ambler, formerly collector of customs at Yorktown, and then treasurer of the colony, and living in that town, next door to the family of Colonel Marshall. Their mother was that Rebecca Burwell for whom, under the name of "Belinda," Jefferson had languished, in his youthful correspondence of some twenty years before. The girls had often heard the captain's letters to his family, and had the highest expectations when they learned that he was coming home from the war. They were to meet him first at a ball, and were contending for the prize beforehand. Mary, the youngest, carried it off. "At the first introduction," writes her sister, who was but one year older, "he became devoted to her." "For my own part," she adds, "I felt not the smallest wish to contest the prize with her. . . . She, with a glance, divined his character, . . . while I, expecting an Adonis, lost all desire of becoming agreeable in his eyes when I beheld his awkward, unpolished manner and total negligence of person. How trivial now seem all such objections!" she exclaims, writing in 1810, and going on to speak with the utmost

[1] Only six of his children grew to full age.

admiration of his relations to herself and all her family, and, above all, to his wife. "His exemplary tenderness to our unfortunate sister is without parallel. With a delicacy of frame and feeling that baffles all description, she became, early after her marriage, a prey to extreme nervous affection, which, more or less, has embittered her comfort through her whole life; but this has only seemed to increase his care and tenderness, and he is, as you know, as entirely devoted as at the moment of their first being married. Always and under every circumstance an enthusiast in love, I have very lately heard him declare that he looked with astonishment at the present race of lovers, so totally unlike what he had been himself. His never failing cheerfulness and good humor are a perpetual source of delight to all connected with him, and, I have not a doubt, have been the means of prolonging the life of her he is so tenderly devoted to."

"He was her devoted lover to the very end of her life," another member of his family connection has said. And Judge Story, in speaking of him after his wife's death, described him as "the most extraordinary man I ever saw for the depth and tenderness of his feelings."

A little touch of his manner to his wife is seen in a letter, which is in print, written to her from the city of Washington, on February 23, 1825, in his seventieth year. He had received an injury to his knee, about which Mrs. Marshall was anxious. "I shall be out," he writes, "in a few days. All the ladies of the secretaries have been to see me, some more than once, and have brought me more jelly than I could eat, and many other things. I thank them, and stick to my barley broth. Still I have lots of time on my hands. How do you think I beguile it? I am almost tempted to leave you to guess, until I write again. You must know that I begin with the ball at York, our splendid assembly at the Palace in Williamsburg, my visit to Richmond for a fortnight, my return to the field, and the very welcome reception you gave me on my arrival at Dover, our little tiffs and makings-up, my feelings when Major A. was courting you, my trip to the Cottage [the Ambler home in Hanover County, where the marriage took place], — the thousand little incidents, deeply affecting, in turn."

This "ball at York" was the one of which Mrs. Carrington wrote; and of the "assembly at the Palace" she also gave an account, remarking that "Marshall was devoted to my sister."

Miss Martineau, who saw him the year before he died, speaks with great emphasis of what she calls his "reverence" and his affectionate respect for women. There were many signs of this all through his life. Even in the grave and too monotonous course of his Life of Washington, one comes now and then upon a little gleam of this sort, that lights up the page; as when he speaks of Washington's engagement to Mrs. Custis, a lady "who to a large fortune and a fine person added those amiable accomplishments which . . . fill with silent but unceasing felicity the quiet scenes of private life." When he is returning from France, in 1798, he writes gayly back from Bordeaux to the Secretary of Legation at Paris: "Present me to my friends in Paris; and have the goodness to say to Madame Vilette, in my name and in the handsomest manner, everything which respectful friendship can dictate. When you have done that, you will have rendered not quite half justice to my sentiments." "He was a man," said Judge Story, "of deep sensibility and tenderness; . . . whatever may be his fame in the eyes of the world, that which, in a just sense, was his brightest glory was the purity, affectionateness, liberality, and devotedness of his domestic life."

Marshall left the army in 1781, when most of the fighting in Virginia was over; he began practice in Fauquier County,

when the courts were opened, after Cornwallis's surrender, in October of that year.

Among his neighbors he was always a favorite. In the spring of 1782 he was elected to the Assembly, and in the autumn to the important office of member of the Executive Council. "Young Mr. Marshall," wrote Edmund Pendleton, presiding judge of the Court of Appeals, to Madison, in November of that year, "is elected a councilor. . . . He is clever, but I think too young for that department, which he should rather have earned, as a retirement and reward, by ten or twelve years of hard service." But, whether young or old, the people were forever forcing him into public life. Eight times he was sent to the Assembly; in 1788 to the Federal Convention of Virginia, and in 1798 to Congress. Add to this his service as envoy to France in 1797–1798, and as Secretary of State in 1800–1801.

Unwelcome as it was to him, almost always, to have his brilliant and congenial place and prospects at the bar thus interfered with, we can see now what an admirable preparation all this was for the great station for which, a little later, to the endless benefit of his country, he was destined. What drove him into office so often was, in a great degree, that delightful and remarkable combination of qualities which made everybody love and trust him, even his political adversaries, so that he could be chosen when no one else of his party was available. In this way, happily for his country, he was led to consider, early and deeply, those difficult problems of government that distressed the country in the dark period after the close of the war, and during the first dozen years of the Federal Constitution.

As regards the effect of his earlier experience in enlarging the circle of a patriot's thoughts and affections, he himself has said: "I am disposed to ascribe my devotion to the Union, and to a government competent to its preservation, at least as much to casual circumstances as to judgment. I had grown up at a time . . . when the maxim 'United we stand, divided we fall' was the maxim of every orthodox American; and I had imbibed these sentiments so thoroughly that they constituted a part of my being. I carried them with me into the army, where I found myself associated with brave men from different states who were risking life and everything valuable in a common cause, . . . and where I was confirmed in the habit of considering America as my country and Congress as my government." It was this confirmed "habit of considering America as my country," communicated by him to his countrymen, which enabled them to carry through the great struggle of forty years ago, and to save for us all, North and South, the inestimable treasure of the Union.

After Marshall's marriage, in January, 1783, he made Richmond his home for the rest of his life. It was still a little town, but it had lately become the capital of the state, and the strongest men at the bar gradually gathered there. Marshall met them all. One has only to look at the law reports of Call and Washington to see the place that he won. He is found in most of the important cases. In his time no man's name occurs oftener, probably none so often.

At first, he had brought from the army, and from his home on the frontier, simple and rustic ways which surprised some persons at Richmond, whose conception of greatness was associated with very different models of dress and behavior. "He was one morning strolling," we are told, "through the streets of Richmond, attired in a plain linen roundabout and shorts, with his hat under his arm, from which he was eating cherries, when he stopped in the porch of the Eagle Hotel, indulged in a little pleasantry with the landlord, and then

passed on." A gentleman from the country was present, who had a case coming on before the Court of Appeals, and was referred by the landlord to Marshall as the best lawyer to employ. But "the careless, languid air" of Marshall had so prejudiced the man that he refused to employ him. The clerk, when this client entered the court room, also recommended Marshall, but the other would have none of him. A venerable-looking lawyer, with powdered wig and in black cloth, soon entered, and the gentleman engaged him. In the first case that came up, this man and Marshall spoke on opposite sides. The gentleman listened, saw his mistake, and secured Marshall at once; frankly telling him the whole story, and adding that while he had come with one hundred dollars to pay his lawyer, he had but five dollars left. Marshall good-naturedly took this, and helped in the case. In the Virginia Federal Convention of 1788, at the age of thirty-three, he is described, rising after Monroe had spoken, as "a tall young man, slovenly dressed in loose summer apparel. . . . His manners, like those of Monroe, were in strange contrast with those of Edmund Randolph or of Grayson."

In such stories as these, one is reminded, as he is often reminded, of a resemblance between Marshall and Lincoln. Very different men they were, but both thorough Americans, with unborrowed character and manners, and a lifelong flavor derived from no other soil.

At the height of Marshall's reputation, in 1797, a French writer, who had visited Richmond lately, in speaking of Edmund Randolph, says, "He has a great practice, and stands, in that respect, nearly on a par with Mr. J. Marshall, the most esteemed and celebrated counselor of this town." He mentions Marshall's annual income as being four or five thousand dollars. "Even by his friends," it is added, "he is taxed with some little propensity to indolence, but he nevertheless displays great superiority when he applies his mind to business." Another contemporary, who praises his force and eloquence in speaking, yet says: "It is difficult to rouse his faculties. He begins with reluctance, hesitation, and vacancy of eye. . . . He reminds one of some great bird, which flounders on the earth for a while before it acquires impetus to sustain its soaring flight." And finally, William Wirt, who was seventeen years Marshall's junior, and came to the bar in 1792, when Marshall was nearly at the head of it, writing anonymously in 1804, describes him as one "who, without the advantage of person, voice, attitude, gesture, or any of the ornaments of an orator, deserves to be considered as one of the most eloquent men in the world." He attributes to him "one original and almost supernatural faculty, . . . of developing a subject by a single glance of his mind. . . . His eyes do not fly over a landscape and take in its various objects with more promptitude and facility than his mind embraces and analyzes the most complex subject. . . . All his eloquence consists in the apparently deep self-conviction and the emphatic earnestness and energy of his style, the close and logical connection of his thoughts, and the easy gradations by which he opens his lights on the attentive minds of his hearers."

In 1795 he declined the office of Attorney General of the United States, and in 1796 that of Minister to France, both offered him by Washington. When President Adams persuaded him in 1797 to go, with Pinckney and Gerry, as envoy to France, he wrote to Gerry of "General Marshall" (as he was then called, from his rank of brigadier general, since 1793, in the Virginia militia), "He is a plain man, very sensible, cautious, guarded, and learned in the law of nations." The extraordinary details of that unsuccessful six months' attempt to come to terms with France are found in Marshall's

very able dispatches and in the diary which he kept; for, with the instinct of a man of affairs, he remembered that "a note is worth a cartload of recollections." His own part in the business was marked by great moderation and ability, and on his return, in 1798, he was received at Philadelphia with remarkable demonstrations and the utmost enthusiasm. A correspondent of Rufus King, writing from New York in July of that year, says, "No two men can be more beloved and honored than Pinckney and Marshall;" and again in November: "Saving General Washington, I believe the President, Pinckney, and Marshall are the most popular characters now in our country. There is a certain something in the correspondence of Pinckney and Marshall . . . that has united all heads and hearts in their eulogy." It is understood that the correspondence was by Marshall. Gerry had allowed himself in a measure to be detached by the Directory from his associates, to their great displeasure. With them, in important respects, he disagreed.

It was in 1798 that Adams offered to Marshall the seat on the Supreme Bench, made vacant by the death of James Wilson. He declined it; and it went to his old associate at William and Mary College, Bushrod Washington. Marshall did yield, however, to General Washington's urgent request to stand for Congress that year; and apparently it was for a consultation on this question that he went to Mount Vernon, in the summer, in company with the coming judge. On their way they met with a misadventure which gave great amusement to Washington, and of which he enjoyed telling his friends. They came on horseback, and carried but one pair of saddlebags, each using one side. Arriving thoroughly drenched by rain, they were shown to a chamber to change their garments. One opened his side of the bags and drew forth a black bottle of whiskey. He insisted that he had opened his companion's repository. Unlocking the other side, they found a big twist of tobacco, some corn bread, and the equipment of a pack saddle. They had exchanged saddlebags with some traveler, and now had to appear in a ludicrous misfit of borrowed clothes.

The election of Marshall to Congress excited great interest. Washington heartily rejoiced in it. Jefferson, on the other hand, remarked that while Marshall might trouble the Republicans somewhat, yet he would now be unmasked. He had been popular with the mass of the people, Jefferson said, from his "lax, lounging manners," and with wiser men through a "profound hypocrisy." But now his British principles would stand revealed.

The New England Federalists were very curious about him; they had been alarmed and outraged, during the campaign, by his expressing opposition to the alien and sedition laws; but they were much impressed by him. Theodore Sedgwick wrote to Rufus King that he had "great powers, and much dexterity in the application of them. . . . We can do nothing without him." But Sedgwick wished that "his education had been on the other side of the Delaware." George Cabot wrote to King: "General Marshall is a leader. . . . But you see in him the faults of a Virginian. . . . He thinks too much of that state, and he expects that the world will be governed by rules of logic." But Cabot hopes to see him improve, and adds, "He seems calculated to act a great part." In the end, the Northern Federalists were disappointed in finding him too moderate. He held the place of leader of the House, and passed into the Cabinet in May, 1800; and on January 31, 1801, he was commissioned as Chief Justice.

Very soon after entering upon his duties as Chief Justice he undertook to write the Life of Washington. This gave him a great deal of trouble and mortification. It proved to be an im-

mense labor; the publishers were importunate, and he was driven into print before he was ready. The result was a work in five volumes, appearing from 1802 to 1804, full of the most valuable and authentic material, well repaying perusal, yet put together with singular lack of literary skill, and in many ways a great disappointment. In the later years of his life, he revised it, corrected some errors, shortened it, and published it in three volumes: one of them as a separate preliminary history of the colonial period, and the other two as the Life of Washington. This work, in its original form, gave great offense to Jefferson, written, as it was, from the point of view of a constant admirer and supporter of the policy of Washington; a "five volume libel," Jefferson called it.

Jefferson had a ludicrous misconception as to Marshall's real character. Referring in 1810 to the "batture" case, in which Edward Livingston sued him, and which was to come before Marshall, he says that he is certain what the result of the case should be, but nobody can tell what it will be; for "the Judge's mind [is] of that gloomy malignity which will never let him forego the opportunity of satiating it upon a victim. . . . And to whom is my appeal? From the judge in Burr's case to himself and his associate justices in Marbury *v.* Madison. Not exactly, however. I observe old Cushing is dead. [Judge Cushing had died a fortnight before.] At length, then, we have a chance of getting a Republican majority in the Supreme Judiciary." And he goes on to express his confidence in the "appointment of a decided Republican, with nothing equivocal about him."

Who was to be this decided and unequivocal Republican? Jefferson was anxious about it, and wrote to Madison, suggesting Judge Tyler, of Virginia, and reminding the President of Marshall's "rancorous hostility to his country." Who was it, in fact, that was appointed? Who but Joseph Story! — a Republican, indeed, but one whom Jefferson, in this very year, was designating as a "pseudo-Republican," and who soon became Marshall's warmest admirer and most faithful supporter.

In those efforts on the part of some of the leaders of Virginia and the South, early in the century, to rid themselves of slavery, to which we at the North have never done sufficient justice, Marshall took an active part. The American Colonization Society was organized in 1816 or 1817, with Bushrod Washington for president. In 1823 an auxiliary society was organized at Richmond, of which Marshall was president, an office which he held nearly or quite up to the time of his death. It is interesting to observe that one of the plans for colonization was to have worked out the abolition of slavery in Virginia in the year 1901. Of slavery Marshall wrote to a friend, in 1826: "I concur with you in thinking that nothing portends more calamity and mischief to the Southern states than their slave population. Yet they seem to cherish the evil, and to view with immovable prejudice and dislike everything which may tend to diminish it. I do not wonder that they should resist any attempt, should one be made, to interfere with the rights of property, but they have a feverish jealousy of measures which may do good without the hazard of harm, that, I think, very unwise."

As to Marshall's religious affiliations, he was a regular and devoted attendant, all his life, of the Episcopal church, in which he was brought up; taking an active part in the services and the responses, and kneeling in prayer, we are told, even when the pews were so narrow that his tall form had to be accommodated by the projection of his feet into the aisle. His friend, Bishop Meade, the Episcopal bishop of Virginia, states that he was never a communicant in that church; and he quotes a letter from an Episcopal

clergyman who often visited Mrs. Harvie, Marshall's only daughter, in her last illness, and who reports from her the statement that, during the last months of his life, he told her the reason that he had never joined the Episcopal church, namely, that he was a Unitarian in opinion. It is added, however, in the same letter, that Mrs. Harvie, a person "of the strictest probity, the most humble piety, and the most clear and discriminating mind," also said that, during these last months, Marshall read Keith on Prophecy, and was convinced by that work, and the fuller investigation to which it led, of the Supreme Divinity of Jesus, and wished to commune, but thought it his duty to do it publicly; and while waiting for the opportunity, died.

The reader of such a statement seems to perceive or to conjecture an anxiety to relieve the memory of the Chief Justice of an opprobrium. Whatever the exact fact may be about this late change in opinion, we, in the latitude of New England, are not likely to be surprised or shocked that Marshall shared, during his active life, the speculative opinions of his friend Judge Story.

We often hear of the Chief Justice at his "Quoit Club." He was a famous player at quoits. A club had been formed by some of the early Scotch settlers of Richmond, and it came to include among its members leading men of the city, such as Marshall, Wirt, Nicholas, Call, Munford, and others. Chester Harding, the artist who painted the full-length portrait of Marshall that hangs in the Harvard Law School, tells us of seeing him at the Quoit Club. Fortunately, language does not, like paint, limit the artist to a single moment of time. He gives us the Chief Justice in action. Marshall was then attending the Virginia Constitutional Convention, which sat from October, 1829, to January, 1830. The Quoit Club used to meet every week in a beautiful grove, about a mile from the city. Harding went early. "I watched," he says, "for the coming of the old chief. He soon approached, with his coat on his arm and his hat in his hand, which he was using as a fan. He walked directly up to a large bowl of mint julep, which had been prepared, and drank off a tumblerful of the liquid, smacked his lips, and then turned to the company with a cheerful 'How are you, gentlemen?' He was looked upon as the best pitcher of the party, and could throw heavier quoits than any other member of the Club. The game began with great animation. There were several ties; and before long I saw the great Chief Justice of the United States down on his knees, measuring the contested distance with a straw, with as much earnestness as if it had been a point of law; and if he proved to be in the right, the woods would ring with his triumphant shout." [1]

An entertaining account has been preserved [2] of a meeting of the Club, held, apparently, while Marshall was still at the bar, at which he and Wickham — a leading Virginia lawyer, one of the counsel of Aaron Burr — were the caterers. At the table Marshall announced that at the last meeting two members had introduced politics, a forbidden subject, and had been fined a basket of champagne, and that this was now produced, as a warning to evil doers; as the Club seldom drank this article, they had no champagne glasses, and must drink it in tumblers. Those who played quoits retired, after a while, for a game. Most

[1] In speaking of this same Club, Mr. G. W. Munford says: "We have seen Mr. Marshall, in later times, when he was Chief Justice of the United States, on his hands and knees, with a straw and a penknife, the blade of the knife stuck through the straw, holding it between the edge of the quoit and the hub; and when it was a very doubtful question, pinching or biting off the ends of the straw, until it would fit to a hair."

[2] In The Two Parsons, by G. W. Munford.

of the members had smooth, highly polished brass quoits. But Marshall's were large, rough, heavy, and of iron, such as few of the members could throw well from hub to hub. Marshall himself threw them with great success and accuracy, and often "rang the meg." On this occasion Marshall and the Rev. Mr. Blair led the two parties of players. Marshall played first, and rang the meg. Parson Blair did the same, and his quoit came down plumply on top of Marshall's. There was uproarious applause, which drew out all the others from the dinner; and then came an animated controversy as to what should be the effect of this exploit. They all returned to the table, had another bottle of champagne, and listened to arguments: one from Marshall for his view, and one from Wickham for Parson Blair. The company decided against Marshall. His argument is a humorous companion piece to any one of his elaborate judicial opinions. He began by formulating the question, "Who is winner when the adversary quoits are on the meg at the same time?" He then stated the facts, and remarked that the question was one of the true construction and application of the rules of the game. The one first ringing the meg has the advantage. No other one can succeed who does not begin by displacing this first one. The parson, he willingly allowed, deserves to rise higher and higher in everybody's esteem; but then he must n't do it by getting on another's back in this fashion. That is more like leapfrog than quoits. Then, again, the legal maxim is, *Cujus est solum, ejus est usque ad cœlum.* His own right as first occupant extends to the vault of heaven; no opponent can gain any advantage by squatting on his back. He must either bring a writ of ejectment, or drive him out *vi et armis.* And then, after further argument of the same sort, he asked judgment, and sat down amidst great applause.

Mr. Wickham then rose, and made an argument of a similar pattern. No rule, he said, requires an impossibility. Mr. Marshall's quoit is twice as large as any other; and yet it flies from his arm like the iron ball at the Grecian games from the arm of Ajax. It is an iron quoit, unpolished, jagged, and of enormous weight. It is impossible for an ordinary quoit to move it. With much more of the same sort, he contended that it was a drawn game. After very animated voting, designed to keep up the uncertainty as long as possible, it was so decided. Another trial was had, and Marshall clearly won.

All his life he played this game. There is an account of a country barbecue in the mountain region, where a casual guest saw an old man emerge from a thicket which bordered a brook, carrying a pile of flat stones as high as he could hold between his right arm and his chin. He stepped briskly up to the company and threw them down. "There! Here are quite enough for us all."

Of Marshall's simple habits, remarkable modesty, and engaging simplicity of conduct and demeanor, every one who knew him speaks. "What was it in him which most impressed you?" asked one of his descendants, now a distinguished judge, of an older relative who had known him. "His humility," was her answer. "With Marshall," wrote President Quincy, "I had considerable acquaintance during the eight years I was member of Congress, from 1805 to 1813, played chess with him, and never failed to be impressed with the frank, cordial, childlike simplicity and unpretending manner of the man, of whose strength and breadth of intellectual power I was . . . well apprised."

"Nothing was more usual," we are told, as regards his life in Richmond, "than to see him returning from market, at sunrise, with poultry in one hand and a basket of vegetables in the other."

And again, some one speaks of meeting him on horseback, at sunrise, with a bag of seeds before him, on his way to his farm, three or four miles out of town. This was the farm at which, as he writes to James Monroe, his old friend and schoolmate, "I pass a considerable portion of my time in *laborious relaxation*." The Italics are his own.

In speaking of Marshall's personal qualities and ways, I must quote from the exquisite passages in Judge Story's address, delivered in the fall of 1835, to the Suffolk Bar, in which his own true affection found expression: "Upon a first introduction he would be thought to be cold and reserved; but he was neither the one nor the other. It was simply a habit of easy taciturnity, watching, as it were, his own turn to follow the line of conversation, and not to presume to lead it. . . . Meet him in a stage-coach as a stranger, and travel with him a whole day, and you would only be struck with his readiness to administer to the accommodation of others, and his anxiety to appropriate least to himself. Be with him the unknown guest at an inn, and he seemed adjusted to the very scene; partaking of the warm welcome of its comforts, whenever found; and if not found, resigning himself without complaint to its meanest arrangements. He had great simplicity of character, manners, dress, and deportment, and yet with a natural dignity that suppressed impertinence and silenced rudeness. His simplicity . . . had an exquisite naïveté, which charmed every one, and gave a sweetness to his familiar conversation approaching to fascination. The first impression of a stranger, upon his introduction to him, was generally that of disappointment. It seemed hardly credible that such simplicity should be the accompaniment of such acknowledged greatness. The consciousness of power was not there; the air of office was not there; there was no play of the lights or shades of rank, no study of effect in tone or bearing."

Of Marshall's appearance on the bench we have a picture in one of Story's letters from Washington, while he was at the bar. He is writing in 1808, the year after the Burr trial. "Marshall," he says, "is of a tall, slender figure, not graceful or imposing, but erect and steady. His hair is black, his eyes small and twinkling, his forehead rather low, but his features are in general harmonious. His manners are plain, yet dignified; and an unaffected modesty diffuses itself through all his actions. His dress is very simple, yet neat; his language chaste, but hardly elegant; it does not flow rapidly, but it seldom wants precision. In conversation he is quite familiar, but is occasionally embarrassed by a hesitancy and drawling. . . . I love his laugh, — it is too hearty for an intriguer, — and his good temper and unwearied patience are equally agreeable on the bench and in the study."

Daniel Webster, in 1814, wrote to his brother: "There is no man in the court that strikes me like Marshall. He is a plain man, looking very much like Colonel Adams, and about three inches taller. I have never seen a man of whose intellect I had a higher opinion."

In the year 1808, when Judge Story wrote what has been quoted above, Marshall was sketched in chalk by St. Memin. It is a beautiful portrait, which its present owner, Mr. Thomas Marshall Smith, of Baltimore, John Marshall's great-grandson, has generously permitted to be copied for the use of the public.[1]

It was in 1830 that Chester Harding, the artist, painted for the Boston Athenæum the full-length portrait of which, a little later, he made the replica afterwards purchased, by subscription, for the Law School. "I consider it," says Hard-

[1] Some of my readers will thank me for saying that the dealer who furnishes this portrait in photogravure is Mr. C. Klackner, of New York.

ing, "a good picture.[1] I had great pleasure in painting *the whole* of such a man. . . . When I was ready to draw the figure into his picture, I asked him, in order to save time, to come to my room in the evening. . . . An evening was appointed; but he could not come until after the 'consultation,' which lasts until about eight o'clock." It will be remembered that the judges, at that time, used to lodge together, in one house. "It was a warm evening," continues Harding, "and I was standing on my steps waiting for him, when he soon made his appearance, but, to my surprise, without a hat. I showed him into my studio, and stepped back to fasten the front door, when I encountered [several gentlemen] who knew the judge very well. They had seen him passing by their hotel in his hatless condition, and with long strides, as if in great haste, and had followed, curious to know the cause of such a strange appearance. . . . He said that the consultation lasted longer than he expected, and he hurried off as quickly as possible to keep his appointment with me." He declined the offer of a hat on his return. "Oh no, it is a warm night; I shall not need one."

The next year, 1831, was a sad one for Marshall. The greatest apprehensions were felt for his health. "Wirt," says John Quincy Adams in his Diary, on February 13, 1831, "spoke to me, also, in deep concern and alarm at the state of Chief Justice Marshall's health." In the autumn he went to Philadelphia to undergo the torture of the operation of lithotomy, before the days of ether. It was the last operation performed by the distinguished surgeon Dr. Physick. Another eminent surgeon, who assisted him, Dr. Randall, has given an account of this occasion, in which he says: —

"It will be readily admitted that, in consequence of Judge Marshall's very advanced age, the hazard attending the operation, however skillfully performed, was considerably increased. I consider it but an act of justice, due to the memory of that great and good man, to state that, in my opinion, his recovery was in a great degree owing to his extraordinary self-possession, and to the calm and philosophical views which he took of his case, and the various circumstances attending it.

"It fell to my lot to make the necessary preparations. In the discharge of this duty I visited him on the morning of the day fixed on for the operation, two hours previously to that at which it was to be performed. Upon entering his room I found him engaged in eating his breakfast. He received me with a pleasant smile upon his countenance, and said: 'Well, doctor, you find me taking breakfast, and I assure you I have had a good one. I thought it very probable that this might be my last chance, and therefore I was determined to enjoy it and eat heartily.' I expressed the great pleasure which I felt at seeing him so cheerful, and said that I hoped all would soon be happily over. He replied to this that he did not feel the least anxiety or uneasiness respecting the operation or its results. He said that he had not the slightest desire to live, laboring under the sufferings to which he was then subjected; that he was perfectly ready to take all the chances of an operation, and he knew there were many against him; and that if he could be relieved by it he was willing to live out his appointed time, but if not, would rather die than hold existence accompanied with the pain and misery which he then endured.

"After he finished his breakfast I administered to him some medicine; he

[1] The half-length, sitting portrait of Marshall, in the dining hall at Cambridge, was painted by Harding, in 1828, for the Chief Justice himself; and by him given to Judge Story, "to be preserved, when I shall sleep with my fathers, as a testimonial of sincere and affectionate friendship." Story bequeathed it to the college.

then inquired at what hour the operation would be performed. I mentioned the hour of eleven. He said, 'Very well; do you wish me now for any other purpose, or may I lie down and go to sleep?' I was a good deal surprised at this question, but told him that if he could sleep it would be very desirable. He immediately placed himself upon the bed, and fell into a profound sleep, and continued so until I was obliged to rouse him in order to undergo the operation. He exhibited the same fortitude, scarcely uttering a murmur, throughout the whole procedure, which, from the peculiar nature of his complaint, was necessarily tedious."

From the patient over a thousand calculi were taken. He had a perfect recovery; nor did the disorder ever return.

On Christmas Day of that year, as I have said, his wife died, the object of his tenderest affection ever since he had first seen her, more than fifty years before.

It was at this period, in 1831 and 1832, that Inman's fine portrait of him, now hanging in the Law Institute of Philadelphia, was painted, for the bar of that city. A replica is on the walls of the state library in Richmond, which Marshall himself bought for one of his sons. This portrait is regarded as the best of those painted in his later life. Certainly it best answers the description of him by an English traveler, who, seeing him in the spring of 1835, remarked that "the venerable dignity of his appearance would not suffer in comparison with that of the most respected and distinguished-looking peer in the British House of Lords."

After his recovery, in 1831, Marshall seems to have been in good health down to the early part of 1835. Then, we are told, he suffered "severe contusions"[1] in the stagecoach in returning from Washington. His health now rapidly declined. He went again for relief to Philadelphia, and died there on July 6, 1835, of a serious disorder of the liver. He had missed from his bedside his oldest son, Thomas, for whom he had been asking. Upon the gravestone of that son, behind the old house at Oakhill, you may read the pathetic tragedy, withheld from his father, that accounts for his absence. While hastening to Philadelphia, at the end of June, he was passing through the streets of Baltimore in the midst of a tempest, and was killed by the falling of a chimney in the storm.

The body of the great Chief Justice was carried home with every demonstration of respect and reverence. It was buried by the side of his wife, in the Shockoe Hill Cemetery in Richmond. There, upon horizontal tablets, are two inscriptions of affecting simplicity, both written by himself. The first runs thus: "John Marshall, Son of Thomas and Mary Marshall, was born the 24th of September, 1755, Intermarried with Mary Willis Ambler, the 3d of January, 1783. Departed this life the [6th] day of July, 1835." The second, thus: "Sacred to the memory of Mrs. Mary Willis Marshall, Consort of John Marshall, Born the 13th of March, 1766, Departed this life the 25th of December, 1831. This stone is devoted to her memory by him who best knew her worth, And most deplores her loss."

James Bradley Thayer.

[1] Many a "severe contusion" must he have suffered in those primitive days, from upsets and joltings, in driving every year between Richmond and Washington, some 120 miles each way; from Richmond to Raleigh and back, in attending his North Carolina circuit, about 175 miles each way; and between Richmond and Oakhill, his country place, every summer, about 100 miles each way. For instance, in 1812, Cranch, the reporter, remarks that Marshall was not present at the beginning of the term, as he "received an injury by the oversetting of the stagecoach on his journey from Richmond."

A LETTER FROM GERMANY.

When the year 1900 began, public opinion in Germany was wholly engrossed with the war in South Africa. In its latter half, the Chinese muddle monopolized attention, waning in importance only as the year drew to a close.

The enthusiastic sympathy of Germany with the Boers at first was modified to some extent later, by the growing conviction among cooler heads that Germany had more to gain by maintaining a good understanding with England than she could possibly lose through the downfall of the two Boer republics. The seizure of German ships through the rather high-handed action of English authorities in South Africa only embittered the public feeling against England. The German government, while resenting these seizures energetically, kept its composure throughout the incident, so that it was possible, later in the year, to enter into a friendly agreement with England in favor of the "open door" policy in China. The coming and passing of Kruger at the beginning of December, while opening a sharp controversy between the German people and the government, marked the close of the South African War as a factor in German politics. The Kruger incident was interesting as illustrating the struggle between sentiment and reason in the minds of the German people in regard to the fate of the Boers. The passionate enthusiasm for Kruger among the people and in the press found a fitting answer in the firm refusal of the government to commit itself to the waning fortunes of the fallen republics, to the prejudice of larger political interests of the Empire. Throughout this whole incident the new Chancellor showed himself a pupil of Bismarck's cool-headed policy of excluding all sentimental considerations and all racial antipathies from any influence upon Germany's foreign relations, and in his determination to shape that policy solely with reference to Germany's practical advantages.

The Chinese question occupied, in proportion to the immediate tangible German interests involved, a vast space in the public attention of Germany during the year. This was of course due chiefly to the murder of the German minister to China, and the determination of the Kaiser that adequate punishment for this atrocity should be exacted, involving the sending of a military expedition of about 23,000 men to China. It was a novel event in the history of the Empire. It had never before occurred that even a thousand German soldiers were sent across seas at one time. This large military expedition, composed of volunteers from all sections of the country, brought home the Chinese imbroglio to the doors of the German people. Hence, notwithstanding the critical attitude of a large section of the press, it must be owned that the expedition was at first popular with the unthinking masses. It was less so later.

The interest of the German people in the Chinese question was enhanced by the appointment of Count Waldersee to the supreme command of all the foreign forces in the province of Pe-cheelee. The German government, at a time when the commanders in China were in a hopeless deadlock over the appointment, repeatedly expressed its willingness to place its troops under any commander accepted by the other Powers. The controversy as to whether Waldersee's appointment was suggested by the Czar, or whether the latter acted only after Waldersee's name had been proposed to him by the Kaiser, is a question of minor moment. The important fact is that the other Powers readily accepted the ap-

pointment, and nowhere was it seriously maintained that Germany had made any undue attempt to seize upon the supreme command.

The attitude of the German government in the Chinese question was throughout influenced by two considerations; and this, it must be admitted, gave rise to a certain vacillation in German diplomacy. The first of these considerations was the preëminent importance of harmonious action on the part of the Powers in China, and the second was the feeling that it was necessary to inflict the severest possible punishment upon the authors of the Pekin atrocities. Germany started out by taking the attitude that no diplomatic relations should be opened with the Chinese government until the ministers in Pekin had designated the authors of the atrocities, and these had been delivered up by the Chinese government for condign punishment by the Powers. Later, owing to the attitude of the United States government, she found it advisable to abandon this position, and to give to the Chinese authorities the first chance of inflicting punishment upon the guilty. It may perhaps be justly claimed that Germany's policy in China was shaped by that stern logic which can brook no deviations from regularity in her own internal administration; and that she showed a certain shortsightedness in trying to deal with the complicated situation in China with an undiscriminating rigor which may have done more harm than good in its effect upon public Chinese opinion. Nevertheless, it must be recognized that Germany was willing to subject her plans of punishment to the larger interests of harmonious action by the Powers. By entering into an agreement with England for maintaining the "open door" in China, and against any partition of Chinese territory, Germany showed herself in harmony with the policy inaugurated by Mr. Hay.

In connection with the Chinese muddle an outbreak of Jingoism was witnessed in Germany, such as the country had been comparatively unaccustomed to till that time. The bellicose and lurid talk in high places in connection with the expedition to China found a ready response among the larger part of the German people. The manner in which the appointment of Waldersee was received, together with his triumphal procession through Germany on his way to China, was also an indication that the Jingo spirit had invaded Germany. When, later, numerous letters from German soldiers in China were published in German newspapers, describing the summary manner in which the German military authorities dealt with the Boxers, and even villages infested by them; and when the leading military periodical in Germany apologized for the German method of conducting operations in China, and defended the policy of taking no prisoners, it was felt that the spirit of Jingoism was but bearing its legitimate fruit.

It is pleasant to note that the relations between Germany and the United States underwent a decided improvement during 1900. The long-standing controversy between the two countries, in regard to the application of the "most favored nation" clause in cases where our government formed reciprocity treaties with other countries, was amicably settled by the Washington government yielding substantially to the German position. Germany, on the other hand, discontinued her absurd examinations of American dried fruit for the San José scale. The opening of the German Atlantic cable fulfilled a long-cherished wish for direct cable communication with our country, — a wish entertained both by the commercial classes and by the newspaper press, since the latter had grown suspicious about English sources of information from the United States. The raising of a German loan of $20,000,000 in New York came to the German pub-

lic as a new and surprising chapter in the relations between the two countries. The German money market had been so recently a lender to us that the announcement that a German loan had been placed in New York was received with incredulity and no little chagrin. Trade between Germany and the United States reached larger proportions than ever before, and the interest of the German press and public in American commercial affairs underwent a marked development. The long-standing complaint of Americans, that German newspapers print so little American news, certainly holds good no longer, so far as commercial and financial news is concerned.

In the internal affairs of Germany the most prominent fact was the change of Chancellors. Prince Hohenlohe, who had taken office confessedly to tide over a period where a positive leader and positive policies were lacking, played that rôle satisfactorily. He was a safe Chancellor, calculated to pour oil upon the waters and calm the waves, as he said upon taking office; but he lacked vigor and fertility in new ideas. His resignation was but the consummation in form of what had become substantially a fact months before; for the leading rôle in determining Germany's policies was fast passing from his hands into those of Count von Bülow. The resignation was accepted by the public without any deep regret at his passing from the stage, yet with general recognition of the fact that he had played at least a dignified and creditable part in German politics.

The appointment of Count von Bülow as Hohenlohe's successor had been anticipated, and was recognized on all sides as the most fitting that could be made. In the brief period since Bülow's appointment it has already become apparent that German politics, particularly German parliamentary life, has been enriched by a new force. During the Hohenlohe régime one of the most obvious facts in Germany's internal politics was the lack of harmony in the ministry. Hohenlohe lacked the vigorous hand of a Bismarck to bend or break all opposing wills. Bülow, on taking office, emphasized the necessity of a homogeneous ministry, and there are already evidences that he will get what he wants. Bülow's début as Chancellor before the Reichstag was a parliamentary success such as Germany has scarcely witnessed since the Empire was founded. The new Chancellor showed himself a debater with unusual powers of delicate raillery, a master of rhetorical fencing, and yet of such suavity of manner toward his opponents as to conciliate them at the same time that he marched triumphantly over them. When the Reichstag met it was in an ugly mood, since its constitutional rights had been ignored in the matter of the expedition to China; and the indications were that the session would be a critical one for the government. It was no small achievement of Bülow to lay the storm so completely and in so short a time. The Chancellor's future pathway is beset with difficulties, since it will prove an extremely delicate task to shape legislation so as to satisfy, even remotely, the conflicting interests of the Agrarians and the rest of the population. Another difficult task will be to conduct the affairs of state under a ruler who insists upon exercising personally a controlling influence. Over against the latter fact, however, Bülow evidently possesses the full confidence of his master. It augurs well, too, for the future, that Bülow has already improved the relations of the South German cabinets toward the imperial government, — those relations having latterly grown somewhat disturbed. Bülow has entered upon his duties as Chancellor under the device of conciliation; it remains to be seen whether he has the firm hand, when the emergency arises, to hold in check the discordant political and economical elements in German life.

The rôle played by the Kaiser in the

politics of Germany during the year again calls for some remark. While the Kaiser scored a distinct success in securing the passage of the law doubling the German navy, the part he played — at least oratorically — in connection with the Chinese troubles was the subject of much criticism. The frequent description of the Kaiser as an impulsive man was never more aptly illustrated than in his speeches to the soldiers about to sail for China. It was felt in Germany that those speeches not only gave utterance to sentiments not in harmony with the best spirit of the time, but that they made the task of the German Foreign Office in dealing with a most delicate and complicated situation distinctly more difficult. The Kaiser had been gaining a reputation for greater steadiness of poise, greater self-restraint, greater prudence of utterance ; but his speeches last summer again gave cause for apprehension among many of the best minds of Germany.

This dissatisfaction with the Kaiser's utterances was so strong and general that when the Reichstag met, in November, there was a feeling in all political parties that the old tradition of keeping the monarch out of the debates could no longer be adhered to. Consequently, the speeches of the Kaiser were discussed in the Reichstag by men of all parties, with a freedom that was new and refreshing in German political debates. Apart from the Kaiser's speeches in connection with the Chinese troubles, the debates brought out some frank complaints from the more "loyal" sections of German politics, that the Kaiser is surrounded by advisers who systematically misinform him as to the actual state of public opinion. It has long been felt, and particularly during the past few years, that the present system of two cabinets — one of which is nominally responsible to the Reichstag and public opinion, while the other is merely a personal cabinet, responsible to neither, and yet exercising an enormous influence in shaping the monarch's policies — has been growing more and more intolerable. This system of personal government is becoming the subject of chronic disquietude in Germany, and even the more loyal section of the press is growing restive under it. Bismarck's wise maxim, "A monarch should appear in public only when attired in the clothing of a responsible ministry," is finding more and more supporters among intelligent Germans.

In connection with this subject the question of ministerial responsibility has also come up for discussion. It is seen more and more clearly that the responsibility of the ministry to the Reichstag, as required by the Constitution, is quite illusive where the Reichstag has no practical means for enforcing it. Hence, toward the end of the year, a movement was begun in the Reichstag for the organization of a Supreme Court of the Empire, equipped with large powers, one of which shall be to decide, in questions of controversy, as between the Reichstag and the ministry. It must be regarded, however, as very doubtful, considering the weak and flabby state of public opinion in Germany on questions of popular rights, whether anything will result from this movement for the present.

The legislation of Germany during the year 1900 offers much that is interesting in many ways. For Americans, the most important measure was the Meat Bill. This measure had been introduced in the Reichstag early in 1899, but the sharp conflict of interests about it kept it for more than a year in committee. When the bill finally emerged for discussion in the Reichstag, it was found that the Agrarian majority had distorted it from a sanitary to a protective measure. Both in the new form they gave the bill and in their discussions of it in the Reichstag, the Agrarians showed that it was chiefly the exclusion of foreign meats, rather than a system of sanitary inspection, that they

wanted. As finally passed in May the bill had lost some of the harsh prohibitory features given it by the Agrarians, the latter contenting themselves with the exclusion of canned meats and sausages. To the foreign student of German politics, the Meat Inspection Law is chiefly interesting as illustrating the tendency of the general government to seize upon functions which have hitherto been in the hands of the individual states and municipalities, as well as of bringing the private affairs of the people under the control of governmental authority. It is another long step of the German government away from the principle of *laissez-faire*. The task undertaken by the government here is itself a stupendous one. There is certainly no other great government in the world that would endeavor to organize the administrative machinery for inspecting every pound of meat that comes upon the markets of the country. What an illustration of the courage of government in Germany, when confronted with questions of infinite administrative details! So stupendous is this task that the law as a whole has not yet at this writing been put in force, owing to the enormous amount of preliminary work required.

The passage of the Fleet Increase Law was one of the most important measures, in relation to Germany's position as a world power, that has been adopted for many years. The bill was introduced in the Reichstag in January, with the declaration of the government that the increase of the fleet contemplated was necessary for insuring peace at sea, and for protecting Germany's trade interests throughout the world. The course of discussion on the bill clearly brought out the fact that the great bulk of the German people enthusiastically favored it; and when the measure came up for the final vote, it was carried by a two-thirds majority. The passage of this law will undoubtedly prove a momentous fact in Germany's history, since it is openly confessed that Germany needs a great fleet in order to support and enforce her decisions in large international questions. If the increase of the fleet is to be interpreted as directed against any one nation, that nation is undoubtedly England.

Another law passed by the Reichstag was one for currency reform. It increases the non-legal-tender silver circulation from ten to fifteen marks *per caput;* and the metal needed for this new coinage is to be provided by gradually withdrawing the remaining stock of thalers from circulation. As the thalers have unlimited legal-tender quality, while other silver coins have not, the measure is, in effect, the final step in giving Germany a pure gold standard. The suspension of the sale of silver by Bismarck in 1879 left a large stock of thalers still in circulation, which at first proved dangerous for the gold standard. That danger vanished later; and the Currency Law of 1900 merely gave the finishing touch legally to the gold standard system already in perfect operation. The last blow to silver in Germany was in striking contrast to the passionate appeals for the "white metal" that still survive in American politics. Silver, in Germany, died practically without a struggle, and "passed in music out of sight."

The sharpest controversy in the Reichstag in 1900 was over the so-called Lex Heinze. Certain paragraphs of this measure gave the police very wide powers in the control of literary, dramatic, and artistic productions, with a view to the exclusion of everything calculated to offend the public sense of delicacy. There was a large majority in the Reichstag for these paragraphs, but the determined opposition of the Left parties, led by the Social Democrats, brought on the severest parliamentary struggle that Germany has seen since the Empire was founded. Obstruction by a minority in the Reichstag through parliamentary

tactics had hitherto been unknown in Germany; but so intense was the feeling among German literary people and artists against the drastic provisions of the Lex Heinze that public opinion was concentrated in support of the obstructionists. It was a new phenomenon in German political life to see the Social Democrats coming forward as the acknowledged defenders of the views of the intellectual élite of the country. The result was that the Lex Heinze was finally passed with the objectionable paragraphs eliminated.

A measure that called forth strenuous opposition from the commercial classes of the country was the Increase of the Bourse Taxes; that is to say, the stamp tax upon new issue of stocks and bonds, and that upon sales of securities. The heavy taxation of this kind already in existence has had the effect of driving much German business to London and Paris; and it was pointed out to the Reichstag, by chambers of commerce and similar bodies, that an increase of these taxes would only divert more German business to foreign bourses. Furthermore, it was felt to be a great injustice to the bourses to make them defray the bulk of the increased expenditures under the new Fleet Law. Nevertheless, the Reichstag voted by a large majority to increase the stamp taxes, — some of them being raised by half, and others doubled.

The most important measure in the province of social reform legislation adopted by the Reichstag in 1900 was a revision of the Laborers' Accident Insurance Law. The law as revised extends compulsory insurance to laborers in breweries, in blacksmiths', locksmiths', and butchers' shops, and to window-cleaners; and the wage limit entitling a laborer to be insured was lifted from 2000 to 3000 marks a year. In many cases the assistance given to the injured is raised; and in cases where a laborer is so badly crippled that a permanent attendant is necessary, the pension is increased to the full amount of the wages previously earned. The law also makes a careless employer responsible for all expenditures growing out of a given accident, disbursed by coöperative societies and sick funds in providing for the injured. It is a striking proof of the popularity of social reform ideas in Germany that this measure was passed unanimously. Another measure of social reform was an ordinance decreed by the Bundesrath for the better protection of the health of laborers in zinc works.

The Gewerbe-ordnung, which was passed in May and went into effect October 1, gives the imperial authorities control over employment agencies, — an Agrarian provision intended to prevent employment agents from the great manufacturing centres from drawing away farm laborers to more lucrative employment. Another provision of this reform is that for early closing. A certain measure of self-government is left to the tradesmen of the various cities, since closing at eight o'clock can be enforced where two thirds of the merchants ask for it; otherwise closing is at nine o'clock. The bill also provides for the welfare of employees in stores and other places of business by fixing the manner of payment and regulating the terms of giving notice of discharge. Another step toward ameliorating the condition of this class of the population was taken in December, when the Bundesrath decreed that opportunities for sitting must be provided for salesmen and saleswomen.

The most questionable experiment in legislation in Germany during the year was the special tax upon department stores, voted by the Prussian Diet. The measure came into being as the result of two forces: the first was represented by the theoretical reformers, who have a deep repugnance to all large accumulations of capital, and are happy only when trying to pull down the successful masters of organization to the level of men

who can do things only on a small scale, or else submit themselves to the leadership of more capable men; and the second force was the petty trade jealousy of these small men themselves, who never ceased to din it into the ears of the government that something must be done to preserve the "middle classes." Nearly all chambers of commerce in the country took a decided stand against this tax, because it was clearly seen that a principle was here being introduced which would eventually lead to special taxation of all concerns operating with large capital, whether banks, factories, or other enterprises. The government vacillated hopelessly between the opposing elements for the several years during which the agitation for such a tax was going on; and Finance Minister von Miquel, in his defense of the bill in the Diet, showed a very muddled state of mind about the whole matter. The bill as passed is undoubtedly the most drastic piece of legislation directed against large capital that Germany has ever seen. This tax, it must be remembered, is a special tax in addition to the general income tax, and is levied according to a progressive scale upon the volume of business, reaching as high as two per cent upon the turnover of the largest department stores. It is provided, however, that the tax shall in no case exceed twenty per cent of the net earnings. The rabid, anti-capitalistic temper of the legislators is well illustrated by the fact that an amendment for exempting department stores from this tax, in cases where it could be shown that the business had been conducted at a loss, was voted down, and instead of this a remission of only one half of the tax in such cases was adopted. In other words, the Prussian Diet voted to take in taxation one per cent of the turnover of a business conducted at a loss.

The year 1900 was the first year under the new Civil Code. Much progress was made by the courts in adjusting themselves to the new system of jurisdiction, and it is already apparent that Germany will derive great advantages from this reform. Another reform was that in the method of military court procedure, which went into effect October 1. This latter reform was forced upon the government by public opinion, which had long ago rejected the more antiquated features of justice prevailing in the army. One of the chief advances made under the new system is that of public military trials wherever discipline and the public interest admit. While the reform does not go so far as public opinion demanded, still it is believed that it will secure an administration of justice in the army more in harmony with the spirit of the age.

The movement in the Social Democratic party known as the "moulting process" — that is, the process of casting off old, ultra-doctrinaire principles in favor of possible, tangible reforms — was further strikingly illustrated by the decision to nominate candidates for the Prussian Diet in all future elections. Owing to the peculiar electoral machinery in Prussia, rendering it well-nigh impossible for the working classes to make their influence practically felt in the Diet, the Socialists have hitherto contemptuously refrained from participating in the Diet elections. The year was also marked by Socialist gains in the Diets of Würtemberg, Gotha, Lippe-Detmold, and Oldenburg; and the Socialists now have representatives in the Diets of all the German states except Prussia and Brunswick. Another indication of the growing practical sense of the party is that all the Socialist members of the Reichstag supported the government's Laborers' Accident Insurance Bill. It is significant of much for the future of Germany that the Socialists are thus accommodating themselves to the patient processes of history, and are growing more willing to take their millennium upon the installment plan.

The Polish question came in for a large amount of attention during the year. This question has undoubtedly grown more serious during the past few years. It is admitted that the government policy of buying up Polish estates and settling Germans upon them — for which purpose a fund of 200,000,000 marks was created some years ago — has been worse than useless, since it has only intensified the national self-consciousness of the Poles, without at the same time increasing the German population and fostering German spirit in the eastern provinces. It is frankly admitted that villages there which were once largely German are losing their German character, and reverting to that of Polish communities. Writers most favorable to the government admit that if this movement continues for two or three decades longer, the Polonization of the eastern provinces will be practically complete. Not only is there a Polish question in the eastern provinces, but also in western Germany; for the immense development of the Rhine-Westphalian coal and iron region has attracted increasing numbers of Poles to that part of the country. Many villages there are now almost completely Polish, and the problem of policing the laboring population has been rendered much more difficult by their presence. To take the places of the Poles thus leaving the agricultural provinces of the east for the better wages of the industrial west, the Prussian government has for some years been allowing other Polish laborers to come into those provinces from Russian and Austrian Poland, during the busier months of the year. It is characteristic of the intense economic development of Germany at present that the period for which these immigrant laborers were permitted to cross the border has been constantly lengthened; so that for this winter they are required to return to their homes for only six weeks.

Growing out of the agitation in connection with the Lex Heinze, the Goethebund, a union of many of the leading writers and artists, was formed, for the purpose of protecting art, literature, and dramatic performances from the clumsy efforts of legislation and police administration to force narrow and prudish ideals upon them. This organization has spread rapidly over all Germany. It held its first national conference at Weimar in November, when some strong words were spoken against the antiquated conception of life with which the authorities are trying to fetter the German mind. The Goethebund directs its efforts particularly against the dramatic censorship which still lags superfluous upon the stage in Germany; and it petitioned the Reichstag to abolish this "unseemly tutelage of the German people."

This utterance of the Goethebund was drawn out by the fact that the dramatic censorship was exercised with unusual rigor in the latter half of the year. It was commonly believed that this was due to the influence of the Kaiser, to express his displeasure at the defeat of the rigid paragraphs of the Lex Heinze. As a result of this greater rigor an unusual number of plays were rejected by the censor, some of which, however, were later admitted to production, after appeal to the courts. A practical proposition, put forward as a remedy for the arbitrary and often unintelligent decisions of the censor, is the appointment of a committee of literary people to act as a committee of experts in cases of questionable literary productions. This proposition attracted wide attention, and was supported by so eminent an author as Professor Mommsen.

In the sphere of education the chief event of the year was the Kaiser's decree of November 26, for the reform of gymnasium instruction. This reform is of special interest to English-speaking people, since it gives to the English language a position in the German Gymnasien which it has never hitherto occu-

pied. It is an incredible mark of the unprogressive spirit that has hitherto prevailed in the old Gymnasien, that English occupied in their curricula the same level with Hebrew. The Kaiser's decree changes all that, and makes English perhaps the most important foreign language taught in these schools. English will be compulsory in the Gymnasien for the last three years, French becoming for these years merely optional. In the classes prior to the three highest, English can now be offered in place of Greek; and in respect to Greek itself, the teachers are enjoined to avoid, so far as possible, insistence upon useless forms, and to emphasize more the intellectual and æsthetic relations between Greek and modern culture. The decree also emphasizes the necessity of more attention to modern German history, which has hitherto been neglected in favor of the ancient history. The practical study of the natural sciences through experiments and excursions is to be fostered; and in teaching modern languages attention is to be given to speaking. All these points illustrate the bent of the Kaiser's mind toward modernizing and reforming German life, whatever may be said of his views in other directions.

In university matters the chief event of the year was another decree of the Kaiser, which was issued in December. This prolongs the period of medical study to five years, broadens the medical curriculum, and introduces a year of probationary practice before the final license is given. It also admits the graduates of Real-gymnasien and Ober-realschulen to the medical examinations.

In the woman movement some progress is to be recorded, both in the struggle for larger educational opportunities and in opening up gainful occupations to women. The movement for the better education of women made further progress, both in respect to the establishment of "gymnasium courses" for girls, and in the admission of women to the universities as hearers. The Medical Society of Berlin refused to admit women as members; but the medical faculty of Heidelberg University voted to admit them as regular hearers to the lectures. While the number of women students at the German universities is somewhat smaller this winter than last, the cause is to be found not in any flagging of interest on the part of women themselves, but in the fact that the University of Berlin introduced more rigid entrance conditions for women, which had the effect of largely diminishing the number of Russian women in attendance. The Prussian minister of education sanctioned the inauguration of gymnasium courses for women at Breslau. The movement for establishing a gymnasium for girls at Frankfort-on-the-Main also took definite shape, and the institution will be opened April 1. A significant movement of the year was the increase of women's clubs in various cities. Another indication of the growing conviction of the importance of woman as a social force is the resolution of the Socialist National Diet to make larger use of women in the propaganda work of that party. Statistics published during the year show that the number of women employed in factories has been growing at an accelerated pace.

Toward the end of the year public attention was painfully drawn to the fact of the increase of immorality and crime among the higher classes. Sensational cases in the Berlin courts showed a state of morals in social circles and in police administration that gave a shock to the public conscience. The *jeunesse dorée* of Berlin passed before the public gaze as professional gamblers; a great banker, moving in high social life, was unmasked as a corrupter of morality by the most loathsome means; and a coterie of mortgage bank directors were imprisoned for the grossest dishonesty. Another incident belonging here is the Konitz murder, which called out anti-

Semitic excesses reminding one of American lynch law, — excesses due to the superstition of "ritual murder" being practiced by Hebrews.

The census taken on December 1 — so far as the returns have been published at this writing — shows an acceleration of the movement of population from the country toward the great cities. The growth of the urban population in five years has been astonishing. The population of Berlin, for example, increased more than twice as much in the last five years as in the preceding five. The fourteen German cities now having a population of above 200,000 have increased more than seventeen per cent since 1895. The census returns show that Berlin and its suburbs gained 392,730 in the past five years, their total population now being 2,469,676. No other European capital is growing so fast in wealth and numbers as Berlin; and the city is rapidly assuming a dominant position in all spheres of German life.

In the economic life of Germany in 1900, the fact that strikes the eye first is the culmination of the great wave of prosperity that had prevailed in the country for above five years. Both in its duration and in its intensity this advance was the most remarkable that German industries and commerce ever experienced. The direct impulse that caused the deep change in the business situation of Germany came from the United States; and throughout the year, the dependence of the German iron market as well as of the German stock markets upon the United States became apparent to a degree that would have been considered utterly impossible so recently as three years ago. Notwithstanding the declining business activity of Germany, a coal famine, such as the country has never seen before, continued till toward the close of 1900; and one of the burning questions of the year, in commercial circles, was that of adopting measures of relief for the scarcity of coal. With the high tide of Germany's prosperity a change in the situation of the working classes set in. During the protracted upward movement in business wages had steadily risen, and had reached the highest point in the history of the country; since the changed conditions have manifested themselves, wages have also begun to decline, and the opportunities of employment have been diminished.

The rapidity of the fall of industrial shares on the German bourses, after the middle of April, was remarkable. This phenomenon was extensively commented upon as illustrating the evil workings of the German Bourse Law passed in 1896, which prohibited all dealings in those shares for future delivery. In this connection the Bourse Law underwent the sharpest criticism from chambers of commerce and all other organs of public opinion in commercial affairs. The unwelcome phenomenon of operators refusing to settle debts incurred in bourse speculations by retreating behind the provisions of the Bourse Law only intensified the agitation against that ill-advised measure. All the German chambers of commerce joined in a crusade for its reform; but the government has hitherto maintained a waiting and non-committal attitude. The whole matter — the details of which cannot be dwelt upon here — is another interesting episode in the perennial contest between the progressive commercial classes of Germany and those who would hinder her development into a great manufacturing, commercial, and financial power in the world.

It is a significant fact that the rapid downward movement of stock values, and the entirely changed situation in many of Germany's leading industries, have been accompanied by no serious failures or other financial troubles. The flurry caused in December, in connection with certain mortgage banks of Berlin, was in no way a sign of the general

economic situation, and is no exception to the statement just made. The fact that German industries and German banks could shoot the rapids of the year 1900 without any serious disaster is the best possible proof of the solid and honest business methods that prevailed among German industrial and financial institutions.

In the development of the German colonies there is nothing striking to report for the year 1900. Trade with them is gradually increasing, but the colonial budget is increasing still more rapidly. For 1901 it reaches 40,750,000 marks, an increase of more than 7,000,000 marks as compared with the previous budget. The growth of the colonial budget has been very rapid during the past five years. As recently as 1895 the expenditures amounted to only 9,000,000 marks. A subject which attracted much attention in colonial circles during the year was that of investment of capital in the colonies. The more chauvinistic colonial enthusiasts made a sharp attack, at the annual meeting of the Colonial Society at Coblentz, in June, upon the colonial administration and upon the chief commercial company operating in German Southeast Africa, on the ground that concessions had been too freely granted to English capitalists there. The lack of faith among the German people in the future of the colonies is shown by the fact that the Reichstag refused a grant of 100,000 marks for preliminary surveys for the East African Central Railway; and that it was left for the enthusiasts of the Colonial Society to present this amount to the government out of its own funds. As for the rest, it is admitted that everything in the colonies is still in an experimental stage. Experiments are to be undertaken in cotton-growing in Togo, and with sheep-raising in Southwest Africa.

William C. Dreher.

THE FLUTES OF THE GOD.

The suggestion for The Flutes of the God is from the following: —

Ταῦτα, ὦ φίλε ἑταῖρε Κρίτων, εὖ ἴσθι, ὅτι ἐγὼ δοκῶ ἀκούειν, ὥσπερ οἱ κορυβαντιῶντες τῶν αὐλῶν δοκοῦσιν ἀκούειν. — CRITO.

Oh that I knew where to find thee, — to fall, and encompass thy knees, —
Thou, as thou art, austere, with thy turrets and dungeoning keys,
Thou with the frondage of oak, that enshadows thy grave, straight brows!
I would cling to thy knees till thou wouldst absolve the Corybant's vows, —
Even his vows, who was mine, ere the voice from the forested hill,
With the flutes and the cymbals, he followed, and them he followeth still!
He follows, he dreams, with wide eyes all bare of the curtains of sleep;
He heeds not the dawn on the height, nor the shadows as upward they creep, —
If the arrows of winter be forged, or the flame of the summer be fanned!
He feels not the thong of the priest, nor the blade in the lean, wild hand;
Crimson the thorn-set path where the foot unsandaled hath trod.
He stayeth for none he shall meet, — he hears but the flutes of the God!

The mother that bare him, the father that guided afield his young feet,
Into the wilderness journey, they come to thy desolate seat.

At the foot of a fir tree they find him. Trembling, their knees and their speech:
"Come away, thou, our support! Like the vine in the wind we outreach;
Prop have we none; we are stripped, we are shaken by every gust;
Withers unripened our fruit, and we stoop to be gathered to dust.
Leave thy dark seat by the fir tree, and hear us while yet thou mayst hear!"
Their voices die off on the waste, and the sigh of the fir tree comes drear.
They wait for the voice in response; he uprears his thin form from the sod:
"What say ye? Who speaketh? I hear — I hear but the flutes of the God!"

I was the maiden betrothed, and "Surely," they said, "thou shalt go,
Shalt touch his dead heart into life, and his eyes shall regain their lost glow!"
Breathless, I trod the lone ways. Among the mad priests, as he ranged,
I beheld whom I loved, but ah! I beheld him how changed, how estranged!
I had drawn him apart from their throng, I had whispered the words that are charms,
Had touched his dead heart into life, and pillowed his head in my arms;
But farther and farther aloof, to the notes of wild music he trod.
"Who follows?" he cried, — "who follows? I hear but the flutes of the God!"

Oh that I knew where to find thee! Whether, 'mid autumn's increase,
With the young of the year around thee, thou givest them plenty with peace;
Or whether, dark-thoughted, remote through the waste, thy deity roves,
And the eyes of thy lions glance fire, in the twilight of dells and of groves.
Bright are their eyes impatient, the blast of the desert their breath;
Who crosseth their path, without thee, shall surely be doomed unto death.
Yet, mother of gods and of men, of the broods of the earth and the rocks, —
Thou, Berecynthia, hear! by thy love, by his dark flowing locks,
By the smile on his lips, by the dream in his eyes, thou sendest at will,
By the soft-drawn sigh while thou watchest his slumber amid the high hill!
Thine Atys thou hast, though a sleeper; the care from his forehead is smoothed;
But he whom I love never sleeps, and his wild eyes never be soothed!
Give him but peace and my arms, and quiet supreme, in the end;
Bid some old fir tree his branches above us in shelter extend;
Then, the life to the air, the frail substance that held it awhile to the clod:
So shall he waken and madden no more to the flutes of the God!

Edith M. Thomas.

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

THE problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the color line; the relation of the darker to the lighter races of men in Asia and Africa, in America and the islands of the sea. It was a phase of this problem that caused the Civil War; and however much they who marched south and north in 1861 may have fixed on the technical points of union and local autonomy as a shibboleth, all nevertheless knew, as we know, that the question of Negro slavery was the deeper cause of the conflict. Curious it was, too, how this deeper question ever forced itself to the surface, despite effort and disclaimer. No sooner had Northern armies touched Southern soil than this old question, newly guised, sprang from the earth, — What shall be done with slaves? Peremptory military commands, this way and that, could not answer the query; the Emancipation Proclamation seemed but to broaden and intensify the difficulties; and so at last there arose in the South a government of men called the Freedmen's Bureau, which lasted, legally, from 1865 to 1872, but in a sense from 1861 to 1876, and which sought to settle the Negro problems in the United States of America.

It is the aim of this essay to study the Freedmen's Bureau, — the occasion of its rise, the character of its work, and its final success and failure, — not only as a part of American history, but above all as one of the most singular and interesting of the attempts made by a great nation to grapple with vast problems of race and social condition.

No sooner had the armies, east and west, penetrated Virginia and Tennessee than fugitive slaves appeared within their lines. They came at night, when the flickering camp fires of the blue hosts shone like vast unsteady stars along the black horizon: old men, and thin, with gray and tufted hair; women with frightened eyes, dragging whimpering, hungry children; men and girls, stalwart and gaunt, — a horde of starving vagabonds, homeless, helpless, and pitiable in their dark distress. Two methods of treating these newcomers seemed equally logical to opposite sorts of minds. Said some, "We have nothing to do with slaves." "Hereafter," commanded Halleck, "no slaves should be allowed to come into your lines at all; if any come without your knowledge, when owners call for them, deliver them." But others said, "We take grain and fowl; why not slaves?" Whereupon Fremont, as early as August, 1861, declared the slaves of Missouri rebels free. Such radical action was quickly countermanded, but at the same time the opposite policy could not be enforced; some of the black refugees declared themselves freemen, others showed their masters had deserted them, and still others were captured with forts and plantations. Evidently, too, slaves were a source of strength to the Confederacy, and were being used as laborers and producers. "They constitute a military resource," wrote the Secretary of War, late in 1861; "and being such, that they should not be turned over to the enemy is too plain to discuss." So the tone of the army chiefs changed, Congress forbade the rendition of fugitives, and Butler's "contrabands" were welcomed as military laborers. This complicated rather than solved the problem; for now the scattering fugitives became a steady stream, which flowed faster as the armies marched.

Then the long-headed man, with carechiseled face, who sat in the White House, saw the inevitable, and emancipated the slaves of rebels on New Year's, 1863. A month later Congress called earnestly for the Negro soldiers whom

the act of July, 1862, had half grudgingly allowed to enlist. Thus the barriers were leveled, and the deed was done. The stream of fugitives swelled to a flood, and anxious officers kept inquiring: "What must be done with slaves arriving almost daily? Am I to find food and shelter for women and children?"

It was a Pierce of Boston who pointed out the way, and thus became in a sense the founder of the Freedmen's Bureau. Being specially detailed from the ranks to care for the freedmen at Fortress Monroe, he afterward founded the celebrated Port Royal experiment and started the Freedmen's Aid Societies. Thus, under the timid Treasury officials and bold army officers, Pierce's plan widened and developed. At first, the able-bodied men were enlisted as soldiers or hired as laborers, the women and children were herded into central camps under guard, and "superintendents of contrabands" multiplied here and there. Centres of massed freedmen arose at Fortress Monroe, Va., Washington, D. C., Beaufort and Port Royal, S. C., New Orleans, La., Vicksburg and Corinth, Miss., Columbus, Ky., Cairo, Ill., and elsewhere, and the army chaplains found here new and fruitful fields.

Then came the Freedmen's Aid Societies, born of the touching appeals for relief and help from these centres of distress. There was the American Missionary Association, sprung from the *Amistad*, and now full grown for work, the various church organizations, the National Freedmen's Relief Association, the American Freedmen's Union, the Western Freedmen's Aid Commission, — in all fifty or more active organizations, which sent clothes, money, school-books, and teachers southward. All they did was needed, for the destitution of the freedmen was often reported as "too appalling for belief," and the situation was growing daily worse rather than better.

And daily, too, it seemed more plain that this was no ordinary matter of temporary relief, but a national crisis; for here loomed a labor problem of vast dimensions. Masses of Negroes stood idle, or, if they worked spasmodically, were never sure of pay; and if perchance they received pay, squandered the new thing thoughtlessly. In these and in other ways were camp life and the new liberty demoralizing the freedmen. The broader economic organization thus clearly demanded sprang up here and there as accident and local conditions determined. Here again Pierce's Port Royal plan of leased plantations and guided workmen pointed out the rough way. In Washington, the military governor, at the urgent appeal of the superintendent, opened confiscated estates to the cultivation of the fugitives, and there in the shadow of the dome gathered black farm villages. General Dix gave over estates to the freedmen of Fortress Monroe, and so on through the South. The government and the benevolent societies furnished the means of cultivation, and the Negro turned again slowly to work. The systems of control, thus started, rapidly grew, here and there, into strange little governments, like that of General Banks in Louisiana, with its 90,000 black subjects, its 50,000 guided laborers, and its annual budget of $100,000 and more. It made out 4000 pay rolls, registered all freedmen, inquired into grievances and redressed them, laid and collected taxes, and established a system of public schools. So too Colonel Eaton, the superintendent of Tennessee and Arkansas, ruled over 100,000, leased and cultivated 7000 acres of cotton land, and furnished food for 10,000 paupers. In South Carolina was General Saxton, with his deep interest in black folk. He succeeded Pierce and the Treasury officials, and sold forfeited estates, leased abandoned plantations, encouraged schools, and received from Sherman, after the terribly picturesque march to the sea, thousands of the wretched camp followers.

Three characteristic things one might have seen in Sherman's raid through Georgia, which threw the new situation in deep and shadowy relief: the Conqueror, the Conquered, and the Negro. Some see all significance in the grim front of the destroyer, and some in the bitter sufferers of the lost cause. But to me neither soldier nor fugitive speaks with so deep a meaning as that dark and human cloud that clung like remorse on the rear of those swift columns, swelling at times to half their size, almost engulfing and choking them. In vain were they ordered back, in vain were bridges hewn from beneath their feet; on they trudged and writhed and surged, until they rolled into Savannah, a starved and naked horde of tens of thousands. There too came the characteristic military remedy: "The islands from Charleston south, the abandoned ricefields along the rivers for thirty miles back from the sea, and the country bordering the St. John's River, Florida, are reserved and set apart for the settlement of Negroes now made free by act of war." So read the celebrated field order.

All these experiments, orders, and systems were bound to attract and perplex the government and the nation. Directly after the Emancipation Proclamation, Representative Eliot had introduced a bill creating a Bureau of Emancipation, but it was never reported. The following June, a committee of inquiry, appointed by the Secretary of War, reported in favor of a temporary bureau for the "improvement, protection, and employment of refugee freedmen," on much the same lines as were afterward followed. Petitions came in to President Lincoln from distinguished citizens and organizations, strongly urging a comprehensive and unified plan of dealing with the freedmen, under a bureau which should be "charged with the study of plans and execution of measures for easily guiding, and in every way judiciously and humanely aiding, the passage of our emancipated and yet to be emancipated blacks from the old condition of forced labor to their new state of voluntary industry."

Some half-hearted steps were early taken by the government to put both freedmen and abandoned estates under the supervision of the Treasury officials. Laws of 1863 and 1864 directed them to take charge of and lease abandoned lands for periods not exceeding twelve months, and to "provide in such leases or otherwise for the employment and general welfare" of the freedmen. Most of the army officers looked upon this as a welcome relief from perplexing "Negro affairs;" but the Treasury hesitated and blundered, and although it leased large quantities of land and employed many Negroes, especially along the Mississippi, yet it left the virtual control of the laborers and their relations to their neighbors in the hands of the army.

In March, 1864, Congress at last turned its attention to the subject, and the House passed a bill, by a majority of two, establishing a Bureau for Freedmen in the War Department. Senator Sumner, who had charge of the bill in the Senate, argued that freedmen and abandoned lands ought to be under the same department, and reported a substitute for the House bill, attaching the Bureau to the Treasury Department. This bill passed, but too late for action in the House. The debates wandered over the whole policy of the administration and the general question of slavery, without touching very closely the specific merits of the measure in hand.

Meantime the election took place, and the administration, returning from the country with a vote of renewed confidence, addressed itself to the matter more seriously. A conference between the houses agreed upon a carefully drawn measure which contained the chief provisions of Charles Sumner's bill, but made the proposed organization a department independent of both the War

a Treasury officials. The bill was consolate a ve, giving the new department "general superintendence of all freedmen." It was to "establish regulations" for them, protect them, lease them lands, adjust their wages, and appear in civil and military courts as their "next friend." There were many limitations attached to the powers thus granted, and the organization was made permanent. Nevertheless, the Senate defeated the bill, and a new conference committee was appointed. This committee reported a new bill, February 28, which was whirled through just as the session closed, and which became the act of 1865 establishing in the War Department a "Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands."

This last compromise was a hasty bit of legislation, vague and uncertain in outline. A Bureau was created, "to continue during the present War of Rebellion, and for one year thereafter," to which was given "the supervision and management of all abandoned lands, and the control of all subjects relating to refugees and freedmen," under "such rules and regulations as may be presented by the head of the Bureau and approved by the President." A commissioner, appointed by the President and Senate, was to control the Bureau, with an office force not exceeding ten clerks. The President might also appoint assistant commissioners in the seceded states, and to all these offices military officials might be detailed at regular pay. The Secretary of War could issue rations, clothing, and fuel to the destitute, and all abandoned property was placed in the hands of the Bureau for eventual lease and sale to ex-slaves in forty-acre parcels.

Thus did the United States government definitely assume charge of the emancipated Negro as the ward of the nation. It was a tremendous undertaking. Here, at a stroke of the pen, was erected a government of millions of men, — and not ordinary men, either, but black men emasculated by a peculiarly complete system of slavery, centuries old; and now, suddenly, violently, they come into a new birthright, at a time of war and passion, in the midst of the stricken, embittered population of their former masters. Any man might well have hesitated to assume charge of such a work, with vast responsibilities, indefinite powers, and limited resources. Probably no one but a soldier would have answered such a call promptly; and indeed no one but a soldier could be called, for Congress had appropriated no money for salaries and expenses.

Less than a month after the weary emancipator passed to his rest, his successor assigned Major General Oliver O. Howard to duty as commissioner of the new Bureau. He was a Maine man, then only thirty-five years of age. He had marched with Sherman to the sea, had fought well at Gettysburg, and had but a year before been assigned to the command of the Department of Tennessee. An honest and sincere man, with rather too much faith in human nature, little aptitude for systematic business and intricate detail, he was nevertheless conservative, hard-working, and, above all, acquainted at first-hand with much of the work before him. And of that work it has been truly said, "No approximately correct history of civilization can ever be written which does not throw out in bold relief, as one of the great landmarks of political and social progress, the organization and administration of the Freedmen's Bureau."

On May 12, 1865, Howard was appointed, and he assumed the duties of his office promptly on the 15th, and began examining the field of work. A curious mess he looked upon: little despotisms, communistic experiments, slavery, peonage, business speculations, organized charity, unorganized almsgiving, — all reeling on under the guise of helping the freedman, and all enshrined in the

smoke and blood of war and the cursing and silence of angry men. On May 19 the new government — for a government it really was — issued its constitution; commissioners were to be appointed in each of the seceded states, who were to take charge of "all subjects relating to refugees and freedmen," and all relief and rations were to be given by their consent alone. The Bureau invited continued coöperation with benevolent societies, and declared, "It will be the object of all commissioners to introduce practicable systems of compensated labor," and to establish schools. Forthwith nine assistant commissioners were appointed. They were to hasten to their fields of work; seek gradually to close relief establishments, and make the destitute self-supporting; act as courts of law where there were no courts, or where Negroes were not recognized in them as free; establish the institution of marriage among ex-slaves, and keep records; see that freedmen were free to choose their employers, and help in making fair contracts for them; and finally, the circular said, "Simple good faith, for which we hope on all hands for those concerned in the passing away of slavery, will especially relieve the assistant commissioners in the discharge of their duties toward the freedmen, as well as promote the general welfare."

No sooner was the work thus started, and the general system and local organization in some measure begun, than two grave difficulties appeared which changed largely the theory and outcome of Bureau work. First, there were the abandoned lands of the South. It had long been the more or less definitely expressed theory of the North that all the chief problems of emancipation might be settled by establishing the slaves on the forfeited lands of their masters, — a sort of poetic justice, said some. But this poetry done into solemn prose meant either wholesale confiscation of private property in the South, or vast appropriations. Now Congress had not appropriated a cent, and no sooner did the proclamations of general amnesty appear than the 800,000 acres of abandoned lands in the hands of the Freedmen's Bureau melted quickly away. The second difficulty lay in perfecting the local organization of the Bureau throughout the wide field of work. Making a new machine and sending out officials of duly ascertained fitness for a great work of social reform is no child's task; but this task was even harder, for a new central organization had to be fitted on a heterogeneous and confused but already existing system of relief and control of ex-slaves; and the agents available for this work must be sought for in an army still busy with war operations, — men in the very nature of the case ill fitted for delicate social work, — or among the questionable camp followers of an invading host. Thus, after a year's work, vigorously as it was pushed, the problem looked even more difficult to grasp and solve than at the beginning. Nevertheless, three things that year's work did, well worth the doing: it relieved a vast amount of physical suffering; it transported 7000 fugitives from congested centres back to the farm; and, best of all, it inaugurated the crusade of the New England schoolma'am.

The annals of this Ninth Crusade are yet to be written, the tale of a mission that seemed to our age far more quixotic than the quest of St. Louis seemed to his. Behind the mists of ruin and rapine waved the calico dresses of women who dared, and after the hoarse mouthings of the field guns rang the rhythm of the alphabet. Rich and poor they were, serious and curious. Bereaved now of a father, now of a brother, now of more than these, they came seeking a life work in planting New England schoolhouses among the white and black of the South. They did their work well. In that first year they taught 100,000 souls, and more.

crime. That is the large legacy of the Freedmen's Bureau, the work it did not do because it could not.

I have seen a land right merry with the sun ; where children sing, and rolling hills lie like passioned women, wanton with harvest. And there in the King's Highway sat and sits a figure, veiled and bowed, by which the traveler's footsteps hasten as they go. On the tainted air broods fear. Three centuries' thought has been the raising and unveiling of that bowed human heart, and now, behold, my fellows, a century new for the duty and the deed. The problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the color line.

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois.

ON THE ROAD TO CROWNINSHIELD.

One pleasant June morning, John Fay rode leisurely along the plain that leads from the south to the village of Crowninshield. His horse, which he had hired in a town below, was inclined to make the journey with philosophic ease; and John, whose mission to Crowninshield was not a cheerful one, was content to let him have his will.

Above was the blue and white woof of the spring sky. Through a rent in its texture a handful of wool seemed to have fallen here and there, and to be floating on in a sea of air below, so near to earth that it looked as if it must be caught in passing the spires of the western hills.

A robin's emphatic note or the plaint of the meadow lark was brought out sharply in relief against the stillness of the morning. A trio of crows passed over, their great wings beating the air to a slow, solemn measure, in keeping with their hoarse cries.

The soil of the road was sandy, and the vegetation by its side sparse and sere. The plain was evidently a desert in a fertile country, for in the near distance John could see fields of grass lying like bright green ribbons about the brown ploughed land.

A colony of sand violets had now and then taken possession of an eastern incline of the highway, and their variations of purple and blue sounded a pleasant color note in the sombre harmony. Now and then a daisy straggled out of the soil, and discovered its circle of gold to the sunlight.

A scanty pine woodland added shelter and picturesqueness to the road, and to the light morning breeze its sweet resinous odor. Occasionally there came an opening, through which he caught a glimpse of the village of Crowninshield, lying a white and green check of color at the base of the western and northern hills. Its three white spires — emblems of three diverse attempts of man to find God — were outlined prettily against the haze of amethyst which still veiled the hills. John drew rein at these points to look at the picture before him, with the quiet enjoyment of one who has been an exile from his native country for many years.

The road was leaving the plain at the edge of the village, when the horse stopped of his own accord, and bent his head toward a seeming obstruction in front. John glanced hastily down, to see a pygmy pattern of a child perhaps rising three. She showed a mass of short, very black hair, dressed in the chrysanthemum fashion, and a round dark face, serving as background for a pair of gleaming eyes which looked as if they had been stretched beyond their

normal limits to accommodate them to the wonders of the world.

She stood directly in front of the horse's feet, but evinced not the slightest fear, as with one hand she hugged a forlorn-looking kitten to her side, and with the other tried to make connection with the horse's nose. Her circle of face had a generous smearing of sand, held fast by a primal coating of bread and butter, and her gown was sadly torn by briers; but she looked beyond the horse to his rider with the most engaging unconsciousness and confidence.

"Me want to pat him," she said, — "gweat, big bonny."

John laid his hand on the horse in some apprehension, but without cause. Ned had evidently much kindliness for the young of the race that had him in thrall. He bent lower toward the tiny upraised hand, but threw back his head, disconcerted, for at the touch of his sensitive nose she had drawn away her hand with a scream of mingled delight and fear. The hand was instantly raised again, however, and this time there was no outcry as Ned graciously submitted to its soft, awkward pats and strokings.

"My!" she said, her tone swelling with admiration, "what a big, big bonny!"

John laughed, and she, catching his mood, laughed too, her shrill child's merriment contrasting as oddly with his as the whir of the cicada with the drumbeat of the frog.

"Where are you going, midget," asked John pleasantly, — "you and the kitten?"

"I 'se stoled the kitten," she answered unblushingly, for her conscience was still rudimentary, it seemed, "and I 'se wunned away."

"Run away!" exclaimed John. "Where from?"

"Muvver," she replied unhesitatingly.

John was tempted to another laugh, but, checking the impulse, inquired sternly, "What did you run away for?"

She looked about her a minute, as if trying to comprehend this delicate ethical question, but, failing, said irrelevantly, "I 'se dot a little sudar wat at home," her eyes once more beaming pleasure and confidence.

"What is your name?" asked John, for lack of another subject, and for ulterior purposes of identification.

"Andelina Sofony."

"But the rest of it? Angelina Sophronia — what?"

She shook her tangled hair a little impatiently. "Dess Andel," she said.

"Where do you live?" he queried.

She turned about, and bent one crusted Lilliputian forefinger toward a house not far away, — a small brown oblong, guiltless of paint or piazza, and almost lost in apple trees.

John dismounted. "Would you like to ride the bonny?" he asked persuasively.

She needed no persuasion. "Oh!" she gasped inarticulately, clasping her hands rapturously in spite of the kitten's resistance. He had seen many an actress, of the barn-storming variety, in the mining town where he had lived, make that same gesture with the hands, and had wondered if it were natural, or one of the stage properties; but he never doubted from that moment.

He lifted her as if she had been a toy, and, setting her on Ned's back, walked on by her side, holding her in place. To his surprise, she was very still, benumbed perhaps by delight and some dim perception of peril. She hardly breathed, it seemed, but he had an odd misgiving that if her eyes opened any wider they would never shut peaceably again, when they reached the house, and she called out, "Dere 's muvver!"

He had lifted her down when a woman of the same type as the child, even to the short, wavy black hair, darted out of the house, and pounced on her like a hawk on its prey. Her onset was such an excellent imitation of violence that only a most careful observer could have seen

how gently her hand finally closed on the child's arm. John's first impulse was to attempt some mediation in the little girl's behalf, when he noticed how unconscious of her mother's presence she seemed, as she stood looking rather wistfully, he thought, at her late steed.

"Angel!" exclaimed the little woman impetuously, in a voice so sweet that it drew the sting from the scolding. "You imp of darkness, where 've you been? You little bad thing!"

Angel paid no heed to this flattering comment, but said something incoherent about a "big bonny."

"You 've been and stole Nell Jennings' kitten, too! You little ragamuffin thief!" she continued excitedly. "Just look at your dress, and your face!" her voice rising to a clear, penetrating sweetness like a bird's. "I 'll sell you to the next ragman that comes along."

Angelina Sophronia was unmoved. She drew a long sigh, and, putting a forefinger in her mouth, looked doubtfully at John.

"Me want more wide," she said pleadingly.

"More ride!" repeated the mother indignantly. "I know what you want, and what you 'll get. Here, give me the kitten. — I don't let her have kittens," said she, addressing John for the first time; "she squeezes 'em too tight. I got a calf for her to play with this spring," she went on, nodding toward a pretty brown-eyed creature coming toward them. "She can't hurt that, squeezin' it, so I tether 'em out to play together under the trees in the mornin'; but the little ungrateful thing, she 's got to be runnin' away after kittens."

She stooped to rescue the kitten from Angel's encircling arm, but drew herself up suddenly with a cry of impatience; for the calf, which, leechlike, was wont to attach itself by the power of suction to all available objects, had seized her apron strings, and was mouthing them contentedly.

"My conscience!" she exclaimed vehemently. "Cats, calves, and children! Was ever a woman so tormented!"

John could not refrain from smiling at the humorous little face, — pretty, too, in its own piquant way, — now bent over its smaller facsimile in a second attempt to free the kitten, and wondered how she could allude to herself as a woman. She was plainly under twenty, and a "kind of grown-up child at that," he thought.

Her inclined posture carried with it a new temptation, it appeared; for a hen that had been wandering about the yard, followed by a brood of chickens, came close to her now, and, seeing her within easy reach, flew up to her shoulder, and perched there very much at ease, peering around into her mistress's eyes curiously, apparently to see if they were good to eat.

"My conscience!" complained the little woman, who stood motionless, quite at the mercy of the feathered creature. "Just look at this! She ain't got no respect for me, and she 's bringin' up them eleven chickens not to have any respect for me, either." The chickens were circling fearlessly about her feet, peeping their discontent at being thus forsaken. Providence now came to her aid in the shape of a yellow butterfly. The hen flew down and gave chase, followed by the disrespectful eleven.

"There!" cried her mistress vindictively, when restored to her natural position. "I 'll serve you up for dinner if you don't look out, you and the chickens in one pie!"

She returned again to the kitten, and, after much resistance and many protests, the imprisoning arm was made to release its captive. The mother, somewhat flushed with the contest, tucked the kitten's head under her chin, as if it were a violin and she the player, while she stroked it in atonement for any ruffling of fur or tight squeezing it might have suffered.

"The little nuisance!" she ejaculated,

as she ran diagonally up the street, and, leaning over a fence, put it on the ground as gently as if it had been an egg. She returned hastily, for the kitten was pausing, attracted by this show of friendliness, and evidently hesitating between the old love and the new.

"Come, Angel!" she called excitedly. "It 'll be over here again in a minute. Let 's run in, so it won't see us! — I 'm obliged to you for bringing her home," turning to speak to John.

"Will you tell me," said John, "where Mrs. Ben Hawkins lives, — Molly Hawkins?"

"Molly Hawkins? That 's me. Did you want to see me? Come in, please."

John tied his horse as quickly as his natural moderation would permit, and followed her into the house.

The room which they entered was the kitchen. It was of comfortable size, and well lighted from the south and east. The sunshine was coming in at the south now, and lay along the bare floor in rugs of yellow light. The wall paper was of diverse bright colors and patterns, — pieces begged or bought by Molly, shaped in odd figures and matched at leisure on the wall, so that at first glance the room looked as if it were fitted out with hangings of crazy work. On one side was a home-made lounge of rough workmanship, knowing no secrets of adaptation or compromise, but decked out gayly with red calico; for Molly loved the warmth of red as a flower the sun.

John took a seat on this ascetic furnishing, though Molly offered him an easy-chair so large that it looked humorously out of proportion to its mistress.

"Is — is it the mortgage?" she faltered wistfully.

"No."

"I 'm glad of that," she said briskly, brightening to her old manner. "I know the interest ain't been paid this long time. It 's terrible livin' under a mortgage. What with Ben's goin' away" — she paused, looking at him sharply, as if she wondered whether he knew — "and this dead weight of a mortgage, I 've come to be not much more than a bundle of live wires," she said, laughing nervously.

Angel, who had caught up a cloth nondescript that answered her turn for doll, and was holding it where the kitten had left a vacancy, joined in with her shrill staccato.

"Well, here I am," exclaimed Molly vehemently, "standin' here, while that fallen angel of mine 's robbin' the potato patch of half its due! Where 's the wash basin?" She moved about the room briskly, running up against various articles of furniture in her haste to remove the film of the earth's crust that overlay Angel's face.

Angel watched these preparations with much anxiety, and, seeing they surely boded no good to herself, wailed a protest.

"Me don't want to be washed!" she cried. She trudged across the room to John's knee, and looked up anxiously into his face to see if she could find any signs of intercession. "Me don't want to be washed!" she wailed again, as she evidently found no comfort there.

Molly flashed a glance of humorous indignation toward John. "They never do. She never does," she snapped, as if conjugating the verb *do*. "They 've all got a mild touch of hydrophoby when it comes to water, — except in puddles. They like it in puddles, — muddy ones," she explained, shaking her head at thought of this depravity.

"You come right here, now," she said threateningly to Angel, "or I 'll drown your dollie," she added viciously.

"There 's the cam man!" said Angel, trying to create a diversion.

Molly listened for the sound of the horn.

"He 's on the other street; besides, I don't want any. I like clams," she said, "very much, — I think sometimes I have a kind of passion for 'em; but," she

concluded, with a furtive shamed glance toward John, "I don't get any. I can't bear to put the little live things into the kettle. I'm always thinkin' how I should feel if I was one of 'em."

John put an arm about the child, and beat her hand softly against his knee.

"I 've brought a message from Ben," he said, as if the touch gave him courage.

"Oh!" exclaimed Molly, seating herself by the table. He could see that she was trembling even then.

"Yes. He hailed me as I was going by, one day, and said he 'd heard I was going home; and if I ever went up to Crowninshield, he wished I 'd tell Molly Hawkins that he 'd kept that precious memento he took away with him, and it was a whole creed and confession of faith to him, and when he got to hankerin' after Connecticut he just took it out and looked at it."

Molly flushed angrily, and, when she spoke, stammered with the effort to suppress her rage.

"It 's — it 's the doormat! He took it away with him! I scolded him because he did n't wipe his feet before he came in, one mornin', and he just took the doormat and was off without a word. He had some money, too, — the last that came to me from father, — and I 'd given it to him to pay the interest on the mortgage. Did you ever hear of a man mean enough to steal a woman's own money to run away from her with? That 's Ben Hawkins! He left me here alone with the baby — she was only three months then — and the mortgage. Someway I never toughened up as I was before, after Angel was" — she hesitated, flushing; "and everything 's gone wrong," she went on, her voice rising pathetically. "The garden won't stand a drought; and besides havin' to see the poor things die out there, I don't have them to sell."

She recovered her usual voice suddenly, and said shrewishly, "If you 're going back, you can just tell Ben Hawkins I 'm waiting here for him to do just one respectable thing, so I can hold up my head here for having married him."

"I 'm not going back," he said slowly. "If I did, it would n't be any use. He fell down the shaft of the Amethyst mine a day before I came away."

"He was" —

"Killed."

Her hand on the table was trembling. He fancied he could almost see its pulse beating like the heart of a frightened bird. The little girl, as if divining that something was wrong, and he the probable cause, slipped away from him, and went to her mother's side, where she stood peering out from under the table, her cheek on her mother's knee.

There was something so intent, so curious, yet troubled, in their faces that he thought of two wild creatures that had never seen man, and, though wounded, had crept back to see the hunter and learn the cause of this new pain.

"Then," said Molly, and her voice sounded strangely far off, "he won't come back to say he 's sorry — or — or — to — hear me say I 'm sorry."

"No."

She threw out her hands with a low, prolonged cry, and, folding them upon the table, laid her forehead upon them there. The room went through that strange comparison when it becomes still, then more still.

He rose softly, and moved silently toward the door. He stopped there, and, looking back, thought he would have given some of the more unprofitable months of his life if he could have offered her any comfort; but he felt that his going was the only courtesy and consideration he could show her then.

As he stepped out of the house he was forced to brush away the eleven chickens, huddled on the doorstone, while their mother, outspread like a fan to half again her ordinary size, was in fierce pursuit of the kitten, that had unwisely returned.

To escape the anger of the hen, now returning victorious, he walked carefully along a strip of flowers, — great flaunting marigolds, busily weaving the rays of the sun to yellow velvet, — and as he thereby reached an open country, free from kitten, calf, or chicken, hastened through the yard to his horse. He stopped, however, at the gate, and lingered there, as if his feet were irresistibly stayed.

The color crept sluggishly into his fair, stolid face.

Such a child! And another child clinging to her skirts! Such a vixen! And for all the shrewishness, with a tenderness so exaggerated, so absurd, that it left her at the mercy of bird, kitten, or child, or any wind that blew!

The variety and piquancy of her moods, which by some magic her plastic face wrought out in flesh, had caught his fancy. Her dark eyes, brimming with light or shadow, flashing with mirth, coquetry, or indignation, as he had seen the gray clouds in the west suddenly quivering to life at the touch of the lightning, had stirred his dull imagination.

It would have been only his imagination, like the influence of picture or story, if he had not felt the underlying pathos. It is pain, after all, that dispels illusions, and brings us back to the bare cubic dimensions of what we see. Away from the glamour of the little drama of which he had been an interested spectator, that one heart cry had shown him, not the player going through her part for his entertainment, but the woman in need of pity, protection, and what the poets and story-writers call love. His people were of the kind that are reticent in matters of pure sentiment, avoiding its symbols as they might a pestilence, but dying sometimes for the reality itself.

He knew that there was this force in the world; had felt its power in relation to his mother, now some time gone, and his regard for his brothers was strong; but he had always thought of it as carelessly as of the law of gravitation. For the rest, he had spent the years battling with the elements and the elemental rocks in mining camps of Colorado. He had been but a day or two at home, and was trying to take up again the threads of the old mode of living, as he had dropped them twenty years before.

When he had mounted and was riding on toward the village centre, his thought reverted to the man who had so cruelly and cravenly deserted his home. He was gone, however, to pay his reckoning, poor fellow; and John had no disposition to follow, Dante-like, to the shades of the other world, to anathematize him there.

"I should n't have minded her scolding," he thought, "any more than the whistle of the south wind."

After dining at the tavern, and calling on an acquaintance in the village, he went back on foot to Molly's house. The curtains had been lowered, he observed as he came near. There was a bit of crape on the front door, and near the kitchen entrance she had thrown a black apron over the marigolds.

Angel and the calf were sleeping in pleasant companionship, Angel's still unwashed face sketched against its shaggy red coat.

As he came to the door he hesitated, reluctant to knock, lest he should disturb the hush that seemed to have fallen on the house.

A sound attracted his attention, and, turning, he saw Molly coming toward him. Her sunbonnet had fallen away, baring her face, so that he saw it was still in half-light, and her lips were white and unmanageable. She nodded to him pleasantly.

"I 've just been buryin' my weddin' ring," she said. "I could n't bear to see it and hear it. So I dug a little grave for it out there by the gillyflower tree, where it won't be disturbed. I 'd have been glad to slip my heart in, too, if it was n't for Angel. Such women

as me ought to have a little pen for themselves in a desert somewhere, where they can't hurt other folks."

"Oh, don't," he said, "don't blame yourself so. Everybody needs forgiving at times. All the most of us can say is, we did n't mean any harm."

"You don't know how it is," she pleaded, as she seated herself on the threshold. "The dust gets into your eyes, someway, so you can't see anything else till it 's gone ; and a cobweb 's more 'n a mere cobweb, — it tangles up your thoughts so you can't get away from it more 'n a fly. If he should come to-morrow, I 'd tell him I 'm sorry ; but when he came in I should ask him if he 'd cleaned his feet. But he won't come." She cowered down in a corner of the threshold, and hid her face against the casing.

"There ! there ! " he said blunderingly. "Please don't ! I — I " —

"I made so sure he 'd come back," she went on. "All the winter, when I was diggin' paths and worryin' over the mortgage and carryin' coal, I comforted myself practicing what I 'd say to him when he did come back. And now it 's so different. I 'd walk out to the mine to tell him I 'm sorry. When folks are dead they have us at such a disadvantage," she added quaintly.

"I 've been burnin' the letters he wrote me before we was married. I could n't read 'em. It is n't that I cared so much for him. I never cared so much after he went away. It 's the pity of it, — what I thought it was going to be, and what it was, and what it might have been, maybe. And it always hurts when you know any part of your life is ended and put away. I remember, before we went down into the parlor to be married, I looked out of the window on the lots, and thought how I never should be a girl again in short dresses, runnin' there in the clover, and I cried. I was happy, too, but I was takin' leave of the girl."

"Yes," said John, "I understand."

"He did n't like me long. He got tired of me. He did n't like my ways. He said I was like a cranberry ; God forgot to put any sweetenin' in me when I was growin'. But he did n't understand," appealing wistfully, instinctively, to John.

"Have you got a wife of your own ? " she asked irrelevantly, looking up at him with eyes alive with curiosity.

"No ! " he exclaimed, almost startled at her question. He took a step toward her. "Molly," he said, "would you take the love of a man that did understand ? "

She drew back her skirts as at the touch of fire. "No — n-no," she stammered, "not — not yet. I have n't put on black and mourned for him yet. What good would there be in losin' a man, if a woman could n't mourn for him ? " she said hastily, hardly reckoning with her words.

"And when that ceremony is over," he asked, "what then ? "

"You would n't really," she said, "now I 've worried one man to death, give me another chance ? "

"Ah, would n't I ? I should n't mind your scoldin' more than the rain on the roof. Besides, I should like you : that 's what makes the difference."

By this time Angel was awake, and, seeing the stranger, had toiled up the slope to the door. She caught the skirt of his coat, and, pulling gently to attract his attention, upturned a sleepy but most serious little face.

"More wide," she said.

He caught her in his arms, laughing, swung her as high as he could reach, then set her down gently by her mother's side.

"I must be goin' on," he said. "Will you let me know when I can come, Molly ? "

Molly feigned to be busy with the child, but he detected the faintest upward look and smile as he waited, and he went away content.

"They said Roger Fox wanted to sell," he meditated, as he rode home.

"It 's between Tom's and Rob's, too. I 'll get it, I guess, and put some bay windows and balconies and L's on. It 'll keep me busy, and they like such furbelows. It 's got a big lawn, too, big enough for a little girl — and a calf," he added, smiling.

He did not go to Crowninshield again that summer, but wrote many times, asking leave. He always received a brief answering "No, not yet." Late in the autumn a note came, with the chilling words: "No, you must never come. Please don't write again. It has come to me that what you offer is n't fit for such as me. I 'm always haunted by the memory of what I 've done."

John could not sound the depth and windings of the woman's conscience. He only realized his own bitter sense of loss and bewilderment. His slow thought and fancy had been setting toward Molly all summer, till it seemed to him that the very sun rose in the east to bring her the morning, and set at night because she was tired and wanted rest.

There were some weeks following that missive which he never cared to recall. Work on the house was stopped, while he sat a half day idle in one of the unfurnished rooms, or wandered out over the fields as aimlessly as one lost in the mazes of a dream.

One afternoon he mounted Ned and rode toward Crowninshield. He would see Molly in spite of her protest.

As the road came toward the place where it left the plain and he had first seen the little girl, the same vision suddenly appeared, springing up out of some weeds by the roadside like a magnified Jack-in-the-box.

"Angel!" came a low, protesting voice from the bushes.

"It 's the bonny!" she cried eagerly, running toward John. A doll which he had sent her was tight in her arms, and as she came up to him she bent it over, and, pointing rapturously at the closing eyes, cried, "See! it does to seep!"

"It 's black like herself," said Molly, rising shyly from a tangle of cornel; "she kisses the dirt off her own face onto it." She laughed, hardly daring to meet John's eyes. Her face was very thin, and the lines of her whole figure, even hat and shawl, drooped pitifully, he thought.

"And what are you two doing here at dusk?" he asked. "Not meaning to waylay travelers, I hope?"

"We came to get away from the house," she said. "They 've foreclosed the mortgage, and we have to go soon, anyway. I 'm not grievin' over that," quickly, as she noticed an impatient movement of his hand. "I can't stay there any longer. It 's got so I can't touch the dust for sorrowin', and fear he 'll see me," she whispered. "The house has come to be full of noises, — sharp, harsh things I 've said to him. When I open a door the room 's full of them, and I can't go inside. The house is dust-possessed; it lies everywhere, like the snow on the trees in winter. And the ghost of the doormat 's come, too, and haunts the doorstone; and when I put my foot toward it, it 's there and frightens me. There 's a memory in the house," she said, trembling, "that 's come to fill it so full there is n't any room for us."

"What are you going to do?" he asked stolidly.

"I 'm thinking of going to Wilton, to the box factory. I 've got an aunt there that would look after Angel. He won't hurt her!" she exclaimed anxiously, for Angel had moved around toward the horse's head, and was showing him, with the utmost confidence in his sympathetic interest, her wonderful doll with its gift for sleep.

"Oh no," said John. "I bought him after I went back, that day — for her," he added rather awkwardly. "Could n't you like me a little, Molly, a little, — just enough to begin on?"

"That 's it," she said, flushing and

looking down. "I was n't so troubled till I began to be glad he was gone, — glad he was gone," she whispered tragically, her face turning pallid. "You were so different. And it 's love that tempts us. There is a story about a woman in a garden, once, that lost the garden for the sake of an apple; but there 's some mistake in the story, — it was love that grew on the tree." She hid her face in the shawl.

He put an arm about her and drew her to him. "There, there, little one!" he said. "Don't you know people hear what they listen for, in this world? You don't think that they hold ill will toward us, over there, and grudge us the scant happiness we get here? Listen and see if you can't hear Ben saying he 's sorry, and he wants you to be happy. Let 's go to the house now, and you put on a warmer dress, and I 'll get a carriage and take you home. I 've got a house of my own down in Stanton, with four bay windows, a big piazza, two balconies, and an L," he added gayly. "I 'll take you to brother Tom's Mary; she 's the next best woman in the world."

She hesitated, drawing away, yet looking back furtively, as Eve, perhaps, toward her lost Eden.

"There 'd be a place for Angel?" she asked falteringly.

"Angel!" he exclaimed. "How can you ask me?"

He moved toward the child, who, with many ejaculations of pleasure and soft purrings, was stroking Ned's nose, graciously lent for the purpose.

"He 's dot teef!" she yelled, as if she had made an important scientific discovery.

"Is there any one who wants to ride the bonny?" asked John.

She scurried toward him, in her haste falling headlong at his feet. He picked her up and brushed her dress, casting a merry look at Molly.

"Never mind," he said. "Pure dirt is one of the healthiest things in the world. Come, dear."

So, holding Angel on Ned with one hand, and clasping Molly's with the other, he went on in a little triumphal procession, that celebrated the victory he had won.

Dora Loomis Hastings.

THE TORY LOVER.[1]

XVII.

THEY sat in silence, — it was pleasure enough to be together, — and Mary knew that she must wait until Master Sullivan himself made opportunity for speaking of the things which filled her heart.

"Have I ever told you that my father was a friend, in his young days, of Christopher Milton, brother to the great poet, but opposite in politics?" he asked, as if this were the one important fact to be made clear. "A Stuart partisan, a violent Churchman, and a most hot-headed Tory," and the old master laughed with sincere amusement, as Mary looked up, eager to hear more.

"Voltaire, too, had just such a contradiction of a brother, credulous and full of superstitions, — a perfect Jansenist of those days. Yes, I was reading Horace when you came, but for very homesickness; he can make a man forget all his own affairs, such are his polite hospitalities of the mind! These dark autumn days mind me every year

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of Paris, when they come, as April weather makes me weep for childhood and the tears and smiles of Ireland."

"The old days in your Collége Louis-le-Grand," Mary prompted him, in the moment's silence. "Those are your Paris days I love the best."

"Oh, the men I have known!" he answered. "I can sit here in my chair and watch them all go by again down the narrow streets. I have seen the Abbé de Châteauneuf pass, with his inseparable copy of Racine sticking out of his pocket, on his way to hear music with Madame de L'Enclos, once mistress to the great Cardinal. I hid from him, too, in the shadow of an archway, with a young boy, his pupil and my own schoolfellow, who had run away from his tasks. He was four years younger than I. *Le petit Arouet* we called him then, who proves now to be the very great Voltaire! Ah, 't was an idle flock of us that ranged the old cloisters in cap and gown; 't was the best blood in France! I have seen the illustrious Duke de Boufflers handsomely flogged for shooting peas at dull old Lejay, the professor. (We were the same age, Monsieur de Boufflers and I; we were great friends, and often flogged in company for our deviltries.) He was a colonel of the French army in that moment, and bore the title of Governor of Flanders; but on the day of the pea-shooting they flogged him so that I cried out at the sight, and turned to the wall, sick at heart. As for him, he sobbed all night afterward, and caught his breath in misery next morning while we read our Epictetus from the same book. We knelt together before the high altar and vowed to kill Lejay by dagger or poison before the month's end. 'T was a good vow, but well broken."

The old man laughed again, and made a gay French gesture. Mary laughed with him, and they had a fine moment together.

"You were not always like that, — you must have learned your lessons; it was not all idleness," Mary protested, to lead him on.

"The old fathers taught us with all their power to gain some skill in the use of words," reflected the master soberly. "Yes, and I learned to fence, too, at the collége. A student of Louis-le-Grand could always speak like a gentleman, but we had to play with our words; 't was the most important of all our science. 'Les sottises, toujours les sottises,'" grumbled the old man. "Yes, they made a high profession then of talking nonsense, though France was whipped at Blenheim and lost the great fight at Malplaquet. They could laugh at the ruined convent of Port Royal and the distresses of saintly souls, but they taught us to talk nonsense, and to dress with elegance, and to be agreeable to ladies. The end is not yet; the throne of France will shake, some day, until heads fall in the dust like fruit that nobody stoops to gather."

The master fell a-whispering to himself, as if he had forgotten that he had a listener.

"I saw some signs of it, too. I knew there, when I was a lad, Le Tellier, the King's confessor, who was the true ruler of France. I rode to St. Denis myself, the day of the old King's funeral, and it was like a fair: people were singing and drinking in the booths, and no one all along the way but had his gibe at Le Tellier, whose day was over, thank God! Ah, but I was a gay lad then; I knew no country but France, and I cannot but love her yet; I was only a Frenchman of my gay and reckless time. There was saving grace for me, and I passed it by; for I knew the great Fénelon, and God forgive my sins, but I have been his poor parishioner from those days to these. I knew his nephew, the Abbé de Beaumont, and I rode with him in the holidays to Cambrai, — a tiresome journey; but we were young, and we stayed in the good archbishop's house, and heard him preach and say mass. He was the

best of Christians: I might have been a worse man but for that noble saint. Yes, I have seen the face of the great Fénelon," and Master Sullivan bent his head and blessed himself. The unconscious habit of his youth served best to express the reverence which lay deep in his aged heart.

"I think now, as I look back on those far days, that my good archbishop was the greatest prince and saint of them all, my dear child," said the old teacher, looking up gently from his reverie into Mary Hamilton's face.

"You belong to another world, mon maître," said the girl affectionately. "How much you could teach us, if we were but fit to learn!"

The old man gave an impatient fling of his hand.

"I am past eighty years old, my darling," he answered. "God knows I have not been fit to learn of the best of men, else I might now be one of the wisest of mankind. I have lived in the great days of France, but I tell you plain, I have lived in none that are fuller of the seeds of greatness than these. I live now in my sons, and our Irish veins are full of soldier's blood. 'T is Tir-nan-Og here, — the country of the young. My boys have their mother's energy, thank God! As for me, my little school is more alive than I. There is always a bright child in every flock, for whose furthering a man may well spend himself. 'T is a long look back; the light of life shone bright with me in its beginning, but the oil in the old lamp is burning low. My forbears were all short-lived, but the rest of their brief days are added to the length of mine."

"'T is not every man has made so many others fit to take their part in life," said Mary. "Think of your own sons, master!"

"Ay, my sons," said the old man, pleased to the heart, "and they have their mother's beauty and energy to couple with their sad old father's gift of dreams. The princes of Beare and Bantry are cousins to the Banshee, and she whispers me many things. I sometimes fear that my son John, the general, has too much prudence. The Whisperer and Prudence are not of kin."

There was a new silence then; and when Master Sullivan spoke again, it was with a sharp, questioning look in his eyes.

"What said your little admiral at parting? I heard that he was fretted with the poor outfitting of his ship, and sailed away with scant thanks to the authorities. Prudence cannot deal with such a man as that. What of our boy Roger? How fares the poor mother since she lost him out of her sight? 'T was anxious news they brought me of his going; when my first pride had blazed down, you might have seen an old man's tears."

Mary looked up; she flushed and made as if she would speak, but remained silent.

"You 'll never make soldier or sailor of him, boy or man; the Lord meant him for a country gentleman," said the master warningly; and at this moment all Mary's hopes of reassurance fell to the ground.

"My son John is a soldier born," he continued coldly; "he could tell you where the troops were placed in every battle, from old Troy down to the siege of Louisburg."

Mary began to speak, and again something ailed her throat. She turned and looked toward the fireside, where the old housemother was knitting now, and humming a strange old Irish tune to herself; she had left them to themselves as much as if she were miles away.

"Incipit vita nova," said the master under his breath, and went on as if he were unobservant of Mary's startled look.

"Captain Paul Jones is a man of the world, and Wallingford is a country gentleman of the best sort," he continued; "they may not understand each other

at these close quarters. I mind me of pushing adventurers in my old days who came from the back corner of nowhere, and yet knew the worst and the best of Paris. How they would wink at their fellows when some noble boy came to see the world, from one of the poor and proud châteaux of Brittany or the far south!"

"Roger is college-bred, and you have called him your own best scholar of these later days," insisted Mary, with a touch of indignation. "With such kindred in Boston, and the company of his father's friends from childhood, he is not so new to the world."

"Ecce Deus fortior me qui veniens dominabitur mihi," the old man repeated softly, as if he were saying a short prayer; then glanced again at the girl's beautiful young face and pleading eyes. "Well, the gallant lads have sailed!" he exclaimed, with delighted eagerness, and no apparent concern for his listener's opinion. "They 'll be in good season, too, in spite of all delays. What say the loud Patriots now, who are so full of fighting, and yet find good excuse for staying at home? They are an evil-minded chorus! but the young man Wallingford will serve them for a text no more. His father was a man of parts, of the same type as Washington himself, an I mistake not that great leader, though never put to the proof by so high a summonsing of opportunity. But Roger is born out of his father's clear brain rather than his fiery heart. I see in him the growing scholarliness and quiet authority of the judge's best days upon the bench, not the strong soldier of the Indian wars. And there is something in the boy that holds by the past; he may be a persuaded Patriot, but a Tory ghost of a conscience plucks him by the sleeve. He does not lack greatness of soul, but I doubt if he does any great things except to stand honestly in his place, a scholar and a gentleman; and that is enough."

Mary listened, with her eyes fixed upon Master Sullivan's face.

"God bless the poor lads, every one! We must send our prayers after them. Wallingford will fall upon evil days; 't will try him in blood and bone when they suspect him, as they surely will. God help an old ruin like me! If I were there, and but a younger man!" and the master clenched the arms of his chair, while something Mary never had seen before flashed in his eyes.

"I have seen much fighting in my time," he said the next moment to Mary, falling to a gentler mood. "My mind is often with those lads on the ship." And the startled girl smiled back at him expectantly.

"I am glad when I think that our Roger will see France again, as a grown man. He will remember many things I have told him. I wish that I might have seen him ere he went away so suddenly. Wherever he is, he has good thoughts in his head; he always loved his Latin, and can also stumble through the orchard ground, and smell the trodden thyme with old Theocritus. I wish I had been there at your parting feast. 'T was a glory to the house's mistress, and that merchant prince, the good master of the river."

"Peggy has another opinion of me. 'Go you an' deck the tables, an it please you, child,' she says, 'an' leave me to give my orders;' but we hold some grave consultations for all that," insisted Mary modestly. "She is very stern on feast days with us all, is Peggy."

"Lenient in the main," urged Master Sullivan, smiling. "She found convoy for a basket of her best wares only yesterday, with a message that she had cooked too much for Portsmouth gentlemen, guests who failed in their visit. Margery and I feasted in high hall together. There was a grand bottle of claret."

"My brother chose it himself from the cellar," said Mary, much pleased, but still there was a look of trouble in her eyes.

"You will give him my thanks, and say that it made a young French gallant of me for a pleasant hour. The only fault I found was that I had not its giver to drink share and share with me. Margery, my wife, heard tales from me which had not vexed the air these fifty years, and, being as warm as a lady abbess with such good cheer, she fell asleep in the middle of the best tale, over her worsted knitting! 'Sure,' she waked to tell me, 'if these be true, 't was time you were snatched out of France like a brand from the burning, and got the likes o' poor me to straighten ye!'" and the old man looked at Mary, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"They said you danced all night with the little captain, and that he spoke his love on the terrace in the sight of more than one of the company," said the master gayly. "'T is another heart you 've broke, I suppose, and sent him sad away. Or was it his uniform that won ye?" And they both laughed, but Mary blushed, and wished she were away herself.

"I have no right to ask what passed between ye," he said then, with grave sweetness that won her back to him. "I find him a man of great power. He has the thoughts and manners of a gentleman, and now he goes to face his opportunity," added the old Irish rebel, who had seen with his own eyes the great Duke de Sully, Marshal of France.

"'T is said everywhere that your great captain is an earl's son," said Margery unexpectedly, from the fireside. But Master Sullivan slowly shook his head. The old wife was impatient of contradiction at the best of times, and now launched forth into an argument. He treated her, in these late days, as if she were a princess; but 't was a trying moment to him now, and luckily the old volume of Horace fell heavily from his lap to the floor.

Mary picked it up quickly, and old Margery's withered cheeks flushed crimson at this reminder of the sad day when she had thrown one of his few dear books to the flames, in furious revenge for what she thought his willful idleness and indifference to their poverty, and her children's needs. "*Himself cried,*" she always mourned in passionate remorse, when anything reminded her of that black day. She fancied even yet, when she saw the master stand before his little bookshelf, that he was missing the lost volume. "*Himself cried,*" she muttered now, and was silent; and the old man saw her lips moving, and gave her one of those looks of touching affection that had kept her for fifty years his happy slave.

"He is a bold adventurer, your little captain," he went on, "but a man of very marked qualities."

"I believe that he will prove a great captain," said Mary.

"Yes, he is all that; I have seen much of men," and the master turned to look out of the window, far down the winter fields.

"His heart is set upon the future of our country," said Mary, with eagerness. "He speaks with eloquence of our wrongs. He agrees 't is the hindering of our own natural development, and the forbidding of our industries in the past, that has brought all these troubles; not any present tyranny or special taxes, as some insist. He speaks like a New Englander, one of ourselves. And he has new ideas. I heard him say that every village should govern itself, and our government be solely for those necessities common to all, and this would do away with tyranny. He was very angry when Major Haggens laughed and pounded the table, and said that our villages must keep to the same laws, and not vex one another."

"Your captain has been reading that new writer, Monsieur Rousseau," said the master sagaciously, and with much interest. "Rousseau is something of a genius. My son James brought me his book from Boston, and I sat up all night to read it. Yes, he is a genius at his best, but at his worst no greater fool

ever sneaked or flaunted along a French road. 'T is like the old donkey in Skibbereen, that was a lion by night with his bold braying, and when the sun shone hung his head and cried to everybody, '*Don't beat me!*' I pray God that no pupil of mine makes the mistake of these people, who can see no difference between the church of their own day and Christianity itself. My old Voltaire has been his master, this Rousseau. There have been few greater men in the world than le petit Arouet, but 't was a bit of a rascal, too! My son James and I have threshed these subjects lately, until the flails came too near our own heads. I have seen more of the world than he, but my son James always held the opinions of a gentleman."

"These subjects are far too large for me," Mary acknowledged humbly.

"'T is only that our opinions are too small for the subjects, — even mine and those of my son James," said Master Sullivan, smiling; "yet every man who puts his whole heart into them helps to bring the light a little nearer. Your captain is a good French scholar; we had some good talk together, and I learned to honor the man. I hope he will be friendly to our lad at sea, and be large-hearted in such a case. I have much pity for the Loyalists, now I am an old man that was a hot enough rebel in my youth. They have many true reasons on their side for not breaking with England, and they cling to sentiment, the best of them, without which life is but a strange machine. Yet *they have taken the wrong side;* they will find it out to their sorrow. You had much to do with Roger's going, my child; 't was a brave thing to start him in the right road, but I could wish he and his mother had been a sorrowing pair of that eleven hundred who went out of Boston with the English troops. They would have been among their fellows then, and those who were like-minded. God help me for this faint-heartedness!"

To this moment had the long talk come; to this clear-spoken anxiety had Mary Hamilton herself led the way. She could not part from so wise a friend until he spoke his mind, and now she stood piteous and dismayed before his searching look. It was not that the old man did not know how hard his words had been.

"I could not bear that he should be disloyal to the country that gave him birth, and every low soul be given the right to sneer at him. And the mob was ready to burn his mother's house; the terror and danger would have been her death," said Mary. "All this you know."

"The boy has talked much with me this summer," answered the schoolmaster, "and he put me questions which I, a rebel, and the son of rebels against England, could not answer him. I am an exile here, with my birthright gone, my place among men left empty, because I did not think as he thinks now when I was young, and yet I could not answer him. 'I could as soon forsake my mother in her gathering age as forsake England now,' he told me, one day in the summer. He stood on this floor before me, where you stand now, and looked every inch a man. Now he has changed his mind; now he puts to sea in an American man-of-war, with those to whom the gentle arts of piracy are not unknown, and he must fain be of their company who go to make England suffer. He has done this only that he may win your heart."

The master's blue eyes were black and blazing with excitement, and Mary fronted him.

"You cannot think him a rascal!" she cried. "You must believe that his very nature has changed. It *has* changed, and he may fight with a heavy heart, but he has come to think our quarrel just. I should break my own heart did I not think this true. Has he not sworn his oath? Then you must not blame

him; you must blame me if all this course was wrong. I did push him forward to the step. God help me, master, I could not bear we should be ashamed of him. You do not mean 't were better he had fled with the Loyalists, and thrown his duty down?"

She fell to her knees beside the old man's chair, and her hot forehead was touching his thin hand. He laid his right hand on her head then as if in blessing, but he did not speak.

At last he made her rise, and they stood side by side in the room.

"We must not share this anxious hour with Margery," he told her gently. "Go away, dear child, while she still sleeps. I did not know the sword of war had struck your heart so deep. You must wait for much time to pass now; you must have patience and must hear bad news. They will call Roger Wallingford a spy, and he may even flinch when the moment of trial comes. I do not think he will flinch; 't is the woe of his own soul that I sorrow for; there is that in him which forbids the traitor's act. Yet either way life looks to him but treacherous. The thought of his love shines like a single star above the two roads, and that alone can succor him. Forgive the hardness of my thoughts, yes, and keep you close to his poor mother with all patience. If the boy gets into trouble, I have still some ancient friendships that will serve him, for my sake, in England. God grant me now to live until the ship comes back! I trust the man he sails with, but he has his own ends to serve. I fear he is of the *Brevipennes*, the short-winged; they can run better for what wings they have, but they cannot win to fly clear of the earth."

"I could tell you many a tale now that I have shut close in my heart from every one for more than sixty years," said Master Sullivan slowly, with an impulse of love and pity that he could not forbid. "I was a poor scholar in some things, in my young days, but I made sure of one lesson that was learnt through pain. The best friends of a human soul are Courage and her sister Patience!"

The old man's beautiful voice had a strange thrill in it. He looked as if he were a king, to the girl who watched him; all the mystery of his early days, the unexplained self-denial and indifference to luxury, seemed at this moment more incomprehensible than ever. The dark little room, the unequal companionship with the wife who slept by the fire, the friendship of his heart with a few imperial books, and the traditions of a high ancestry made evident in the noble careers and present standing of his sons, were enough to touch any imagination. And Mary Hamilton, from her early childhood, had found him the best and wisest man she knew. He had set the humblest Berwick children their copies, and taught them to read and spell, and shared his St. Augustine and Homer and Horace with those few who could claim the right. She stood beside him now in her day of trouble; she turned, with a look of deep love on her face, and kissed him on the brow. Whatever the cause had been, he had taken upon himself the harsh penalty of exile.

"Dear friend, I must be gone," said Mary, with beautiful womanliness and dignity. "You have helped me again who have never failed me; do not forget me in these days, and let us pray for Roger Wallingford, that he may be steadfast. Good-by, dear master."

Then, a minute later, the old man heard the horse's quick feet go away down the hill.

It was twilight in the room. "I believe she will love the boy," whispered the old schoolmaster to himself. "I thought the captain might wake her heart with all his gallantry. The springs of love are living in her heart, but 't is winter still, — 't is winter still! Love

frights at first more than it can delight; 't will fright my little lady ere it comes!"

The heavy book slipped unheeded to the floor again. The tired old woman slept on by the dying fire, and Master Sullivan was lost in his lonely thoughts, until Hope came again to his side, bright shining in a dream.

XVIII.

The ship had run between Belle Isle and the low curving shores of Quiberon. The land was in sight all along by St. Nazaire, where they could see the gray-green of winter fields, and the dotted fruit trees about the farmhouses, and bits of bushy woodland. Out of the waste of waters the swift way-wise little Ranger came heading safely in at the mouth of the Loire. She ran among all the shoals and sand banks by Paimbœuf, and past the shipyards of the river shores, until she came to harbor and let her anchor go.

There was something homelike about being in a river. At first sight the Loire wore a look of recent settlement, rather than of the approach to a city already famous in old Roman times; the shifting sand dunes and the empty flats, the poor scattered handfuls of houses and the works of shipbuilding, all wore a temporary look. These shiftless, primitive contrivances of men sparsely strewed a not too solid-looking shore, and the newcomers could see little of the inland country behind it. It was a strange contrast to their own river below Portsmouth, where gray ledges ribbed the earth and bolted it down into an unchangeable permanence of outline. The heights and hollows of the seaward points of Newcastle and the Kittery shore stood plain before his mind's eye as Wallingford came on deck, and these strange banks of the Loire seemed only to mask reality and confuse his vision. Farther up the stream they could see the gray walls of Nantes itself, high over the water, with the huge towered cathedral, and the lesser bulk of the castle topping all the roofs. It was a mild day, with little air moving.

Dickson came along the deck, looking much displeased. That morning he had received the attention of being kicked down the companion way by the captain, and nothing could soften such an event, not even the suggestion from his conscience that he had well deserved the insult. It seemed more and more, to those who were nearest him, as if Dickson were at heart the general enemy of mankind, — jealous and bitter toward those who stood above him, and scornful of his inferiors. He loved to defeat the hopes of other people, to throw discredit upon sincerity; like some swift-creeping thing that brings needless discomfort everywhere, and dismay, and an impartial sting. He was not clever enough to be a maker of large schemes, but rather destructive, crafty and evil-minded, — a disturber of the plans of others. All this was in his face; a fixed habit of smiling only added to his mean appearance. What was worst of all, being a great maker of promises, he was not without influence, and had his following.

The fresh air from the land, the frosty smell of the fields, made Wallingford feel the more despondent. The certainty had now come to his mind that Paul Jones would never have consented to his gaining the commission of lieutenant, would never have brought him, so untried and untrained, to sea, but for jealousy, and to hinder his being at Mary Hamilton's side. This was the keenest hurt to his pride; the thought had stabbed him like a knife. Again he made a desperate plunge into the sea of his disasters, and was unconscious even of the man who was near by, watching him. He was for the moment blind and deaf to all reality, as he stood looking along the water toward the Breton town.

"All ready to go ashore, sir?" asked

Dickson, behind him, in an ingratiating tone; but Wallingford gave an impatient shrug of his shoulders.

"'T is not so wintry here as the shore must look at home," continued Dickson. "Damn that coxcomb on the quarter-deck! he 's more than the devil himself could stand for company!"

Wallingford, instead of agreeing in his present disaffection, turned about, and stood fronting the speaker. He looked Dickson straight in the eye, as if daring him to speak again, whereat Dickson remained silent. The lieutenant stood like a prince.

"I see that I intrude," said the other, rallying his self-consequence. "You have even less obligation to Captain Paul Jones than you may think," he continued, dropping his voice and playing his last trump. "I overheard, by accident, some talk of his on the terrace with a certain young lady whom your high loftiness might not allow me to mention. He called you a cursed young spy and a Tory, and she implored him to protect you. She said you was her old playmate, and that she wanted you got out o' the way o' trouble. He had his arm round her, and he said he might be ruined by you; he cursed you up hill and down, while she was a-pleadin'. 'T was all for her sake, and your mother's bein' brought into distress" —

Dickson spoke rapidly, and edged a step or two away; but his shoulder was clutched as if a panther's teeth had it instead of a man's hand.

"I 'll kill you if you give me another word!" said Roger Wallingford. "If I knew you told the whole truth, I should be just as ready to drop you overboard."

"I have told the truth," said Dickson.

"I know you are n't above eavesdropping," answered Wallingford, with contempt. "If you desire to know what I think of your sneaking on the outside of a man's house where you have been denied entrance, I am willing to tell you. I heard you were there that night."

"You were outside yourself, to keep me company, and I 'm as good a gentleman as Jack Hamilton," protested Dickson. "He went the rounds of the farms with a shoemaker's kit, in the start of his high fortunes."

"Mr. Hamilton would mend a shoe as honestly in his young poverty as he would sit in council now. So he has come to be a rich merchant and a trusted man." There was something in Wallingford's calm manner that had power to fire even Dickson's cold and sluggish blood.

"I take no insults from you, Mr. Lieutenant!" he exclaimed, in a black rage, and passed along the deck to escape further conversation.

There had been men of the crew within hearing. Dickson had said what he wished to say, and a moment later he was thinking no less highly of himself than ever. He would yet compass the downfall of the two men whom he hated. He had now set them well on their way to compass the downfall of each other. It made a man chuckle with savage joy to think of looking on at the game.

Wallingford went below again, and set himself to some work in his own cabin. Character and the habit of self-possession could carry a man through many trying instances, but life now seemed in a worse confusion than before. This was impossible to bear; he brushed his papers to the floor with a sweep of his arm. His heart was as heavy as lead within him. Alas, he had seen the ring! "Perhaps — perhaps" — he said next moment to himself — "she might do even that, if she loved a man; she could think of nothing then but that I must be got away to sea!"

"Poor little girl! My God, how I love her!" and he bent his head sorrowfully, while an agony of grief and dismay mastered him. He had never yet been put to such awful misery of mind.

"'T is my great trial that has come upon me," he said humbly. "I 'll stick to my duty, — 't is all that I can do, —

and Heaven help me to bear the rest. Thank God, I have my duty to the ship!"

XIX.

As soon as the Ranger was at Nantes, and the formalities of the port could be left in the hands of his officers, Captain Paul Jones set forth in haste toward Paris to deliver his dispatches. He was only sixty hours upon the road, passing over the country as if he saw it from a balloon, and at last had the supreme disappointment of finding that his proud errand was forestalled. He had driven himself and his ship for nothing; the news of Burgoyne's surrender had been carried by a messenger from Boston, on a fast-sailing French vessel, and placed in the hands of the Commissioners a few hours before his own arrival.

It was understood some time before, between the Marine Committee of the colonies and Captain Paul Jones, that he was to take command of the fine frigate L'Indien, which was then building in Amsterdam; but he received no felicitations now for his rapid voyage, and found no delightful accumulations of important work, and was by no means acknowledged as the chief and captain of a great enterprise. As the Ranger had come into harbor like any ordinary vessel from the high seas, unheralded and without greeting, so Paul Jones now found himself of no public consequence or interest in Paris. What was to be done must all be done by himself. The Commissioners had their hands full of other affairs, and the captain stood in the position of a man who brought news to deaf ears. They listened to his eager talk and well-matured plans with some wonder, and even a forced attention, as if he were but an interruption, and not a leader for any enterprise they had in hand. To him, it had almost seemed as if his great projects were already accomplished.

It was in every way a most difficult situation. The ownership of the Indien frigate had been carefully concealed. Paul Jones himself had furnished the plans for her, and the Commissioners in France had made contracts under other signatures for her building in the neutral port of Amsterdam. It was indispensable that the secret of her destiny should be kept from England; but at the moment when she was ready to be put into commission, and Paul Jones was on the sea, with the full expectation of finding his ship ready when he came to France, some one in the secret had betrayed it, and the British officials at Amsterdam spoke openly to the government of the Netherlands, and demanded that the frigate should be detained for breach of neutrality, she being destined for an American ship of war.

There was nothing to be done. The Commissioners had made some efforts to hold the frigate, but in the end France had come forward and stood their friend by buying her, and at a good price. This had happened only a few days before, so Captain Paul Jones must hear the sorry tale when he came to Paris and saw the three American Commissioners.

He stood before them, a sea-tanned and weary little hero, with his eyes flashing fire. One of the three Commissioners, Arthur Lee, could not meet his aggrieved and angry looks. To be sure, the money was in hand again, and they could buy another ship; but the Indien, the Indien was irrecoverable.

"If I had been there, gentlemen," cried Paul Jones, with a mighty oath, "nothing would have held me long in port! I 'd have sailed her across dry ground, but I 'd have got her safe to sea! She was ours in the sight of Heaven, and all the nations in the world could not prevent me!"

Mr. Franklin looked on with approval at so noble and forgivable a rage; the others wore a wearied and disgusted look, and Mr. Arthur Lee set himself to

the careful mending of a pen. It was a sorry hour for good men; and without getting any definite promise, and having bestowed many unavailing reproaches, at last Paul Jones could only fling himself out of Paris again, and in black despair post back to the Ranger at Nantes. He had the solitary comfort, before he left, of a friendly and compassionate interview granted by Mr. Franklin, who, overburdened though he was, and much vexed by a younger man's accusations, had yet the largeness of mind to see things from the captain's side. There was nothing for it but patience, until affairs should take a turn, as the Commissioner most patiently explained.

All the captain's high hopes and ceaseless industry in regard to his own plans were scattered like straws in the wind. He must set his mind now to the present possibilities. Worst of all, he had made an enemy in his quick mistrust and scorn of Mr. Arthur Lee, a man who would block many another plan, and hinder him in the end as a great sea captain and hero had never been worse hindered since the world began.

Dickson stood on the deck of the Ranger, by the gangway, when the captain came aboard, fatigued and disappointed; it might be that some creature of Lee's sending had already spoken with Dickson and prepared him for what was to come. He made a most handsome salutation, however, and Lieutenant Simpson, hoping for news of his own promotion, stepped forward with an honest welcome.

"Gentlemen, I have much to tell you, and of an unwelcome sort," said the captain, with unusual dignity of bearing. "There is one blessing: our defeat of Burgoyne has brought us France for an ally. I hoped for good news as regards ourselves, but we have been betrayed by an enemy; we have lost the frigate which I have had a hand in building, and of whose command I was altogether certain for more than a year past. We must now wait for further orders here, and refit the Ranger, and presently get to sea with her instead. I own 't is a great disappointment for us all."

Dickson wore no look of surprise; he was too full of triumph. Lieutenant Simpson was crestfallen. The other officers and men who were near enough to hear looked angry and disturbed. They had been persuaded that they must be rid of the captain before they could follow their own purposes. 'T was a strange and piteous condition of things aboard the Ranger, and an example of what the poison of lies and a narrow-minded jealousy can do to set honest minds awry. And Paul Jones had himself to thank for much ill will: he had a quick temper, and a savage way of speaking to his fellows. The one thing he could not bear was perfidy, and a bland and double disposition in a man seemed at once to deserve the tread of his angry heel.

The captain was hardly to be seen for a day or two after his return, except in occasional forays of fault-finding. Wallingford was successful in keeping out of his way; the great fact that all his own best hopes had been destroyed dulled him even to feelings of resentment. While suffering his great dismay he could almost forget the cause whence it came, and even pitied, for other reasons, the man who had worn the ring. The first stroke of a bullet only benumbs; the fierceness of pain comes later. Again and again he stood before Mary Hamilton, and lived over the night when he had stood at the window and dared to meet her beautiful angry eyes; again and again he reviewed those gentler moments by the river, when her eyes were full of their old affection, though her words were stern. He had won her plain promise that some day, having served their country, he might return to her side, and clung to that promise like a last hope.

It already seemed a year since the night when Wallingford and the captain

had dined together. The steward had interrupted them just as the lieutenant sprung to his feet.

"Must we say good-night, then?" said Paul Jones, protesting. "As for me, I ought to be at my papers. Send me William Earl to write for me," he told the steward. "Thank you for your good company, Mr. Wallingford. I hope we may have many such evenings together."

Yet he had looked after his guest with a sense that something had gone wrong at this last moment, though the steward had found them hand in hand.

The sight of the ring among his possessions, that day when he made ready for the journey to Paris, had given him a moment of deep happiness; he had placed it on his finger, with a certain affectionate vanity. Yet it was a token of confidence, and in some sense a reward. He had been unjust in the beginning to the young lieutenant; he had now come to like and to trust him more than any other man on board the ship. In the exciting days that had followed, rings, and lieutenants, and even so lovely a friend and lady as Miss Mary Hamilton had been forgotten.

Yet at most unexpected moments Paul Jones did remember her, and his heart longed for the moment when they should meet once more, and he might plead his cause. "L'absence diminue les petits amours et augmente les grandes, comme le vent qui éteint les bougies et rallume la feu."

The captain at once began to hasten the work of refitting the Ranger for sea. He gave no explanations; he was more surly in temper, and strangely uncompanionable. Now that they could no longer admire his seamanship in a quick voyage, the sailors rated him for the ship's idleness and their long detention in port. This was not what they had signed for. Dickson now and then let fall a word which showed that he had means of information that were altogether his own; he was often on shore, and seemed free with his money. Lieutenant Wallingford and the surgeon, with some of the other officers, became familiar with the amusements of Nantes; but the lieutenant was observed by every one to be downhearted and inclined to solitary walks, and by night he kept his cabin alone, with no inclination toward company. He had been friendly with every one in the early part of the voyage, like a man who has no fear of risking a kind word. The surgeon, after making unwonted efforts to gain his old neighbor's confidence, ignored him with the rest, until he should come to himself again.

This added to the constraint and discomfort on board the Ranger. She was crowded with men eager enough for action, and yet kept in idleness under a needlessly strict discipline. Simpson, the senior lieutenant, willingly received the complaints of officers and crew, and Dickson's ceaseless insistence that Simpson was their rightful leader began to have its desired effect.

XX.

Some dreary days, and even weeks, passed by, and one evening Wallingford passed the captain's cabin on his way to his own. It had lately been rough, windy weather in the harbor, but that night the Ranger was on an even keel, and as steady as if she were a well-built house on shore.

The door was open. "Is that you, Mr. Wallingford? Come in, will you?" The captain gave his invitation the air of a command.

Wallingford obeyed, but stood reluctant before his superior.

"I thought afterward that you had gone off in something of a flurry, that night we dined together, and you have avoided any conversation with me since my return from Paris. I don't like your looks now. Has anything come

between us? Do you repent your confidence?"

"No, I do not repent it," said the lieutenant slowly.

"Something has touched your happiness. Come, out with it! We were like brothers then. The steward caught us hand in hand; 't is long since I have had so happy an evening. I am grateful for such friendship as you showed me, when we were together that night. God knows I have felt the lack of friendship these many days past. Come, sir, what 's your grievance with me?"

"It is nothing that I should tell you. You must excuse me, sir."

The captain looked at him steadily. "Had I some part in it? Then you are unjust not to speak."

There was great kindness, and even solicitude, in Paul Jones's tone. Wallingford was moved. It was easier to find fault with the captain when his eyes were not upon one; they had great power over a man.

"Come, my dear fellow," he said again, "speak to me with frankness; you have no sincerer friend than I."

"It was the sight of the ring on your finger, then. I do not think you meant to taunt me, but to see it was enough to rob me of my hope, sir: that was all."

The captain colored and looked distressed; then he covered his eyes, with an impatient gesture. He had not a guilty air, or even an air of provocation; it struck Wallingford at the moment that he wore no look, either, of triumphant happiness, such as befitted the accepted lover of Mary Hamilton.

"You knew the ring?" asked the captain, looking up, after some moments of perplexing silence.

"I have always known it," answered Roger Wallingford: "we were very old friends. Of late I had been gathering hope, and now, sir, it seems that I must wish another man the joy I lived but to gain."

"Sit ye down," said the captain. "I thought once that I might gather hope, too. No man could wish for greater happiness on earth than the love of such a lady: we are agreed to that."

Then he was silent again. The beauty of Mary Hamilton seemed once more before his eyes, as if the dim-lighted cabin and the close-set timbers of the ship were all away, and he stood again on the terrace above the river with the pleading girl. She had promised that she would set a star in the sky for him; he should go back, one day, and lay his victories at her feet. How could a man tell if she really loved this young Wallingford? In the natural jealousy of that last moment when they were together, he had felt a fierce delight in bringing Wallingford away; she was far too good for him, — or for any man, when one came to that! Yet he had come himself to love the boy. If, through much suffering, the captain had not stood, that day, at the very height of his own character, with the endeavor to summon all his powers for a new effort, the scale at this moment would have turned.

"My dear lad, she is not mine," he said frankly. "God knows I wish it might be otherwise! You forget I am a sailor." He laughed a little, and then grew serious. "'T is her ring, indeed, and she gave it me, but 't was a gift of friendship. See, I can kiss it on my finger with you looking on, and pray God aloud to bless the lovely giver. 'T will hold me to my best, and all the saints know how I stand in need of such a talisman!"

"You do not mean it, sir?" faltered Roger. "Can you mean that" —

"Now are we friends again? Yes, I mean it! Let us be friends, Wallingford. No, no, there need be nothing said. I own that I have had my hopes, but Miss Hamilton gave me no promise. If you go home before me, or without me, as well may happen, you shall carry back the ring. Ah no, for 't is my charm against despair!" he said. "I

am sore vexed; I am too often the prey of my vulgar temper, but God knows I am sore vexed. Let us be friends. I must have some honest man believe in me, among these tricksters." The captain now bent to his writing, as if he could trust himself to say no more, and waved the lieutenant to be gone. "God help me, and I'll win her yet!" he cried next moment, when he was alone again, and lifted his face as if Heaven must listen to the vow. "Women like her are blessed with wondrous deep affections rather than quick passion," he said again softly. "'T is heaven itself within a heart like that, but Love is yet asleep."

The lights of Nantes and the lanterns of the shipping were all mirrored in the Loire, that night; there was a soft noise of the river current about the ship. The stars shone thick in the sky; they were not looking down on so happy a lover the world over as Roger Wallingford. He stood by the mainmast in the cold night air, the sudden turn of things bewildering his brain, his strong young heart beating but unsteadily. Alas, it was weeks ago that a single, stiffly phrased letter had gone home to his mother, and Mary's own letter was at the bottom of the sea. There was a swift homeward-bound brig just weighing anchor that had ventured to sea in spite of foes, and taken all the letters from the Ranger, and now it might be weeks before he could write again. Oh, distance, distance! how cruel are the long miles of sea that separate those who love, and long to be together!

Later that night, before they turned in, the officers and crew beheld Captain Paul Jones and his lately estranged lieutenant pacing the deck. They were looked upon with pleasure by some who honored them both, but next day a new whispering was set forward; there was need of suspicion, since this new alliance might mean concerted betrayal, and Paul Jones himself was not above being won over to the Tories, being but an adventurer on his own account. Dickson was as busy as the devil in a gale of wind. His own plots had so far come to naught: he had not set these officers to hate each other, or forced them to compass each other's downfall. On the contrary, they had never really been fast friends until now.

The only thing was to rouse public opinion against them both. 'T were easy enough: he had promised to meet again the man whom he had met in the tavern the day before, — that messenger of Thornton, who had given hints of great reward if any one would give certain information which was already in Dickson's keeping. That night he shook his fist at the two figures that paced the quarter-deck.

"One of you came out of pride and ambition," he muttered, "and the other to please his lady! We men are here for our own rights, and to show that the colonies mean business!"

XXI.

The captain was dressed in his best uniform, fresh from the tailor's wrappings, with all his bright lace and gilt buttons none the worse for sea damp. With manners gay enough to match, he bade good-morning to whoever appeared, and paced his twelve steps forward and back on the quarter-deck like the lucky prince in a fairy story. Something had happened to make a new pleasure; at any rate, Mr. Paul Jones was high above any sense of displeasure, and well content with the warm satisfaction of his own thoughts.

Presently this cheerful captain sent a ship's boy to command the presence of Mr. Wallingford, and Mr. Wallingford came promptly in answer to the summons. There was so evident a beginning of some high official function that the lieutenant, not unfamiliar with such affairs, became certain that the mayor

and corporation of Nantes must be expected to breakfast, and lent himself not unwillingly to the play.

"You will attend me to Paris, sir," announced the commander. "I shall wait the delays of our Commissioners no longer. 'If you want a good servant, go yourself,' as our wise adviser, Poor Richard, has well counseled us. I mean to take him at his word. Can you be ready within the hour, Mr. Wallingford? 'T is short notice for you, but I have plenty left of my good Virginia money to serve us on our way. The boat awaits us."

Wallingford made his salute, and hastened below; his heart beat fast with pleasure, being a young heart, and the immediate world of France much to its liking. The world of the Ranger appeared to grow smaller day by day, and freedom is ever a welcome gift.

When the lieutenant reached his berth the captain's arrangements had preceded him: there was a sailor already waiting with the leather portmanteau which Wallingford had brought to sea. The old judge, his father, had carried it on many an errand of peace and justice, and to the son it brought a quick reminder of home and college journeys, and a young man's happy anticipations. The sight of it seemed to change everything, stained though this old enchanter's wallet might be with sea water, and its brasses green with verdigris. The owner beheld it with complete delight; as for the sailor, he misunderstood a sudden gesture, and thought he was being blamed.

"Cap'n ordered it up, sir; never demeaned hisself to say what for," apologized Cooper.

"Take hold now and stow these things I give you," said the excited lieutenant. "Trouble is, every man on board this ship tries to be captain. Don't wrap those boots in my clean shirts!"

"I ain't no proper servant; takes too much l'arnin'," protested Cooper good-naturedly, seeing that the young squire was in a happy frame. "Our folks was all content to be good farmers an' live warm on their own land, till I took up with follerin' the sea. Lord give me help to get safe home this time, an' I won't take the chances no more. A ship 's no place for a Christian."

Wallingford's mind was stretched to the task of making sudden provision for what might not be a short absence; he could hear the captain's impatient tramp on the deck overhead.

"I expect old Madam, your lady mother, and my sister Susan, was the last to pack your clothes for ye?" ventured this friend of many years, in a careful voice, and Wallingford gave him a pat on the shoulder for answer.

"We 'll speed matters by this journey to Paris, if all goes well," he replied kindly. "Keep the men patient; there are stirrers-up of trouble aboard that can do the crew more harm than the captain, if they get their way. You 'll soon understand everything. France cannot yet act freely, and we must take long views."

"Wish 't I was to home now," mourned Cooper gloomily.

"Don't fear!" cried Wallingford gayly, though 't was but a pair of days since he himself had feared everything, and carried a glum face for all the crew to see. "Good-day, Cooper. If anything happens to me, you must carry back word!" he added, with boyish bravado.

"Lord bless you!" said Cooper. "I figur' me darin' to go nigh the gre't house with any bad tidin's o' you! Marm Susan 'd take an' scalp me, 's if I 'd been the fust to blame." At which they laughed together, and hurried to the deck.

"'T is high time!" blustered the captain; but once in the boat, he became light-hearted and companionable. It was as if they had both left all their troubles behind them.

"There 's Simpson and Sargent and that yellow-faced Dickson leaning over the side to look after us and think how well they can spare us both," grumbled

Paul Jones. "I can see them there, whether I turn my head or not. I've set them stints enough for a fortnight, and named this day week for our return. Lay out! lay out!" cried the captain. "Give way, my lads!" and settled himself in the boat.

The wind was fresh; the waves splashed into the gig as they toiled steadily up the river. The walls of the old castle looked grim and high, as they came under the city. In the cathedral abode the one thing that was dear to Wallingford's heart in this strange place, — the stately figure of Anne of Brittany, standing at her mother's feet in the great Renaissance tomb. She wore a look like Mary Hamilton when she was most serious, so calm and sweet across the brow. The young officer had discovered this lovely queen, and her still lovelier likeness, on a dark and downcast day, and had often been grateful since for the pleasure of beholding her; he now sent a quick thought into the cathedral from the depths of his fond heart.

The two travelers, in their bright uniforms, hurried up through the busy town to a large inn, where the captain had ordered his post horses to be ready. Bretons and Frenchmen both cheered them as they passed the market place: the errand of the Ranger was well known, and much spending money had made most of her ship's company plenty of friends ashore. They took their seats in the post chaise, not without disappointment on Wallingford's part, who had counted upon riding a good French horse to Paris instead of jolting upon stiff springs. There was more than one day, however; the morning was fresh and bright, and there were too many mercies beside to let a man groan over anything.

The thought now struck Wallingford, as if he were by far the elder man, that they might well have worn their everyday clothes upon the journey, but he had not the heart to speak. The captain wore such an innocent look of enjoyment, and of frankly accepting the part of a proven hero and unprotested great man.

"I must order a couple of suits of new uniform from one of their best tailors," said Mr. Paul Jones, only half conscious of his listener. One moment the hardened man of affairs and rough sea bully, at the next one saw him thus: frank, compassionate of others, and amused by small pleasures, — the sentimental philosopher who scattered largess of alms like a royal prince all along the white French roads.

"I go north by Rennes and Vitré, and to Paris by Alençon. I am told the roads are good, and the worst inns passable, while the best are the best," said the little captain, dropping the last of his lofty manner of the quarter-deck, and turning to his companion with a most frank air of good-fellowship. "We can return by the Loire. I hear that we can come by barge from Orléans to Nantes in four days, lying in the river inns by night. I have no love for the road I was so sorry on last month, or the inns that stood beside it."

The young men sat straight-backed and a little pompous in the post chaise, with their best cocked hats bobbing and turning quickly toward each other in the pleasures of conversation. Was this the same Paul Jones who so vexed his ship with bawling voice and harsh behavior, this quiet, gay-hearted man of the world, who seemed to play the princely traveler even more easily than he crowded sail on the Ranger all across the stormy seas, — the flail of whose speech left nobody untouched? He was so delightful at that moment, so full of charming sympathy and keenest observation, that all private grievances must have been dissolved into the sweet French air and the blue heaven over their heads.

"There were others of my officers who might well go to Paris, but I wanted the right gentleman with me now," explained the captain, with frankness. "'T is above all a gentleman's place when court matters are in hand. You have some acquaint-

ance with their language, too, which is vastly important. I blessed Heaven last time for every word I knew ; 't was most of it hard learnt in my early days, when I was a sailor before the mast, and had but a single poor book to help me. No man can go much in the world over here without his French. And you know Paris, too, Mr. Wallingford, while I am almost a stranger in the streets. I cared not where I was, in my late distresses, and I had longed to see the sights of Paris all my life ! My whole heart is in the journey now, tiresome though we may find many a day's long leagues."

" 'T is some years since I lived there for a while," said Wallingford modestly ; but a vision of all the pleasure and splendor of the great city rose to his mind's eye.

" I have suffered unbelievable torture on that petty ship ! " exclaimed Paul Jones suddenly, waving his hand toward the harbor they were fast leaving out of sight. " Now for the green fields of France, and for the High Commissioners at Paris ! I wish to God my old auntie Jean MacDuff, that was fain to be prood o' me, could see me with my two postilions on the road, this day." And such was the gayety of the moment, and the boyish pride of the little sailor, that his companion fairly loved him for the wish, and began to think tenderly of his own dear love, and of his mother waiting and watching by the riverside at home.

" ' Vitré,' " he repeated presently, with fresh expectation, — " 't is a name I know well, but I cannot call to mind the associations ; of the town of Rennes I do not remember to have heard."

" I wish that I could have fallen in with their great admiral, Bailli Suffren," said the captain, leaning back in the post chaise, and heaving a sigh of perfect content. " We know not where he sails the seas ; but if it chanced that he were now on his way to the fleet at Brest, or going up to Paris from the sea, like ourselves, and we chanced to meet at an inn, how I should beg the honor of his acquaintance ! The King ought to put a sailor like that beside him on his throne ; as for Bailli Suffren himself, he has served France as well as any man who ever lived. Look, there are two poor sailors of another sort, fresh from their vessel, too ! See how wide they tread, from balancing on the decks ; they have been long at sea, poor devils ! " he grumbled, as the post chaise overtook a forlorn pair of seamen, each carrying a loose bundle on his back. They were still young men, but their faces looked disappointed and sad. Seeing that the captain fumbled in his waistcoat pocket, Wallingford did the same, and two bright louis d'or flew through the morning air and dropped at the sailors' feet. They gave a shout of joy, and the two young lords in the post chaise passed gayly on.

" They 'll sit long at the next inn," said Captain Paul Jones. " They were thin as those salt fish we shipped for the voyage, at Newcastle."

" A prime dun fish is a dainty not to be despised," urged Wallingford, true to his local traditions.

" 'T is either a dainty, or a cedar shingle well preserved in brine, which is eatable by no man," pronounced the captain, speaking with the authority of an epicure. " We must deal with their best French dishes while we stay in Paris. Mr. Franklin will no doubt advise us in regard to their best inns. I was careless of the matter in my first visit."

" 'T was Poor Richard himself said, ' A fat kitchen makes a lean will,' " laughed Wallingford, " but he is a great man for the proprieties."

Sarah Orne Jewett.

(*To be continued.*)

LOVE THE CONQUEROR CAME TO ME.

I.

Love the Conqueror came to me, —
He whom I did long deride:
Gave humility for pride,
April voicing
My rejoicing.
I — who fancied I was free —
Glad to be with garlands tied!

II.

Love the Awakener came to me:
Called my sleeping soul to strife,
Offered gift of fuller life
(Wish, the measure
Of my pleasure);
And the bud that knew no bee
Burst, a rose with beauty rife.

III.

Love the Tester came to me:
For the pæan gave the dirge,
For caresses gave the scourge
(Ay, though Fortune
Did importune),
Till my breathing seemed to be
But the tide of sorrow's surge.

IV.

Love the Ennobler came to me,
With the cross as his device,
Saying, "Shrink not from the price
(Pain the burden,
Peace the guerdon);
Sorrow bravely borne shall be
Doubly sweet as sacrifice."

V.

Love the Revealer comes to me
On this battled height, and shows
Yonder river of repose:
"Not by creeping,
But by leaping,
Learns the rill the harmony
That within the river flows."

Robert Underwood Johnson.

ANIMALS IN LITERATURE.

DURING the last few years animals have contributed very widely to the enjoyment of the reading public, both here and abroad. The most original work of that author who (whatever his merits or demerits) has stood forth in the world of letters as the conspicuous figure of the nineteenth century's last decade deals with the adventures of the jungle, and lesser writers have successfully invaded the animal kingdom. From the India of a poet's imagination, Baloo, the bear, Teacher of the Law to the Seeonee wolf cubs, has come forth to give us of his wisdom; in the New World, a naturalist has so well told his tale that Lobo, the King of Currumpaw, is not dead for us, but still utters his war cry on the plains of New Mexico; while from far Scotland, Bob, Son of Battle, has leaped into our hearts. Together with these animals have come many others, thrilling us with excitement, arousing tender sympathy, or, it may be, making us laugh at their comical adventures.

Is this present-day interest in books concerning animals to be thought of as a mere fad, a passing whim of a changeful public? Or are there reasons for believing that the interest in works of this kind is sure to endure, whatever may be the fate of the books considered individually? The student of life, the knower of human nature, will, I think, answer "yes" only to the second of these questions. As long as man is interested in man, he will be attracted to animals by reason of his kinship with them. This kinship is the great open secret of our interest. One need not go to the literature of the past to discover the truth of this; yet past literature well bears it out, giving at the same time evidence of another truth, kin to the first and dependent on it, that we have come to recognize as eternal for all works of greatest art. On the side of life, then, there is this bond between man and animal: the possession in common of the attributes of love, hatred, fidelity, cunning, cruelty, kindness, and many more; the weakness in common before the forces of the elements, of cold, of hunger, of death. On the side of art there is the recognition of this bond; the realization that it is the human interest, the human appeal, which is the chief thing in every great work, be it of literature, sculpture, or music. The presentation of universal truth, rather than actual particular fact in every detail, is the rule of those writers who have for audience the nations and the centuries. It is for this reason that the naturalist, intent on his specific quest, is in danger of wandering into paths that do not lead to permanent and widespread fame in literature. He may successfully appeal for a time to the whole public, granting it is at that moment specially interested in a thorough and minute study of animal ways; if he is a great naturalist, he will be lastingly remembered and read by students of natural history. But unless he has something of the poet in him; unless he appreciates, and causes his readers to appreciate, the human significance of animal action, not explicitly, but by suggestion, not in the technical language of scientific research, but in the more appealing, more imaginative manner of creative writings, his work will not endure as literature. For this reason, the prophecy may be hazarded that The Jungle Book will outlast in general interest all contemporary works dealing with animals, because behind its fantastic unreality we see at play, unhampered, the motives of human life.

I ask every reader of this paper to reflect upon his affection for, let us say, that brave old shepherd dog, Bob, Son

of Battle. Is it not because he is like *men* that we have known, fearless and loyal, like "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true," like his master in the book itself, large-hearted, indomitable, faithful? And what is his enemy, Red Wully, but a projection into the animal world of his master, — more fierce, more the brute, but essentially the same soul? Here we have a dramatic picture in black and white, man and dog against man and dog, so artfully drawn that we cannot dissociate the human combatants from their animal allies. We watch the actions of Bob and Red Wully with live emotion, because in their passions, their desires, their intelligence, we feel them to be our brothers.

So, too, consider Mr. Seton-Thompson. Do his stories appeal to us chiefly in that they educate us concerning the less known ways of beasts? It may be interesting to learn, for instance, that wolves are in the habit of going near every carcass they get wind of, or that crows have various methods of cawing; but such facts, once known, are soon forgotten, or, if remembered, arouse no desire to re-read them. This is what I mean by the naturalistic phase of animal literature, — a phase evoking a general interest little likely to be other than temporary. It is only when the human note sounds clearly that we all listen eagerly. Lobo, king of the wolves, caught at last through your devotion to your mate Blanca, ah, you appeal to us despite all your murders, you terrible old hero! Nor, Lobo, are you the only hero whom fate could not conquer except by the meshes of love! And Molly, what a brave and good little mother you are to your reckless son, Raggylug! And you, O creatures born in the days of Mr. Kipling's finer imagination, how really living you are, notwithstanding your unreality! Monkey folk that "boast and chatter and pretend that they are a great people, about to do great affairs in the jungle, but the falling of a nut turns their mind to laughter, and all is forgotten," well do we know you. Kaa, mighty in your strength, and not forgetful of insults, you are known to us; and you, Bagheera, not given to much speech, but brave and wise. The Master Word in the jungle is, "We be of one blood, you and I." If men but knew it, that is the Master Word for all mankind. But Mr. Kipling will never teach it to them.

I have tried to suggest, in passing, that in a work of literature in which animals figure the possibility of human application, or, at least, an appeal to those emotions which men have in common with the beasts, is necessary. The animal characteristics and habits may be accurately presented, or they may be thrust wholly into the background, and even falsified. The great use of the animal in antiquity shows this very clearly. Every one will recall the Æsopic story (a typical fable) of the lion and the mouse: how the life of the mighty monarch was saved by the small creature whom he once had spared. To our recognition in this story of a truth universal in its human application is due, almost entirely, our interest in the mouse and the lion. In our eyes they are not a mouse and a lion, but two men teaching the lessons that the mighty shall be humbled, that nothing is too insignificant to be of some service, and that it is good to cast bread upon the waters. We do not stop to consider whether a lion understands the mouse language, or whether a mouse is given to gratitude; in short, as actual animals they do not concern us. They are merely convenient forms, essentially human, and they show animal characteristics only very secondarily, when at all. The purpose of all Æsop's fables was didactic and moral. In the Indian tales where animals figure as chief characters the method is the same, though there is often the added purpose of doctrinal instruction, feasible because of the Buddhistic belief in the transmigration of men's souls into the

bodies of beasts. The Bible shows a similar use; and perhaps in all literature there is not a nobler instance of the introduction of animals to teach ethical truth than is to be found in the parable of the lost sheep. "So much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by ensample than by rule," wisely wrote Edmund Spenser in his famous letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, that serves as introduction to The Faerie Queene.

The method of the ancient moralists was continued well into the Middle Ages, among whose cloisters and schools apologues were widely in vogue. It was then that animals played a considerable part in a large body of short pieces, verse and prose, chiefly interesting in that they furnished a source of one of the most remarkable productions in animal literature, — the Reynard epic in all its branches. In contradistinction to the fabulists and clerical writers of apologues, the many poets who, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, wrought, all over Europe, with the material of animal legend, had for chief purpose the amusement of their hearers. We are presented with a world of beasts, wherein man's social and religious institutions — the court, the feudal system, and the church — are paralleled; with Reynard the fox as hero and unifying figure of the whole mass of legend. A strange hero, it must be admitted, — selfish, unscrupulous, treating without any regard to honor the other animals that he meets; and yet we are always glad when he comes forth victorious. The truth is that, in reading this literature, the question of the essential morality is thrust into the background by a recognition of the frank gayety of it all; just as nowadays we listen to Uncle Remus for the sake of the good fun in his stories. The different animals generally retain their distinctive traits, — the donkey is stupid, the bear is slow, the ape is astute; and yet they have the manners and customs of men, and reflect in a very delightful way mediæval conditions. The fox sallying out on his plundering raids, and then taking refuge in his strong castle, — what is he but the powerful feudal lord feeling small respect for his king? The donkey braying forth the liturgy of the dead is the mediæval priest uttering empty words.

And so we might go on, finding a gentle satire playing in and out among the many episodes of the mediæval fox literature, — a satire which was not indulged in earnestly or bitterly for the sake of reform, but which fitted well with the general purpose of affording amusement. The entertaining adventures of the various animals are their own justification; yet it is unlikely that they would not long since have been forgotten, if it were not for their inherent human interest and possibility of human application. This thought ends in a circle, and has an unbroken continuity and strength; for on reflection it must appear that what is entertaining in the adventures of the animals has its basis in the fact that the animals are suggestive of men and men's ways. Goethe wrote his beast epic avowedly as a satire on all mankind; the poets who had preceded him by five or six centuries wrote primarily with the desire of recounting amusing tales; in the modern writer the amusement is inherent in the satire; in the mediæval writers the satire is inherent in the amusement; in both modern and mediæval man's interest in the animal is bound up with man's interest in man. None of the earlier poems, however, has the breadth of vision, the artistic unity, the universality of application, shown by Goethe's poem. Reinecke Fuchs marks the highest reach of the apologue in all literature.

Where has this incursion into the literary byways of the past led us, if not to the facts with which we first started out? The moralist's mask use of animals in the fables, where no attention is paid to actual animal nature; the merry use in

the mediæval, the serious use in the modern fox epic, where partial attention is paid to animal characteristics; the method of Mr. Seton-Thompson, with its accurate attention to animal traits, — however widely these may diverge from the naturalist's point of view, they do not differ radically in their deepest interest. Then with still another method appears Mr. Kipling, who, by skillfully placing his beasts in their natural *milieu*, invests these imaginative beings with a kind of actuality, and, in doing so, but adds another link to our chain of evidence that in literature the faithful representation of animals as they actually are is not what necessarily insures their permanence. The human note, the possibility of human application, — *there* must the stress be laid.

Let me approach this truth in yet a different manner; the past may again be called upon to furnish material for illustration, and as I have already touched upon the literature revolving around the fox, it is an easy transition to the mention of the mediæval legends concerning his old enemy, the wolf. These are the legends of the werewolf. The werewolf, it is true, has not, to any important extent, entered into literature: here, it may be, in some old chronicle; there, in a modern short story based upon the legend. Briefly, a werewolf was a human being supposed to have the power to assume a wolf's form and nature. A typical legend is that of the child who was killed by a wolf. The pursuers, losing for a moment sight of the beast, suddenly, in bursting through a thicket, came upon a wild-eyed man, trembling with excitement and ghastly from fear. Him they seized as a werewolf. Again, there is the story of the fierce and murderous wolf whom a certain nobleman attacked. He succeeded in cutting off a part of the animal's paw. On returning to his castle, the count found his wife pale, frightened, her hand dressed in a bandage. Her explanation of how an accident befell her hand has not come down to us. Probably the countess did not attempt any explanation; but if she did, it must have been unconvincing, for the chronicle relates that she was accused of being a werewolf, stood trial, was condemned and burned. The important fact to remark is that in most if not all of these cases, where human beings were put to death as werewolves, not only the judges believed them guilty, but they themselves were fully persuaded of their dual nature.

Mr. John Fiske, in an essay written for the Atlantic Monthly, many years ago,[1] dealt with this subject in his characteristically lucid manner, and showed how, in the light of modern science, the belief of the afflicted person in his identity with a wolf is to be regarded as one of the phenomena which the specialist on mental diseases can best explain. Yet, apart from medicine, the belief in werewolves has, I think, a deep though somewhat subtle interest. The werewolf legend suggests immediately the theory of the transmigration of souls, and thus comes into relationship with Indian literature; it can, if the wolfish traits are looked upon as inherited, be considered among the foreshadowings of atavistic literature, of which Ibsen's Ghosts is the most terrible example. And further, the werewolf legend contains the possibility of moral and psychological application, in literary form, pointing toward a work that might be made to have all the significance of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. This dual nature, the beast and the human, so naïvely explained by the mediæval mind, can well be used to typify the good and the evil in man. Though the legend thus treated has potentialities for literature rather than accomplishment, a method in some ways similar was employed by Edgar Allan Poe in The Black Cat, where the animal is bound up not alone with the man's consciousness,

[1] Werewolves and Swan-Maidens, August, 1871.

but intimately with his conscience. The cat is terrible for us, not as an animal in itself terrible, but because of its hold on the soul of the murderer; and awful, not through any inherited awfulness, but because of its character as an instrument of retribution and justice. Here, then, in a far different manner, we have another indication of the truth that our chief interest in animals in literature is to be associated with our interest in men.

Poe's story illustrates another truth: the modernity of the intensely subjective point of view. When Arthur Dimmesdale, at the climax of Hawthorne's wonderful novel, is about to reveal the scarlet letter on his breast, he says of the red stigma that it is "no more than the type of what has seared his inmost heart." In the same way, the cruel drunkard in Poe's tale sees the outline of the gallows on the breast of the black cat, because in his own soul there is murder, and the cat has become the mirror, as it were, of the man's nature, and the personification of the spirit of fate. The loathsomeness and terror that the man finds in the cat are qualities which his morbid imagination has created, — qualities so intensely perceived because of his own loathsome and terrible inclinations, and not qualities that a normal person would attribute to the animal, a kind and affectionate creature. To interpret animals in terms of one's own personality; to embody and then to portray in an animal emotions, passions, moods, existing primarily in the writer; to let, in a word, the animal representation be a subjective reflection rather than an objective image, — this is the subjective method. It is, indeed, a method more common to poetry than to prose; and by it the poet projects his spirit into the animal world, giving it an individual, vital, suprabestial interest. Shelley's To a Skylark shows beautifully this use. A greater songster than a lark is pictured in the poem; for Shelley, finding in the bird's notes a suggestion of the delight and gladness that he himself longed to give to the world, pours forth his own soul into the skylark, and, in describing the bird high in the air of the heavens, describes in reality himself high in the atmosphere of his ideals.

This subjective use of animals is merely one phase of the wide subjective approach to all nature. The solacing power of birds, trees, mountains, rivers; nature's sympathetic kinship with man's feelings in their joyful or sorrowful, calm or tempestuous states, — all this, whether found in Wordsworth or Keats or Shelley or Tennyson, in Lamartine or de Musset, in Goethe or Heine, or, nearer home, in the works of Bryant, Lanier, and others of our poets, points to an attitude that has in modern times been very widely prevalent.

To some little extent indeed it is evidenced in antiquity; in Virgil preëminently. Not only the forests and the mountains are made to share in the sadness at the death of Daphnis, but the very lions are said to roar forth their sorrow, in token of the universal grief:

> "Daphni, tuum Pœnos etiam ingemuisse leones
> Interitum montesque feri silvæque loquuntur."

Thus the shepherd of the fifth Eclogue attributes his own emotion to all of nature. But this subjective feeling for nature, with its consequent subjective animal use, is not at all characteristic of the Pagan writers, or of the Hebrews, or of the early Christians. The Pagans saw in nature, primarily, its beauty and its wonder, and worshiped it because of them; the Hebrews, seeing this beauty and this wonder, found therein evidence of the Creator, and in singing the praise of his handiwork, nature, they worshiped their God. This Hebraic attitude has endured throughout the Christian centuries, down to our day. But neither in the Bible nor in Homer, whose poetry introduces the animal in many different ways, will any suggestion of the modern intensely subjective method be

found. Ancient literature, of which Homer and the Bible may be taken as most representative, is uncompromisingly objective.

And here the reader may say: "Ah yes, it has not been difficult to point to the human interest in the use of animals in ancient fables, in mediæval imaginative, in modern satiric works, and, easiest of all, in subjective writings, whether poetry or prose; but what is there to be said of the introduction of animals in the great objective literature of the past? How is your contention to be maintained there?" In this way, I think: A swift study of any of the finest passages in ancient literature will, with but few exceptions, show that where the animal figures, it is in imagery. Let me again go to the master. In Homer, lions, eagles, stags, hares, sheep, bees, — the whole animal kingdom, great and small, slow and swift of foot, — all are introduced; but almost always in metaphor or simile, — almost always as subservient to the poet's purpose of rendering vivid the appearance, the character, and the actions of the heroes. So wide is the choice of illustration that one is lost amidst a wealth of opportunity; yet consider, for example, the verses in the second book of the Iliad,[1] with its remarkable instance of twenty-four consecutive lines containing four artistically elaborated and successful similes in which men and animals figure. See how Homer has in these lines given the whole atmosphere of the plain, — the immensity of the army, the excitement of the men, the sense of order in discipline, the magnificent strength and supremacy of Agamemnon (a gradation from the common soldiers to the generals, and then to the commander in chief), all by means of the most familiar scenes in the life of a herding people. This is the use to which genius can put simile, — not merely a parallel picture showing likeness, but a picture adding vividness, reality, intensity, to that with which it is compared. When a great poet likens him to a bull, the king himself gains in majesty.

I do not mean to say that there have been no beautiful instances of animal description except in comparisons between man and beast; but is it not true that passages written solely for the sake of picturing animal life are very difficult to recall? When we summon animals from the shadowy recesses of literary memories, the albatross flaps its wings, heavy with human fate, from out the pages of English poetry; the golden ass, fired with human passions, comes from the Apuleian days of Italy; modern French fiction brings to sight the tiger of Balzac's story, A Passion in the Desert, wherein supremely is shown man's kinship with the beast. But has there been a single work of animal literature, purely descriptive, and without this human interest accentuated, that has endured? I think not. An isolated passage, such as the picturing of the horse in the book of Job, may come to mind, illustrating anew the literary greatness of the Bible; and here a happy epithet, there a vivid phrase, may be remembered. But that is all.

Nor can we escape this conclusion even if we seek the less known regions where such creatures as the phœnix and the unicorn have wandered into literature, or wend our way to the fanciful realms of fairyland animals. If we study the Norman trouvère's legend of the unicorn that could be caught only if a virgin were placed where the beast might find her (for on beholding her he would cease to be fierce, and would quietly lie at her feet), we shall find that the meaning is allegorical, and with a perpetual significance. The unicorn is Christ, who, through the Virgin, became man, and then was crucified after having been captured by the hunters of blood; while the single horn is supposed to signify the unity of Christ and God. And if we study such a story as Grimm's tale, with its strange enchantments and magical

[1] Lines 459–483.

changes of swans into men, shall we not find that it is much less removed than it might seem to be from a story, actually true, perhaps, such as Rab and his Friends? Though from far different sides, in all the writings that have been mentioned in this paper, the animals attract through their connection with the world of men.

Once more I desire to revert to Mr. Kipling and to Mr. Seton-Thompson, in order to illustrate a thought that has so far been left in the background, but which is of importance in explaining our interest in animals in literature. This thought has to do with man's consciousness of his superiority over the beast. Men have steadfastly refused to believe that entire truth inheres in the line of Ecclesiastes where it is said that "a man hath no preëminence above a beast; for all is vanity." Men have, since the days of Eden, harnessed the beasts to their will, and made them their servants forever. And so, although the chief human interest in The Jungle Book comes with the unconscious recognition of how Tabaqui, the jackal, can be paralleled by many a dish-licker among men; how Father Wolf resenting the entrance of Shere Khan, the tiger, represents the idea of a man's home being his own; how the whole conception of the Law of the Jungle interests us through its human analogy; yet, further, it can be shown how the position of Mowgli among the animals intensifies the reader's enjoyment, and this book's fascination for large numbers of persons may be explained by its underlying motif of man's superiority over the animal. "'Look at me,' said Bagheera; and Mowgli looked at him steadily between the eyes. The big panther turned his head away in half a minute." So, too, in Mr. Seton-Thompson's account of The Springfield Fox, we are told how one night the fox took her cubs to a field "where there was a strange black flat thing on the ground. She brought them on purpose to smell it, but at the first whiff their every hair stood on end; they trembled, they knew not why; it seemed to tingle through their blood and fill them with instinctive hate and fear. And when she saw its full effect she told them, 'That is the man-scent.'" Thus in this story, again, is found the interest arising from the thought of man's superiority; and in it, too, is the suggestion of the less unequal relationship between man and animal. The mother love so strikingly set forth, — who among the sons of men has not felt it, even as did these little foxes?

Human nature seems to transcend both space and time. Centuries cannot entirely change it, nor far-divided nations display it wholly differently. If we should wander in search of the animal use in literature from long-gone days to our own hour, from the soil of Greece and the banks of the Ganges to the very publishing houses of America, we should, throughout our quest, perceive that we ourselves are at the bottom of our interest in the animals; and (the baldly didactic use excepted) there would remain the underlying and overshadowing thought of the animal, our brother, having passions, needs, sorrow, love, hate, and death, as we have, — teaching us not only our kinship with the animal world, but also humility and compassion; while over all and under all there would be the other thought of the animal, our inferior, yielding us precedence because of our intellect, by right of which we are the lords of the universe, and the masters thereof, and far below us because of our will, which makes every man the lord of himself, and of his fate the master.

George S. Hellman.

MADEMOISELLE ANGÉLE.

FLEUR, *June* 1.

I AM content. I do not know whether it is this tiny, tranquil village, with its red-tiled roofs and gray walls, dreaming here in the June sunshine on the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau, or whether it is Angéle.

It happened this way. I was coming down from Paris to paint in the forest. Evening was near when I reached the edge of the wood, but the town was still distant. By chance I wandered upon this wee village among the poppy fields. The sky was bright with the setting sun. The air was sweet with evening, and the perfume of roses, and the tinkling of sheep bells. "I will rest here for an hour," said I. Mademoiselle Angéle came out on the balcony of her mother's inn. "I will rest here all night," said I. Already I have stayed three days.

June 2.

It was my first evening here. I was strolling in Madame Claire's garden, among her roses and poppies and tangled vines. Mademoiselle Angéle appeared.

"What wine do you drink, monsieur?" she asked in French. Her voice was gentle. Her eyes — yes, her eyes were brown, and her lips —

Mademoiselle spoke again. But I had quite forgotten my French. I could only stammer that I did not understand.

"Monsieur does not comprehend?"

"No, mademoiselle."

"Oh!" and she went within. But presently she came out again.

"Supper ees readie!" she cried, with the prettiest bravado in the world, and ran swiftly in again. Her cheeks were rosy, her eyes bright with the adventure of that one little English sentence. I followed her.

"I comprehend, mademoiselle!" I cried gayly, and she looked prettier still.

June 3.

Angéle's hair is like the night, and she has a way of wearing in its deepest shadows a cream-white rose. If one has come down from Paris with the intention of staying an hour, and has stayed five days, and if Angéle does not disapprove of one, why, then one may stop at the lattice when one comes down to one's morning chocolate, and pluck the creamiest-white rose there. And when Angéle chances to pass in the vine-clad doorway . . . "*Bon jour, monsieur*" . . . "*Bon jour, mademoiselle.* Permit me, if you please" . . . and then one may tuck the white rose gently away in Angéle's tresses, without fear of offense, so that Angéle will say softly, in a voice like a little French love song: —

"*Merci, monsieur.* It is a pretty rose."

And then one's chocolate is delicious, and the whole day is the sweeter, and one looks at Angéle more and more, and wonders why girls at home do not wear white roses in their hair, until one suddenly remembers that at home the gardens are not likely to be full of roses, and so, no doubt, there are not likely to be Angéles.

June 4.

Every morning now I twine a white rose in Angéle's hair.

June 5.

Angéle is just seventeen. It is a charming age, I think, — more charming even than sixteen.

June 6.

Angéle asked me to-day when I would paint the forest. I declare I had forgotten the forest. I answered I did not know. Then she hummed a little song. Her voice is very sweet. I think I have

said this before, but one is apt to repeat what one always remembers.

June 8.

Out in the rose garden Angéle is teaching me *la langue Française.* We are using the conversation method. It is so much easier.

June 10.

Sometimes we stroll through the roses, Angéle and I; then down the straggling path through the latticed arbor, hung with vines; then under the cherry trees and through the lettuce and strawberries to the barley, with vagrant poppies nodding in the summer wind. Angéle tells me the names of the flowers, and I pronounce them after her, often lamely, just to hear her pronounce them again. We chat happily, — I in poor, broken sentences, now and then stopping to look for a word in my little red *dictionnaire.* Angéle looks over my shoulder eagerly. Her face is very near. Often it takes a long while to find the right word.

June 11.

If it is very warm, we sit in the arbor, — Angéle with her knitting, I with my little red *dictionnaire.* Angéle is demure. I am in a summer ecstasy. Madame finds us there, her gray eyes twinkling beneath her prim white linen cap.

"Only a lesson in French, madame," I explain. But madame only shakes her finger slyly, doubtingly.

And Angéle?

Angéle says, nodding her pretty head while the needles fly in her lithe fingers: —

"Yes, mother dear. Only a lesson in French. The fifth lesson. Monsieur Hubert is a good schoolboy. He is learning fast."

And madame goes away, laughing. When she is gone Angéle murmurs: —

"And now, Monsieur Hubert, *la leçon Française.* You were saying" —

What was I not saying? Somehow, I had never known so many French words before. I had been telling Angéle that I was never in my life so happy as here in Fleur.

"Why?" she asks softly, innocently, bending a little lower over her needles.

And then I tell her how golden the sunshine is in Fleur, how red and white are the roses, and how peaceful and sweet it is to study *la langue Française* in Madame Claire's garden with Madame Claire's Angéle.

"Yes," is Angéle's reply, pensive, unquestioning.

Madame reappears.

"It is now the sixth lesson, madame," I explain.

"*La sixième leçon Française,*" says Angéle.

"*Oh, oui. Je comprends,*" says madame, and we laugh, all three.

June 12.

It is now the twenty-third lesson, I think, but I am not quite sure; possibly the twenty-fourth.

June 13.

Last night I told Angéle that her eyes were *comme les étoiles,* — like the stars, which are very bright here in Fleur.

"You are pleased that I think so, Angéle?"

"Yes, Monsieur Hubert."

And Angéle's eyes are very grave and wide. To-day she told madame what I had said, confidingly, happily, like a little child.

June 15.

I am painting Angéle's portrait here in the garden. She brings her knitting into the arbor, and I bring my easel and oils; and while we chat, I paint, and while I paint, Angéle steals softly into my heart. I cannot imagine what I should do if she were to go away for a single day. I am sad when night comes. I am glad when it is morning. I am happy all day long.

June 17.

Angéle's profile is exquisite. Angéle's mouth is a Cupid's bow; and when she

smiles at me, I wait in ecstasy to feel the arrow deep in my heart.

June 18.

Angéle wore a great straw hat to-day, and the sunshine, sifting down through its yellow brim, lit up her face with the gold of a summer sunset, while all around was the gathering twilight of her hair.

June 19.

I never thought my name sweet before, but Angéle has a way of saying it — a way — I am afraid I am not myself to-day. The sunshine and roses in Madame Claire's garden go to one's head like wine.

June 20.

When Angéle is near, there is never a moment I could wish her absent. When she is absent, there is never a moment I do not wish her near.

June 21.

Angéle knows, and loves me. I told her this afternoon. To-night I have walked the garden. I cannot sleep. I was never so happy before.

We were in the garden at sunset. I was twining a fresh white rose in her hair. The garden was very still.

. . . . . .

"I am happy here, here among the roses, with you, Angéle."

I listened eagerly for her answer. It was very low and sweet.

"And I with you, Monsieur Hubert."

"Because I love you, Angéle."

Angéle lifted her face. It was so happy that I knew.

The stars were out when we remembered again.

June 22.

Madame says she knew it all the time. She is quite willing. Angéle and I shall be married in September, in the little gray church where they ring the Angelus.

June 23.

I have told Angéle a dozen times that I am poor. She always answers: —

"Yes. I know. But what of that, Monsieur Hubert?"

And for the life of me, I cannot tell.

June 24.

The portrait is finished. I never did anything so well before. Angéle says she would know that I loved her by just looking at it.

June 25.

Already Angéle is planning her wedding gown. She told me of it to-day. It is to be all white, with I've forgotten what; but it is to be all white and beautiful, anyway. I was so busy watching her tell me of it that I did not hear a word she said.

Angéle says it is to be the prettiest ever seen in Fleur. I tell her that when she wears it, it will be the prettiest ever seen in France.

June 26.

There are just two months and one week more until our wedding day. Angéle is marking each day off on a little calendar. She tells me there are just sixty-seven and one half more to wait.

. . . . . .

July 19.

Angéle is dead.

It happened suddenly, almost three weeks ago. Even now I could not bring myself to write one single word of this, but that Angéle said to me, leaning on my shoulder, as I wrote one day in the garden: —

"This little book of yours, Hubert, — it is to be our love story."

And there is only one little chapter left.

Angéle was beautiful as a dream. Every morning I brought her a cream-white rose, and twined it in her hair.

"*Merci*, Hubert," she would murmur. "It is a pretty rose."

And on the last day of all, the rose I gave her was not whiter than her cheeks.

Evening was near, but the sun was still bright in the garden. Through the

open window Angéle could hear the birds singing, and could see the flowers and the arbor and the little garden path where she had taught me the lessons in French. There was the seat where she had brought her knitting in the June afternoons, and I my little red *dictionnaire.* Her eyes wandered from the garden to me.

"You were always a good schoolboy, Hubert."

"Was I, Angéle?"

"And I loved you from the very first, though I never told you that."

"My dearest."

"It is a pretty word, that word 'dearest,' Hubert. Has the English many words like that?"

"Yes, Angéle."

"And you would have said them all to me?"

"Every one of them, Angéle."

Angéle smiled wistfully. Into the garden stole the shadow of the falling night. The roses trembled in the evening wind. Across the barley came the sound of bells. It was the Angelus.

Angéle's lips stirred softly; and in the English I had taught her, so faintly I could scarcely hear, though her lips were close to mine, —

"Good-night . . . beloved."

Roy Rolfe Gilson.

THE CITIES OF THE WORLD.

The cities of the world, one after one,
Like camp fires of a night, in ashes gray
Crumble and fall; the wind blows them away.
Karnak and Naucratis and Babylon, —
Where now are their kings' palaces of stone?
As the card houses children build in play,
Tempest and flame and ruin and decay
Have wasted them, and all their lights are gone.
Thus, even thus, Manhattan, London, Rome,
Like unsubstantial figments shall depart.
Their treasure hoards of learning and of art,
Which war and toil have won, a ruthless hand
Will scatter wide, as jewels the wild foam
Gathers and wastes and buries in the sand.

William Prescott Foster.

BRITISH CONFEDERATION.

During the last twelve or fifteen years, more than one organization or league has been formed, with the ostensible object of binding more closely together, both politically and commercially, the scattered units which constitute the British Empire. Most of them have either disappeared entirely, or ceased to exercise any influence they ever possessed; the one active body remaining, the British Empire League, working on general, not special lines, and committing itself to no hard-and-fast policy until it has become a thoroughly practical one. It has, consequently, been able to do good work in educating public opinion, and bringing more into prominence the many points of common interest of the English-speaking people; not only of those owning allegiance to the British crown, but of many subject to other governments. Its principal hindrance has been a suspicion (rather an unjust one) that it has been used for the promotion of the political interests of one party in the state. For a time, at least, members of the other held aloof on that account, and even yet the membership is disproportionate. Up to the present, however, it has exhibited a splendid self-restraint in the matter of the South African War, and has not publicly committed itself to anything likely to alienate those who, while disapproving of the war and of the policy that led up to it, are, nevertheless, — perhaps one ought to say, therefore, — ardent patriots, desirous of promoting good will among all citizens of the empire.

If the council of the League persists in refusing its sanction and patronage to any of the vague and crudely conceived ideas of imperial federation which are again floating in the air, as in all probability it will, we may expect the recrudescence of some of the defunct organizations, because, undoubtedly, the temper of the English people just now is to talk, if not to think, big, and there is something attractive in a conclave that issues its edicts to every quarter of the globe.

The quiet, steady movement which culminated in the splendid monument of an Australian Commonwealth is seized upon as an argument in favor of the wider scheme, whereas, if studied in all its aspects and intricacies, it affords convincing evidence of the unwisdom, if not the utter impracticability, of a world-wide empire or commonwealth, which is to retain in its component parts the freedom and independence so characteristic today of the dominions lately proud to own the gentle sway of Queen Victoria.

What has been the cause of Australian federation? We have in the Southern Sea a vast continent of some three millions of square miles; that is, more than three fourths the size of Europe, inclusive of Russia. Though its area is seventy-five per cent that of Europe, its population is only one per cent, and this has spread itself out, not from one, but from several centres, hundreds of miles apart. Each, as it was established, required a settled form of government, with a policy suited to the needs of the people and the times. Natural and climatic conditions, such as want of rivers and irrigation generally, and sparse rainfall, forbade the spread of population toward the heart of the continent; and the tendency was, consequently, to stretch out arms toward their neighbors on either side, with whom they eventually came into contact. Had the people been of different races, as in the countries of Europe, the boundary lines would have become sharp and definite; but since they were of the same lineage and the same tongue, such lines could only be purely artificial. So the five colonies, or states, came to be consti-

tuted, nobody knows exactly how, though everybody became aware of their active separate existence. Differences of interest there were bound to be, just as these exist between the component parts of even the smallest states. But in the case of Australia they are wonderfully few. The one great industry of the continent is pastoral and agricultural; the only other worth mentioning is mining, which is dependent on nature's bounty, and cannot be created or stimulated by man's agency. Similarity of occupation, therefore, is added to common race, language, and sentiment, and the obvious query is, not why the people should be united in a political and economic federation, but why they should be distributed into five different states.

Yet the difficulties of union appeared insurmountable, and for ten years, at least, the almost continuous efforts of the ablest men in the colonies resulted in no discovery of any common foundation to build upon. As far as the continent itself and the small adjacent island of Tasmania are concerned, these labors have, most happily, at last proved fruitful, well illustrating the old adage that perseverance commands success. But the perseverance must be directed aright and toward a practicable object, and it was evident that in this case both conditions were fulfilled. The attempt to include New Zealand, with interests identical in almost every respect to those of Australia, but situated at a distance some twelve hundred miles from the continent, has, for the time being, completely broken down, and the two islands forming the colony are to continue a separate entity.

The federation of Australia is fresh and to the point; the similar movement in Canada, which resulted in the constitution of the Dominion thirty years ago, possessed most, if not all, the same features, and one may almost be regarded as the complement of the other. Neither, as we shall see, provides any basis for the similar federation of territories separated by seas and oceans, and thousands of miles apart.

The consideration of the wider question must, to attain any measure of success, be pursued upon some system, and not loosely followed by generalities. The three main points of view appear to be the Constitutional, the Political, and the Commercial, and we will take these in what may perhaps be regarded as the order of their relative importance.

As every student of history is well aware, the British Constitution is unique. It exists in the imagination, and is nowhere to be found written on parchment, or engraved on tables of metal or stone, or in any other tangible form whatever. No act of Parliament could be passed to destroy this Constitution; one may safely go further, and say that it is difficult to conceive of one that would amend it, because it is neither more nor less than the reflection of the laws and customs that happen to be in force and operative at any given moment. When a measure of reform or of reaction is proposed, which happens to be specially obnoxious to a section of the community, an endeavor is sometimes made to prejudice it by branding it as unconstitutional. There cannot be such a thing as an unconstitutional act of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, because its very adoption at once makes it a part and parcel of the Constitution. The nearest approach there is to a written constitution is to be found in the Acts of Union that incorporate Scotland and Ireland as integral parts of the United Kingdom. The very existence of one of these is forgotten; there is probably not one Englishman in a million, nor one Scotchman in a hundred thousand, who could give, offhand, in anything like detail, the conditions under which the northern half of Britain became merged in the southern. The other, unhappily, has never ceased to be a thorn in the flesh from the day it became law, and ought, if anything can,

to afford a perpetual warning against the government of any part of the British Empire on conditions that may at some future time become obnoxious to a majority of its inhabitants. But even upon the Irish Act of Union different constructions are placed, to suit the exigencies of conflicting parties. When it is proposed to amend one portion of it by the creation of an Irish Parliament for the conduct of Irish local affairs, it is declared by opponents to be a gross breach of the Constitution. When these same opponents desire to amend it by reducing the representation guaranteed by it to the Irish people in the Imperial Parliament, this is declared to be legitimate. If one amendment is constitutional, all must be.

The constitutions of the self-governing colonies are faithful reflections of the original. It came as a surprise to many Englishmen who take deep interest in these questions, that there should be any necessity whatever for the Imperial Parliament to pass an Enabling Act to legalize the Australian Commonwealth. Whatever right of interference Parliament possesses to veto or modify colonial legislation has been so long in abeyance that to resuscitate it on any minor measure would provoke, certainly indignation, probably rebellion, though not, of course, of an armed character. Not very long ago the Natal government enacted a law prohibiting the immigration of Indian coolies, who are subjects of the British crown. If anything could be unconstitutional, surely it is the denial of domicile and protection to such a subject on British territory, wherever located. Yet the action taken by the Imperial Parliament was far removed from anything in the nature of coercion; did not, indeed, exceed an attempt at unofficial persuasion. The political upheaval that has since occurred in South Africa has relegated this matter to the background, but it did, and may again, raise one of the most knotty problems of recent times in the relationship between Great Britain and her colonies.

The Australian Federation Bill contained nothing positively inimical to the rights of British subjects in any part of the world. Whatever freedom is reserved for future dealing with the immigration of colored peoples is no more than would have been claimed by the individual colonies, and has already been exercised by Natal. The one point of serious conflict was the proposed change in the legal relationship by which the final appeal was to lie in an Australian, instead of, as hitherto, an English court of justice. On this point it is admissible that the Imperial Parliament had the right to assert its claims, though whether it was politic in doing so, in opposition to the expressed will of the majority of the Australian electorate, is a matter about which there is likely to continue to be much difference of opinion. On the other hand, the tariff policy embodied in the bill was allowed to pass unchallenged. When the Canadian legislature adopted its preferential tariff, a few years ago, it was not submitted for confirmation to the Imperial Parliament at all, though it was in distinct contravention of well-defined British treaties into which that Parliament had entered. Pressure, indeed, had to be applied to induce the temporary extension of the preference to one or two countries with which ugly disputes might have arisen pending the termination of the treaties. Yet the Federation Bill was submitted for confirmation intact, and the English House of Commons had as much right to amend the tariff clause as the one relating to the ultimate Court of Appeal. On what principle does Canada adopt a tariff which brings the mother country into sharp conflict with some of its neighbors, without question as to its absolute right in the matter, subject only to the consent of the crown, while Australia must first submit to the approval of the British Parliament one that, from an ex-

ternal point of view, promises to be non-contentious?

This is just one of the many anomalies of the British Constitution, which knows no law. It is invertebrate, and in that lie both its strength and its safety. The animal world is divided into two classes, both of which fulfill their functions in their respective spheres. For countries that have grown up under fixed and written constitutions, a wide latitude might prove dangerous, just as an invertebrate lion would become the easy prey of its weakest enemy. The reverse is equally true, and an attempt to detach one section of the British Constitution, and establish it on the principle of the Medes and Persians, would result in the speedy downfall of the entire fabric. Yet imperial federation would necessitate something of the kind; there must be some bone introduced that will be rigid. In the Irish Act of Union there is already an instance of it, and one of the sort is sufficient.

Exactly how and when the difficulty would arise nobody could foresee, as it would happen at a time and in a way least anticipated. It is, for instance, scarcely possible to imagine an act passed by the Dominion Parliament that would be prejudicial to the people of Australia. Yet an occasion might arise on which the vital interests of Canada depended on such a measure, and, under existing conditions, Australia could claim no right to interfere. But were Canada and Australia in a common federation with Great Britain, and possibly other remote parts of the empire, the settlement of such a dispute must rest with the federal assembly in whatever way it is constituted. It is not difficult to conceive that, under such circumstances, Canada or Australia, whichever happened to feel aggrieved by the decision, might break away, not only from each other, but from the empire. Now, the British government can mediate, and even if it fails in its endeavors, at least earns the gratitude of both parties, instead of the resentment of one, as would be the case were the decision enforced upon some settled principle of a federal constitution.

It may be urged that a similar objection holds good in such a federation of states as the Dominion of Canada or the Commonwealth of Australia. Their close contact and mutual dependence upon one another would, however, justify the use of force and the assertion of the wishes of the majority, while similar pressure would be intolerable in the case of disputants thousands of miles apart. The proposed amendment of the Australian Bill, despite the protests of the colonial delegates, afforded an illustration, though a very mild one, of the deadlocks and conflicts that are possible, were similar machinery set in motion very often.

From the constitutional point of view, therefore, there is nothing but danger in a tightening of the bonds that hold the empire together, and which have hitherto left room for that expansion of liberty and free institutions which is the basis of its strength.

The political aspect covers a wider range, and account must be taken not only of the effects of a general federation on the internal arrangements of the different states included, but of its influence internationally, while large financial issues are involved other than those having direct bearing on commerce and industry. Political parties are essential to the well-being of every self-governing community, and the more evenly they are balanced, the less risk is there of any section being subjected to injustice. In Great Britain, and in all the self-governing colonies, these parties are well defined; and though within the ranks of some of them there may at times exist wide differences of opinion on current questions, this rarely prevents their acting together at critical junctures, and presenting a solid front to their opponents. It is never wise, either in war or

politics, to plan a campaign on the theory of a split in the enemy's ranks, as the scent of battle possesses a miraculously healing power.

Within the British Empire, however, these parties have hitherto always been local, and rarely, in any two of the component states, have the dividing issues been on the same lines. This is perhaps most forcibly illustrated by the relationship between Great Britain and the United States. Many Englishmen follow American politics with keen interest, but there is only one here and there who ever declares himself a Republican or a Democrat, except on some special issue. Similarly, Americans are interested in English politics, yet how many are avowed Liberals or Conservatives, unless they have been influenced by long residence or business connections? It is the same with Great Britain and the colonies. Even in Canada, where the two parties are constructed on much the same basis as in England, the sympathies of Liberals and Conservatives are not always with the corresponding bodies on the other side of the Atlantic. This fact, more than any other, has been the cause of that even friendliness and absence of friction which have been so marked in the relationship during the last ten years.

The Australian delegates who went to London to represent their respective governments on the Commonwealth Bill were all, when at home, strong party men. No sooner had they landed in England than both the great political parties vied with each other in doing them honor and showing them every possible attention. There may have been just the shadow of a desire in each instance to convince the visitors that Codlin was the friend, and not Short; but in the action they took, neither in the slightest degree put any strain on its political principles and opinions. Yet while all this was going on, the Colonial Secretary was openly allying himself with one of the parties in Australia, and that one, moreover, which in a test vote, previously taken, had proved itself to be in a minority. He appealed to its representatives to cable him the opinions of public men, of influential representatives of the mercantile community, and of a section of the newspaper press; and having obtained them, he did not scruple to use them as a set-off against the declared wishes of the responsible governments of the majority of the colonies. At any other time such a course would have roused the deepest resentment, and very likely ended in the wrecking of the great scheme of federation which has taken such long and patient labor to formulate. The common interest in the campaign in South Africa has momentarily taken some of the keenness off the edge of that independence which, under other circumstances, might have been, and in the future may be, asserted with the utmost vigor.

This is the risk — nay, the certainty — that attends imperial federation. The minority in one state, defeated at home, will appeal to the majority in another that sympathizes with it, and, unless the dispute happens to be of a purely local nature, will endeavor to have the decision upon it pronounced by the federal council. Party faction will become imperial rather than local, and those modifying influences of political life now to be found in the many diversities of the genius of the race will almost cease to exist.

Internationally, the prospect of complication is more serious still. A world-wide empire is a standing menace to the peace of the countries with which it is in contact. The intentions of its citizens may be never more pacific, when an ambitious statesman may plunge it into hostilities which they have no option but to carry on, and opportunities are multiplied with the extension of area. Nine tenths of the people who to-day declare the South African War to have been inevitable were two years ago equally

emphatic in their belief that it was impossible, and both opinions are perfectly honest. A pin prick, if applied in the right quarter, will goad a nation to fury, while in the wrong one the blows of a sledge hammer will fall unnoticed. The real danger, then, lies in the dexterous use of the pin.

Hitherto, a foreign power entering into negotiation with Great Britain has known exactly with whom it has had to deal. None of the self-governing colonies are geographically so situated as to be much concerned with the complicated issues that trouble the nations of Europe, and they have been content either to look on, or to regard them with merely academic interest. But already a change in this respect has taken place. A very remarkable statement was made by Lord Rosebery in a recent speech, which attracted some comment at the time, but not nearly so much as it deserved.

Referring to the war, and to a conversation he had had regarding it with an important Australian statesman, he asked, "Did your people go into the rights of the quarrel and examine them very carefully?" "No," he said, "I cannot say they did. What they went for was the empire. They went for the support of the mother country in a moment of difficulty, when she was asserting the claim of her subjects to free and fair treatment in other countries; and even had the scheme been less just, the enthusiasm in Australia and Canada was so great that the contingent would have been sent with equal zeal and equal fervor."

The last sentence puts very clearly the real reason for the avowed animosity of the peoples rather than the governments of Europe, to Great Britain. It is not because of the suppression of two small republics, with which they have no sympathy, and whose fate would, under ordinary circumstances, be to them a matter of indifference; but if the whole force of the British Empire is in future to be placed at the disposal of any portion of it that has a grievance against a neighbor, regardless of the exact measure of justice involved, the prospect is indeed gloomy. The possibility of this must be materially increased under a federation that brings representatives from all parts of the world into continual contact. Defense may be their avowed principle; but the spirit of defiance is terribly contagious, and cannot at all times be resisted by even the strongest wills.

No nation with any self-respect will frame its policy and conduct its affairs to please its neighbors rather than in its own interests. At the same time, there is rarely any need to be flagrantly offensive, and there is invariably a safe course to be found between the two extremes. Whether it lies, for Great Britain, in some scheme of federation with the outlying portions of the empire is a question that ought to be carefully considered before any action is taken.

The most difficult problem in the Australian scheme was the financial relationship between the various colonies. This concerned a general tariff much less than the equitable appropriation of the revenue to be derived from it, and the relative liability for the expenditure of the commonwealth; and the result is that this remains the least satisfactory as well as the crudest feature of the measure. Yet the financial economy of the different states was almost identical. All have considerable debts, but invested in public works, almost entirely of a productive nature. Their sources of revenue are much the same: all derive a considerable portion from customs and excise duties; most of them, in addition, from income and land taxes, as well as from probate duties. Expenditure is on the same objects, — interest on debt, and the maintenance of civil government. None have rendered themselves liable for extraordinary external outlays, such as are involved by an army and a navy.

The solution was apparently simplicity itself.

The finance of an imperial federation would be as complicated as that of an Australian one is simple. The British Exchequer is usually referred to as imperial; and rightly so, because upon it rests the burden of whatever outlays within the empire are not purely local. The normal expenditure on the army and navy alone amounted, last year, to some £51,000,000; equivalent, that is, to £1 5*s.* per head of the population of the United Kingdom. This is exclusive of the sum paid by India as the contribution toward its own defense. Were the population of the self-governing colonies included, the expenditure would average 19*s.*; and if equally distributed, Canada would contribute, in round figures, £5,000,000, Australia £4,000,000, and South Africa £2,500,000. To adopt Canada as an instance in point, it would mean that the existing revenue would require to be nearly doubled. At present, taxation is confined to import and excise duties; the yield is rather less than $35,000,000, and the proportion between the two about three to one. These could not be approximately doubled without serious injury to the trade of the Dominion, and any considerable increase of revenue that was required would have to be from some form of direct taxation, to which the Canadian people have never been accustomed. Would they be willing to pay such a price for imperial federation?

The answer for the present is, that the colonial contributions would be nothing like in proportion to that of the mother country. But each part of the empire would rightly expect to be upon an equality with every other in any federation that existed; and this could hardly be the case unless each contributed its fair share to the common fund for defense. Degree of vulnerability, proximity to a possible future enemy, extent of coast line or of frontier to a neighboring power, are all factors in the equation, which make it a very mixed one. The glamour of the idea might for a year or two insure smooth and amicable working, but diversity of interests would in the long run assert themselves and create confusion, even if it did not result in the rebellion of those taxpayers who felt the benefits accruing to them inadequate to their outlay. The contributions already made by several of the colonies to imperial defense have either been accompanied or followed by demands for local service in excess of their monetary value.

The present age is far more concerned with industrial and commercial questions than with constitutional and political ones, and the hankering after federation is to a large extent born of a hope that it will be productive of material advantage. At one time, indeed, the agitation took the definite form of a demand for an Imperial Customs Union, which was to concede a fiscal privilege to all trade within the empire, either by a reduced tariff, where one already existed, or by the imposition of a duty on foreign as distinct from colonial produce, where both were free. The idea was popular throughout the colonies, but the unswerving adherence to free-trade principles in Great Britain proved too much for it. Still, an experiment in this direction was made by Canada, which adopted a preferential tariff, practically restricted to the produce and manufactures of Great Britain and one or two of the colonies, notably the West Indies. The advantage during the first year of operation was twelve and one half per cent, but for reasons previously alluded to, it had to be extended to one or two other countries. For nearly eleven months of the year ending 30th June, 1899, the concession was twenty-five per cent, and foreign participation disappeared. From the very first the United States was excluded. The result of the two years' trading, as far as imports are concerned, is interesting, and the figures are as follows: —

Imports from	1897.	1898.	Percentage increase over 1897.	1899.	Percentage increase over 1898.
United Kingdom . .	$29,401,000	$32,043,000	9	$36,931,000	15¼
United States	57,023,000	74,825,000	31½	88,467,000	18
Other Countries . . .	20,194,000	19,439,000	3¾ [1]	23,948,000	23¼
Total	$106,618,000	$126,307,000	18½	$149,346,000	18¾

Relatively, therefore, British trade increased least of any, and the preference has once more been raised from twenty-five to thirty-three and one third per cent, in the hope of stimulating it. The expectation that imports from the United States would be materially reduced was signally disappointed; the gain was no less than fifty-five per cent during the two years. Not all the imports, of course, are affected by duty; but in dutiable goods alone, the British increase in the two years was thirty-six per cent, and the American forty-six per cent, — a proportion which, while showing better than the totals, is still far from satisfactory.

The principal American gain was, as might be expected, in iron and steel, the figures having considerably more than doubled in the two years: the value in 1897 having been $7,700,000, and in 1899, $16,760,000. The import of British iron and steel remained stationary at $2,700,000. In cotton goods, if in anything, the advantage ought to have told. The import of British manufactures did show the substantial gain from $2,685,000 to $3,862,000; but American goods showed a greater proportionate one, namely, from $1,120,000 to $1,680,000. In dutiable woolens, British goods have always enjoyed something approaching a monopoly, and the increase in the two years was from $5,550,000 to $7,605,000. But American goods also advanced in the interval from $218,000 to $433,000, German from $850,000 to $1,000,000, and French from $440,000 to $590,000. The generous treatment of the West Indies with respect to sugar ought at least to be reflected in the trade returns; but whereas the 1897 import was valued at $423,000, that of 1899 was worth only $310,000. German beet was represented by $2,390,000 and $2,750,000 in the two respective years, and Belgian by $375,000 and $1,450,000. In this particular instance, however, the competition of the United States may have affected the result, as that country also accords a special tariff to cane sugar as against beet.

In one respect the preferential tariff has proved a success. It procured for the Canadian consumer a reduction of twenty-five per cent of the duty on most of the $27,500,000 worth of British merchandise imported in 1899 which was subject to it, and put between one and two million dollars in his pocket. That, however, was not the principal reason for its adoption, and from the point of view of the real motive it can hardly be pronounced a success. Certainly, the first experiment in stimulating trade within the British Empire, to the exclusion of foreign competitors, by means of special tariff laws, is not encouraging so far as it has gone, nor can it be contended that the trial has not been a fair one.

Though given unconditionally, and without the pretense of any demand for it on the part of Great Britain, many Canadians who supported it did so expressly with the hope that it would lead to some reciprocal concession in the British tariff. In that they have been disappointed, and some of them accordingly protested vigorously against the further concession from one fourth to one third, and made it a test question at the recent election, in which, however, they were signally defeated.

From figures that follow, it will be seen that Canada is most advantageously

[1] Decrease.

situated for an experiment of this kind. Excluding even the United States, her imports from foreign countries are in excess of her exports, and the risk of loss of trade in this direction was very small. But it is rumored that one of the first acts of the Australian Commonwealth Parliament will be to pass a somewhat similar measure, and how differently situated Australia is from Canada will be realized at a glance. The complete trade figures for Australia are available for the year ending 31st December, 1899, and for Canada for the year ending 30th June, 1899, and are as follows: —

	Imports from Foreign Countries.	Exports to Foreign Countries.
Canada[1] . . .	£4,400,000	£1,800,000
New South Wales	£4,400,000	£9,150,000
Victoria	2,800,000	4,100,000
South Australia .	800,000	1,450,000
West Australia .	450,000	100,000
Queensland . .	700,000	550,000
Australia . . .	£9,150,000	£15,350,000
New Zealand . .	£1,200,000	£800,000

The figures for Australia must be taken together, as there is little or no direct communication between several of the colonies and foreign countries, while there is a large intercolonial trade, part of which probably finds its way abroad through Sydney and Melbourne. The value of the direct imports of these five colonies from the United Kingdom in 1899 was nearly £21,000,000, and the adoption of a preferential tariff for the purpose of diverting a portion of the £9,000,000 into the same channel would imperil the £15,350,000 of exports which Australia supplied to the countries from which she drew the £9,000,000. The risk is not a legitimate one, and, as far as Great Britain is concerned, there is no desire that it should be incurred.

There is no occasion to go into the figures bearing on the trade of the other possessions, some of which would be found to occupy the position of Canada, others that of Australia. No customs union would be possible or practicable that did not offer material scope for the development of trade between the Dominion and the Commonwealth on the one hand, and the United Kingdom on the other, and there is no evidence that this would follow. Nor is there much necessity to refer to the commerce of the United Kingdom itself. The business with the colonies is about one fourth only of the total, while of late years the purely foreign trade has been increasing at a more rapid rate than the colonial. British possessions have no cause for complaint in this respect, as, with one single exception, — namely, sugar, — their products have found a ready market in England whenever they could not dispose of them elsewhere to greater advantage, and they can increase their own purchases whenever and to whatever extent they choose.

The only feasible plan for commerce under imperial federation is absolute free trade within the empire, except on such commodities as alcoholic liquors and tobacco, selected for purely revenue purposes. Needless to say, to this, few if any of the colonies would consent, nor is there the slightest wish on the part of the mother country to coerce them into doing so. And quite apart from any policy of protection, the method of collecting the revenue chiefly by indirect taxation is, in many countries, at once more economical and more practicable than from direct sources; so that a uniform fiscal system throughout the empire would entail inconvenience as well as loss to some portions of it.

So long as trade is conducted on legitimate lines, it is advisable that each part of the empire should be left to do the best it can for itself. Conditions which suit Canada may be detrimental to India; besides, the currents are so continually changing throughout the world that freedom of action is essential if they are to be taken at the flood. But in one

[1] Excluding United States.

respect there is an opportunity afforded for mutual combination and protection. Trade is not always legitimate, and an agreement might well be entered into, that whenever a foreign government seeks to injure an industry carried on in a country attached to the British crown, by means of bounties, or premiums, or some similar method involving the expenditure of public money, means will be taken to check the import, except under conditions that will render the competition equitable. The continental bounties on sugar are an instance in point, but there is no guarantee that the system will not be extended. The principal export of Australia, for instance, is wool. For several years there was a deficiency of this staple, and prices rose to a level satisfactory to producers in all parts of the world. But supply once more overtook the demand; prices fell to an extent that produced a serious crisis. The Argentine Republic has been making great strides in its production of wool, and its fiscal system is an extravagant one. It is quite conceivable that the day may come, when, to insure markets for its flock masters, the government may decree an export bounty on wool. Is it likely that Australia will submit to be displaced on such terms in the English market? The surest way to prevent anything of the sort is to establish the general principle that every part of the empire will, by fiscal legislation, repel any such attack on a section of it.

Painting the lily and gilding refined gold are occupations universally regarded as superfluous. Wherever absolute freedom to follow its own inclinations and work out its own destinies has been accorded to a British colony, it has grown strong and become prosperous. To meddle with so beneficent a system, to crib and confine it by written constitutions and acts of Parliament, is to invite disaster. As long as Englishmen love the political freedom they have won and so thoroughly enjoy, they will do well, in whatever part of the world they live and exercise their rights, to resist every attempt to restrain perfect liberty of action in all matters pertaining to government, and in their commercial relationships with the world at large.

J. W. Root.

THREE CENTURIES OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE tendency to consider centuries as natural periods in the history of culture, and their termini as milestones, indicates a mental habit that is far from logical, but it is one that men do not easily resist. A philosophically planned outline of any development of civilization, whether in politics, sociology, or art, will doubtless make use of more rational divisions than are afforded by the arbitrary lines that mark the centuries from one another; but it is not always convenient to be philosophical, and convenience must be taken into account in all our efforts to inculcate the teachings of history upon the overburdened modern mind. If the adoption of an artificial scheme proves an aid to retention, or if it effects an economy of energy, no further plea need be made for it, in an age like our own, when the accumulated results of scholarship are so great and so varied that no individual can hope to possess himself of them in more than the broadest outline. Even science, which is nothing if not logical, does not scorn to use artificial classifications, where they seem likely to prove helpful; and there is surely no reason why history should not avail itself of

analogous devices, if they give promise of practical usefulness. It sometimes happens, moreover, that a century really does stand for a natural period in the history of civilization; that it has a broadly distinctive character of its own, and thus satisfies the demands both of logic and of practical convenience.

Turning from these general reflections to the special subject offered for investigation by our own country, we may note the fact that America has had a share in the history of civilization for four full centuries, and that for three of them the history of North America has been primarily a part of the history of English civilization. Now that the accounts have been closed for the last of these centuries, the work done by them invites examination, and the American contribution to the arts of civilization may fittingly be set forth. But that contribution, in most of its aspects, received such ample consideration a few years ago, when the fourth centennial of the discovery of America plunged us all into the retrospective mood, that a renewal of the discussion is hardly called for at the present time. It is to the special subject of American literature that attention is at present directed, and the provocation is supplied by the recent appearance of two highly important works upon this subject: Professor Barrett Wendell's Literary History of America[1] and Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman's American Anthology.[2] The publication of these two volumes, just at the time when we should be naturally inclined to take a survey of our literary past, gives us an excuse more than sufficient for saying a few words about American literature. It will appear, moreover, that in this case the century is something more than an arbitrarily determined space of time, and that the three centuries of our literary history constitute logical as well as chronological periods.

It is a rather surprising fact that Mr. Wendell has had but one predecessor in dealing with the whole of American literature upon a somewhat generous scale. Histories of textbook dimensions have been prepared by many hands, and some of these books are deserving of high praise; studies of special periods or phases of our literature have not been lacking, and some of them are noteworthy examples of criticism; but the history of American literature in its entirety — from the True Relation of the most famous of John Smiths down to the much truer relations given us by the novels of Mr. Howells — has thus far been told at any length only in the admirable work of Professor Charles F. Richardson, and in the present equally admirable work of Professor Wendell. There is, happily, no need of praising one of these works at the expense of the other, since they embody methods so different that there is no question of rivalry. Mr. Richardson isolates his subject, and deals with it in the manner of the conventional historian of literature. Mr. Wendell takes our literature to be a part of the literature of the English-speaking race, and keeps always in mind the interrelations of English and American thought. The very aim of the series for which his book was written, moreover, constrains him to take the standpoint of the historian of culture rather than that of the critic of literature alone. To write the history of a people, and in so doing "to shift the point of view from politics to literature," — this is a view of the purpose of history by no means unreasonable, although it may at first sight seem a startling novelty.

It is only by adhering to such a method as this that the true significance of

[1] *A Literary History of America.* By Barrett Wendell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1900.

[2] *An American Anthology.* 1787–1900. Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1900.

American literature is made apparent. A great deal of zealous patriotism has been wasted in the endeavor to claim absolute distinction for American writers whose value has been almost wholly relative to the needs of their own countrymen. The proper response to the Englishman's scornful query, "Who reads an American book?" should have taken the form of neither recrimination nor vaunting, — as it so frequently did, — but should rather have stated, with unruffled temper, that American books were read by Americans, because they ministered to the spiritual cravings of the American mind, and were the truthful expression of its insistent idealism. The Englishman no longer asks that question, although he is still at times unconsciously irritating, if not offensive. He is probably the latter when he classifies our poets as mocking birds and corncrakes; and he is certainly the former when he assures us, with calm superiority of wisdom, that we do not know our own poets when we hear them. He is merely amusing when, as in a recent critique of American poetry, he bewails the "sad and strange" fact "that the wind of those free prairies and vastly splendid mountains cannot fan to greatness the flame which feeds on the souls of all great nations, from Palestine to England, from Italy to Persia and the Himalayas!" With Mr. Wendell's book the sober-minded critic, whether on this side of the Atlantic or the other, can find little fault. It frankly emphasizes the binding tie of a language used in common by the two countries, and as frankly recognizes the fact that a broad view of our literature must consider it as an offshoot from the literature of the motherland. It makes no undue claims for the merits of American writers, and is sensible of their shortcomings when tested by absolute æsthetic standards; but at the same time it insists upon their significance for our national development, and, by constantly bringing them into relation with our national life, in the larger meaning of the term, it enforces the lesson that the importance of a literary product is not solely a matter of verbal or metrical felicity, or even of its universality of appeal.

Without some such saving principle as this for his inspiration, the historian of American literature would find, for at least the first two of our three centuries, that the story he had to tell would be like that of the needy knife-grinder. The writings of Cotton Mather, Edwards, and Franklin certainly do not loom very large in the consciousness of the modern reader. He has heard of them, but the chances are that he has not read them; or, if he have been thus greatly daring, it has been with other than literary intent. Yet these are the greatest names of our literature antecedent to the present century. The question is a fair one, whether it is worth while to delve into the literary annals of two centuries that have nothing better to offer than this, and the answer depends upon our point of view in dealing with the history of literature. We shall find scant entertainment in this hostelry, and the provender will prove hard of digestion. But if we are looking for something different from entertainment; if our interest have an admixture of the philosophical; if our aim be not merely to know what the years have brought forth, but rather to discover "the law lying under the years," then we shall find it profitable to read even the Magnalia Christi and The Day of Doom. And in a very human sense, it is well worth while to get an insight into the mental processes of so typical an exponent of the Puritan theocracy as Cotton Mather, or of so successful an author as Michael Wigglesworth. The one was altogether the biggest American of his time, and the other wrote a book — and a poem at that — which had a commercial success that, to be paralleled in our own age, would require the sale of some

new novel to the extent of more than two million copies within the first year of its publication. These men were famous worthies in their day; and if their day has completely passed away, it has left a record that may still prove profitable for the perusal of posterity.

The earlier chapters of Mr. Wendell's book help us to get from that record something more than the ordinary annalistic treatment will yield; they reveal to us something of the inner life of the period, something also of its philosophical significance for the whole of our English literature. They remind us that Cotton Mather, with all his crotchets and pedantries, could, upon occasion, coin so noble a phrase as that wherein the "daily Conversation" of the first minister of Cambridge is characterized as "a Trembling Walk with God;" they remind us that the soul of Jonathan Edwards, immured within the grim fortress of Calvinism, was not without its glimpses of the stars, and that the gloom of his theology was relieved by the vision of that "unfailing and eternal peace" which is the portion of the Christian elect. But such matters as these are merely incidental. Mr. Wendell's book is essentially the defense of a thesis and the application of a formula.

Let us first consider Mr. Wendell's thesis. We find it stated in the following terms, at the close of his survey of the seventeenth century: "Though the phrase seems paradoxical, it is surely true that our national life, in its beginnings, was something hardly paralleled in other history, — a century of untrammeled national inexperience." Reviewing the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries together, he reaches a similar conclusion: "As we have seen, the history of England during these two centuries was that of a steadily developing and increasing national experience. In comparison, the history of America reveals national inexperience." This is a hard saying, unless we place all the emphasis upon the word "national," in which case the saying becomes a truism. What the author means is that the seventeenth century in America offered nothing that corresponds with the Civil War, and the Commonwealth, and the Restoration; that the eighteenth century of our American history was not stirred by the menace of Jacobite risings and French invasions. Such excitements of the national consciousness were no doubt lacking in the colonies, for the obvious reason that until after 1760 the colonies did not dream of such a thing as the creation of an American nation. Yet it might be urged with some force that the wars, the political upheavals, and the social developments of the mother country were all reflected in our colonial history, and that, being an integral part of the English people, — and a population of picked men at that, — the American colonists might have been expected to make a notable contribution to the common literature of the two countries. That they failed to make such a contribution is clear, but it seems hardly fair to say that the failure was due to their lack of experience. Besides having a share in the experience of their kinsmen oversea, they had abundant experiences of their own. It was no stagnant life that was led by these pioneers of our civilization. It was rather a life of activities so varied and so strenuous that little energy could be spared for the arts; for, as Mr. Stedman remarks, "their epic passion was absorbed in the clearing of forests, the bridging of rivers, the conquest of savage and beast, the creation of a free government." In trying to account for the American failure to produce good literature during the two centuries in question, we do not need this ingenious theory of national inexperience; it is quite sufficient to observe that the process of transplanting always results in a setback to growth, whether the stock be of trees or of men. In this case, moreover, the stocks transplanted

were not of the sort from which literature might be expected. Neither the Puritan nor the Cavalier strain in our colonial life came from an environment stimulating to literary productivity; neither the one nor the other brought with it the ideals of a society in which literature has come to its own. The fox hunter and the preacher have at least this in common: that they look upon every form of art with indifference, if not with scorn.

As a concomitant of the transplanting process, we nearly always find the manifestation of a conservative tendency both as to language and as to literary manner. We all know how certain locutions, lost to modern English speech, have survived in our own country, and have even come to be dubbed Americanisms by the incautious English critic. This conservative tendency, as far as its influence upon literary manner is concerned, is strikingly illustrated in the history of American literature, and Mr. Wendell has taken it for a guiding principle in his exposition of our literary history. This leads us to the formula of which mention has already been made, — a formula which is certainly fruitful, although possibly strained in its application, and reiterated with a persistency that suggests the use which Matthew Arnold made of some of his pet phrases. Mr. Wendell first calls our attention to the fact that practically all the men who played a conspicuous part in the early history of the American colonies were Elizabethans born and bred, and that the New World, in its formative period, was thus infused with the Elizabethan spirit and made to partake of its temper. Now, the Elizabethan spirit was everywhere characterized by the three qualities of "spontaneity, enthusiasm, and versatility;" and these are the qualities that we find in the literary history of America, persistently exhibited for a period of some two hundred years after they have ceased to characterize the literary history of England. They are strikingly exemplified by Cotton Mather, who is our typical man of letters in the seventeenth century; and even at the middle of the eighteenth century they are again brought to the surface by the Great Awakening that followed upon the preaching of Whitefield, and became dominant during the years of the Revolutionary agitation. There is an important truth in the following paragraph: "In many superficial aspects, no doubt, particularly if of the prosperous class, the native Americans of 1776 appeared to be men of the eighteenth century. In personal temper, however, Thomas Hutchinson and Samuel Adams were far more like John Winthrop and Roger Williams than Chatham and Burke were like Bacon and Burleigh. One inference seems clear: the Americans of the Revolutionary period retained to an incalculable degree qualities which had faded from ancestral England with the days of Queen Elizabeth."

Translated into the terms of literary history, Mr. Wendell's formula means simply that American literature (such as it was) down to a hundred years ago lagged far behind the literature of the mother country. Just as American politicians never came to realize, even during the eighteenth century, how profoundly the English Constitution had been modified by the Revolution of 1688, so American writers never felt the full influence of those profound transformations of the literary ideal which brought forth as the successors of Marlowe and Shakespeare such men as Bunyan and Milton, and as the successors of these such men as Dryden and Pope, and again of these such men as Goldsmith and Johnson. As far as it is possible to trace corresponding phases in the history of American literature, they seem to be anywhere from a generation to a century belated. This has all been said before, and in its generalized form the proposition has become almost a com-

monplace; it has remained for Mr. Wendell to recognize the full significance of the proposition, to support it by the most cogent reasoning, and to adduce illustrative examples from nearly every period of our literary history. He calls our attention to the fact that our only serious literature in the seventeenth century "was a phase of that half-historical, half-theological sort of work which had been a minor part of English literature generations before;" he reminds us that Dwight's satire is written, "as any one can see, in the traditional manner of the early eighteenth century;" he emphasizes the likeness between McFingal and Hudibras; and he notes the startling fact that Barlow was contemporary with Burns. Even more significant, perhaps, is the pamphleteering of Revolutionary America, as indicating "in our country a kind of intellectual activity which in England had displayed itself most characteristically a hundred years earlier." Such reversions as these may also be found in our nineteenth-century literature. Irving wrote in the manner of Goldsmith, and the underlying impulse of Bryant's verse was of eighteenth-century derivation. The literary ideals of our historians — Prescott and Parkman — have had much in common with those of Gibbon. Holmes has more than once been styled the last survival of the eighteenth century, and his manner is much more that of Pope than of his nineteenth-century contemporaries. And in some respects Hawthorne is the most remarkable of all these reversions; for in his work we have the fine flower of the Puritan spirit, the perfect expression of those moods to which our earlier writers vainly struggled to give utterance. A writer of Hawthorne's temper would have been simply unimaginable in Victorian England, but he appears as a perfectly natural product of the New England of the same period.

Mr. Wendell's treatment of our literature during the century just ended offers many interesting points for consideration, but we may not discuss them here. The hero worshiper and the enthusiast will find small encouragement in this history, for the author's sense of perspective is too just to permit him to abet their extravagances. The champions of Poe and Whitman and Webster will doubtless feel aggrieved at the way in which these men are handled, and those to whom the writings of Emerson possess something of the sanctity attaching to the ark of the covenant will not altogether relish Mr. Wendell's critical examination of the philosopher of Concord. But readers of temperate judgment will applaud the good sense and the acute intelligence which are conspicuous in almost every chapter of this book, nor will they be offended by the breeziness of its style or the happy-go-lucky character of its commentary. This random critical firing is apt to excite a certain momentary apprehension, but it nearly always hits the mark before a particular target is done with. There is only one thing in Mr. Wendell's philosophy to which we take serious exception, and that is his high-sounding but rather meaningless talk about "imperial democracy." We cannot share the complacency with which he regards the most recent happenings in our history, and do not believe that our late sinister departure from the consecrated traditions that have made this nation great and praiseworthy is to be glossed over by empty phrases about world politics and manifest destiny. "After three centuries of separation, England and America are once more side by side," we are told; but the circumstances which have brought about this *rapprochement* are no cause for congratulation to either nation. Mr. Wendell strikes a far deeper note when he dwells upon the tie that binds us to England, not for a single hour of political emergency, but for all time, — the tie of a common speech, a common liter-

ature, and a common devotion to "the two ideals most deeply inherent in our native language, — those of the Bible and the Common Law." The phrase just quoted may perhaps be called Mr. Wendell's *Leitmotiv*, so frequent and so effective is its appearance in the discussion.

From exposition to illustration is a natural step; and while Mr. Wendell has been doing the one service for our American literature, Mr. Stedman has been engaged in the performance of the other, — at least for the last century of our literature, still further restricting his field to that of our poetry alone. Mr. Stedman's qualifications for this task are too eminent to need setting forth. Himself one of the foremost of our writers of verse, — certainly unsurpassed in poetical achievement by any other now living, — his rank as a critic of poetry is equally beyond dispute; for his three published volumes in this department of literature constitute the most important body of systematic and serious criticism thus far produced by any American writer. The publication of his American Anthology now completes the labors of a quarter of a century devoted to the English and American poets of the last hundred years. In the production of the series of four volumes in which these labors are embodied he has combined industry with enthusiasm, and the nicest discrimination with the most generous appreciation. There may be individuals who think that they might have made a better anthology of American song than Mr. Stedman has made, but we fancy that their suffrages, were they to vote upon the subject, as Herodotus tells us the Greek generals voted upon the qualities of leadership displayed in the Persian wars, would result in much the same way. Each general, we read, made Themistocles his second choice; and so each critic, however high he might rank his own qualifications for the task, would be pretty sure to cast his second vote for Mr. Stedman.

It is important, at the outset, to state the exact purpose of this American Anthology. It is not intended to be a poetry book pure and simple, analogous to Mr. Palgrave's Golden Treasury. Mr. Stedman might have made such a book, had he wished; what he really set about to do was something quite different. His aim was to illustrate the whole movement of American poetry, from the lyrics of Freneau to the trifles of the latest college graduate, and to illuminate each phase of this historical development by whatever material seemed typical, whether its absolute value were great or small. Mr. Stedman, as a critic, is distinctly influenced by the modern evolutionary conception of the history of literature; and it is well to be reminded that his conception demands, in Amiel's metaphor, that our survey shall not content itself with the triangulation of the peaks, but shall also exhibit whatever is significant in the detail of the contour. Applying this method to the problem before him, Mr. Stedman has found nearly six hundred writers of verse entitled to be represented in this conspectus of a century of American poetical endeavor. Many of these writers are of extreme minority, no doubt; but that is not the point, and no criticism of the volume could be so ill timed as that which should seek to raise an easy laugh by satirical comment upon our six hundred poets. When we find stout volumes bearing such titles as The Poets of Indiana and The Poets of Kansas, satire is justified, for a vainglorious provincialism is almost certain to be the note of such collections; but the very greatness of the American nation, and the immense significance of its history for the civilization of the future, would offer sufficient reasons for the serious study of its poetry, were that poetry merely respectable in quality and amount.

That American poetry is something more than respectable is a claim that will now hardly be gainsaid, even by the

countrymen of Shelley and Wordsworth and Tennyson. That it has fairly and worthily reflected the idealism upon which this nation was based is a proposition that will be denied by no disinterested critic. That it falls short of the standard of world literature is a fact of far less importance to Americans than the other fact, that it has offered a sincere and intimate revelation of their better moods, strengthened them in their finer impulses, and revealed to them their nobler possibilities. It has, in Mr. Stedman's phrase, once more assumed "its ancient and rightful place as the art originative of belief and deed." An American born and bred, with the blood of Revolutionary ancestors in his veins and the unbending ethical idealism of the Puritan in his conscience, cares little for the canons of comparative criticism or the hierarchy of literary fame when he reads his Emerson or his Whittier or his Lowell. They are too dear to him to be weighed in the critical balance; their message is too personal to be judged by objective standards. He may yield to none in his reverence for the poets of august and world-resounding names; but he knows that the poets of his own country have been more directly influential in moulding his spiritual life; that they have done for him what the sweetest or the sublimest poets born under alien skies could not have done; that it is from them that he has learned the lessons of

> "righteous anger, burning scorn
> Of the oppressor, love to humankind,
> Sweet fealty to country and to home,
> Peace, stainless purity."

And, knowing these things, his critical instincts become dissolved in an emotion of gratitude too deep for words and too insurgent for analysis.

It is in this sense that the poetry contained in An American Anthology is a strictly national product, and it is this feeling for its vital significance for us as a people that has made the editor of the collection so sympathetic an expositor. But in a deeper sense we must recognize our poetry as only an affluent of the stream that has been flowing ever since the soul of Cædmon poured itself forth in song. That stream is the true Father of Waters in the literature of the modern world, and American poetry may well be content with its function of chief tributary. Idle indeed is the effort to deal with it, in the philosophical spirit, as a thing apart; such an effort can result only in magnifying its accidental variations and losing sight of its essential characteristics. It should be our proudest boast that in our poetry, as in our politics and our law, "we are sprung of Earth's first blood;" that we

> "speak the tongue
> That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
> Which Milton held."

The more carefully we read the contents of Mr. Stedman's representative collection, the more strongly are we persuaded that, in their twofold character as a distinctive American product and as a constituent part of English literature, it is in the latter character that they impress themselves the more deeply upon the intelligence.

William Morton Payne.

RECENT VERSE.

Among recent books of verse, Mrs. Fields's Orpheus, a Masque,[1] is notable for its delicacy of mood and quiet distinction of manner. In the forty or more pages of this singularly attractive volume, she has presented a new version of one of the most permanently lovely and significant of Greek myths. The Orpheus story has been told many times in modern poetry, and for all its simplicity it lends itself endlessly to new meanings. In Mrs. Fields's Masque, the dramatic action turns upon the spiritual growth of Eurydice after her sojourn in Hades. Moved now only by the love that allies itself to highest good, she refuses to follow Orpheus back to "the household ways he loved so well," since she cannot bring herself to abandon the sorrowful and forsaken spirits whom she has learned to know in the shadow land. But Orpheus cannot respond to her entreaties to

> "Come, follow and succor
> With love and rejoicing
> The spirits repentant."

Sadly she disengages herself from him, and he returns alone to Thrace, there to meet strange adventures and a strange doom. Mrs. Fields has given to this sacrificial, purgatorial element in the legend a deep meaning, and she has clothed the poem throughout with an unbroken beauty of expression. The monologues and dialogues are in firm, well-moulded verse; the lyrics are deftly varied in metrical effect; and the Masque leaves an impression of grace, purity of feeling, and a vital interpretation of a profoundly imaginative legend.

Another veteran writer whose latest book will bring her fresh laurels is Mrs. Dorr. Very characteristic of the spirit of her new volume [2] is the sonnet: —

> "Whom the Gods love die old! O life, dear life,
> Let the old sing thy praises, for they know
> How year by year the summers come and go,
> Each with its own abounding sweetness rife!
> They know, though frosts be cruel as the knife,
> Yet with each June the perfect rose shall blow,
> And daisies blossom, and the green grass grow,
> Triumphant still, unvexed by storm or strife.
> They know that night more splendid is than day;
> That sunset skies flame in the gathering dark,
> And the deep waters change to molten gold;
> They know that autumn richer is than May;
> They hear the night-birds singing like the lark —
> Ah, life, sweet life, whom the Gods love die old!"

A book of such rich and eloquent verse as this is an evidence not only of ripeness of experience, but of artistic maturity as well. Mrs. Dorr's lyrics have always had the note of spontaneity. They have expressed with rare fidelity the beauty of her northern New England country. They have never failed in musical quality or in genuineness of feeling. But her Afterglow, in its tender portrayal of gracious memories, in the pathos and longing with which it addresses unearthly listeners, in its human sympathy and religious faith, shows her fine powers at their very best.

Mr. Lloyd Mifflin comes before the public for the fourth time with The Fields of Dawn and Later Sonnets.[3] His command of the sonnet form has received wide recognition; and if in this new col-

[1] *Orpheus.* A Masque. By Mrs. Fields. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1900.

[2] *Afterglow.* Later Poems. By Julia C. R. Dorr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1900.

[3] *The Fields of Dawn and Later Sonnets.* By Lloyd Mifflin. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1900.

lection there are few evidences of technical advance, it is because the author has long since mastered his instrument. About half of the one hundred sonnets deal with the scenes and mild adventures of the author's youth. These are gracefully and musically rendered, but, like many sonnets of minor Wordsworthians, they recall, with a prodigal luxury of reminiscence, images and events that are of little intrinsic or suggestive significance. The Later Sonnets are better in this regard, and contain many memorable lines. Sometimes Mr. Mifflin's work is merely mellifluous; the conscious employment of the tone values of proper names now and then smacks of preciosity; but again the lines chime with a sonorous splendor that rivals Heredia. As a whole, the collection lacks variety and passion, although it reveals everywhere the hand of an admirable workman.

Poetry at once more masculine and more mystical is to be found in Mr. William Vaughn Moody's Masque-Drama.[1] Mr. Moody's odes and lyrics, some of which are already familiar to readers of The Atlantic, are more likely to win attention than this powerful but not very easily understood Masque of Judgment, whose *dramatis personæ* are Raphael, Uriel, Michael, Azaziel, the Angels of the Pale, White and Red Horses, the Spirits of the Throne-Lamps, the Lion and Eagle of the Throne, the Angel of the Tree of Knowledge, the Spirits of the Saved and the Lost, Moon-Spirits and Voices! The action takes place immediately before the Incarnation, during and after the Crucifixion, and upon the Day of Judgment. The internal conflict passes in the soul of Raphael, "friend of man and nature's old-time lover," while the catastrophe is a horrible Twilight of the Gods, when the Creator dies in the death of the Antagonist, and "the snake reigns, coiled on the holy hill." Together with much that is turbid, bizarre, and violent, the drama contains many passages of extraordinary clarity and perfection. Its verse betrays the close student of Miltonic prosody; the exquisite lyrical movements suggest Paracelsus; while its romantic dramatic structure reminds the reader now of Shelley's Prometheus, now of Byron's Cain and Heaven and Earth. These are high comparisons, of course. But The Masque of Judgment is a thoroughly original piece of dramatic writing. Subtle philosophical conceptions underlie its grandiose imagery. In the fantastic shadows of the ruined world which it depicts there is everywhere a smouldering glow of strange beauty, and the poem, hasty and immature though it seems to be, is rich in promise.

Another excellent performance of one of the younger American verse-writers is the new volume by Miss Josephine Preston Peabody.[2] She takes the title of her one-act Elizabethan play from a line in the XXIXth Sonnet of Shakespeare. Her heroine is Mistress Mary Fytton, the mysterious — or is it only the supposititious? — "dark lady" of the Sonnets. The hero is "a Player, Master W. S. of the Lord Chamberlain's Company," whose successful rival in Mistress Fytton's fickle affections is "William Herbert, Son of the Earl of Pembroke." These personages, with various minor ones, are skillfully thrown together in a Bankside inn, and the dramatic climax is swiftly evolved when Mistress Fytton makes a last attempt to command anew the Player's loyalty, for reasons of her own. The dialogue and construction are alike satisfying, and the characterization is nowhere more discriminating than in the portrayal of the Player, who says

[1] *The Masque of Judgment.* A Masque-Drama in Five Acts, and a Prelude. By William Vaughn Moody. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1900.

[2] *Fortune and Men's Eyes.* New Poems with a Play. By Josephine Preston Peabody. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1900.

and does nothing that Shakespeare might not presumably have said and done, and much that he assuredly might. Equally attractive writing, though of another *genre*, may be found in the poems and songs which Miss Peabody prints in the same volume. She loves the close-packed line, the subtle phrase, the elusive word, the "shade" rather than the full chord of color. It is delicate and craftsmanlike work, done after all, perhaps, with too fine a point. Broader strokes would be more telling.

Mr. Stephen Phillips's new play[1] has already received comment in The Atlantic's recently printed Letter from England. Upon a first reading of the book one is chiefly impressed with the technical excellence of Mr. Phillips's stagecraft, in which he has evidently been guided throughout by his own experience as an actor. The play, rich as it is, shows an economy of mere ornament, a restraint, a swift and supple movement, that are rare in English poetical dramas. A second reading tempts one to linger over the lines upon which the author of Marpessa and Paolo and Francesca has given full play to his love of beauty and mastery of words; to enjoy the Tennysonian music of

> "long and leafy Lebanonian sigh,"

and

> "the low long 'Ah' of foliage,"

or to savor all of Marlowe, not only in such obvious echoes as,

> "Summon the queen,
> Or I will call not earthly vengeance down.
> I have exhausted earth, I 'll fetch the lightning
> And call on thunder like an emperor!"

and the thrice-repeated

> "Hippo, Samaria and Gadara,
> And high-walled Joppa, and Anthedon's shore,
> And Gaza unto these, and Straton's towers,"

but in the more subtle analogies of lines like,

> "Those eyes that bring upon us endless thoughts!
> That face that seems as it had come to pass
> Like a thing prophesied!"

But with a third reading of Herod one becomes conscious not so much of dramaturgic skill and haunting single lines as of the fact that the English race is never for long without a poet, and that, in spite of every dissonance, garishness, and cruelty revealed in the new century's dawn, we have still,

> "ever the moonlight, ever the moon
> With bathing and obliterating beauty."

[1] *Herod.* A Tragedy. By Stephen Phillips. London and New York: John Lane. 1901.

HOW TO WRITE A NOVEL FOR THE MASSES.

The one thing necessary in a novel of romance is romance. The ordinary novel-reader is a dull bird, who knows little, and cares less, about the facts of history, the cut of a cloak, or the geography of a particular country. To him anachronisms do not exist, because he would not know one if he saw it in a cage. Of course I don't mean you, dear reader; but you must admit that the vast majority of the reading public is made up of dull, unthinking people, so why should writers spend so much time substantiating facts, studying costumes and scenery and other details that do not affect the real interest of the story, which is and must be the romantic portion of it?

Let me show you how it ought to be done: —

"It was dawn of a clear spring morning. Guy le Cormorant set forth from

his father's castle with never a sou in his pocket, a large credit at his banker's, and the whole world before him."

Here chuck in some reference to the "'Provençal robins' that during the reign of the good Louis sang with such surpassing sweetness." If you wish to, run in a few Breton peasants, and dot the meadow with sheep, and fill the fields with Lyonnaise potatoes. The public won't know or care whether you are right or not.

Now it 's time for your first adventure, for you are nearing the end of the second page, and a successful romantic novel should yield an adventure to every ten pages, and stop at the 300th page.

"Around the corner of the Louvre" (never mind what or where the Louvre is; the public will think it is a river or a field) "came the wicked seneschal, Vignon de Morimont. His fat horse jogged along lazily, and from the corners of his treacherous eyes he looked at the brave young Guy."

Now have Guy accuse him of having murdered his (Guy's) grandmother in 1560.

"When my father told me that my grandam" ("grandam" has a good sound always, like a great oath) "had been murdered by de Morimont of Morimont Castle, I swore that the murder should not go unavenged. All this morning have I sought thee; now have I found thee. Prepare for an awful doom."

Now let them draw their broadswords, and then say something about Richelieu having issued an edict against the carrying of broadswords by gentlemen. Start in as if you were going to be very dry over it, but cut it short quickly. That will make the reader like you. Then have Guy fly at the wicked seneschal, and spit him on the broadsword, and toss him into a plane tree. A plane tree is better than the most ornate tree that your reader is likely to know about. If a man thinks that you know something that he does n't know, he suspects you of knowing other things of which he is ignorant, and his respect increases.

Having tossed the seneschal into the plane tree, let Guy mount his horse and continue on his way. Adventure number one is over, and he has won out easily; but it will be a mistake to let him win every round with as little effort. In a story, a dead-sure thing is not exciting.

It is now time to bring in more singing of birds, as a sort of contrast. If a shepherd is handy, let him pipe up a little, so as to put Guy into good spirits, as the stabbing of the seneschal is on his nerves a bit. Guy might toss the shepherd a sequin or a groat. The public has heard of both coins, but does n't know where they grow.

Refer briefly to the clouds, and carry him on horseback past the place "where in 1493, the year after Columbus discovered America, two monks of St. Bernard were murdered by Villon, the poet scamp. A shrine still marks the spot, — a shrine erected by Villon's daughter." That will make the public say, "My, don't he know a lot!"

Now it is high time to bring Blanche de Boisgobey upon the scene. You may have her poor, but of good family, or you may make her a rich runaway, fleeing from the unpleasant attentions of Prince de Joinville; but have her family good, by all means, and she herself must be absolutely unspotted. The great public will not stand for a tarnished woman in the rôle of heroine of one of these romantic novels.

Describe her clothes, but in this you 'll have to be careful; for while the men won't know anything about it, the women will catch on if you make any flagrant error. I guess you 'll have to take the trouble to read up the clothes, unless you have a sister who is up on garments. You might dress Blanche in the fashion of to-day, and say that she was fond of being ahead of her time.

But if you drop a hint of another adventure, not far off, you can draw it mild

on the clothes business. Make her just as pretty as you know how, and that without describing her features; because no two persons agree on a woman's beauty, particularly no man and woman. Just say that she was as beautiful as "that fair queen of Greece whose husband swam the Hellespont to rescue her from the clutches of King Xerxes." There 's more ancient history, and the dear public is left to its own imagination to conjure up proper features for her.

Now bring on your second adventure. People have a dim idea that wolves once overran France. You can speak of the great she-wolf that in 1343 ate up an entire village in the department of the Loire or the Soir; never mind how you spell it, — the public won't know the difference. Have that she-wolf, grown old and hungry, come out of a copse (by all means, a copse) and spring upon poor Blanche, who is on her way to a nunnery.

"While the terrible wolf was yet in midair, Guy pushed his horse to a mad gallop, and, raising his arms above his head, he caught the famished beast in his Herculean grasp, diverting her for a moment from her purpose."

Now you can give 'em a pretty good fight. Have the wolf and Guy and the horse go down together in a grand mix-up. Let Blanche pinch the wolf's tail, and have that so anger the "vulpine beast" that she tears a hole in Guy's doublet. It is a little early in the game to spoil his face, but if you give the reader a hint that it will heal up before they are married, I think you are safe to scratch him pretty hard. Of course, as soon as Blanche sees the scratches she will fall in love with him, and then faint.

Make the combat long, and have Guy pretty nearly done for, when, by an opportune stab, he punctures the heart of the monster.

He can come in for the big bounty that is on the wolf, if you want; but as he is rich already, that won't amount to much, except as it gives him a chance to bestow it on a group of poor villagers who have been attracted to the scene of the fight. Be sure to call it "largess" if he scatters it among them.

Now you see why you have provided a stout horse. It is so that Blanche may sit behind Guy, and continue on her way to the nunnery, he having gallantly offered to set her down at her corner.

Now it is time for the real villain to appear. The seneschal Guy treed on the second page was only for early seasoning. The real villain is, of course, Prince Henri Milledieudetonnefleurs de Joinville, and you would do well to place him on a stallion, and have him ride for two days and two nights in pursuit of Blanche.

It 's really necessary to bring in a little more scenery. A novel would seem bare without it. You might set out a double row of Lombardy poplars that were planted in honor of the victory of Magna Charta over Count de Blois in 1010. Never mind the public; they won't know. It 'll look all right in type. Mention a dense flock of Marseillaise blackbirds that obscured the light of the sun, and let it be as a portent against the success of the wicked Henri. Mention other flights, casually, and speak of the Children's Crusade in search of the Northwest Passage, that was near to having been discontinued owing to a flight of sea gulls from John o' Groat's to Land's End. This last will establish you as a master of curious knowledge.

Let Guy go to sleep, weak from loss of blood, and while the horse crops at the grass, and Blanche plucks ox-heart daisies, bring on the villain at an easy gallop, and have him pick up Blanche and ride off with her. Keep Guy asleep for a half hour, so that he will deserve the more credit when he, on his fat old horse, chases and overtakes the fleet stallion. For of course he overtakes the villain. The stallion has peculiarly shaped hoofs, having lost a portion of each one

in the battle of Cressy or Sedan, — either one will do, — and Guy is able to track Henri in this way. Otherwise, the hero not being a woodsman, Henri would have escaped with his prey, and it would have caused a bad break in the story.

Let Guy come on Henri in a narrow defile, — a characteristically French one. If you don't happen to know any French defile, describe an American one, and it will go all right.

Of course this won't be the final fight, because you 've got to fill at least three hundred pages, and Guy will have adventures with the pickpockets of Paris, and in the Bay of Biscay and the Swiss Alps; but I can't write the whole book for you, so we 'll suppose it is the final fight.

Let Henri have the advantage at the start, but give Guy great staying powers. Make him fatigué Henri, and make Henri say, "Je suis fatigué." That 's real French, and you can find a lot more like it where that came from. Make Henri in need of rest and refreshment, and then let Guy come some celebrated thrust on him. You can name the thrust, if you wish; invent it and describe it in detail out of your own head. No one will ever show you up; and if any one does, it will advertise the book.

Make Guy smile at Blanche, who by this time is loving him tremendously, and then, "with a sudden turn of the wrist, — that wrist that ten years later was to save the life of the great Mirabeau, — Guy gave Henri the congé, and the wicked prince turned and reeled in his tracks."

Now make Guy say, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," or "Dum vivimus, vivamus;" and then, to conclude the book, make the old seneschal of page 2 crawl up, filled with remorse. He had dropped out of the plane tree, and the fall had brought him to. Make him ask forgiveness of Guy; and then, "while little French birds were singing rondels, and as peasants bent over their hoes in clod-like attitudes, or leaned upon their spades to listen to the Angelus, the monk pronounced the words that made Blanche and Guy husband and wife, — or rather, wife and husband."

There you are. It 's a seller.

Charles Battell Loomis.

GIVE THE COUNTRY THE FACTS.

As month after month passes, and the Fifty-Sixth Congress nears its close, it becomes clear that the administration owes one debt to the country which it is slow to pay. The country deserves to know all the obtainable facts about the Philippine situation. It desires these facts, and it has a right to them. By an unmistakable popular vote last November the public asserted its confidence in the present administration. It believed, and it still believes, that American interests are more secure in the hands of the Republican party than they would be if controlled by a demoralized Democratic party, under incompetent leadership. But the majority for President McKinley, however impressive, was not great enough to warrant any confident irresponsibility on the part of the Republican leaders. Their admirable party discipline has been freshly illustrated by the promptness with which they have passed upon many issues of national importance. They have already accomplished much. They have much still to accomplish. And they have thus far shown themselves singularly unconcerned about one issue, in which the plain people of both parties and in every section

of the country have a great deal at stake.

The country is tired of the Philippine War. It would like to close the account. Nearly three years have passed since the battle of Manila Bay, and the pacification of the islands is as yet hardly begun. The administration has had all the money and the troops it has asked for. With unquestioning loyalty, Americans have sent their young men to perish in the Philippine swamps, believing that this was a sacrifice demanded by national duty. We do not like to put our hand to the plough and turn back. We are not in the habit of abandoning a task because it is difficult. The country as a whole has appreciated the obstacles encountered by our soldiers in their endeavor to restore order. It has resented — and justly resented — the recriminations and extravagances of anti-imperialistic criticism. It does not believe that anything is to be gained by calling names, — by dubbing the President of the United States a "murderer and a villain." In a word, the country has "stood by the flag," believing that the flag has gone only where it had good right to go.

This feeling was never stronger than on the morning after the November election. But the leaders of the victorious party have presumed upon the vote of confidence then given to them. Nearly four months have elapsed, and there has been not only no appreciable progress in establishing civil government in the Philippines, but no indication that the majority in Congress realize that the country has a right to expect from them a definite Philippine programme. While the lives of volunteer American soldiers have been in deadly peril, Congress has been debating the details of a shipping subsidy bill. What is still worse, the country has been deceived as to the plain facts of the Philippine situation. The reports of generals in the field, the findings of the two commissions, the messages of the President, the speeches of recognized leaders of the party, contain absolutely irreconcilable statements. Ours is a government by public opinion. But how is the public-spirited citizen to learn the truth about the most elementary facts concerning the Filipinos, such as their tribal relations, the extent to which they use a common language, the state of popular education and political intelligence, and the territorial limits of their present rebellion against the United States? Even upon fundamental questions like these, our newspapers and magazines are as confused and contradictory as any intelligence given out by the administration. Are the revolutionists "a few disaffected Tagalogs," or are we encountering the patriotic resistance of a practically united people? Every American voter has a right to the possession of these facts, provided the facts are known at Washington. If they are not known at Washington, they ought to be.

The precise fashion in which this necessary information is to be gathered and laid before the American people does not now concern us. It may be through an unpartisan information bureau, such as has lately been organized by private persons. It may be in accordance with the plan of Senator Hoar or of Senator Spooner. Any plan is better than no plan. If we can get an honest Philippine Blue Book, one publisher is as good as another. But by some means or other the country will insist upon knowing precisely what it is doing in the Philippines. It wants the facts.

We have spent a vast amount of money in this Philippine investment. If we have wasted it in the impossible task of trying to force our civilization upon an unwilling people, we cannot find out our blunder any too soon. The war has cost many thousands of American lives. We have always been reckless of life in a good cause, but the fathers and mothers

of boys who have fallen in the Philippines have a right to know the precise grounds of the quarrel. Finally, in our forcible annexation of foreign territory there are involved certain principles fundamental to our existence as a nation, certain ideals of liberty and self-government which are more important to the perpetuity of the United States than any sacrifice of treasure and life in a single generation. It is because of the vast interests involved that our Philippine policy should not be shrouded in any official mystery.

The Atlantic does not often comment editorially upon matters of political controversy. It believed thoroughly, as its readers will remember, in the justice of our war with Spain. It accepts cheerfully all of the logical consequences of that war. But it recognizes that in undertaking to govern the Philippines we have ventured upon a difficult and perplexing course. We need all the light we can get, from whatever quarter; we need caution, patience, tact. Our present predicament may be likened to that of a company of woodsmen who are following a very blind trail across an unknown swamp. We must make the best of it. If we are to make any progress, we must stick together, and stick to the business in hand. It is useless now for the anti-imperialist to drop his pack and shriek and wail because we did not take the path he wanted us to follow. It is equally ridiculous for some youthful imperialist to climb a stump, and, with much drumming of reverberant wings, to vociferate that we have a genius for geography, and that the trail is perfectly plain. The homely truth is that we are meanwhile up to our knees in mud and water, and in no temper to listen to speeches. We want to know where we are. The compass of political theory can doubtless help us, but close observation of this unfamiliar region will help us more. We shall get through somehow. We have been in the woods before, although not in this particular swamp. We may conclude, by and by, to swing back on to the ridge again, as the safer plan, and to leave the Philippine Islands, under some amicable arrangement, to the Philippine people. But all that is in the future. The duty of the present moment is to cease petty recrimination; to take our bearings, and face the situation. We want the plain facts, however unflattering to our woodcraft they may be. Give the country the facts about the Philippines, and everything else may safely be left to the good sense and the patriotism of the American people.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Broken Idol.

It is a dangerous experiment to re-read a favorite book — especially if it be a novel — after the lapse, say, of five or ten years. One is apt to find a broken idol on one's hands. That is my own case at the present moment, and the idol, whose pieces do not seem to me worth saving and cementing together again, is Jane Eyre. Nothing of the old charm is left, except here and there a fleeting touch of passion, — a quality so rare in literature that even a touch of it is not to be disregarded. Greatly to my surprise, the book as a whole strikes me as supremely tiresome. From beginning to end there is not a breath of fresh air or a glimpse of natural life in it. At every turn one stumbles over antiquated stage properties, and detects the creak of rusty and

worn-out machinery. That "demoniac laugh," which echoes through the house at midnight, is a sound that was heard in mouldy castles on the Rhine a century or two before Charlotte Brontë was born; the inconsequential "uncle," who dies in a foreign land just in the nick of time to leave a fortune to the starving heroine, has been dying and coming to life again ever since 1500; and the hero, who disguises himself as a monk or a gypsy, and, unrecognized, holds a protracted conversation with the heroine, belongs to a numerous family of heroes who have always done that puerile and impossible thing. This whole episode is in the very worst manner of the worst romantic school. As a piece of English prose the work will not stand examination. Yet, in the year of grace 1847, Jane Eyre took England by storm. Thackeray sat up all night reading it; Dickens wept over it; learned scholars, mighty statesmen, and hard-hearted critics swelled the chorus of its praise. In the twinkling of an eye an obscure young woman in a dismal little parsonage down in Yorkshire became a London lioness of the very largest proportions. Neither Mr. Richardson's Pamela nor Miss Fanny Burney's Evelina ever wrought more havoc among the *jeunesse dorée* of the town than did Charlotte Brontë's plain governess, with her hair primly brushed down over the brows. An interesting pallor, disconnected with any other personal charm, was instantly all the rage in current fiction. In suburban boarding schools, young ladies (with short upper lips) nibbled their slate pencils, and longed to be morbid governesses that they might melt glacial Mr. Rochesters. It appears to me that the only really sane persons in England at the moment were the six publishers who declined the manuscript before Messrs. Smith and Elder got hold of it. These gentlemen may not have been sane, but they were lucky. I know that Jane Eyre is still read and admired, — so potent is tradition; but if Jane Eyre could be given to the world tomorrow for the first time, I doubt if it would thrill two continents. How did it manage to do so fifty-odd years ago? Perhaps meretricious taste has its bacillus, like the bubonic plague, and from time to time becomes epidemic. This theory would help Mr. Howells to account for the phenomenal prevalence just now of "the historical novel," and is sympathetically placed at his service.

When I was a Boy.

"FORSAN et hæc olim meminisse juvabit," I began. "Construe," interrupted the master dryly. Now it was the custom in Cohannet Academy for a pupil to pronounce his allotment of Vergil's immortal lines, and then to do them into English, with as little wear and tear of the master's nerves as possible. So when Mr. Trand said, "Construe," his proceeding took on the nature of a flank movement. To be sure, had not a guilty conscience weighed me down, I might have made a bold try at the line. To one who had been forced to memorize a whole page of Latin grammar on the subject of defective verbs, "meminisse" was not so formidable as its look; and "juvabit," in one or another of its "pleasing" forms, was a well-known friend. But if the master's manner meant anything, it meant that I was weighed in the balances and found wanting; so I faltered, until "Sit down" came, in the same sarcastic tone.

A wonderful man was Mr. Trand. How did he know that, totally unprepared with my translation, I was afraid to say so, and hoped to soften his displeasure by scanning the lines in my most scholarly manner? I had failed to keep my appointment with Publius Vergilius Maro the evening before, on account of a previous and more important engagement. It was the First of May, the date sacred to the hanging of May baskets. Thirty years ago, in the country, "hanging May baskets" meant high carnival in prankdom. With some boys

it lasted the month through. But my father, who had never formulated the doctrine that "one man's rights end where another's begin," nevertheless held to its substance, and allowed me one night only for the mad romp. My small daughters demand an appreciable sum of money for their Maying; but we of the farming districts, in those old days, found our pockets none the lighter for our fun. We hung dried herrings, — alewives being plentiful in the Great River, — and potato lay figures, and even "poetry." We ran for miles, we paid old scores, we incurred risks of canine attacks. So, "Sit down," said Mr. Trand, and I sat down, — ashamed, but not sorrowful. I must pay the piper, but had I not danced?

That was before intermission. "After school" I sat glowering at my book, my heart hot with scorn; not because I must prepare my translation before I went home, but because I must translate such absurd and pernicious sentiments. "Pleasing to remember these things hereafter"! Well, so I thought the night before, or even that morning, despite Mr. Trand's intimation that boys who did n't intend to get their lessons would do well to stay away from school altogether. But the entire aspect of "these things" had changed since morning. At intermission I had umpired a baseball game. Through what strange attribute of human nature is it always possible to find an umpire for a boys' game of ball? He knows beforehand that he will leave the field with as many temporary enemies as there are players on the losing side. He knows his physical, mental, and moral reputation will be in rags. And woe to his vulnerable spot! Let him not think to cover it from the sharp eyes of enraged boyhood. I had many times been called "farmer" and "hayseed." I did not much care. Farmers had their compensations, and hayseed was good in its place. I had myself acquired considerable proficiency in inventing names with little sharp points to them. But that day's taunt struck deeper, and, so to speak, drew blood. Although not sharing in the physical heat of the contest, I had removed my coat and "vest," and as I stood contending that Melvin Thomas was on the base when the ball touched him, and consequently was not "out," some one of my opponents cried: "Oh, he 's got on a woman's shirt! Look at the woman's shirt!" The phrase struck the crowd as a most ingenious instrument of torture, and presently even Melvin Thomas, whose cause I had espoused so hotly, joined in the cry, "Oh, see the woman's shirt!" These were things "pleasing to remember," indeed! When I got home I would tear off that shirt! Yes, *tear* it off!

My tormentors meant only that my shirt gave evidence of being made by my mother's unskillful fingers. Not that she was unskillful, to speak exactly, but just unmindful of fashion's dictates, and satisfied with the models of her own youth. Indeed, every garment I wore was subject to the same reproach, a fact well known to my acute schoolfellows. But they could hardly have shouted — in those days — "woman's trousers" or "woman's vest," and perhaps neither would have made so effective a war cry.

I walked the four miles home, that night, with my mind made up. I would go out into the world and make a place for myself, and it would be a place where all clothes were irreproachably "ready-made." And so it came about. Only, such is the mutability of human opinion that "ready-made" clothing no longer seems to be the guarantee of high social standing! But my real life seems to begin with that day, — with the happiness of the May evening, and the parsing of Vergil, and the scorn of my companions, and the hot resolve in my boyish heart; and I find now that Vergil is right, and that somehow it is "pleasing to remember."

Parkman's Tenacity.

THE appearance of Mr. Farnham's clear and well-ordered life of Parkman [1] recalls a spare and martial figure once familiar on certain quiet streets of Boston, and a life of entire yet inconspicuous heroism.

The memories and recollections which the publication of this book has awakened are singularly harmonious, and unite to reproduce for us a man of austere simplicity and Roman fortitude. Mr. Godkin's reminiscences, that he tucked a few weeks ago modestly into a corner of The Nation, were fittingly summed up in *Constantia*, which he counted Parkman's peculiar trait. It is perhaps as good a word as any for that enduring, steadfast quality by which he withstood disease and despair, and was able, when well on in years, to say, "I have not yet abandoned any plan which I ever formed."

The Atlantic editorial memory contains an instance of Parkman's tenacity, the preëminence of which has thus far not been endangered by any rival feats. When Lowell was editor, in the first year of the magazine, he invited Parkman to prepare an article on the conquest of Canada. Thirty years later, when Lowell's fourth successor had come to what the first editor used playfully to call "the seat of the scorner," Parkman finished and sent the paper. Only Holmes, in that light-footed leap over a decade and a half with which he begins the Autocrat, "As I was saying when I was interrupted," comes into any comparison with this splendid disregard of time. And with Holmes it was merely a flash of fancy.

Parkman's unconquerable patience, glacier-like as it may seem from one point of view, was by no means an index of a phlegmatic nature. Rather, his nature was of steel, durable, but highly tempered. "A life of action and death in battle" was, he says, his earliest wish. All his young ambition seems to have run to martial deeds. His heroes were La Salle, Montcalm, Wolfe, and Champlain, soldiers and explorers; and as long as he lived he kept within view a picture of the Colleoni statue at Venice, the most spirited equestrian statue in the world. The weight of the long campaign against illness which meant torturing pain, and the dread of mental breakdown, checked somewhat the eagerness of his spirit, but left his fortitude undimmed. As he grew older, he wore more and more the look of a veteran. A kind of heroic severity settled upon his figure, and to strangers his bearing became increasingly impressive. It is told of a clever authoress who went to be presented to Parkman, that she found him standing to greet her resting upon his crutches, like an old soldier, and wearing a look of so much dignity and distinction that she could not so much as say a word, but retired in admiring confusion.

We have reason to be grateful for Mr. Farnham's gracious service in recalling for us this notable figure, and portraying a character which is among the most memorable and heroic in our literary history.

[1] *The Life of Francis Parkman.* By CHARLES HAIGHT FARNHAM. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1900.

A Rainy Sunday in Rome.

THE fact that one never knows how often it rains until one lives in the open air is as true of the tourist as of the soldier. Once deprived of ready shelter, we become slaves to the elements. Especially is this the case in a foreign city, where indoor life is scant and meagre, and where all communication is swayed and limited by Ollendorf. Thus musing, I made my damp and drizzly way through the wet streets to the studio of a compatriot, who had often invited me to divide with him the besiegement of a rainy Sunday.

I found Mr. Hamilton Wilde occupied in setting to rights a very disorderly collection of curios, sketches, screens, rugs, Japanese or Turkish, and stray canvases, — the last covered with figures in

every stage of development; while the dust from his activities threw over the whole scene an air of half realism, as of a picture seen through clouded glasses.

"I am glad you came to-day," he said, with a smile of welcome. "I've been hard at work trying to finish the picture of the boy Browning, and I rather expect a visit from the father. Look!" and he carefully lifted a many-stained cloth from his largest easel, disclosing a bright, lifelike composition, whose subject was a boy of twelve or thirteen, seated on a handsome pony, which latter was pawing, to the evident delight of himself and his rider. "Yes," continued my friend, "I've had hard work to get the shadows to fall correctly from the pony's legs," pointing to a burst of sunshine which seemed to envelop the group, beneath which recent tracks wrought confusion on the ground below.

There still remained about this artist some remnant of that Puritanism which compelled obedience to the fourth commandment; but, although the ethics of New England forbade him to paint on the Sabbath Day, there was no law against tidying and dusting his studio; that was not *his* labor.

I was admiring the fantastic weapons, the embossed armor, and all the pretty picturesqueness that goes to the appointing and equipment of a first-class studio, and had lost myself in deciphering an inscription on a Toledo blade, when a heavy step, followed by a very distinct knocking, announced the poet: a stout, middle-sized man of about fifty, with graying hair, a fine complexion, and a wholesome robustness of bearing quite at variance with the indolent *morbidezza* which so often seems to herald genius among the Latins, and sometimes among ourselves. "A man who looks like that," remarks Bulwer, "might play on the violoncello, marry for love, and even write poetry, and yet not go to the dogs." Of all attempts at description by those who had seen the poet, that of Professor Hill seemed the most fitting, — "A nice Englishman."

He immediately walked over to the largest easel, and, taking the cloth off, gazed at the picture with fond eyes, long and tenderly; then, suddenly, as if ashamed of his preoccupation, he turned to me with deprecation in voice and gesture. "Pardon me! You see I 'm so delighted to be a father that I forget that I can be anything else. You are not old enough to understand, perhaps; but I am like the Elector of Hanover, who was to receive a visit from the Spanish ambassador, — a most stately personage. When that dignitary entered, he found the elector on his hands and knees, playing horse with his little son. Pausing and half rising, he exclaimed, 'Excuse me, but are you a father?' 'Oh yes,' said the Spanish ambassador. 'Then I'll continue my ride.'" Then, as though suiting the action to the word, Browning turned his back to us, and resumed his delighted gaze at the picture, which I immediately began to consider very remarkable, — such is the indorsement of high authority!

After another long and earnest look at the portrait of his boy, the poet began to walk up and down the room, with nervous, hurried stride, talking in a low voice, as if in soliloquy, yet really to the artist and myself: "Yes, I want that picture exhibited in London. I did intend to hang it up over my bed foot, so that I might wake each morning and find myself a father; but that would be mean and selfish, besides being an injustice to Wilde [pointing to the artist], who, surely, has some rights of recognition among his peers." Fumbling in the corners of his memory awhile, he came out with a sort of Eureka exclamation, as he recalled the address of a London picture dealer to whom the art treasure could be confided, — No. 167 Strand. He kept walking up and down, repeating the name and number, as though committing it to memory, like a

schoolboy. Suddenly stopping at a side table, he began to tumble the books that lay helter-skelter thereon, and, with a low cry of surprise and pleasantry, he reft from the disorder a volume of his own poems, remarking as he turned the leaves, "Where did this come from?" Then, taking the open book to the window for better light, he read aloud the name of the artist, with the added words, "From his loving mother." "Dear me!" exclaimed the frankly gratified poet. "That 's very pleasant. And had I readers so long ago beyond the seas?" "Always among the transcendentalists," remarked Wilde. "How very pleasant! And I never saw this before: why did you never show it me? So like you, Ham, to remember the pleasure that comes unlooked for is thrice welcome."

Dropping the book, he sauntered to the piano, and began to play chords and modulations with a skill and musicianly manner almost professional. Remembering how George William Curtis had delighted in Browning's organ-playing at Vallombrosa, I was eager to listen to the wizard whose heard melodies might contend with those unheard. But, beyond a somewhat dizzying maze of chords and sequences, there was little that could be recognized. His touch was skilled and admirable, while his management of the pedals seemed modest and judicious; but the most noticeable feature of Browning's playing was gusto. Never did I meet a musician who so tasted his own music, so to speak. Like the lady in Alastor, the beating of whose heart was heard to fill the pauses of her music, he appeared to include in himself player and audience, as well as poet and composer, with sufficing completeness. I was not surprised to hear him say that he had heard Mendelssohn play; but as to the rumor that he had been a pupil of that great master of form, he denied it as absurd, saying that he never had possessed patience enough for a musician, or at least a virtuoso, although at one period he had practiced a number of hours each day, for some months.

Turning suddenly from his playing, Mr. Browning looked up, observing: "What am I doing here? Mumbling over blind chords, when I 've been invited to hear you play! You are quite an exponent, I hear, of American music."

Remembering the allegory concerning the Scottish and French kings, to the effect that it is polite to obey, I complied without deprecation. Seating myself at the piano, I continued playing for an hour or so, furtively watching the poet, who sat with closed eyes, beating time with his foot, or occasionally with his hand. The repertoire included most styles then in vogue, from the Marche de Nuit of Gottschalk to the simplest negro melody.

"Yes, yes," murmured the poet, "further evidence of what I have long suspected. You Americans [turning to Wilde] *are* a luxurious people: your metre is wearisomely faultless, and your music dallies overmuch with the chord of the diminished seventh. You are far more refined than we English would have you, and even I miss the robust virtues we have been led to expect. But, after all, you are consistent."

Here followed a most affectionate leave-taking between "Ham" and "Robert," for the two had reached that stage of intimacy which makes the calling of first names an added tie; and with a cordial invitation to take a "cup of tea with Mrs. Browning," the poet left as suddenly as he came, — producing upon my mind an impression as of one escaping through spring doors.

VICTORIA.

MAY 24, 1819 — JANUARY 22, 1901.

"HER court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen;

"And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

"By shaping some august decree
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compass'd by the inviolate sea."

Tennyson.

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POLITICS AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

"Politics" in the administration of city affairs has come to mean that our public business is managed by certain individuals, not in the interest of the public, but in the interest of the managing individuals. A large number of those active in the control of public affairs acquire wealth, not by way of compensation for public duty efficiently done, but by various forms of breach of public trust. No one questions that politics in municipal administration is expensive, — that it costs the taxpayer a great deal of money. Most thoughtful persons are of opinion that it also costs much in loss of moral and civic tone. The average taxpayer, who is more practical than ideal, reasons that it is cheaper to pay tribute to the politicians than to maintain the constant warfare necessary for freedom from them. Millions for tribute; little for defense! To say that "it is cheaper" means to-day that it prevails. How large the tribute paid to politicians no one can tell exactly. A man who has had long experience in practical politics in Boston and in the Massachusetts legislature states as his opinion, based on careful computation, that one third of the tax levy in Boston is a contribution, in the form of either waste, inefficiency, or corruption, to the politician; that the public gets value for about two thirds of its money spent.

But this theory of cheapness, if on any plane of ethics or of civics it is defensible as to the other functions of our municipal government, utterly fails when applied to the public school administration. We may endure politics (as we misname waste and corruption in municipal affairs) in our city halls, and say broadly that we can measure the evil in dollars. Not so as to the administration of the public schools. Corruption there means not only waste: it means poison; it means that the very sources of our citizenship are rendered putrid. We may pay for good streets, lights, sewers, water, and police service, and get bad streets, lights, sewers, water, and police service, because of inefficient or corrupt administration; and yet the body social and politic may remain fairly wholesome and thriving. We may not permit either inefficiency or corruption to taint the administration of our public schools without finding that the whole theory of free public school education, as one of the main reliances of "government of the people, by the people, for the people," has utterly failed.

In spite of the infinite cant and humbug in which most writing about education and our public schools abounds, it is an unquestionable fact that the function undertaken to be performed by these schools is the most important of all the activities of our municipal government. This is true even from the point of expenditure. In Boston, for the year ending January 31, 1900, out of payments from regular department appropriations of $12,919,483.23, the School Committee had $2,813,455.22, while the Street Department, the next most expen-

sive, had $2,117,146, and the Police Department, the third in order, had $1,640,510.83. No argument is necessary to show that it is more important to have good teachers than it is to have good street builders or good policemen. But it does need to be pointed out that if our public schools fail to furnish an education fully as good as can be obtained in private schools, intelligent, conscientious, and well-to-do parents will withdraw their children; that only the children of the poorer and less intelligent will remain; that the public schools will thus speedily acquire a social stigma; that in this event these schools will cease to perform one of their most important functions, namely, the democratization of our heterogeneous population. Their proper function is not merely that of furnishing intellectual and moral training, but of assimilating our whole people to an American type, and of checking the tendency toward a social stratification that will prevent the common sympathy and understanding necessary for the coöperative effort of a democracy.

If, as has been so often said, free public schools lie at the very basis of enduring democratic institutions, it is not enough merely to furnish these schools; the attendance must also be general, especially the attendance of the children of the better classes, — of those who have some legitimate claim to social standing. Today, it is not the private school based on religious or sectarian preferences that is encroaching upon the field of the public schools; it is the private school based on social preferences, or, what is still worse, on intelligent objection to the methods and manners of the public schools. The public schools can never do their proper and essential work in a democratic society, if the public school teachers, as a class, fail to command intellectual and social respect. Their social status is nearly as important as their educational efficiency. It is obvious that if public school teachers are, or are supposed to be, the creatures and appointees of politicians of the class who have been so prominent in the administration of our larger cities; if intelligent and conscientious parents become imbued with the idea that the teachers in these schools are there, not because of their intellectual merit and moral character, but because of willingness to assist in the political advancement of the class who have constituted so large a part of our boards of aldermen and common councils, an exodus is certain to follow; the schools will cease to be really *public* schools. It is not enough that the schools should remain fairly good, and the great majority of the teachers conscientious and reasonably efficient; the very appearance of evil must be avoided. The public school system, like Cæsar's wife, must be above suspicion.

To make the public school the best in the land is by no means impossible. The increasing cost of educational plants has put it beyond the means of most teachers to equip and to maintain a satisfactory private school. A generation ago, a few good teachers, equipped with a few rooms, blackboards, and a hundred or two books, could maintain a private school, and obtain patronage at good tuition rates. Not so now. Probably there is not to-day a private unendowed school in Boston that has an educational plant (including under that term buildings in good locations, with modern sanitary arrangements, laboratories, gymnasiums, and other physical equipments) worthy of comparison with the plant of several of our high schools. It is this inability of the private school to compete in the matter of merely physical equipment that has contributed to keep the public school attendance as general as it has been.

The administration of the public schools may be divided, roughly but conveniently, into two parts, — one almost purely business, the other almost purely educational. The former includes the purchase of land and the building and

repair of schoolhouses, — the main part of the physical plant; the latter includes the selection of a superintendent and other school officers, the appointment of teachers, the laying out of a course of study, the appointment of janitors and truant officers, and the selection and purchase of textbooks and other school supplies. At first blush, the purchase of textbooks and supplies might be thought to fall more properly into the business division; but on reflection, it will appear that these bear so intimate a relation to the educational department that their selection and purchase cannot be left to any other body than the one having direct control of the work carried on in the schoolrooms. Of course, all of this business, physical and educational, ought to be done honestly, efficiently, and respectably. But half a loaf is better than no bread. The educational part must be done honestly, efficiently, and respectably (and respectability is at least as important as honesty and efficiency), else the public school administration is a failure.

There has been much discussion as to the best form of organization for school administration. Our old New England model was that of an elected committee of considerable size. The present drift of argument seems to be in favor of a small board appointed by the mayor. It is not at all clear that any improvement can be expected from such a change. When mayors select cigar dealers, milkmen, and professional politicians as the head officials of the most important departments, at salaries higher than those paid any educational officer, — offices created and paid on the theory that large salaries should attract skilled and experienced men, — it is hard to believe that a school commission, with good salaries attached, would not likewise be the spoils of the chief city politician. There is nothing in the recent history of Boston municipal politics, under mayors vested with almost autocratic powers, to lead one to believe that public spirit and efficiency receive greater attention from the executive than from the populace.

But where women have suffrage at school committee elections, and at those only, it may as well be assumed that school boards will continue to be elected by popular vote. The legislature will not take away this limited women's suffrage by abolishing its subject matter. An appointed commission, in the absence of a great public scandal and consequent upheaval, is politically impossible. Nor is it at all certain that, in a large city, a small board, say of seven or nine, is better than one of considerable size, say of twenty to forty. If small boards are more efficient, they are more efficient for evil as well as for good. Seven men around one table can put up more jobs upon the community than twenty-four in a debating chamber. Government by discussion is not always efficient or speedy, but it is safer than government by star chambers. A small board of aldermen is found, in practical experience, to resolve itself by majority vote into a secret body, — the "Committee on Public Improvements," or what not, — and the job-opposing minority is thus shorn of a large part of the power it has in public debate. If it must be assumed that bad men — men serving private, and not public interests — will in some number be in these public boards, publicity of procedure, debate, is the sharpest weapon of the faithful public servant, the greatest safeguard of the common interest. It is not worth while to sacrifice practical safety to theoretical efficiency.

Assuming, then, that we are to have a popularly elected board of considerable size, let us examine the forces that determine its selection and direct its operation, and also the scope of the powers with which it should be vested. In the first place, it may be noted that politics in school management is, generally speaking, not partisan, but personal, sectarian, or purely mercenary. Although

the party managers frequently make party nominations for the school boards, it is rare to find a school board in which there is responsible party management, and in which issues are made up and fought on party lines. In most cities there has been little scrambling among professional politicians for school board nominations. Generally, if no politicians want nominations, party managers are inclined to give them to persons whose names and character may add respectability to their ticket; suggestions as to candidates from public-spirited citizens, whether organized or not, are then given consideration. Thus it has happened in many cases that fairly good school boards have been secured through no other than party nominations. It has also happened that other suggestions from parties having a private interest to subserve have been received and accorded great weight. It is more than suspected that schoolbook publishing houses have frequently, in return for contributions to campaign funds, been accorded great influence in the selection of candidates. This is a political factor in the creation of school boards which cannot be overlooked. It is not pleasant to find on school boards certain members who may always be relied upon to vote and to work for any measure in the interests of special schoolbook publishing houses. According to rumor, this political influence of the publishing house has been more active in the West than in New England. That it has been to some degree operative in New England there is no doubt. It is probably not true, at least in New England, that any publishing houses corruptly purchase the votes of members of school boards, except in very rare instances; but it is true that many school boards have members who are practically owned by certain publishing houses. This overlordship is sometimes invited by members elected as freemen; as, for instance, by soliciting from a publishing house the employment of a large number of the political strikers of a politically ambitious member. It goes without saying that men and women who will put themselves into such a position toward a schoolbook publishing house are unfit for public trust. There is no remedy for this evil except the selection of persons of finer moral sensibility, who have an eye for the public interest only.

It is but fair to say that the great majority of men in the schoolbook publishing business prefer boards made up of honest and straightforward persons, having no personal or political interest to subserve; that, as a rule, they are the victims of corrupt motives and schemes of school board members, and not the conscious corrupting agency. But it is also true that there are exceptions to this rule, and that competition is so fierce that corrupt methods on the part of one publishing house lead to retaliation in kind. When the merits of a competitive controversy between two or more publishing houses are pretty evenly balanced, a single member of a school board, who is "on the make," may engender a strife which is far-reaching in actual or rumored corruption.

Although the selection of textbooks has long been the source of much unseemly wrangling in school boards, which has tended to some degree to discredit and undignify school administration in the eyes of the public, yet it is difficult to see how this function can be placed anywhere else than in the school board. It cannot safely be given into the hands of superintendents and boards of school supervisors; for most of the men occupying these positions are, by virtue of being themselves authors of school textbooks, absolutely disqualified from dealing fairly and impersonally with this question. It is not in human nature for a superintendent, supervisor, or teacher, whose brain has begotten a book on a given subject, and whose pocket is in anticipation of fullness from royalties on the sale of it, not to believe that his

book is the best obtainable on that subject. He must accord a like merit to the works of his brethren on the same board, — provided, of course, they have chosen other subjects, and do not compete with the product of his brain. The result would be that, if left to the boards of supervisors, the textbooks of our large cities would be mainly the products of home industry, and real merit would be hard to discover, and harder to reward; that practical politics as active and pernicious as ever obtained in elected school boards would obtain in the boards of supervisors. Besides, the affiliation of these educational officers with the publishers of their own textbooks makes them totally unfit to deal with the comparative merits of the other publications of the various competing houses. Undignified if not corrupt log-rolling, charges of unfairness having more or less basis, loss of standing in the eyes of the community and of the teaching force, would inevitably result from vesting the selection of textbooks in the hands of a board of supervisors, many or all of whom were themselves authors. Politics would simply be transferred from the school committee to the board of supervisors, and would work more scandal and discredit there than in the committee itself. It thus appears that "expert selection" of school textbooks is something almost if not quite impossible of attainment, and that we must rely upon a sifting process under the control of such intelligence as we may obtain in a school board. This constitutes an additional reason why it is exceedingly important to obtain on such boards persons of impartial judicial qualities, high intelligence, and liberal education. Such persons will seek and obtain the advice of teachers whose vision has not been astigmatized by authorship, and will thus approximate to a fair selection of good textbooks.

Another political factor which makes against the selection and untrammeled action of persons of the highest character and intelligence as members of school boards is race and sectarian prejudice. This is a force of varying intensity, but it is nearly always present in our New England cities. Its most virulent form is found in the antipathy between the Irish Catholic and the antipodal British American, or "A. P. A." It is nonsense for any one to assert that the great body of our Irish Catholic citizens are not thorough believers in and supporters of our public school system, or that the "Pope of Rome and his minions" are in a conspiracy to destroy it. The parochial school is not gaining ground as against the public school. But it is undeniable that this same class will almost always be found working and voting for a person of their own race and sect for any position desired, whether he is fit for that position or not. Often, in school matters, Irish Catholics are found working and voting for persons and measures that they are privately known heartily to disapprove, simply because they dare not or will not be found opposing the most illegitimate and preposterous claims of one of their own race and creed. As individuals they are in most cases excellent citizens; but the clan spirit seems to have a compelling force among them, which leads to frequent disregard of the public interest.

This clannishness is intensified and solidified by the absurd bigotry of the opposing faction, in Boston largely made up of women. Each faction reacts on the other, and the strife engendered is absurd, but harmful. If, as there is some ground to believe, amply qualified Catholics have been discriminated against, in the appointments of teachers (in Boston only one grammar school, out of a total of fifty-seven, has a Catholic master, and he is a recent appointment), the efforts of just and fair-minded persons to remedy this injustice are often thwarted by the greedy and clannish attempt of the Irish Catholics, whenever opportunity

offers, to fill every position from their own clan, with no regard for fitness. If there is a vacancy for a teacher, and an Irish Catholic presents himself or herself for the position, it may as well be assumed that every one of this race and creed on the board will support his or her candidacy as against a whole army of candidates infinitely better fit for the duties of the position. A few exhibitions of this kind give new life and venom to the anti-Catholic element, and the result is a factional and sectarian contest vicious and disgraceful. Moreover, this clannishness of the Irish Catholic is often utilized by unscrupulous politicians, who really care nothing for the religious and sectarian issue, as a means of gaining support for men and measures of which many of the Irish Catholics heartily disapprove: a false sectarian issue is raised and votes obtained for an ulterior purpose, often even for a corrupt scheme. The clan, Irish Catholic, British American, or other, is an excellent political weapon in the hands of an adroit manipulator.

Neither the Irish Catholic clan nor the opposing faction is a safe trustee of the public interest in the management of the public schools. It ought never to be inquired whether a candidate for a teacher's position or a janitor's position is Catholic, Jew, Methodist, or Unitarian. Character, intelligence, and training for the position should be the only tests of fitness. But this religious and sectarian factor cannot now be ignored, in dealing with the forces operative in controlling our public school administration; it is active in selecting candidates, in electing members, and in controlling their action in the board. It would be equally a disaster to elect a board the majority of which should be made up of Irish Catholics or of their virulent opponents; both should be kept in a harmless minority until both acquire toleration and a genuine democratic public spirit. There is no room for a clan of any kind in the administration of the most democratic institution of our democracy.

This leads naturally to the statement that one of the chief results of women's suffrage in school affairs is an increase of race and sectarian bigotry; that few women have ordinarily voted except under the leadership of persons with an inordinate and groundless fear of Catholic domination. It cannot be conceded that women's suffrage has brought "the home into the management of the school," or that "woman has purified and ennobled political activity." It is difficult to see that the women who, year after year, have taken an active part in school affairs move on a plane any higher than that along which male effort acts. As members of school boards they have little genius for facts; their statements in debate frequently illustrate the well-known truth that imaginative fiction is woman's literary stronghold; there is always an exception (in favor of themselves) to all rules; when their own desires are involved their vision is oblique; they are seldom, if ever, impersonal. When, in Boston, a new code of rules vested in the Superintendent the duty of presenting to the full Board, for its acceptance or rejection, his personal judgment as to the fittest candidates for teachers' positions, so that it would have been a gross breach of his duty, and a fraud upon the Board and upon the public, for him to have made himself the mouthpiece of any other person's choice and judgment, it was a woman, an ardent advocate of the reform in the abstract, — a woman whose goodness of heart and purity of purpose were exceeded only by her own conviction of their paramount virtue, — that was the first member to insist, strenuously to insist, that the Superintendent should select and name her candidate, and not his own. Her attitude was like that of the governor of an island undergoing the process of benevolent assimilation, who, when informed by a visitor, coming with

letters of introduction that commended him to the gubernatorial favor, that he had come to try a lawsuit in the courts of the island, said, "I will speak to the judges for you;" and, to a hesitating doubt as to whether such course was quite discreet, replied, with a surprised air, "Why, I make these men judges; of course they will decide as I indicate to them." A "packed" Supreme Court would be a normal tribunal to a female President.

But it ought to be said that women on school boards do much useful service. They have time to visit the schools, and they find many defects and abuses that overworked business and professional men would never discover. In spite of the fact that so few women register and vote, and that those who do vote are largely under the domination of leaders with whom the test of official excellence is found more in religious bigotry, and in a willingness and capacity to flatter and follow these self-constituted leaders, than in a straightforward and able performance of public duty, yet there is strong reason to believe that the women's vote can — and will, if necessary — be used to prevent a thorough Tammanyizing of our public school administration. From the subjoined note [1] it will appear that this vote is in Boston *varium et mutabile semper*. The remarkable rise from 725 in 1887 to 19,490 in 1888 was caused by the violent sectarian controversy over Swinton's History. While this extraordinary increase in the vote is very indicative of women's capacity and liking for religious and sectarian conflict, yet it cannot be gainsaid that no small part of that vote was based on a genuine fear, perhaps not entirely groundless, that the integrity of the teaching in our schools was menaced. A really "rotten school board" would undoubtedly produce another extraordinary and overwhelming women's vote. For this vote to be both useful and effective, it should be blended into a non-partisan, non-sectarian organization with men voters. The independent women's movement is based on a vicious and indefensible principle, and is led with a narrow blindness apparently not devoid of self-serving.

If machinery can be devised so that a non-partisan, non-sectarian "Public School Association," or whatever it may be named, can be made genuinely representative of the disinterested public spirit which, in abundant force, is ready to put forth to protect and to perfect a sound administration of the public school system, the women's vote can be made mightily effective. Reform by self-constituted committees has never availed for any length of time. The difficulty is inherent. In Boston, there has been no lack of pure motive and of self-sacrificing effort on the part of those who have led the Public School Association movement: they have already accomplished so much as to lend support to

	[1] Men's Vote for Mayor.	Women's Registration and Vote for School Committee.	
		Registration.	Vote.
1886	45,667	1,193	878
1887	51,815	837	725
1888	63,098	20,252	19,490
1889	56,806	10,589	10,051
1890	54,021	7,925	7,439
1891	55,018	6,008	5,428
1892	66,667	9,992	9,510
1893	68,228	10,296	8,915
1894	68,588	11,091	8,733
1895	76,721	12,073	9,049
1896	No Mayor chosen.	10,340	6,417
1897	79,763	9,262	5,721
1898	No Mayor chosen.	8,723	5,201
1899	81,341	10,385	7,090
1900	No Mayor chosen.	12,473	9,542

Probably there are as many female voters as male voters in the city of Boston. If this is so, it is apparent from the above table that in most years not more than one tenth of the women voters have voted. For instance, in 1895, about 77,000 men voted for Mayor, and about 9000 women for School Committee. In 1897, about 80,000 men voted for Mayor, and less than 6000 women for School Committee.

the hope that they may practically solve the problem, with such legislative assistance as shall restrict the field of activity to work purely educational. Much has already been done in arousing a sense of the importance of the work, and in checking the raids of the politicians. Their problem now is one of organization; it is difficult, but probably not insoluble.

But, as in the other departments of municipal administration, the most vicious and powerful forces that threaten the honesty, efficiency, and respectability of the public school administration grow out of money expenditure, and mainly out of the expenditure for land, for buildings, and for repairs. It is the business part of public school administration that affords the inviting field for personal and mercenary politics. In our larger cities, this expense for land, buildings, and repairs is necessarily very heavy. If the growth of population in cities were confined to extensions upon vacant lands, and sites were there obtained and buildings erected with reasonable foresight, the school population would be housed at moderate expense. It is the shifting of population which costs. For instance, in the North and West ends of Boston, schoolhouses were given up, and their sites sold, many years ago, as business came in and drove out the old residents; but recently, new sites have had to be bought, and more than ten dollars per square foot paid, in order to erect buildings for the enormous school population of the Hebrew and Italian emigrants who have hived in these sections. A dense population makes a demand for new sites, and at the same time raises their price. The site for the Paul Revere School at the North End will cost about $225,000.

A few figures as to Boston's disbursements for school purposes will illuminate. In five years, ending January 31, 1900, Boston's expenditures for schools have been $16,118,064.85. Of this sum, $4,872,055.81, or about thirty per cent, was spent for land, for new buildings, and for repair of old buildings. Of the remaining $11,246,009.04, $9,290,574.96 was paid for salaries of instructors, Superintendent, supervisors, and other school officers, including truant officers; $693,167.37 was paid for janitor service; $666,053.85 for supplies and incidental expenses; and $456,622.25 for fuel, gas, and water. It is safe to say that the expenditure of $5,000,000 (nearly) for lands, buildings, and repair of buildings offers ten times more opportunity for corruption and chicanery than the expenditure of the other $11,250,000. This is the honey that attracts the political bee.

While the teachers have at times exercised some political influence with reference to their salaries, and have terrorized some politically fearful members of the Board, it is very improbable that any considerable part of the money paid for salaries is corruptly or even wastefully expended. We have too few, not too many teachers. Few, if any salaries are exorbitant. Almost the only waste that can be pointed out is the payment of salaries to incompetent teachers. That there should be some incompetence due to superannuation is inevitable; and no school board will be hard-hearted enough to crowd out faithful teachers as soon as they have passed the line of highest efficiency. Yet it must be admitted that many special salary orders have their genesis in politics, and that this large pay roll will be maladministered if the tone of the administration is not kept fairly high. The political influence of our increasing army of public employees is not to be lightly passed by.

Payments for janitor service of nearly $700,000 are not so free from taint. The character of the service is such that it is difficult, although not impossible, to arrange payments upon a regular schedule; the result is constant demand for increased compensation in individ-

ual cases and for extra allowances. A janitors' association which has, or claims to have, large political influence, and to control at the polls the political destinies of ambitious politicians, leads to the strong suspicion that many of the claims for extras are really payments for political favor. A janitor's compensation is perhaps regulated as much by the number of political pulls he has as by the number of schoolrooms he cares for.

The large sum paid for supplies and incidentals ($666,053.85) would seem, at first thought, to offer the same sort of opportunity for corruption and commissions as is afforded by the expenditure for lands and buildings; but, as a matter of fact, so many of the supplies purchased for the schools are of a definite and stereotyped kind, and the prices are so generally known, that large profits, affording the payment of corrupt commissions, would be likely to excite attention. However it may be managed in other cities, it is not believed that in Boston there has been any substantial amount of corruption or waste in the administration of this department. It is probably true that certain publishing and supply houses have from time to time succeeded in inducing an expenditure which was unwise, and that they have been assisted in this by members of the School Board whose motives were not always easy to apprehend. Too many educational "improvements" originate in business interests. Art and drawing are fruitful sources of large bills for stuff mainly used to waste time that should be devoted to learning how to think. Probably no one doubts that drawing should be taught; no one conversant with the facts doubts that drawing as now managed is a waste of teachers' and pupils' time and of the public money.

The experience of Boston in the matter of expenditure for sites, buildings, and repairs is sufficiently instructive to justify description. It is the sort of politics permitted by this expenditure that constitutes, at present, the greatest danger to our school administration.

Prior to 1895 the Boston School Committee had no authority to build school buildings. They were built and repaired by the City Government proper; really by the Mayor's appointees, though the appropriations had to be voted by the City Council. Although the School Board had legally the designation of the sites, practically the City Government, that held the purse strings, selected them; and frequently selected them, not for the benefit of the school population, but for the benefit of the political manipulators. "This lot, or no appropriation," was the message of City Hall to the School Committee. One high school building is located on a steep sidehill, close to a street up and down which grumbling and shrieking electric cars move every few seconds, to the disturbance and waste of the energies of teachers and scholars in all but the coldest weather. It is there because Alderman Blank wanted to have that lot sold at a large price to the city, and prevented any appropriation until this was agreed to. It is safe to say that school sites were commonly chosen with little regard to future or even present needs; that the school buildings were not economically built; that a large part of the money nominally spent for repairs was wastefully or corruptly misapplied. Besides, the School Committee did not get its fair share of the tax levy. Buildings were not provided in sufficient number; children were refused admission, for lack of room; stores, halls, and churches were hired and fitted up for school purposes, at an annual expense of over $20,000. The fact is that the City Government preferred to spend the money within its control for other than school purposes. It will never do to leave the schools dependent upon the appropriating will of the ordinary city government of one of our large cities. Some definite provision from the tax

levy must be made by law, or the result will be annually to drive the school boards to the legislatures for relief, precisely as happened in Boston. A mass of legislation [1] for the Boston schools followed. The effect of this legislation was to give to the Boston School Committee full power to buy land, to erect and to repair buildings, and also to furnish for this purpose $3,450,000 of money derived from special loans. This sum was in addition to the aggregate of the amounts appropriated by the City Government for the School Department in the years prior to 1898, and of the school portion of the regular tax levy in 1899 and 1900; for by the act of 1898 the School Committee was given a definite amount of the tax levy, — $2.90 upon each $1000 of taxable property.

The argument before the legislative committee in favor of taking this control of expenditure for sites, buildings, and repairs away from the City Government, and giving it to the School Board, took the double form of an assertion that, logically, the board managing the schools should house the schools, which was true; and further, of an assertion, modestly made by members of the School Committee, that they were better men than the Aldermen and Common Councilmen, which was probably also true. The fatal defect in this argument lay in disregarding the fact that the same forces which had made the Board of Aldermen and the Common Council bad were thus made operative upon the School Committee, and that the badness of the former was thus made certain of duplication.

Under these increased powers, the Boston School Committee has organized a "Schoolhouse Agent's Department," and is now, and has been for two years, absolutely responsible for the application of all money appropriated for school purposes. It is not easy to determine whether the waste and misapplication are now less or more than when the City Government controlled this expenditure; probably there is little difference. No candid observer will claim that either system gives satisfactory results. In spite of this legislative help in administering Boston's affairs, the city has not obtained sufficient schoolhouses of its own for its school population. Its expenditure for rent of buildings and parts of buildings used for school purposes has steadily increased. Last year (ending January 31, 1900) the amount thus expended was $34,587.17; this year (ending January 31, 1901), $44,047.99, or the interest, at three per cent, on nearly one and a half million dollars' worth of buildings.

It is not the purpose of this article to state in detail the sins of omission and commission of the Boston School Committee, but rather to use its record to illustrate some principles of wide application. The experience of the Board for the last five years demonstrates that it cannot be relied upon as an efficient and foresighted builder of schoolhouses. There is but little if any practical increase in efficiency over the old method of divided power, under which the buildings were built and repaired by the City Government. But if the building operations are no better, the School Committee is much worse. While theoretically it is clear that the school buildings should be built and repaired by the same body responsible for the school management, practically it is found that the expenditure of the large sums thus involved, under contracts capable of wasteful or corrupt manipulation, sets in operation forces so vicious and sinister that the integrity and efficiency of the whole public school system are endangered. The School Committee has become the ambition of the politicians, some of them of the most mercenary type. The corridors of the School Committee chamber

[1] See Acts of Legislature of Massachusetts for 1895, chapter 408; for 1897, chapters 304 and 442; for 1898, chapters 149 and 400; for 1899, chapter 239.

are filled with the same sort of lobbyists and parasites so familiar around our City Hall; they reek. "Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together."

When a member of the School Committee is publicly charged with having used his official position to advance his private interest, — with having urged the sale of his goods on the ground that he would reciprocate by securing for the purchasers thereof profitable trade with the city, through his official position on the School Committee, — and such member admits by silence the truth of this charge, it is clear that a subsequent administration cannot have public respect if it puts such a member at the head of the leading committee on finance, where his signature is necessary for the approval of all bills. It will certainly be said, whether true or not, that a moral sensibility that sees no wrong in the charged and admitted practice will find it easy to withhold his signature to bills justly due until he is "seen" by the money-needing creditors of the city. Such practices drive out of competition for public business the best business houses; lead to corrupt coalition for the purpose of eliminating competition among those who remain in the scramble; increase the cost of the public work in the long run by practically the amount of the tribute money compelled to be paid; make every honest teacher ashamed of his official superiors; work corruption and demoralization generally. It is bad enough when such methods exist, and are not publicly known; it is infinitely worse when they are known, and are not instantly stopped. "Hypocrisy is the respect which vice pays to virtue;" and an administration that has not sufficient respect for public sentiment to put the stamp of apparent disapproval upon such practices indicates a brazen shamelessness which must count upon an inert and conscienceless public opinion.

The pith of the matter is this: when politics is once let loose upon the administration of the schools, it does not confine its wasteful and corrupting influences to the matter of land, buildings, and repair jobs, — to the business part of school administration; it attacks also the educational part. This is a direct blow at the morale of the whole educational system: it tends to drag superintendent and supervisors into the maelstrom of politics; it tends to make the appointment of teachers the football of partisan, sectarian, or mercenary politics; it tends to imbue teachers with the idea that the way to advancement is by obtaining a political pull, with the idea that the favor of the ward committeeman is more to be desired than the approval of their supervisor; it tends to degrade the public procedure in the school committee to a wrangle over sites, building contracts, repair jobs, and thus to bring the body into public disrepute; it disgusts watchful parents, who believe that the control of the schools, whose influences enter so vitally into the moral and intellectual life of their children, cannot be safely intrusted to those who seem to have low intellectual and moral ideals; it lessens the respect of pupils for their teachers, and thus makes harder the task of the most faithful and high-minded. This result is already indicated in Boston. What educational topic has been debated in the Boston School Committee within the last three years? A report from the Board of Supervisors, involving the most radical and far-reaching changes proposed for many years, was recently received and referred without exciting a ripple of general interest. The members who cared for the subject matter knew that the topics discussed in that report were of no general interest to the School Board. The proper function of normal school training as a part of the preparation of teachers was found as uninteresting as the Rule in Shelley's Case; but a scheme to spend $165,000 for a lot of land on Huntington Avenue,

on which to erect a normal school building to accommodate a couple of hundred girls, excited wild and vociferous interest. No other result of the legislation above referred to could reasonably be expected. Give to the school committee of any city similar powers as to the expenditure of money, and its character and methods will be practically the same as the character and methods of a board of aldermen or common councilmen in the same city. Until we can purge our entire city administration not merely of actual criminal corruption, but also of the other expensive and demoralizing forms of public exploitation that now go on, it is absurd to vest in school boards the power of erecting and repairing schoolhouses. The practical problem is, not to get the business part of school administration efficiently or even honestly done, but to prevent the inefficiency and dishonesty, probably inevitable in our larger cities with our present civic standards, from corrupting and discrediting the educational part of the school administration. We may get on with inadequate buildings; we cannot get on with vulgar, unintelligent, ill-trained appointees in our schoolrooms.

This leads to a brief statement relative to the political forces operative in selecting teachers. Something has already been said as to the race and sectarian prejudice entering into that problem. There are other political factors, — factors which tend to prevent appointments from being made solely on the basis of moral and intellectual fitness and successful experience. One of these factors is the pressure in favor of residents. The basis of this pressure is found in political, and not in educational reasons. Educationally, teachers should be selected for qualification, and not for citizenship; politically, citizenship, and not qualification, is the prime requisite. Ordinarily, the Brookline, Quincy, or Melrose teacher has no political influence in Boston. With the higher salaries paid in Boston, the city should have the pick of the experienced, well-trained, and successful teachers of New England. As a matter of fact, about two thirds of the appointments in Boston have for years been made from among the inexperienced graduates of the Boston Normal School. Really, the main reason for maintaining this school as a part of the public school system of Boston is to furnish a means and an excuse for putting in inexperienced teachers who have some local political influence, instead of taking the experienced teachers from other towns and cities, who would gladly come to Boston because of the higher salaries and wider opportunities. It is, of course, true that many of these Normal School graduates become efficient and satisfactory teachers; but the city pays high for their apprenticeship. There should be free trade in teachers. There is no more reason why the best teachers of New England should not gather in the metropolis, and obtain positions through their merits and demonstrated fitness, than there is why the best lawyers, ministers, and doctors of New England should be excluded from the competition and opportunities of the great city.

Another aspect of the operation of politics in controlling the appointment of teachers is found in the attempts of the political manipulators to minimize the powers of superintendent, supervisors, and masters in the selection of teachers. Under the statute law creating the Boston School Committee, the Superintendent and supervisors have no powers except such as are given them under the rules of the School Committee. Prior to June, 1898, teachers were practically selected by sub-committees of the School Board; the experience and skill of the Superintendent and supervisors had no official, and little practical recognition. At that time a new code of rules was adopted, after a strenuous battle, vesting in the Superintendent, in conference with the supervisor in charge and

the master of the school, the responsibility of selecting, subject to the approval of the Board, all teachers. This new method had, of course, no legal effect upon the powers of the Board, but it removed the field of political influence, in the selection of teachers, from the secrecy of the sub-committee to the publicity of the full Board, and gave to the schools and the public the advantage of an initial selection by the executive educational officers. The result has been constant war by the politicians upon the Superintendent. They have already succeeded in cutting down his powers, so that his appointments must be approved by the sub-committee in charge of the school in which the appointment is to be made, before he is permitted to report them to the Board. His reëlection in the summer of 1900 was for weeks prevented, because he had refused subservience to those who desired him to appoint their nominees, based upon political pull, and not his own, based upon educational qualifications.

So long as the statute law gives to the superintendent and supervisors no powers whatever, and their functions are limited to the duties imposed upon them by the rules of the school committee itself, it is safe to say that a superintendent who holds a high and strong ideal of the duties of his position will either be left little power in the selection of teachers, or else he will find his holding of office precarious and uncertain. It seems clear that the superintendent of schools should, by statute law, be given large powers in the designation of teachers; that his appointment should either be the only method by which nominations may come before the board for approval, or that, subject to a veto by a majority of the board, such appointment should be legally effective.

Before closing this paper a *caveat* should be filed. The writer does not intend to convey the impression that the increase in money-spending power has transmuted the Boston School Committee into a body of persons, a large number of whom are corruptly making money by abuse of their official positions. The fact is quite other. Actual corruption — selling their votes for money, receiving commissions on public contracts they have voted to make, dividing profits of a land deal — is almost certainly confined to a very small minority. But this small minority, by playing on sectarian or partisan prejudice, local jealousies, and personal ambitions, accomplish an infinite amount of evil. A person who is ambitious for political advancement, though personally above taking money, is often not high-minded nor strong-minded enough to refuse to deal politically with one who he morally knows is seeking a vantage ground for political spoil. Many members are weak and timorous. A half dozen active and vociferous ward-heelers seem to such members to speak for the public sentiment of all Boston, when in truth these ward-heelers are simply promoting a land or building job, and are bullying these weak members into voting money into their pockets. "Woman's magic spell" has been known to make political fools of guileless members having too much faith that the beautiful is always the true and the good. In a word, the forces operative for unrighteousness from outside the Board are more numerous and vicious than the factors from within. But the point is, that this combination of sinister outside influences, operating on weakness within and combining with some dishonesty within, produces an appearance of widespread corruption.

This appearance sets in operation still another destroying force: as the school committee loses respectability, "reformers" and other well-meaning but misguided people indulge in wild and lurid denunciation of the committee, and of all its members and works. The sheep and

the goats are not distinguished; indeed, they are often indistinguishable. Of course, this undeserved censure is gall and wormwood to the honest members who are honestly trying from within to stem the tide of corruption. They come to look forward to the termination of their official life as to a release from prison. Hence the difficulty of getting good men to serve upon unpaid boards. An unsalaried office must be honorable, or it will attract only crooks and saints: and saints are rare; the supply does not equal the demand. Next to corruption itself, the wild and baseless charges of corruption, made by a large number of the citizens who call themselves "reformers," are probably the most actively harmful political forces in our community to-day. They utterly destroy what respectability remains to a school board that has a few corrupt members. When a school committee once loses respectability, it is almost impossible to induce persons having real public spirit and reasonable unselfishness to serve upon it, even if they could be nominated and elected without a disagreeable personal struggle. Who considers it an honor to-day to serve in the Common Council of the city of Boston? We are taught to respect our courts; and even presidential appointments of sons of justices to lucrative and desirable positions, made while the presidential policy is pending before the bar of the Supreme Court, will make few of us believe that personal motive or parental interest will prevent a full and free operation of the judicial intellect. We recognize that respect is essential not only to the integrity and usefulness of the courts, but also to the preservation of a law-abiding spirit among the people. We do not permit ourselves even to think evil of our courts; for we know that if they should be reputed bad, they shortly would become bad. The same principle is applicable to other public functions, and especially to positions upon unpaid boards. To be respectable, they must be respected. The methods of reformers need reforming as much as the methods of politicians. We shall never obtain honest, efficient, and respectable school administration (and again the stress is put upon respectability) if we carelessly and unjustly make our school boards an object of contumely and reproach.

If the foregoing analysis of politics in the administration of public schools is reasonably correct, it follows that efforts for reform should not be revolutionary in their nature, however they may prove to be in their result. There is no panacea in organization or reorganization. We are dealing with human nature, and no amount of shifting the political machinery will change the essential nature of the problem. The programme of reform is not an ambitious one. It is simply this: the business, the money-spending functions, of the school committee should be made as few as possible; the purchase of sites and the building and repair of schoolhouses should be taken away from the school committee. The designation of sites within certain limits, and the approval of schoolhouse plans, should be left to the school committee; not that such control can be made fully effective, but it would tend to prevent a total disregard of educational fitness by the commission or city council, or other official body that may have this work in direct charge. Again, the superintendent or board of supervisors should, by statute law, be given certain definite powers as to the appointment of teachers, subject to approval or veto by the school committee. Little more than this can be done through the mere framework of organization; subsequent reliance must be placed upon the wholesome activity of the better class of citizens. A strong effort should be made to take the nomination and election of members of the school committee out of politics, partisan, sectarian, personal, and mercenary. So

important is this work that we may fairly expect to see it command the support of so large a body of our voters, male and female, as to insure success, provided the leaders are reasonably discreet and entirely disinterested. If (as many doubt) it is possible to maintain a non-partisan citizens' organization for the purpose of administering any part of our city governments, it is certainly possible to do this with reference to our public school system. It is a far cry to the time when the entire city government of any of our large cities will be non-partisan, not to say non-political. The most hopeful point of attack is in the administration of the public school system. If the movement for women's suffrage has any sound basis, if through it there is any reason to expect the prevalence of higher ideals and purer administration of public affairs, the fullest opportunity for demonstrating its beneficence is afforded by the need of destroying the pernicious influence of politics in the administration of our schools. If women do not seize this opportunity, if they care not for that function of the government which most directly and vitally affects them and their children, it is absurd for them to argue that their activity with reference to streets, sewers, and state affairs would be beneficial.

Our governmental experience furnishes us one analogy, instructive as to organization and hopeful as to result: it is found in our administration of justice. The highest and noblest function of any government is to furnish a pure and efficient administration of justice. Speaking broadly, we have succeeded in this. We have done it by keeping our judges out of business; by limiting their functions strictly to judicial work; by making their procedure open and public, and thus preventing personal solicitation. These safeguards, with the traditions of a high and noble profession, have given us courts almost always pure, almost generally efficient. The same method must be pursued in the administration of our schools. Next to that of the courts, theirs is the most important work intrusted to the government. The field of their administrators must be strictly limited to educational work; in that field inefficiency and corruption must not be tolerated.

G. W. Anderson.

THE ANTHRACITE COAL CRISIS.

THE same date, April 1, for the first time in the history of our coal industry, calls this year for the settlement of wages in both anthracite and bituminous mines over the whole region east of the Mississippi and north of the extreme Southern mines. No such labor organization as that whose council now controls and expresses the wage demands of over 400,000 miners in hard and soft coal has existed before in this country. The bituminous mines are still owned by many firms, companies, and railroad or manufacturing corporations. In the anthracite region, the consolidation of both capital and labor has come about. Only about 470 square miles in area, employing, in all, 150,000 miners, laborers, and boys, and with a total capitalization of about $160,000,000 in mines, and $600,000,000 more in transport and distribution, there has been in the anthracite mines through the winter a swift and skillful massing of control and ownership. In this area consolidated capital faces combined labor. There remain many figments and fictions of separate individual and corporate ownership; but no one

familiar with the facts which underlie nominal titles has probably any doubt that the purchase of various coal companies, and the reorganization of various railroad and mining corporations, have left the capital engaged in anthracite mining and transportation as completely under one control as the labor employed in the mines is now enrolled in one union.

Whether these twin conditions, both unprecedented, — the settlement of both anthracite and bituminous wages on one day, and the presence of two opposing organizations, each equally complete, in the capital and the labor of anthracite, — will lead to a strike or to an amicable settlement no one can predict. But such a situation plainly calls for a clear comprehension, by that great body of candid men who desire only justice in these conflicts, of the causes which, in spite of all desire and determination in law and in public policy to promote individual ownership, action, and the free haggling of the market, have brought about these massed forces.

"Two black clouds
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow,
To join their dark encounter in mid-air."

In the anthracite strike of last autumn wages were advanced ten per cent, under pressure of the united control of capital already mentioned, and against the determination of individual operators and mining corporations to contest the advance. This strike and its result raised in most minds the familiar presumption in all strikes, that their presence implies some moral lack either in employer or employed. Nearly all discussion of strikes, in an economic quarterly or in "yellow" journalism, assumes, consciously or unconsciously, that strikes come only when capital is withholding what is not its own, or labor seeking more than its due. If this presumption generally inclines to the side of labor, it is because the continuous experience of the past century has seen the level of wages rise, and the condition of labor improve. The car driver of twenty-five years ago went in winter girt about with a horse blanket, like a tramp. He has been replaced by the motorman, dressed in a uniform, his overcoat always presentable; worn, it may be, but marked by a general air of self-respecting attire. This change, which most people forget in discussing the labor question, extends through the entire range of employment and industry. In France, more uniform in its development, more continuous in its industrial history, and more complete in its records, it is possible, as the Vicomte d'Avenel neatly put it in his review of a century of the Republic, to prove that the capitalist has lost one half of his return in the fall of interest; the landowner has had the decline in the value of money made good by a corresponding improvement in the value of land; and for labor, wages have trebled, and the cost of living doubled, so that the workman was, in France, one half better off in 1890 than in 1790. Thus it is in all progressive lands.

This improvement is generally gained by imperceptible degrees, in the daily haggling of wages. When a strike comes in the course of this uplift, its ethics are to be settled, not by printing a picture of the house of the mine owner and mine worker, but by considering the houses of all employed and all employers; by seeing the strike in its relations, and not in its details. For wages are decided in every calling by competitive prices; and competitive prices are made, not by the least efficient method of production, but by the most efficient; not by the old machine, but by the new one; not by the poorly skilled and ineffective laborer, but by the highly skilled and efficient artisan, who stands at his work with every appliance which invention has provided, and every training in character, in head, and in hand which the education of the day can furnish. These are the forces which make prices, re-

ducing the price of the product and increasing the wage of the worker.

If the progress of any land be rapid, these changes will inevitably lead to shocks and to conflict. If in this country, from 1881 to 1894, thirteen years and six months, there were 14,389 strikes, affecting 69,166 establishments, and throwing 3,714,231 persons out of employment, this is not a proof that the American employer was slow to grant an advance of wages, or that the American artisan was interfering with industry, and running the risk of losing his wages by demanding a rise. These strikes are only a measure of the rapidity of the industrial march, and of the swiftness with which economic readjustment became necessary. Stragglers increase as the pace of the column grows. Where there are no industrial changes there will be no industrial conflicts, and the bitterness of the war between labor and capital will be in tolerably exact proportion to the size of the stake represented by the aggregate product and advance of the community, the rapidity with which it is increased, and an adjustment of its respective division rendered necessary.

Every new machine has in it a need for such adjustment and the possibility of a strike; every new discovery brings with it potential collision. The box of Pandora held no more possibilities of conflict than do the records of the Patent Office at Washington, — each invention charged with hope and pregnant with strife. As the world grows smaller, and nations jostle one another in the march along the converging paths which are rapidly reaching the same goal, and opening on that broad arena where the final conflicts of industrial civilization are to be decided, these causes for industrial collision grow wider than the scope of a single industry, the boundaries of any land, or the limits of the inventive genius of any people. So it comes to pass that when the transition from wood to iron in shipbuilding brings the keel near the mine and the forge, the shipbuilders on the Thames enter on a great strike which destroys their industry, and transfers the centre of the world's shipbuilding to Glasgow. The gain of trade by Liverpool and other English ports is followed by a strike in London dockyards. The improvement of beet-root-sugar production in Germany brings to industrial ruin and civil revolution the sugar fields of Cuba. The Irish landlord finds himself unable to collect his rents, and forced to accept a reduction of fully one half in his income, because of the fertile acres opened in our West by the Irish emigrant. The iron industries of New England wither before the cheaper fuel and cheaper ores of Western mines and foundries. The buffalo is replaced by domestic cattle over our Western ranges. The value of leather is cheapened, and there begin exports of boots and shoes which throw into confusion the laboriously adjusted relations of wages in the industry throughout England. Each development of our cotton industry changes the relations of the product elsewhere to the general demand. When an engineering strike comes in England, fought out over half a year of industrial strife, as in 1899, the real cause is not a dispute over machines or apprentices, but the appearance of the American product in every competing market, in the very mills and machine shops which the strikers have left silent.

When the coal of Scotland and Wales developed, the mines in Midland England went through the great strike of two-score years ago. When cheap freights made English coal exports possible on a constantly increasing scale, a series of coal strikes in Belgium, France, and Germany recorded the perturbation. As these mines adjusted themselves to new conditions, gained greater efficiency, and entered on a more strenuous competition in the last two countries behind the wall of a protective tariff, there began the series of convulsions in English mining

wages, twenty years ago, which ended in a "sliding scale" for wages based on the price of coal under the arrangements between 1879 and 1888. These "scales" worked with steady automatic regularity, until our own coal development led to the appearance abroad, first, of our coal indirectly, in the shape of metallic exports, before long to be followed by the substitution of our own coal, at competing points, for the English product, — English ocean steamers filling their bunkers with American coal for the return trip. Straightway, as though one had fired a train, there ran a series of industrial conflicts: the great Midland strike in 1892, the strikes in Scotland and South Wales which followed, and disturbances in German, Belgian, and French coal mines, — all based upon a determination to maintain prices in spite of competition, a determination which the amazing trade expansion of the past four years has rendered possible.

Similarly in this country. When the competition of the mines and the iron-making of western Pennsylvania and Ohio began to be felt in the anthracite region, between 1865 and 1870, it was succeeded by strikes and the more murderous work of Molly Maguires. As the Ohio industries developed, strikes followed in western Pennsylvania. When Indiana and Illinois began, by their opening of coal mines, to derange the markets which had been supplied from Pennsylvania and Ohio, a disastrous conflict followed in the Hocking Valley region. Indiana and Illinois each had its strikes as the region to the westward began its coal development. The mines of Pocahontas, in the southern tip of West Virginia, whose product was scarcely noticed at first, deranged the scale for soft-coal wages, and a strike over five states followed. These mines meanwhile worked with steadily increasing product, stoning, and in more than one case killing, the messengers of industrial resistance who came to them from striking miners to the north, only to find themselves forced to a strike when the readjustment of the bituminous scale had brought into sharp competition with their own product the output of the mines which struck when they were at work, and which were at work when they struck. The bitter and bloody strife in Alabama in 1895 succeeded the cheap freights which brought Connellsville coke at 90 cents a ton into a region which had been developing its own iron industry on the basis of domestic coke at $1.60 a ton. These mines have gained a market in the Southwest, in Texas, Arkansas, and Indian Territory. The mines of these states, whose development is the economic event of the past five years in the coal industry of the United States, will in their turn, as soon as an universal prosperity begins to ebb, cause a series of strikes over the encircling coal mines from Kansas and Iowa to Alabama, which a decade before played their part in precipitating the strikes of earlier coal miners from 1887 to 1893.

Anthracite coal mining, as it began, seemed to be one of those industries in which a fortunate position and the monopoly of product would render the division of a return of the output of capital and labor both easy and equitable. In 1840 the products of anthracite and bituminous coal mines were almost exactly alike, — 863,489 tons for one, and 985,828 tons for the other. But there was this difference: that while the anthracite product lay close to the seaboard, in a single highly organized region, settled by those whose ancestors had come from the mining regions of central Europe, and who had a transmitted tradition of ability and training in the mechanic arts, and were within easy water communication, by canal and river, of the two great centres of population on the North Atlantic coast, New York and Philadelphia, the bituminous product was scattered in a hundred counties, in mines more numerous wherever some running stream and

sloping adit made it possible to float and freight the product of a mine down the waters of the Ohio, or seaward along the line of the Potomac. For twenty years the two developed and grew, and in 1860 the product had increased tenfold, — anthracite producing 8,513,123 tons, and bituminous 8,000,000 tons; the round figures themselves being a record of the scattered product, difficult distribution, and local consumption of soft coal. The advantages of capital were all on the side of anthracite. In 1840 its proportion of capital was $5 per ton, while that of bituminous was but $2. A similar ratio has remained to this day. At the start anthracite represented greater advantages; to-day it stands for greater burdens. In the decade after 1860 anthracite enjoyed all the advantages of position: it was near the great mass of population; cheap freights at hand made the distribution of fuel possible. The iron of the country was made by anthracite; to-day not a tithe is so made. Coke was unknown.

The war brought a great excess of business in the East, while in the West it deranged industries over regions now furnishing nearly half the coal produced in the country. By 1870 anthracite had increased in product twofold, rising to 16,182,191 tons, while bituminous, which had so long kept pace with it, produced only 14,000,000 tons, and of this a far smaller share represented the use of iron in industry. Profits in hard coal were enormous. The "miner" — who, it must be remembered, was himself an employer of labor, hiring his laborers — made wages of $300 and $400 a month. Generally, wages doubled through the anthracite region. Capital received an even larger return, and straightway discounted the future. From 1870 to 1880 the capital engaged in anthracite increased from $50,807,285 to $154,399,796. During the same period the product of anthracite had advanced only a half, rising to 23,437,242 tons, while the bituminous product had advanced from 14,000,000 tons to 41,781,343 tons. In a single decade it had outstripped anthracite, more than doubling its product, and began to take from it the production of pig iron. The veil was suddenly withdrawn from the great store of coal which stretched across the continent, with scarcely a break, from Pittsburg, across the Mississippi Valley, through Iowa, and on to the cretaceous coals of the far Northwest. The coals of the South, already known, — some of them discovered before those in Pennsylvania were dreamed of, — began to be worked. Anthracite was hemmed in by a steadily increasing competition of bituminous coal, which can to-day be supplied in New York harbor at about the cost at which hard coals can be raised from the mine and loaded on a car. Anthracite coal ceased to be used for steaming, and this size had to be broken up at a loss, in part counterbalanced by the use of smaller sizes, once discarded.

This competition came after, and not before, the over-capitalization of the anthracite industry. Such capitalization is often treated as if it were the fiat of those who issue stocks, or load with bonds a given enterprise; but what is called the "water" in a coal mine or coal road is as much "water," no more and no less, as the "water" in a house which a man has bought on some street for $15,000, and finds, after a few years, he can sell for $30,000. If meanwhile he mortgages it for $20,000 to secure some improvement, and the ebb of population returns it to its old value, he will find himself in debt, and without a house. The Reading Railroad did worse. A great mass of figures defile through its reports, and render its condition the inextricable puzzle of the stock market; but what really happened in the case of the Reading Railroad was simplicity itself. If the man who owned the $15,000 house, which we have just mentioned, were to believe, and the market

believed, that his house was about to be worth $30,000, and were consequently to mortgage his own house in order to buy another, so that he had two houses, one of which carried a mortgage of $15,000 to pay for the other one, and he stood with a property of $30,000 mortgaged for $15,000, he would be safe if his property went on increasing in value. But if the building of new streets and houses, and the ebb of population from his quarter, reduced the price of both houses, — or, what would amount to the same thing, rendered the rental one half its old value, — he would find himself, after the lapse of years, with two houses, collectively once worth $30,000, and mortgaged for $15,000, but whose rents only barely sufficed to pay the interest on the mortgage, which now represented the total value of both houses. When rents fell, foreclosure would impend, some composition would be made with his creditor, the overdue interest would be added as another mortgage; and not many years of this process would be necessary before the debt itself called for a larger interest than the house could by any possibility yield in rent. The Reading, in short, bet its share capital on the anthracite future, and has lost it all. It may recover it, if the demand for anthracite increases, and it meets this demand from its position as the owner of the only unexhausted supply of hard coal.

Something like this has happened over the entire anthracite region during the last twenty-five years; for the competition of bituminous coal did not stop when it had, in 1880, more than doubled the product of anthracite. The relative disproportion continued to grow. In the twenty years from 1880 to 1899 anthracite had only increased about double, or, including in the figures the coal used at the mines instead of simple shipments, as in the figures just cited, from 25,580,189 tons to 53,944,647 tons, — an advance of a little over double. The bituminous product, on the other hand, had risen from 42,831,758 tons to 193,321,987, or a little over fourfold. Where in 1880 anthracite supplied one third of the coal used in the country and made nearly half its pig iron, in 1899 it was supplying a little over one fifth of the coal, and bituminous was furnishing a little over four fifths. In iron, anthracite had almost disappeared as a fuel; mixed with coke, it made a tenth. During this period, each year saw the competition grow more severe as the area of bituminous coal widened, as its product increased, and as the efficiency with which it was produced grew with increasing mastery of the problem presented by the mining of soft coal. The inevitable result followed. The railroads, led by the Reading, which had bought nearly one half of the anthracite area, hovered on the edge of bankruptcy, and in the case of Reading passed through three receiverships. Under the competition, a perpetual struggle existed between the labor engaged in the mines, the operators who still held from one third to one half of the ownership of the mines, and the great masses of capital represented by transportation companies, whose equipment had been bought and capitalized when it was believed that anthracite had a monopoly of the coal product, certainly of the North Atlantic coast, and probably of the country. To this was added the circumstance that in the work of mining expenses steadily grow. When the profits of thirty years ago were made, a pit of from 400 to 600 feet was deep. To-day, pits are sunk to thrice this depth without attracting attention. As the earth is penetrated, each yard of distance adds to the cost; and no improvement in mine transportation, no employment of electricity, no more careful organization and prevention of waste, can make up for this perpetual drag which yearly usurps a larger share of the profits from a mine whose value decreases with every ton of coal that is

raised. The conditions which always attend a struggle of this character began to appear. Labor deteriorated. The census of 1890 showed that, of those born in Pennsylvania, 845,000 were scattered over the other states, for the most part along the belt of mine-working counties. There had come into the state 854,000 persons born in foreign lands. What had really taken place was the transfer of the Pennsylvanian-born to the West, sent to the officering of the new mining enterprises of the past twenty-five years, which have suddenly advanced the mineral product of the United States, so that in 1899 it reached and exceeded $1,000,000,000, — greater than that of any other country in the world, for the first time distancing that of Great Britain itself. The places of these men were taken by a lower order of population. In 1870, of the 85,544 foreign-born inhabitants in Luzerne and Schuylkill counties, all but 1098 were either German or English, and 67,988 of the 84,446 left came from the United Kingdom. In 1890 this area had within its limits 142,035 foreign-born, and of these 39,978 were Poles and Hungarians. The abler miner, the man capable of being a foreman or of bossing some Western job, who shared the English or German stock, had left the region and gone westward, and all the increase had been taken by an alien, who spoke another language, and represented a lower civilization and a standard of life less high. With this deterioration in labor there came a like deterioration in the methods of capital. It was impossible for a railroad whose tonnage had increased, while its margin of profit had decreased, to provide itself with safety appliances; and the accidents on our coal roads during the last decade have been the most ghastly of the period. The railroads and the operators engaged in conducting the mines resorted to all those various expedients by which capital seeks to preserve a profit in a slowly constricting enterprise, and from whose temptations prosperity frees the managers, because it never pays to multiply the points of contact between employer and employed, if it is possible to maintain solvency simply by paying wages. Every such point of contact, as every employer knows, is another point of irritation and possible trouble; but the steady competition of bituminous coal kept in progress in the anthracite region the company store, monthly payments, a high price for powder, an iniquitous rule by which the miner was perpetually mulcted in weighing his output, and all the various devices by which dubious profits are wrung through wage accounts, resting indeed on contracts, but whose character is demonstrated by the circumstance that they are jealously concealed.

The specific conditions of coal mining added to all these difficulties. The product of a mine can be stored with economy only in the mine itself. The total storage plants of ten railroads in 1896 were but 4,829,421 tons. Coal must be sold, therefore, as fast as it is mined. Our climate, with its hot summers and severe winters, concentrates the domestic consumption of anthracite into half the year; and under the competition of bituminous coal, used on the very locomotives which carried anthracite to and from the mines, anthracite yearly grew more and more to be a household, and not a manufacturing or steam-making fuel. With economy, the mines could be worked only when their product was needed. The American house, and particularly American habits, lead most householders, wherever they can, to buy their coal in the fall of the year. Instead of running evenly through the entire year, as German mines, in a more equable climate, are able to do, so that in Dortmund a miner is employed 314 days in the year, and in Upper Silesia, where the shifts are least numerous, 284 days, an anthracite miner found himself

provided with work only 200 days in the full years, like 1890, and in a steadily decreasing proportion through the decade, until in hard years, like 1897, the average number of days in which mines were "active" was only 150. A climate which each summer suspends operations in glass and many rolling mills, and in nearly all work which requires great heat, added to this. In England, where, out of a yearly product of 220,000,000 tons, some 40,000,000 tons are exported, with 10,000,000 tons more leaving England in the bunkers of steamers, and industries can be kept in motion through a mild summer and an open winter the year round, it is possible, as in Germany, to employ miners continuously. The exports of American coal are as yet insignificant. In England, nearly half the product of iron and steel goes abroad; and this acts as another balance wheel, maintaining the constant and steady demand for coal. It is only within the last five years that our own exports of iron and steel have come to be large. It is doubtful if they are to-day over one fifth of the total. The English coal product has been reached through the slow process of development over more than a century. Our own has been expanded in a generation by the discovery and development, in almost every year, of new regions. The result is that the plant of the United States, so far as bituminous coal is concerned, could in 1897 have turned out four times the amount which was wanted, to quote the Engineering and Mining Journal, while the capacity of anthracite mines, about 60,000,000 tons, has been up to a recent time nearly twice, and has in nearly all years been one half larger than the consumption demanded. Nothing can be more demoralizing to labor than an occupation in which work is provided for only one half the time; and nothing can be worse for capital than plants half idle while interest is always busy, and the production, through these causes, of a great swarm of poorly paid labor, clamoring for work, ready on occasion to accept employment at starvation wages, sinking constantly to a lower and lower level from the accepted American standard of life, and repeating on a great scale the herd of half-employed and half-paid men who, due likewise to decreasing work and increasing competition, were at the bottom of the disordered condition of the London dock strike in 1889. With this deterioration in the regularity of wages, in the rate of wages, and, for capital, in the possibility of profit, there came a steady deterioration in the character of labor. Strikes, as they came, bred violence, violence bred repression, and the industrial pendulum swung in dreary beats from the blood-stained violence of labor to the blood-stained assertion of law.

When an industry passes through conditions like these, it becomes the easy prey of statements half true and half false. Mines well managed, where a continuous family ownership or a series of wise corporation directors had refused to over-capitalize the enterprise in the decade from 1870 to 1880, — when all the world believed that anthracite had a monopoly of fuel for all the future millions of the middle and New England states, well situated near competitive routes of transportation, — were able to go on paying their men, running their mines by careful foresight, "active" nearly the entire year, and maintaining a high level of efficiency, of industry, of thrift, and of profit. Mines less well situated, owned, it may be, by the bankrupt company of a bankrupt railroad, bond piled on bond, whose growing interest was adding yearly to an unendurable burden, or burdened with royalties fixed in more prosperous periods, were run only in the few months of the fall and winter in which a brisk demand existed, with labor as poorly paid as possible, under methods by which the unskilled laborer was substituted wherever it was possible for the skilled miner, and

in which every device in the shape of company stores, charges for attendance, rent for tumble-down shanties, and extortionate charges for the supplies of the miner was used to make a brief profit during a few months, which even then failed to keep on a steady and solvent keel the enterprise conducted after this fashion. There has been no time during the last twenty years in which it has not been possible, by selecting laborers from mines of the first class, to show that the anthracite miner was well paid, prosperous, thrifty, owning his house, and a man to be envied. Nor has there been any time when it was not equally possible, by selecting miners of the latter class, to show that the miner was badly paid, oppressed, left on a half wage, and reduced to a level where moral and physical deterioration was certain.

These contrasts are based on the additional fact that, beyond all other industries, mining rests upon diverse conditions. The depth of the mine, the width of the seam, the rock that must be removed, the expenditure necessary to keep the mine free from water, the character of the soil, the shape in which the coal finally comes to the screen and the breaker, the distance from market, — all these things modify the wages that can be paid to the miner. After thirty years of destructive strikes, the bituminous scale, first begun in 1871, worked out for five states in 1897 and 1898, and still in operation, adjusts the wage for most of the soft coal in the country by adopting a given price, fifty-five cents a ton in bad years, and sixty-nine cents a ton in good years, for certain standard seams in and about Pittsburg. This is the basis to which wages are adjusted over the entire region ; so that the man, for instance, who gets thirty cents a ton in the thick seams and easily worked coal of Pocahontas measures, at the week's end has the same sum in hand as the man who is paid twice this per ton in the narrower seam and more friable coal of western Pennsylvania. Such a scale is the basis of the adjustment in wages in the Midland, in the South Wales, and in most of the other English mining districts.

Begun more than once in the anthracite region, it has never survived there the increasing and uneven competition of bituminous coal. It is an attempt, necessarily rude, to adjust the differences between the varying cost of products, and to bring all the coal, so far as may be, to a common value. It has, of course, in this country, the serious difficulty that it keeps running for a few months in each year mines which would be instantly closed if better situated seams were worked the year round, producing coal as cheaply as possible. This maintains the great army of men, 271,027 in number, who, even in a brisk and driving year like 1899, only average 234 days in the year, though the number of days in which they are actually employed on what is known as laborer's work, instead of actual mining, is, of course, larger than this. At best, however, this leaves nearly two months in the year idle in the best mines, whereas the Massachusetts manufacturing statistics show that from three to four weeks is the average in which men engaged in manufacturing are without wages. As exports grow, continuous employment will doubtless increase ; but these, in 1899, were, for bituminous coal only 4,044,354 tons, and for anthracite 1,707,796 tons, — in all not three per cent of our total product, an insignificant share.

Of anthracite the proportion is still less ; but the experience of bituminous mining sufficiently shows that the problem of labor in coal mining, as indeed does the experience of every mining district in the world, can be considered only as a whole. By steady economic gravitation in every such region, the movement is continuous toward the aggregation of capital, if not under one corporate ownership, under one united management ; and the converse of this is equally

certain, — the gradual union of the men under a single organization. On both sides this brings grave evils; but the only evil which a republic cannot face and must not permit is the manufacture of paupers. The dangers of this product outweigh all other dangers put together. What has taken place during the last twenty years in which anthracite coal has been going through this destructive competition is that, at the very end, during the last three years, an increase of demand, due to cheaper Western freights and a rise in the level of life calling for a better domestic fuel, has brought the consumption to a point where it is about 10,000,000 tons; say a sixth below the possible product. When the consumption was only three fourths of the product, an equilibrium seemed impossible. Now that they are more nearly balanced, there has come about, year by year, in spite of public protest and often public alarm, a steady increase toward common action on the part of the capital engaged in mining coal, bitterly as this has been resisted by the independent operator, who values his independence as highly as any other citizen or business man. Through an economic and social law which has always come into play at other times, and will in this industry, there has, after years in which a division in capital led to a corresponding division in labor, come a sudden marshaling of all the labor in the anthracite mines under one labor direction. This has been secured, not by the volition of the miners as a whole, less than a tenth of whom voted for last fall's strike, but by the energetic work of a small minority, capably led, which worked an industrial revolution, as most revolutions, political, social, and economic, have been worked, by minorities.

The grave peril to which this brings both the state and the maintenance of order can scarcely be exaggerated; but great as the peril is, he would be a rash man who pronounced the perils of the state from the steady deterioration of wages and of labor through the mining regions a danger fraught with less serious consequences to the true object of a state. The attentive reader of the causes which have created the present situation will not deem it possible to dogmatize as to the equitable adjustment of anthracite wages, or will doubt that such an adjustment ought to be made in the light of all competitive conditions, and not on a special plea for either capital or labor.

Talcott Williams.

THE WEAKER SEX.[1]

A PAPER IN THE PIGEONHOLE OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

"Wyves been bestès very unstable
In ther desires, which may not chaunged be,
Like a swalowe which is insaciable,
Like perilous caribeis of the troublè see."
The Payne & Sorowe of Euyll Maryage.

"MILTON wrote Paradise Lost to 'justify the ways of God to men,'" said Jack. "No one yet has ventured on an epic to justify the ways to them of women."

"The ways of a young man with a maid, sang the Psalmist."

"Psalmist? It 's Job. But never the ways of the maid to him."

"Yet the subject was not unworthy his attention," rejoined the District Attor-

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ney. "For instance, the ways to a man of his wife."

"Burton has an Arabian tale on that."

"Perhaps; but Christian literature on the subject is lacking."

"It is cheaper to take the lighter view," said Jack. "Francis the First led off with his *souvent femme varie.*"

"*Femme* there is woman, not wife," said the District Attorney. "At best, it is window-pane literature."

"Then take an older authority, — English, this time," — and Jack quoted the motto at the head of our tale. "There the word is 'wyfe.'"

"And the man was a wittol," growled the District Attorney. "Talk is cheap; had he given affection" —

"Men are full of affection; that 's why they don't get married."

"In your class, perhaps, economic independence turns the women's heads — from matrimony. But in the class I see" —

Here Jack's wife had to interrupt; her husband's last speech left too strong a scent for any woman not to follow.

"Affection!" she sniffed. "Yes, for too many. Or, if he has it before marriage," she cried, doubling her speed as Jack showed signs of overtaking, "he drops it with the ceremony! He has her then, and counts upon her loving him ever afterwards, — which, I am bound to say, she usually does," Jack's wife, with a sudden drop to a walk, ruefully ended.

Jack grinned. His wife was nothing if not honest; and if she rather rushed her fences, she told honestly what she found upon the other side.

The District Attorney interfered: "I could tell you a tale about that" —

"Oh, do!" said Jack's wife.

I.

It was many years ago, when I was only the Assistant. You have seen complaints in the newspapers about the evil practice of our office in pigeonholing indictments, complaints. This is the history of a pigeonholed complaint.

In those days I was interested in one of the earliest attempts to establish outposts of civilization in the slums. Some young men were in residence in a house we had hired for this purpose. We were very proud of the map we had prepared of the neighborhood. It hung in the private sanctum of the head brother, and depicted, on a scale of one inch to the hundred feet, the vice and crime of our environment. Our knowledge of this part of Boston was "extensive," if not "peculiar;" for the only tangible result of our first three months was, perhaps, this chart. Barrooms on it were colored red; other houses of entertainment, yellow; and the tenements of the criminal or vicious poor were black. Any house against which, or its inmates, nothing had been proven was gray; but the gray spots on the map were few and far between, and the only white ones were the police station, the society of St. Vincent de Paul's, and ourselves. In fact, the map looked like the Kaiser's dream of an imperial German flag, all red and black and yellow.

One bitterly cold night I started late for home. We had been holding one of our classes, and I had assigned the parts and heard Macbeth read aloud from end to end by Russian Jews. They were far and away the most artistic class we had, and understood Shakespeare much better than our native-born.

It was too cold to walk across the damp and dusty marsh that runs from the Neck to the Back Bay of Boston, in the teeth of that awful wind. A close student of the American climate, I was well aware of what had happened: the atmosphere, which protects the earth like a blanket from the cold of interstellar space, had been drawn away to a storm centre south of us, and the empyrean had dropped through into the resulting vacuum. The

empyrean is absolute cold. To-night it was a furious cold wind; to-morrow it would be colder still, without the wind; on the third day the vapor would be slowly restored from the west and south, like the bedclothes over a shivering sinner, and our rasped membranes would have a rest.

To-night it was too cold to face the blast that blew down from the unwarmed zenith like a forced draft, and I waited on the corner for a car. "Shiner" Dempsey's saloon was on that corner, — a not unfriendly person, who evidently did not fear that the higher life we were inculcating would appreciably diminish his receipts; called "Shiner" for the freshly ironed "topper" he wore outside of business hours. His business hours were long, as he worked for himself, being from about noon till after midnight; but on Sundays he got away, by force of the law he much complained of. "Sure 't is better a man come in here openly and take a load he can carry, than rush a growler home o' Saturday nights fit to blind-drunk the whole flat up to Monday. It is not that I 'm afther rag-tail rates; for the bottle trade buys that more than makes the difference." Thus would Shiner Dempsey reason with us afterward, when we knew him better. It was on that night I made his acquaintance.

For the car that plies from the slums to Beacon Street runs on a very uncertain half hour, and I was driven to shelter in Dempsey's saloon, as many a poor man has been before me. There were three men drinking at one end of the high bar, and Dempsey (or the barkeeper, as I then knew him) gave the cherry shelf a wipe with his napkin in my direction, and looked at me inquisitively before throwing it aside. I told him whiskey; and even while he was pouring it out I noticed the noisy behavior of the three other men. There was one fellow with a slouchy air veneered with cheap bravado; and then there were two ineffable cutthroats of the accepted stage variety drinking with him. The surprising thing was that he seemed to be drinking at their expense.

Dempsey's whiskey was not so bad, with plenty of soda. I finished my own drink, and went to the window, hoping any car would come while it kept my chill away. The car was invariably late on cold nights when you shivered waiting for it, and early on hot nights when you had to run for it. A loud dispute turned me back from the window.

"Have a drink, — I tell 'ee, have a drink. Dempsey good — hic — feller, Dempsey have a drink."

With the cynical shrug of one who discharges his own conscience, the barkeeper poured a very little whiskey for himself, and shoved the bottle to his drunken guest, who helped himself liberally enough to bring up the average, and shoved it on to his cutthroat companions.

Just then the door opened. I was struck with a sudden shrinkage in the man beside me. Following his eye, I was startled; so, I think, was Dempsey; the jaws of the two cutthroats fell. With the cold blast from the street there came a woman, clad in black, with only a thin black shawl wrapped about her decent, well-worn dress. I just saw that she was fine and straight and sad, while she walked, like a Juno, straight to the bar, straight to the drunken man, and put her hand upon his arm. He seemed shorter than she, as he cowered, and set down his glass untasted. The two cutthroats began to bluster.

She did not deign to look at them, but only at her husband. She was pale, but she looked at him with all her eyes. And by Heaven, if I could see once such a look in a woman's eyes for me, I would [the District Attorney was a bachelor] — I would ask any woman that had it to marry me! But it only comes after marriage, and you can't tell. Well, my heart gave the leap that any man's does

when he meets such a soul; and as the cutthroats seemed inclined to make trouble for her, I looked at the barkeeper. At the same moment Dempsey took his eyes from her, and looked at me. "Come, Elmer," said the woman.

"Come, Elmer," mocked the first cutthroat. "Come home to his missus. Christ! be a man, Wentworth, and take another drink!"

Elmer hesitated.

"Perhaps the missus 'ull take a drink herself," said the other cutthroat, with a leer.

It was an error of judgment. Wentworth straightened himself, as the woman's white hand quivered slightly on his arm, — straightened himself slowly, pulled himself together to look a moment at the cutthroat who had spoken last. Then he turned to the woman. "This is no place for you," he said. And picking up his overcoat from a chair he put it on, she helping him.

There was a pile of hogsheads opposite the end of Dempsey's bar, that served to partially screen the inmates from the street. In the recess that it made the cutthroats had been standing; but now one of them took a step toward the door. At the same moment Dempsey lifted the hinged end of his bar, and stepped out alongside of me. Thus we two stood across the egress from the recess formed by the pile of casks, and between Wentworth's two friends and his wife. All this time not a word was said; she touched his arm again, and he slipped by us and followed her.

We all looked in silence after them. As she opened the door, her husband was not too drunk to draw the thin black shawl around her neck, though we could see that she was supporting him, as they turned the corner by the street lamp.

When they ceased to be seen through the window, the first cutthroat burst into an uneasy laugh, but the one who spoke last made as if to follow them. Dempsey interposed his hand.

"Let's see where the damned scab lives!"

"You owe for four drinks," said Dempsey quietly. The cutthroat looked at us; but we were both large men. The paying took some time.

When they were gone, Dempsey turned to me. "Much obliged to you, sir. Have a drink on it. Better not go out just yet, sir."

"Do you often have such trouble?" I asked, as I accepted his courtesy.

"Not often. Generally they 're not worth it. But she — Those two were a bad lot."

"Do you know her?" I asked again.

Dempsey looked at me with a shade of suspicion.

"Never saw her before. But he, — he often comes here. I can't help selling him liquor. At least, I could n't" —

I shook his hand. "Good-night, Mr. Dempsey," said I. "I belong to Groton House, just round the corner."

"Good-night, sir. There comes your car; better take it. I don't know them, but they 're a bad lot." And I left Dempsey putting up his shutters.

II.

That night I got home safely, but some mysterious attraction brought me back to Groton House the next night. Or, no, it was not mysterious; it was the attraction of that poor woman's personality. And by that I don't mean face and figure, or even her expression and her eyes, or even voice and manner. It is cheap to grin at a man for recognizing a noble soul, because that soul is a woman's. Yes, Mrs. Jack (I fear that Mrs. Jack had smiled); and no one knows better than an old prosecuting attorney that we do see noble souls, men's or women's, clothing faces. Mere prettiness will hide any youthful soul; but a face of thirty or forty is a telltale thing.

Well, I went down to Groton House the next night, and told my tale at dinner, over the pie. Pie was our second and last course, and brought the talking hour, like ices and cigars with us. Being men, they did not take so light a view as you did, ma'am; but all agreed that they had met with no such woman. The man was harder to individualize: just a weak, average, vain young countryman.

"Looked as if butter would n't melt in his mouth, did he?" said the Skipper.

Now the "Skipper" was one of us, — perhaps the most successful. So called because he had made a three years' voyage as second mate of an American bark manned by Norwegians and Lascars; and he had seen his chief officer ripped up from groin to breastbone by a "dago" boatswain, in the harbor of Rio. After chucking the dago overboard, to save expense and demurrage, he had become first officer and navigated the ship back to Boston, where he became a clergyman of the extremest High Church order. But though he had a secret chapel in his closet, none of the neighbors mistrusted his profession: he had a roll in his walk, wore a straw hat in winter, and was known to Cheese-it Alley as the "Skipper." No sign of the cloth was about him, the hair shirt underneath the flannel one being invisible. And he was said to be the only soul, policemen included, that dared walk through Cheese-it Alley after dark. Hence it had become his favorite haunt: he went there on his vacations, Saturday afternoons, to see the sport begin; and on Sunday mornings they called him in to patch up the family rows and arrange for hospital service.

"I saw a chap like that, up Cheese-it Alley," the Skipper went on.

"Oh, of course," said the Rev. Septimus Brand. (He was a Unitarian.) "Everything happens in Cheese-it Alley."

"Well, it does," retorted Barstow. (The Skipper's name was Barstow.) "Everything happens in the alley. We had a marriage there to-day. I did it. Father Nolan funked the job."

"You mean he was afraid to go there in broad daylight?"

"No, no, — bless his heart, no, — nor nighttime either. Did n't feel quite sure of his principals. I risked it."

"As justice of the peace?"

"They thought so. Oh, I read the service; they know I 'm a kind of sea parson. Who was your man with?"

I described the two cutthroats as best I could.

"My word, I believe I know that outfit. Regular conventional stage villains, and he the virtuous youth astray. Never saw the wife, though. You 're sure she *was* his wife?" This to me, sharply.

"I 'll swear it," I replied.

"Well, well, don't get in a wax. They usually are n't, you know," said the Rev. Barstow. "Anyhow, there 's no such woman in Cheese-it Alley — or on earth," the Skipper closed. "She was a vision in Dempsey's barroom."

"So you would advise us to" —

"Think no more of her. You may minister to the fallen; but all other frequentation with that sex is incompatible with the higher light. St. Thomas à" —

"Hang St. Thomas à Kempis!" said I. "He knew nothing of the subject. We could help that woman, strong and fine as she is, — help her to save her husband."

"No man ever tried to save a woman but lost his own soul," dogmatized the Skipper. "I never interfere between husband and wife" —

"Please, sir, do come to mother. Popper 's got her down, and 'e 's a-beatin' of her dreadful." The door (we were back in the front room by this time) had opened while we were discussing, and it was a child of nine who spoke, — blue-eyed, freckle-faced, barefooted but for a pair of old slippers, the falling snow upon her hair. The Skipper grabbed

his hat amid the general laughter, and I followed.

"Family's English," said Barstow to me. "Only three English families in the alley; good class, but they will beat their wives. Now tell me about your men. Both American: dyed mustache on one, other blond and pink-necked — too well dressed for the neighborhood — blond a Yankee, New York finish? — Lead on, Mary!"

I nodded.

"Wait a bit till I fix up Mary's mother's case. Her man must have stopped halfway for want of money. They're next door, but they don't live there — just wait here." We were already in the alley. "In the entry, you tenderfoot." I slouched in the dark entry while the Skipper and Mary ran upstairs. "It's all right; she's still talking. I won't be long."

Talking she was, and so was he, and there were occasional other voices. I confess I passed my time inventing excuses to the proprietors of Cheese-it Alley flats for my presence there. They seemed, however, to pay no attention to what was going on above me; and in a moment the voices ceased, and the Rev. Barstow reappeared with a heavy Lancashireman, evidently Mary's popper.

"You go down to Shiner Dempsey's, and he'll give you one more drink. Then don't you dare come home until you're sober." The fellow slunk off. "Case of necessity," said the Skipper to my look of inquiry. "Like a dose of morphine. He's really dangerous at this stage. Stop a moment, though; his fighting mood may come in handy. — John Dene, this man wants to see a friend. That friend is the young fellow down with two men in that basement next door. You go down and tell him his wife wants him."

It was easy to see the ascendency Barstow had established over Cheese-it Alley. His orders would have appeared vague to a sober man. But John Dene half touched his hat, and plunged down a greasy cellar stairway. Halfway down he tripped and fell, apparently, and broke open a door, for we heard a crashing of wood. "Now," said the Skipper, "you watch and see if that's your man. Stand back there, in the dark."

We heard loud swearing from below. "Suppose he don't come?" said I.

"They'll let him come all right; they don't want a row, and people rushing in on *their* business, I suspect." And sure enough, we heard a low voice in argument with the swearer.

"Can't you see he's drunk? Get him out of here, — let Wentworth go." A hoarse roar and a bang followed; John Dene was getting in his work. The man I had seen in Shiner Dempsey's ran upstairs, and I gripped the Skipper's arm.

"Mr. Wentworth?" said the Skipper. "Your wife wants you. Mr. Lane, — Mr. Lane, Mr. Wentworth. Mr. Lane is a lawyer; but he didn't quite know his way about the alley, so I came with him. Lane'll go back with you. (Make your story up as you go; you're properly introduced.)"

The last words were an aside to me. I looked at Wentworth, and he recognized me. "She isn't sick, is she?"

A voice below saved me the trouble of replying, and I turned to the Skipper. "But what'll you do?"

"Rather think I've got to see John Dene through. I want to get my eye on the two men's game," he whispered. "Tell her simply you came to get him away from them."

Wentworth and I walked off, and Barstow plunged down the stairway. The audible appearances were that John Dene was having it all his own way.

III.

Wentworth was a young fellow, slender, small-boned, freckle-faced, with

something of the air of the country dandy about him. He did not look as if brought up on a farm, but rather as one who had worn a black coat over his shirt sleeves, done his work behind a desk, and for sport gone buggy-riding of a Sunday. His face was bright enough, with delicate black mustache, and fine if rather furtive brown eyes. I deemed it best to meet the coming question.

"I don't think Mrs. Wentworth is ill," I said. "I saw you the other night at Shiner Dempsey's."

"I remember. I was a bit shiny myself," he answered civilly, with a smile a woman might have called attractive. "And you" — Suddenly his face changed. "Did she tell you? Did she say where I was? Damn her! I'll fix her!"

Any one who had seen the two together might have doubted the possibility of his fixing her; but I hastened to reply: "Your wife had nothing to do with it. Do you know who those two men are?" This was a random shot, but it evidently took effect.

"They're friends of mine, — that should be enough for you, and her too. Who are you, anyway?"

I drew my cardcase, and gave him my card; and this act seemed to mollify him. With a flourish he produced a card in exchange. It bore the legend, "Elmer H. Wentworth, First National Bank, Claremont, N. H."

"I've left the bank," he said, as he saw me read it. "Dead little hole. But it gave me considerable knowledge of financial affairs in that section. I am looking for a city position; and I don't mind telling you I've had devilish hard work getting one."

"I'm a member of Groton House; college settlement, you know." He looked at me blankly. "Our men there were surprised at seeing people like yourself and your wife in this part of the town."

"Beggars must n't be choosers," said the young man, as if in jest. "But stop in at Shiner's and have a drink with me."

He had evidently not been drinking yet, and I saw no way to refuse without leaving him. I confess I had too much interest in Mrs. Wentworth to do that so soon. Moreover, the Skipper had dropped a hint about the two men. Wentworth took his whiskey (I compromised on beer), and I could see it go to his nerves at once. Still we went on, apparently on the same footing.

"Have you any letters from the bank? I should gladly do what I can," I said, by way of filling up the time as we walked.

"No, I did n't ask for letters. I just left. But I know all the boys on the road."

We came to a poor but decent-looking brick lodging house; he led me up two flights of stairs, and entered, without knocking, a back room. I heard, though it was late in the evening, the whir of a sewing machine. His wife rose, and looked at me in surprise; then I saw that she recognized me. She colored, and I felt his suspicions return.

"Did you tell this stranger where I was?" he asked angrily.

"I? No, no, Elmer," she repeated earnestly. I interposed hastily.

"My friend Mr. Barstow — a clergyman — has duties in a place called Cheese-it Alley. I went there to-night, and we found Mr. Wentworth with two men we have every reason to be suspicious of. I ventured to come back to warn you both about them. That is all, with every apology for the intrusion."

"There, Elmer," said the wife softly. She was still standing, her noble presence quite belittling the pretentious young man, despite his entire unconsciousness of inferiority. "I never liked that Sinclair and his friend."

"You never like my friends. What have your people done for me, I 'd like to know? Ain't I got to earn our living?"

Mrs. Wentworth cast a half glance at the sewing machine, and I felt convinced that, for the moment, the living came from it.

"I come from Groton House, where we are trying to help each other," I said. "I should like to write to Claremont about Mr. Wentworth, if he will let me. Meantime" (I saw the books upon the worktable), "perhaps you could help us by taking a reading and a sewing class there? We can afford to pay a little, a very little."

"No use writing to Claremont," put in the husband. "A fellow must stand on his own merits, in this world."

"You know you are a beautiful bookkeeper, Elmer," said the wife, with a pathetic look of trying to be proud of him. "And I should like a little of the work, for a change. Our sewing does n't take much time, for only the two of us." Her inflection dropped as she ended, and I knew that there had been a baby who had died.

Before I left them, it had been arranged that she should go to Groton House for two hours, three evenings in the week. The young man insisted on coming with me to my car, and talked to me with a show of eagerness of his skill at selling bonds, his acquaintance with New Hampshire savings banks, with country investors. Then I left him, and I fear he took another drink at Dempsey's.

Of course I wrote to the Claremont bank, and got the answer I expected. They had no charge to make against Mr. Wentworth, but had deemed it best to sever his connection with them. And I saw all the wearisome old story: the pretty country girl; the fascinating town bank clerk, with his buggy and his bright ways; the careless courtship and the careless marriage (on his part), followed by the lifelong devotion, so easily earned, so lightly prized. Nothing could be done for them in banking circles without a reference; but I searched for something else for him. And the Skipper and the Rev. Septimus looked after her.

IV.

I am not telling the story of their lives, so I must hasten on to the catastrophe. Winter waned, and the warm weather came on. We found no place for Wentworth, and he did n't seem to care. He began to talk grandiloquently of "going on the road." What line of enterprise this meant we could not see; but his wife was evidently in terror of it. Since John Dene's incursion the two cutthroats had moved, — to some place more recondite, if not redder and yellower, than Cheese-it Alley; wherever it was, it was certainly off our map, for even Skipper Barstow had failed to find them. Barstow, as usual, had become the friend at hand to the Wentworth family; to him Mrs. Wentworth confided her fears, and even her husband confided — his hopes and vainglory — as much confidence as he placed in anybody. But Barstow would not flatter him, and it was evident his other friends did; also, that they gave him to drink, for he came home often with his poor nerves crazed. At such times, if he found Barstow, he was abusive; whether more so when he found his wife alone we could not tell. She struggled bravely; but she showed the struggle in her eyes.

Shiner Dempsey was the man who helped us in the end. The cutthroats never came to drink in his saloon again; but, by the freemasonry of his trade, he was able to locate them, — in the private room adjoining the bar of a political friend of his in South Boston. One night the Skipper came to the house, late to dinner, full of satisfaction at the discovery. "This is in your line, Lane," he said to me. "It looks like they 're green-goods men."

"Counterfeiters?" I said. "You

mean they had their plant in Cheese-it Alley ? "

"Perhaps not, though perhaps they did. They did n't seem to approve John Dene as a walking delegate. Perhaps they 're only the first fence themselves. But it 's evident they want your sleek friend Wentworth to be the last, — to pass the money. He has a clerkly hand, — perhaps to alter numbers. Yet I doubt if he 's up to that. Perhaps he does n't even know the game, — only suspects it. But when he goes on the road, to sell bonds, what more likely than that he should pass a bill or two? Or he might even sell the original packages, to the people who would buy his bonds."

"Mrs. Wentworth is wild to get her husband into some occupation," I said. "She can read the men at sight, and knows they would use her husband for their tool. Her last proposition was to find for him some decent clerkship, at any pay, and arrange with the employer to increase it by what she can earn from her sewing machine, to make the place seem worth her Elmer's while."

"You may be sure he has done something wrong; not much, but just enough to make him lose his place while leaving the matter hushed up. She feels the crisis in his life, and would give her eyes to get him on the rails again. And he is just the sort of fellow to make a dangerous criminal."

"Oh, come ! " said the Rev. Septimus Brand. But Barstow only shook his head.

"I know the type, — the nervous temperament, — Yankee quickness, lack of stomach or stamina. He could forge, defraud, commit a sudden murder, — only nothing brutal. He would never beat his wife, like John Dene, though he might, I think, kill her."

"He 's drinking hard; not, I believe, because he likes it, but to make the world look different," said Brand, with the air of one making a discovery. Barstow roared.

"And yet you let yourself out for a sky pilot! I prescribe one month's course of raw red whiskey, between meals! Do you suppose men drink because they like the taste ? "

"I do, — I just love it," said I, out of feeling for the Rev. Septimus, who was blushing for his innocence. "And I 'll bet John Dene does."

"Not men of the type of Wentworth, though. He is the degenerate aristocrat, all nerves and ganglia. I suppose that 's what made her marry him. Lane, can't *you* do something? Can't we hand him over to the secular arm? "

"Hand who over ? " said I.

"Him — or rather, them — the two outdacious villains — the impenitent thieves. Can't you work the state police or something ? "

"The state police know all about them. The trouble is to catch them doing something," said I loftily.

"Oh, they do, do they? Then will you kindly find out where the pair are lodging ? "

"I was just going to ask you that," said I. "If you find it out, I 'll have a raid made."

"And have them out of the state. Much good would that do us ! "

"Could n't we then make the Wentworths stay here? Could n't you tell her enough to make her stay here ? If I 'm any judge of character," — I was then twenty-five, — "he 'll stay where his wife does."

The Skipper slapped his clerical leg and said I 'd hit it. That I remember very well. We all agreed that the one thing was to separate him from them, and trust to Mrs. Wentworth's influence.

But the ways of Divine Providence were not then made known to the priest Barstow. Our only comfort afterward was from thinking that we were all in it, alike. Our action had commended itself to the wisest foresight of three intelligent men. Perhaps, after all, our

action also was in the providence of God; though only John Barstow, priest, could think so, after the event.

V.

The Skipper went back the next evening to the dramshop in South Boston, accompanied by a small boy, an extraordinarily intelligent Russian Jew of eleven or twelve years, an acolyte of Cheese-it Alley. "I did n't like to set him spying on the sly," said Barstow, "so I told him frankly what he was there for. The end justifies the means, and we were trying to 'shake' two dangerous enemies of his dear friend Mrs. Wentworth. (You know, he goes to her reading class, and he simply adores her.) Well, he did better than I dreamed. When they went home, he met 'em outside and pretended to be a beggar; that is, he asked for a drink."

"Did he take it?" "A pretty way to ingratiate himself!" said I and Brand simultaneously.

"That 's where you 're dead wrong. Oh, he took it all right," answered the Rev. Skipper, who was fond of slang. "They were delighted with the way he took it. And there 's nothing so inspires a rascal's confidence as to make him think you 're a rascal, too. You 've observed that in your profession, Lane."

I admitted, but with dignity, that the rascally lawyer often found it easier to get clients. The vulgus confounds smartness with sharpness, trickiness with ability. How else do we find all the deserving poor mixed up with such shady attorneys?

"Well, they thought he was a peach, and let him go home with them. And in the cellar — well, I don't want to know too much, but I think, if you get the lad before your police, Lane, they 'll have grounds enough to make a raid." The Skipper was always anxious not to know too much; he had to learn plenty, as it was, but would no more "peach," after a thing was over and done, than a more Catholic confessor; his mission was to persuade, not to punish. "You 'd better lose no time; see your people at once, with the boy. Meantime, I 'll go round to Mrs. Wentworth and tell her to keep her husband at home to-morrow, at any cost."

This was done. The state police were more than ready, after hearing the boy's story, to make a raid at once. From his description they seemed to recognize the criminals; but they also appeared to be rather concerned for the boy's safety in case the two cutthroats were not duly locked up. They recommended that influence should be made to send him to our best state industrial school; apparently also thinking the boy's talents too great to be wasted in a sweatshop. But Stepan pleaded against this stoutly. The family affection of the Russian Hebrew is very strong, but also, I suspect, the boy could not bear separation from his adored Mrs. Wentworth in the trouble he evidently felt was to be hers. So it ended by my promising to keep him safe in Groton House until the thing was over.

I was busily detained at the office until after six, that night, keeping Stepan with me; but then went instantly to Groton House, where I found things quiet enough, and we sat down to our dinner as usual. Barstow had not thought it wise to see the Wentworths on that day, as he had frankly told the wife that her husband's friends were probably counterfeiters, and were about to be "pulled" by the police. She was coming to one of her classes in the evening; meantime, we could only wait and hope that she had kept him by her, for by that time all would be over.

At seven o'clock she appeared, — earlier than usual, — her worn face bearing witness to the distress she had had. Barstow had cautioned her not to say anything that would tend to identify her with the coming *coup*. So she had had to

plead illness, and rely solely on her powers of persuasion; and it was testimony to the affection her husband still bore for her that he had yielded to her entreaties on a day which he too seemed to have deemed of importance, for he had become (she told us) more and more nervously irritable as the day wore on. Several times she had to take his promise that he would go out but to return in a moment; and each time, when he returned, he had evidently been drinking; and the last time, about nightfall, though he had given the promise, he had not come back at all. To calm the poor woman's anxiety, I promised to go at once to police headquarters (it was before the days of telephones) and find out what had occurred. Meanwhile, Mrs. Wentworth insisted, she would go on with her class; it would do her good.

"We nabbed 'em in the nick of time," said the inspector at the central station. "Goods was all packed, and they just about ready to go on the road. But there was only one of them the man we wanted. The other was a kind of a country swell, — never met him before. *He* was rather a light weight, he was. We let *him* go."

"What was his name?" I asked anxiously. Could Wentworth, after all, have got caught himself?

"Gave his name as Parker. Wa'n't his real name, o' course. Swore he did n't know anythin' about the goods. I don't know — there was some good bills among 'em. Anyhow, we let him go."

"What did you let him go for? What time was it?"

"Oh, we 'll get him any time easy enough. We 've only just got back."

It was Wentworth, without doubt; and he evidently had failed to inspire the experts with much respect for his powers as a criminal.

"Why did you wait so long?" I asked. "It was only two o'clock when you started."

"Well, we found the goods all right; but the shop was empty, and we thought we 'd wait till the owners came to claim them," the inspector grinned. "But we missed one barrel. It 's just Bowery Dave and a tenderfoot; that 's all he is, — just a tenderfoot."

"What is your man like? Fat, blond, pink-necked, — looks like a prosperous gambler?"

"That 's the feller, — sort o' Jim Fisk type, — Dave Sinclair, well-known upper-class confidence man. Never knew him in anything so bad as this before."

"That 's because you have n't got the worst of the two." And I described as best I could the individual with the dyed mustache.

"Was that the feller?" said the inspector, pulling out a photograph from his desk drawer.

"Precisely."

"I might ha' known it. I — might — have — known it," repeated the inspector, with added emphasis. "And Mac 's been let in again. Where d's the other feller live, I wonder?"

"The dyed mustache? I don't" —

"Of course you don't. No, no; the tenderfoot, I mean. That 's the place to find out first."

I hesitated a moment; then I spoke: "I think I know."

"You know? — Here, Charley!" The inspector rang a bell and spoke through a tube at his desk. "Put two men — Bryan and Johnson — no, MacCann — he 'll be all the better for this job now — in the carriage, and say I 'll be down directly. — Now, Mr. Lane, come on. How d' you know it, though?"

I told him about our interest in Mrs. Wentworth, and, through her, in him. But I made two conditions before giving the address: one was that he should not rearrest Wentworth, who, I felt sure, was not yet guilty; the other, that we should call at Groton House, on the way, and reassure his wife's mind. The inspector demurred to the second; I only wish he had insisted.

The two men got inside with us (the carriage must look like an ordinary carriage, explained the inspector), and I gave the driver the address of Groton House. I would not let them go in, but hurried in alone, only to find that Mrs. Wentworth had finished her class and gone home, anxious about her husband; Barstow escorting her. I ran down the steps, and made the inspector promise to keep his men concealed (unless the other cutthroat should be found actually in Wentworth's room), and himself to come in as my friend: to both which conditions he (rather petulantly, I thought) assented.

We stopped the carriage at the nearest street corner. (Mrs. Wentworth and Barstow had but just gone, they had told me at Groton House.) Then I led the inspector up the dark stairs of the Wentworth family's last poor home.

When we got to the second flight we heard Wentworth's voice, that of a drunken man, talking loudly, apparently rating his wife. There was no reply. Then, after a moment's waiting, a pistol shot and the heavy fall of a body.

"That 's murder!" said the inspector, as he dashed forward up the pitch-dark stairs.

VI.

We burst into the room almost together, the inspector of police and I. There was Wentworth, crazed with drink, one hand grasping the still smoking revolver, Barstow holding him tight under both arms, just too late. No one else was in the room.

Just too late; for on the floor lay his wife, with blood upon her breast, still breathing, but already unconscious. For a minute (it seemed an age) no one spoke; there was no sound but the hard breathing of the poor woman. Then the inspector stepped forward and laid his hand gravely on the man. "I arrest you for murder," he said.

Wentworth paid no attention to him; all his eyes were for the true wife who had loved him so, whom he had killed. It was terrible to see in his eyes the false spirit leave him, the sober consciousness return. Suddenly he burst from Barstow's arms, and fell, in a storm of sobs, at her side. He tore the poor dress from her shoulder, seeking in vain to stanch the spot with his lips; slowly, pitilessly, the red drops came. "Stop," said the inspector. "Stop; you only make it worse. Come away, you" — he hurled Wentworth back roughly — "and thank your stars if you have not killed her, after all." He went to the window, threw it open, and whistled; in a moment the carriage dashed up. "Drive for the nearest surgeon, — and drive like hell, — one of you; the other come up with me." We heard the carriage rattle off; the policeman came up the stairs, entered, started back as he saw her body. "It is a job of murder, not counterfeiting, to-night," said the inspector briefly.

Barstow, the sobbing Wentworth assisting, tried to lift her to a lounge. "Leave her where she is, — leave her where she is," ordered the inspector. "Until the doctor comes," — this to Barstow, demurring. "Where is the other of you?" he asked Wentworth.

The young man stopped sobbing, and seemed to think; suddenly his frame straightened, and he spoke in a voice that shook with anger: "Driscoll? Curse him! Driscoll" —

"Oh, it 's Driscoll, is it?" said the inspector. "I thought as much. Where is he?"

"Curse him, he left me at the door. He brought me here, and told me I 'd find my wife with the parson, and" —

"And a pretty job you 've done," said the inspector grimly. "If she dies, you 'll swing for it, thank God."

Wentworth tore a piece of paper from his pocket. "After you arrested Sinclair he sent Driscoll this." The inspector took the scrawl and read it.

"Now how 'd he get that through my men?" He handed it to Barstow, who read it, and sank upon a chair. Only for a moment; then he rose and faced Wentworth.

"You cur!" he cried. "Oh, you cur! And you believed a felon's lie — against — I won't say against a priest of the Church of Christ, but against that woman, your wife" —

"No, no, my God, no!" sobbed the wretched man. "I had come straight from the arrest — she had seemed to be expecting that — Driscoll made me drunk — Oh, God!"

"Ay, he was drunk enough, poor wretch," said Barstow to me. "Read it, Lane."

The message was scrawled upon a bit of memorandum book, and was but a line: —

"D., — The fool's wife has blown upon us. I was nabbed in the shop. Tell the fool he 'll find the sailor parson at home, quietly making love to his wife. They let him go, which is more than she counted on. D. S."

"I went to the house, and found she had been there, and gone home with him. He made me drunk. Mary, Mary, forgive me — for God's sake, hear me! It is Elmer!" The man had flung himself again on the floor, by her side.

"Ah, she will forgive you, but it 's hanging just the same." The inspector seemed to find relief in saying this. Thank Heaven, the door opened and the surgeon came just then.

We left the room while he was making the examination, Barstow and I and the policeman. Wentworth pleaded piteously to stay, and the inspector allowed it; partly, I suppose, to keep his eye on him. He had carefully removed the pistol, and had him searched for other weapons, evidently fearing suicide.

When we got to the street, I saw that Barstow was walking like a drunken man.

"Come to the house! Come!" he said.

We had time to go there and return before the examination should be over. I told them briefly what had happened. Meantime, Barstow, seeing no one, went up to his private room. The Rev. Septimus Brand began to cry. I seemed to have got beyond that, somehow, but the little Russian boy was crying, too. In a few minutes Barstow came down, dressed, for the first time I had seen him, in a priest's cloth. He never took it off again.

We went back, he and I and Stepan, to get the surgeon's report. Thank God, he gave us some faint hope! She might at least recover consciousness; he would not yet say that she might live. He had not ventured to probe for the bullet; he doubted if it could be reached; all depended on whether it had gone downward. Mrs. Wentworth was tall, and had been standing up when her husband fired: that gave ground for hope. Meantime, it would not be wise to move her.

I arranged with him to procure all that was needful; two nurses, another surgeon. He could not tell when, if ever, she would recover consciousness: it might be the next morning; it might be the day after. We could do nothing more.

Reluctantly I turned to go. Barstow would watch until the end. The inspector laid his hand upon Elmer Wentworth; the carriage was still below. "Come!" said he. Then I heard the cry of a lost soul.

Even the inspector drew back; and Barstow sprang up, his face working silently. If such appeals are at the judgment gate, God must be merciful. Leave her? Never would he leave her on earth, Wentworth said. His terror of the parting gave him superhuman strength; he shook off the burly policeman like a terrier. Hang him? Oh yes, they might hang him; he would plead guilty; he would go himself when she died — go when — They might handcuff him in the room, leave a force there.

"In the name of Christ" — his voice suddenly dropped, in his last appeal, not to me, not to the inspector, but to Barstow, the priest he had wronged — "she might come to. I must speak to her — my Mary, Mary!" He was in tears, and we bowed our heads. "I must make my Mary hear me once more, only once more." He fell at the foot of the bed where she lay. "Mary, hear me! Oh no, no, I will be quiet; I will be still," he whispered, as the surgeon hushed him, drawing him away. On his knees he moved to Barstow. "She might come to; she might miss me; she might one moment be well enough to hear me. In the name of Christ, you minister, I pray you make him not make me go!"

Then there was a silence; he seemed to faint; we heard the sobbing of the little Russian boy. And the white, sweet face of the dying woman looked mutely at us.

Barstow stepped forward, book in hand. "As I am a minister of God, I guarantee him to you," he uttered hoarsely.

"And as attorney for the Commonwealth, I will vouch for you," said I.

"It did n't need you, sir," faltered the inspector. "I 'll take the risk myself. MacCann!" — this gruffly to the soft-hearted Irishman. "Don't stand there blubbering! Get yourself in some room over the way, and watch for Driscoll!"

Then the inspector and I drove home.

VII.

Mrs. Wentworth did not become conscious that night nor the next day. The nurse and a young surgeon were always present; her husband never left her bedside, hardly even took his eyes off her face. He would neither eat nor sleep. Even the little Russian boy could not be kept from the door. But as for the Driscoll man, he never appeared; the policeman kept his watch in vain. Some account of the shooting had necessarily got into the papers, and he doubtless thought it wise to leave the state. The devil had done his work. Sinclair was duly sentenced; neither of the pair ever darkened the Wentworths' way again.

Barstow called a dozen times a day. Of all men, he now alone had any influence over Wentworth. It was through his argument that Wentworth was persuaded to take food. It seemed as if the husband sought in any littlest way to mark his recovery from his insane suspicion of the woman who had linked her life to his.

It was not for the next world that he cared, but for this. Barstow, on his religious side, still made no appeal. It was the one word from the wife, living, that he wanted. Barstow saw it, and, as a man, he sympathized. I myself had some doubts whether Mrs. Wentworth would know that it was her husband who had shot her; if so, would it not, after all, be better she should not regain her consciousness, if death came? I said as much to Barstow; but he shook his head. Wentworth would never believe that she did not know, he said. Of course, from the priest's point of view, she would know; but Barstow insisted it was not from this. Wentworth would have bartered immortality for one more mortal moment with her; and it was strange to find the priest sympathizing.

Morning, afternoon, and night I went there, — three times a day, — seven calls in all. Her condition remained much the same, only with failing pulse. But her husband's life seemed to be burning away, from the fire in his eyes. He sat mute while I was there; though Barstow said he sometimes spoke to him in private, and nothing would prevent him, when alone, from calling softly to his wife by name. After all, perhaps it did no harm.

After all, perhaps it did no harm; for at the eighth visit I was stopped by Stepan, radiant at the door. It was Easter morning.

"She is living!" he said. "Christ is risen."

The Russian Easter salutation came second in his mind, but he said it (out of habit of hearing, or because his own faith lacked such a phrase) though a Jew. I remembered, and replied, —

"Christ is risen."

"You cannot see her to-day," said the boy. "Nobody can see her to-day but the doctor and *him*."

"Him," I knew, meant the husband. "Does the doctor say she will get well?" I asked.

"Get well? Why, sure." Then, as if the doubt first struck him, he began to sob. "You — do — not think — she will not get well — now?"

I comforted him as best I could. I told him there was every hope. But in the evening, when I went back, I was told that she had asked to see me. I was surprised, for even Barstow had not yet seen her; only, I was told by the surgeon, he and the nurse and her husband. It was her husband who had seen the first tremor of the eyelid; and after a moment, to make sure that all was really well, the doctor had taken even the nurse away, and left them together. It had done no harm; he had been allowed to talk to her for moments at intervals through the day, and each time she had seemed rather the stronger for it. There was hope of her recovery.

"Much?" I said.

"Some," he answered. But he had not dared probe for the bullet.

I went upstairs. The husband met me at the door. "She wants to see you alone," he said. A great peace was in his face. He went away willingly. It was evident that he had told her.

But when I saw her face, I knew that he had told her more than this, that he had sought to kill her: he had told her that he loved her; once again had he told it to her, in such a way that she believed. Never had I seen her look so happy. By heavens, I have never seen such happiness in any woman's face! I am a bachelor; but I should make a good husband, for I would confess my love after marriage. I believe that Mrs. Wentworth would have gone through it again, for the winning of her husband back to herself. For this was what she wanted to say to me: that he loved her (she did not even put in "now"); that he was wholly hers; that he fired the shot in a moment of insanity. Now he was himself again, — forever. And hers, — now really hers. (And indeed I saw that this might well be true; it was she that had won him now, not the mere instinct of a young man's courtship.) Would they prosecute him?

The climax was unexpected. I stammered a little. "No — why, no — at least, if you get well — or rather — it was only assault, not such a serious offense — doubtless he was insane — I will do what I can" —

"And if I die?"

"Oh, well — then, of course, it might be murder — that is, homicide — if you die within the year — from the effects of the shot — but you must not think of that" —

("By heaven," said Barstow, when I told him this, that night, "I believe she would like to die, while he loves her so.")

No, she must not think of that. She would live, she answered. Of course she would live.

"Elmer!"

She called her husband back. A faint voice it was, but he heard. I saw him bend over her, and I came away.

VIII.

For some days she got better; at least, she seemed to lose no ground. Only, that one day the doctors sought to probe; with rather alarming results, so they gave it up. Still, they offered us every hope. She had something like a fainting spell after the attempt, but the

next day was better again. It was on that day she asked for Stepan. The little Russian boy was allowed to see her. Otherwise only Barstow; she had not asked again for me. My good friend the inspector had withdrawn all his police, from their house and from the house opposite; even the cynical official knew that Wentworth was ready to appear when wanted.

But on the day after Stepan saw her she sent for me again. Barstow told me she had been particularly calm that day; he was full of confidence; she had even persuaded her husband to go for a short walk. So it happened that when I went in we were alone again; at least, only the nurse was there, who retired, tactfully, just out of hearing.

Mrs. Wentworth's first words were accompanied with a smile. "You see, Mr. Lane, I am getting well."

I could not have said truthfully that she looked to me stronger; but I said I was sure of it.

"It is a long time, a year and a day, though — You said a year and a day, did you not?"

It was curious, her harping on this. "Oh, but you will get well long before that."

"If I don't, though — oh, what would they do — to Elmer, I mean?"

I felt in my soul that they would hang him; but I said, "Oh, you must not think of that."

"Promise me, — Mr. Lane, you have the power, — promise me they shall not prosecute my Elmer for what he did while crazy. Oh, promise me" —

I could not quite do that, but I begged her not to think of such things. I assured her I would do what I could. I told her that of course his insanity would be a defense. I said a thousand things; I hardly now remember what, only that I closed by again begging her not to let her mind run on such unlikely evils. Yet I looked at her, and saw that I had failed to carry conviction to her mind.

"You know, he never intended to kill me. It was a sudden passion of jealousy, when he saw, as the poor crazy boy thought, the words of those terrible men come true. I must tell you: they had worked on him before for this; they had been working on his mind a long time, — ever since that first night Mr. Barstow had interfered with them. And" (this was in a very low tone) "he really loved me all the time. He always carried the pistol with him; it was one he used to have in the bank. It just came into his hand at the wrong moment; it was a sudden impulse; surely that is not really — murder?"

How could I tell her that it was, — that the "malice premeditated" might begin actually upon the stairs; of the legal effect of his going home, with the revolver loaded, after seeing Sinclair's note? I was silent. She looked at me a few moments beseechingly; then her eyes fell.

"At least, it could not be murder if I lived a year and a day. And it would not be murder if I died from something else?"

"Why, no," I said. "But you will live, Mrs. Wentworth; the doctors say so."

She looked at me again, intently.

"You are sure it would not be murder if I died from something else?" Then, as I nodded, puzzled, she hurried on: "Thank you very much. I trust in you. I trust in all you say. Remember. And, whatever happens, you will help him, — be his lawyer, if you can? Thank you. I am rather tired now."

Still I only feared that I had talked too long, and I got up to go. Just as I was at the door she called again, "Remember!"

Naturally, I turned round to look at her, my hand upon the knob. I saw her with a pistol at her breast, and as I sprang forward she fired. Her head fell back upon the pillow. I was too late.

IX.

The nurse rushed in, and the doctor. I saw them lift her head; I saw them settle it upon the pillow, white amid the beautiful brown hair. I saw Barstow come, and Brand, and little Stepan. When the boy saw her, he gave a great cry; all the others were silent. It seemed that all the world came in, while I sat dazed. But last of all her husband came, and they drew aside. He knelt, and buried his face.

"Oh, why did she do it — she was going to get well — why did she do it — was she not, doctor?" It was Barstow who spoke, in low tones. We now were standing in a group at the other end of the room. The doctor was very pale, and hesitated. A light burst upon me.

"Doctor, did you tell *her* she would get well?" said I.

The beads of sweat stood upon his forehead. "I told her — this morning — she could not live another day."

"How did she get the revolver?" It was the inspector's voice. I turned, and saw that he had entered with the two policemen. It was all so quick; yet perhaps they had been watching all the time. There was a sob from Stepan; the little Russian boy was lying at her feet.

"I got it. She made me get it. I would do it again for her." So Stepan spoke. Again there was a long silence. Her white face was toward me, where I stood; her husband was sobbing, his face upon her hand.

"Come," said the inspector of police, touching him.

"After the funeral, — oh, after the funeral!" cried Barstow impetuously.

Wentworth himself was unresisting. Her hand in his, his dead wife seemed to look at me. Upon her lips I still saw the word "remember."

"Not then, nor now," I said. "Inspector, you may go. It is no longer murder; his bullet did not kill her."

They all looked at me. "I told her so, God help me. It is the law. It was a suicide. For the Commonwealth, inspector, I discharge you from this case."

"I take your word, sir. But there is still the assault."

"That is bailable. I will attend to the indictment. These gentlemen will be sureties."

They were more than ready to go. My work was done. I sank upon a chair. But Barstow, in a clear, low voice, began a prayer. We knelt by the bedside of the dead woman with the husband whose life she had saved at peril of her soul.

In two days we were all at a quiet graveyard in the hills. Even the inspector was there, and Dempsey — Shiner Dempsey — had sent a wreath. Coming back in the train, Wentworth sat with Stepan; Barstow (who had decided to leave us for a Church brotherhood in New York) was talking to Brand; the inspector came and spoke to me: "You are sure about your law?"

"There is a California case — People against Lewis — that quite settles it."

"I hope you won't press the other indictment." I looked at him, surprised. "He has been punished more than we can do. And she died for that."

. . . . . .

"What do you think he will do?" said I to Barstow, pointing to Wentworth.

"I do not know. He has had a good woman live for him — and die for him. He has had his chance."

F. J. Stimson.

RECONSTRUCTION IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE Civil War of 1861–65 (the term is used here for convenience, though it lacks perfect accuracy) was conducted in substantial or reasonable accordance with the settled rules of war; and at its close there was a large measure of liberal feeling on the part of the North toward the South, notwithstanding the murder of Mr. Lincoln. This feeling viewed the struggle as one in which both sides were sincere and patriotic (the word is used of design, but in its high and broad meaning), in which both sides were equally brave and devoted; as well as one which had come to pass quite naturally, from causes which were far deeper than politics or even than slavery. While the victorious section was enjoying the first or early sense of success, sentiments of liberality, of concord, readiness to look forward to better relations, not backward to old quarrels, statesmanlike plans or suggestions of reunion, and restoration of old associations, widely prevailed.

Two main causes now came into operation to disturb this tendency and course of feeling and events. The first of these was the existence at the North, on the part of a strenuous, ardent, vigorous minority, of a deep-seated, long-maturing, highly-developed distrust of the South; a sentiment resting partly on moral antagonism to slavery, but chiefly on a feeling of dread or hatred of those who had brought on a destructive, and, worst of all, a causeless or unnecessary war. Not all of those who belonged to this class are to be described so mildly. Some, it may be said, if not many, were really moved by an unreasoning antipathy toward those whom they had so long denounced as slaveholders and rebels. Slavery abolished and rebellion subdued, their occupation was gone; and still they could not adjust themselves to a new order of things.

The other great cause of reaction from the friendly and conciliatory spirit which was the first result of the victory for the Union was the conduct of the South itself. Beaten in arms and impoverished, stripped of slavery, the white South found solace, or saw relief, if not recompense, in harsh treatment of the emancipated negroes, in laws, in business, and in social relations. The effect of this folly was decisive at the North. But added to this was the fatuous course of President Johnson, to whom the South, not unnaturally, gave warm support.

Out of these adverse conditions came reconstruction. Its inception and development into policy and law were not the results or dictates of sober judgment of what was best; least of all were they inspired by statesmanlike forecast, or the teachings of philosophy or history. The writer has recently turned over anew the congressional discussions, in 1866 and 1867, of reconstruction, the South, and especially the negro question, some large part of which he heard at first-hand. It is, for by far the greater part, melancholy reading, — shocking in its crudeness and disregard of facts and actualities, amazing for the confident levity of tone on the part of the leading advocates of the reconstruction acts of 1867, and for its narrowly partisan spirit. Confidence here rose easily into prophecy, and the country was assured of a peaceful, prosperous South, with negro loyalty forever at the helm. The white South was helpless. The black South was equal to all the needs of the hour: ignorant, to be sure, but loyal; inexperienced, but, with the ballot as its teacher and inspiration, capable of assuring good government. Hardly anywhere else in recorded debates can be found so surprising a revelation of the blindness of partisan zeal as these discussions disclose. But

it may now be clear to all, as it was then clear to some, that underneath all the avowed motives and all the open arguments lay a deeper cause than all others, — the will and determination to secure party ascendency and control at the South and in the nation through the negro vote. If this is a hard saying, let any one now ask himself, or ask the public, if it is possibly credible that the reconstruction acts would have been passed if the negro vote had been believed to be Democratic.

True views of the situation — views sound, enlightened, and statesmanlike — were not wanting even then. Mr. Lincoln had presented such views; but above all other men in the whole land, Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, in his farewell address to the Massachusetts legislature, January 2, 1866, discussed with elaboration the Southern situation, and urged views and suggested policies which will mark him always in our annals, at least with the highest minds, as a true, prescient, and lofty statesman, versed in the past and able to prejudge the future. His valedictory address is veritably prophetic, — as prophetic as it is politic and practical. With this great word resounding through the country, the last excuse for reconstruction as actually fixed upon is swept away; for it could no longer be held, as it had been said by the more timid or doubtful, that the whole business was a groping in the dark, without light or leading. Sentiment carried the day, sentiment of the lower kind, — hate, revenge, greed, lust of power.

It is, however, necessary at this point to be just. Not all who bore part in fixing the terms of reconstruction were ignoble or ignorant. Among them were many unselfish doctrinaires, humanitarians, and idealists of fine type. Among them, too, were men who ranked as statesmen, who in other fields had well earned the name, but who now were overborne or overpersuaded. Back of all these, however, were the party leaders, who moved on, driving the reluctant, crushing and ostracizing the doubtful, brutally riding down those who dared to oppose.

Governor Andrew's argument and policy may be briefly stated. Three great, flashing apothegms summarize it: (1.) Prosecute peace as vigorously as we have prosecuted war. (2.) Inflict no humiliation, require no humiliation, of the South. (3.) Enlist the sympathy and services of "the natural leaders" of the South in the work of reconstruction. To the oft-repeated dictum that those who had ruled the South so long and rigorously — its natural leaders — could not be trusted with this work, Andrew pointed out, with prophetic insight, that these men, if not accepted as friends, would resume their leadership as enemies. Such a vision of the future, such a clear annunciation of truth and fact, fell on blind and impatient or angry minds. The most radical of ante-bellum and war Republicans, the greatest of all our war governors, was struck from the list of party leaders, and reconstruction proceeded apace on other lines and under other leaders. The writer recalls almost numberless interviews on reconstruction with Republican leaders at Washington, especially in the winter of 1866–67, and the summer and fall of the latter year, and particularly with the late Oliver P. Morton. Mr. Morton shared to some large degree with Mr. Thaddeus Stevens the leadership in this enterprise. Against the two combined, no policy could gain even consideration. With Mr. Stevens no argument was possible. His mind was fixed, proof against facts or reason that suggested other views. Mere personal self-respect limited the writer's intercourse with him to one brief conversation. Not one of these leaders had seen the South, or studied it at first-hand. Not one of them professed or cared to know more. They had made up their minds once for all, and they wished only to push on with their predetermined pol-

icy. The one descriptive feature, the one overshadowing item, of their policy was, as has been said, negro suffrage, loyalty under a black skin at the helm, — a policy which, like other historical policies of "Thorough," like the policy of Strafford and Laud, whence the fitting word has come, brooked no opposition or delay, and halted for no arguments or obstacles whilst these leaders led. The personal knowledge of the writer warrants him in stating that eyes were never blinder to facts, minds never more ruthlessly set upon a policy, than were Stevens and Morton on putting the white South under the heel of the black South. Again it is necessary to say that not all eminent Republican leaders shared these sentiments, though they acquiesced in the policy. Mr. Sumner, it shall be said, did not, and, strange perhaps to add, Mr. Blaine did not; but both submitted, and even advocated the acts of 1867.

Reconstruction thus conceived, thus developed, thus expounded, was put to test in South Carolina in the winter of 1867–68. Passed, as these acts were, in lofty disregard of the feelings or interest of the whites of the South, the first crucial test they met was of course the attitude of those who were thus disregarded. The first force or element to be reckoned with was the element left out of the account. The property, the education and intelligence, the experience in self-government and public affairs, in this state, were of course wholly with its white population. Numbers alone were with the rest. The first registration of voters in South Carolina under the reconstruction acts, in October, 1867, gave a total of 125,328 persons eligible to vote, of whom 46,346 were whites, and 78,982 were blacks or colored, or a ratio of about 3 to 5. Upon the question of holding a constitutional convention, the first question prescribed by the acts for decision, the total vote in November, 1867, was 71,807, — 130 whites and 68,876 colored voting *pro*, and 2801 *contra*. Of the members of the convention, 34 were whites and 63 colored. It did not contain one Democrat or one white man who had had high standing in the state previously. By this convention a constitution was framed, made up entirely of excerpts from other state constitutions, but yet a fairly good constitution in all its most important provisions. It continued in force, with a few rather unimportant changes, until 1897. State officers, under this constitution, and a legislature were elected in April, 1868, and the new government went into operation in July, 1868. In the first legislature under reconstruction, the Senate, numbering 33 members, contained 9 colored and 24 whites, of whom 7 only were Democrats. The House of Representatives numbered 124, of whom 48 were whites and 76 colored, only 14 being Democrats. The whole legislature was thus composed of 72 whites and 85 colored, with a total of 21 Democrats to 136 Republicans, or a ratio of nearly 3 to 20.

Truth here requires it to be said that the abstention of the whites from coöperation at this stage of reconstruction was voluntary and willful. The election for members of the convention went by default so far as they were concerned. They might, by voting solidly, and by the use of cajolery and flattery, such as they later did use, or by grosser arts, from which at last they did not shrink, have won an influential if not a controlling voice. All this is clear and certain; but the fact only shows the recklessness with which the sponsors of reconstruction went ahead. Such abnegation of lifelong sentiments or prejudices, such absolute reversal of themselves, as such a line of conduct required, was possible; but decent statesmanship does not build on possibilities. The question should have been, not, Is such conduct on the part of the whites possible? but, Is it to be expected? No man can say less than that it was to the last degree improbable; it

would hardly be too much to say it was morally impossible. Alone of all prominent men in the state, Wade Hampton in 1868 publicly advised coöperation with the negroes in elections, but his advice passed unheeded.

But it is not true that Stevens or Morton counted on such coöperation of the whites, or cared for it. It was an afterthought to claim it; a retort to those who uttered reproaches as the scheme of reconstruction gradually showed its vanity and impossibility. It cannot be too confidently asserted that from 1867 to 1872 nothing would have been more unwelcome to the leaders of reconstruction at Washington than the knowledge that the whites of South Carolina were gaining influence over the blacks, or were helping to make laws, or were holding office. The writer knows his ground here; and there is available written evidence in abundance to avouch all his statements and opinions, — evidence, too, which will sometime be given to the world.

No view of the situation in South Carolina in these years would be accurate or complete which did not call to mind the peculiar political or party condition of the white or Democratic population. For fully ten years, if not twenty, prior to 1850, Mr. Calhoun's immense personality, strenuous leadership, and unquestionably representative views and policies dominated the state, — dominated it to the complete effacement and disappearance of all other leaders or leadership. This influence projected itself forward, and controlled the thought of the state until 1860, as truly as in the lifetime of Calhoun. American political history, for its first century, will record no other instance of individual supremacy over a high-spirited, ambitious, politics-loving community such as the career of Calhoun presents. Nor was his influence in the smallest degree factitious or adventitious. It was simply the result of the application of a stern will, prodigious industry, sleepless but not selfish ambition, and the very highest order of ability to the leadership of a political cause. Calhoun led South Carolina till the outbreak of the war, if not through the war. At the close of the war and at the date of the reconstruction acts, new leadership in political thought and action was necessary; but South Carolina then had no leaders. Not only had she no trained party or political leaders; she had no men of single commanding influence. The most influential men of the state were the heroes of the war, who, though many of them able and public-spirited, were none of them greatly experienced in public affairs. The state had its full share of able men, an especially able bar, great numbers of planters and business men who had the old-time training in politics, but no man who could to any great degree mould public opinion or control party action. This fact — and it is referred to here only as a fact — was significant of much. In consequence, the Democratic or white party merely drifted, rudderless and at haphazard, from 1867 to 1874, the critical years of reconstruction.

Here, as at all points in this paper, the writer intends to speak with moderation of spirit and entire frankness. He thinks he can do justice to all parties and persons who took active part in reconstruction, though himself an actor, at times somewhat prominent. It will be for others to judge whether he has succeeded, as he has tried to do, in laying aside prejudices or feelings naturally developed by his activity in these scenes, so that he can see the men and events of those days objectively and disinterestedly.

It is now plain to all that reconstruction under the acts of 1867 was, at any rate, a frightful experiment, which never could have given a real statesman who learned or knew the facts the smallest hope of success. Government, self-government, the care of common public in-

terests by the people themselves, is not so easy or simple a task as not to require a modicum of experience as well as a modicum of mental and moral character. In the mass of 78,000 colored voters in South Carolina in 1867, what elements or forces could have existed that made for good government? Ought it not to have been as clear then as it is now that good government, or even tolerable administration, could not be had from such an aggregation of ignorance and inexperience and incapacity? Is it not, has it not always been, as true in government as in physics, *ex nihilo nihil fit?*

Added to this obvious discouragement and impossibility in South Carolina was the fact that these 78,000 colored voters were distinctly and of design pitted against 46,000 whites, who held all the property, education, and public experience of the state. It is not less than shocking to think of such odds, such inevitable disaster. Yet it was deliberately planned and eagerly welcomed at Washington, and calmly accepted by the party throughout the country. What Republican voice was heard against it?

But the cup of adverse conditions was not yet full. To this feast of reconstruction, this dance of reunion, rushed hundreds, even thousands, of white and colored men from the North, who had almost as little experience of public affairs as the negroes of the South; and it must be added that, as a class, they were not morally the equals of the negroes of the South. The story at this point is threadbare; but it must be again said in this review that the Northern adventurers at once sprang to the front, and kept to the front from 1867 to 1874. To them the negro deferred with a natural docility. He felt that they represented the powers at Washington, as they often did, and his obedience was easily secured and held. Are Stevens and Morton and their applauding supporters chargeable with countenancing these men? Not by express, direct terms; but they are justly chargeable with opening the doors to them, and not casting them off when their true character was perfectly known. So ingrained was the disregard of Southern Democrats in all affairs that concerned the political control at the South, so inflexible was the determination of officials and leaders at Washington to keep the heel on the neck, that hardly one high Republican authority could be appealed to for discountenance of the class referred to. To this tide of folly, and worse, President Grant persistently yielded; while one noble exception must be noted, the gallant and true Benjamin H. Bristow, of Kentucky, as Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, and Secretary of the Treasury.

The quick, sure result was of course misgovernment. Let a few statistics tell the tale. Before the war, the average expense of the annual session of the legislature in South Carolina did not exceed $20,000. For the six years following reconstruction the average annual expense was over $320,000, the expense of the session of 1871 alone being $617,000. The total legislative expenses for the six years were $2,339,000.

The average annual cost of public printing in Massachusetts for the last ten years has been $131,000; for the year 1899 it was $139,000, and this included much costly printing never dreamed of in South Carolina in those days. In reconstructed South Carolina the cost of public printing for the first six years was $1,104,000, — an annual average of $184,000, the cost for the single year 1871–72 being $348,000.

The total public debt of South Carolina at the beginning of reconstruction was less than $1,000,000. At the end of the year 1872, five years later, the direct public debt amounted to over $17,500,000. For all this increase the state had not a single public improvement of any sort to show; and of this debt over

$5,950,000 had been formally repudiated by the party and the men who had created the debt, and received and handled its proceeds.

Prior to reconstruction, contingent funds were absolutely unknown in South Carolina; a contingent fund, as known under reconstruction, being a sum of money which a public officer is allowed to draw and expend without accountability. During the first six years of reconstruction the contingent funds in South Carolina amounted to $376,000.

These are pecuniary results, but they tell a moral tale. No such results could be possible except where public and private virtue was well-nigh extinct; nor could they exist alone. In fact, they were only one salient effect or phase of a wide reign of corruption and general misrule. Public offices were objects of vulgar, commonplace bargain and sale. Justice in the lower and higher courts was bought and sold; or rather, those who sat in the seats nominally of justice made traffic of their judicial powers. State militia on a vast scale was organized and equipped in 1870 and 1871 solely from the negroes, arms and legal organization being denied the white Democrats. No branch of the public service escaped the pollution. One typical and concrete example must suffice here. In the counties of South Carolina there is a school commissioner whose powers and duties cover the choice of all teachers of the public schools, their examination for employment or promotion, the issue of warrants for installments of their salary, and, in general, all the powers and duties usually devolved on the highest school officer in a given area of territory. In one of the counties of South Carolina, during the years 1874 and 1875, the school commissioner was a negro of the deepest hue and most pronounced type, who could neither read nor write even his own name; and his name appeared always on official documents in another's handwriting, with the legend "his × mark." He was as corrupt, too, as he was ignorant. Now, what course a county in Massachusetts or other Northern state would take under such an infliction the writer does not venture to say. He is only certain no Northern community would stand it. The people of this county, one morning, found their chief school officer dead in the highway from a gunshot. Such incidents must lead, will lead, in any intelligent community, to deeds of violence. The famous and infamous Kuklux Klan of 1870 was an organized attempt to overawe and drive from office Republican state officers, and especially negroes. It was brutal and murderous to the last degree, being from first to last in the hands almost exclusively of the lower stratum of the white population. Yet it was symptomatic of a dreadful disease, — the gangrene of incapacity, dishonesty, and corruption in public office. No excuse can be framed for its outrages, but its causes were plain. Any observer who cared to see could see that it flourished where corruption and incapacity had climbed into power, and withered where the reverse was the case.

Gradually, under the spur of public wrongs and misrule, political party remedies began to be used by the Democrats, — a word practically synonymous with whites, as Republican was with negroes, — and in 1872 a Democratic canvass was made for state officers. In 1874 the Democrats united with a section of disaffected Republicans in a canvass, in which the Republican candidate for governor received 80,000 votes, and the Democratic candidate 68,000. Still no great or preëminent leader of the Democratic party forces had appeared. In 1874, under the stress of fear of consequences, symptoms of which were then clear, the Republican party, by some of its leaders, and some part of its rank and file, undertook a somewhat systematic effort for "reform within the party." For the next two years the strug-

gle went determinedly on, with varying success. Two facts or incidents will illustrate the flow and ebb of reform here. Early in 1875, a notorious, corrupt negro, who had long led the negroes in one of the strongest Republican sections of the state, put himself up as a candidate for judge of the chief (Charleston) circuit of the state. The reform forces barely succeeded in defeating him. Other conflicts from time to time arose, and it was only by a close union of the Democrats in the legislature, and the free and constant use of the executive power of veto, that the reform party was saved from overthrow and rout, — no less than nineteen vetoes being given to leading legislative measures by the governor in a single session. When the legislature assembled for the session of 1875–76, the reform and anti-reform forces were nearly equally matched; the former including all the Democratic members of the legislature, who were in turn heartily backed by the Democratic party of the state.

A decisive test of strength soon came. As the event of this test marks accurately the turning point in the fortunes of reconstruction in South Carolina under the congressional plan of 1867, the story must be here told with care and some degree of fullness. December 15, 1875, occurred an election by the legislature of six circuit or *nisi prius* judges for the several circuits into which the state was then divided. On the night preceding the election a secret caucus of the negro members of the legislature was held, instigated, organized, and led by the most adroit as well as the ablest negro in the state, one Robert B. Elliott, formerly of Boston. At this caucus, an oath was sworn by every member to support all nominations made by the caucus for the judgeships. The caucus proceeded to make nominations, choosing for the two most important circuits — Charleston and Sumter — a negro, Whipper, and a white man, F. J. Moses. Not till the legislature was ready to meet on the following day did the fact of this caucus become known. Every man nominated was elected. The storm now broke over the heads of the conspirators in fury. The laugh which for a long time greeted remonstrance died away, and men asked one another what could be done. The governor at once took his stand, undoubtedly a novel and extreme stand; but, like all decent men who saw the situation at first-hand, he probably felt that sometimes in politics, as in other things, "new occasions teach new duties." He publicly announced his determination to refuse to issue commissions to Whipper and Moses. The wrath of the conspirators rose high, but the white citizens strongly backed the executive, and no commissions were ever issued. The sequel was that, after much loud boasting of their courage on the part of Whipper and Moses, they quailed, like the craven cowards they were, before the determination of the people, and never took another step to enforce their claim to office.

At this precise point came the parting of ways between the governor and his Republican supporters, on the one hand, and his white Democratic supporters, on the other hand, in their common reform struggle. It seems dramatic, almost tragic, that, in a matter of so much importance to South Carolina, hearts equally earnest and honest, as we may now believe, and minds equally free and clear, saw in the same event, and that event a signal triumph over the powers of misrule by the allied forces of the reformers, totally different meanings and significance. To the Republican reformers it seemed a splendid vindication of their policy and belief, — that all that was needed was a union of the forces of intelligence and honesty against the common enemy; to the Democratic reformers, on the other hand, it seemed a final and crowning proof that the forces of misrule were too strong to be overcome by ordinary, peaceful methods. Less

cannot be said here than that, as is usual, there was truth in both views. There were, no doubt, many searchings of heart in the ranks of each division of the reformers. One eminent and devoted reformer, who felt compelled to go with the Democrats, has left on record an expression of his feelings, in quoting the words of Sir William Waller to his friend and antagonist in the English Civil War of 1640: "That great God who is the searcher of my heart knows with what a sad sense I go upon this service, and with what a perfect hatred I detest this war without an enemy. . . . But we are both upon the stage, and must act such parts as are assigned us in this tragedy." It was the feeling of many before the contest had opened or passed to the stage of hard fighting.

Pause must be made here long enough to set before an uninformed reader the array of forces for this contest, so significant to South Carolina, and so characteristic and illustrative of the inevitable results of reconstruction on the lines of 1867. It has been remarked that South Carolina had no great leader or leaders after Mr. Calhoun. This was true until 1876, but not later. Great new occasions usually bring leaders. At the head of the Democratic forces in South Carolina, in June, 1876, appeared General Wade Hampton, known only, one might say, till then, except locally, as a distinguished Confederate cavalry officer. He had led the life of a planter on a large scale, and possessed well-developed powers and habits of command. Totally unlike Calhoun, Hampton's strength of leadership lay, not in intellectual or oratorical superiority, but in high and forceful character, perfect courage, and real devotion to what he conceived to be the welfare of South Carolina. Not even Calhoun's leadership was at any time more absolute, unquestioned, and enthusiastic than Hampton's in 1876; and it was justly so from the Democratic point of view, for he was unselfish, resolute, level-headed, and determined. He was for the hour a true "natural leader;" and he led with consummate mingled prudence and aggressiveness.

The progress of the canvass developed, as must have been apprehended by all who saw or studied the situation, not only into violence of words and manner, but into breaches of the peace, interference with public meetings called by one party, and latterly into widespread riots. The chapter need not be retold. The concealments of the canvass on these points have long been remitted, with the occasion which called for them. It is not now denied, but admitted and claimed, by the successful party, that the canvass was systematically conducted with the view to find occasions to apply force and violence. The occasions came, and the methods adopted had their perfect work. The result is known, but must be stated here for historical purposes purely. By a system of violence and coercion ranging through all possible grades, from urgent persuasion to mob violence and plentiful murders, the election was won by the Democrats. The historian here is no longer compelled to spell out his verdict from a wide induction of facts; he need only accept the assertions, even the vaunts, of many of the leading figures in the canvass since the canvass was closed.

Is there anything to be said by way of verdict upon the whole passage? Yes; plainly this, at least, — that the drama or tragedy lay potentially, from the first, in the reconstruction policy of Morton and Stevens. The latent fire there concealed was blown to flame by the conduct of affairs in South Carolina under the inspiration, if not direction, of Republican leaders at Washington. No proper or serious efforts were ever made there to ward off or prevent the conflict. Till October, 1876, no doubt seemed to enter the minds of Republican politicians that

the brute force of numbers would win, as it had won. Cries of distress, shouts of encouragement, promises of reward for the party in South Carolina, now burdened the mails and kept telegraph wires hot. Managers of the Republican national canvass vied with one another in the extravagance of hopes and promises sent to South Carolina. But the forces aroused by ten years of vassalage of white to black, and eight years of corruption and plunder and misrule, moved on to their end till the end was fully reached.

It has often been asked, Could not the end — freedom from negro domination and its consequent misrule — have been reached by other more lawful and more peaceful methods? Into speculations of this kind it is not worth while to venture. One thing may be said with confidence, — the whites of South Carolina in 1876 believed no other methods or means would avail. Their course was guided by this belief. Mr. Hallam declares that "nothing is more necessary, in reaching historical conclusions, than knowledge of the motives avowed and apparently effective in the minds of the parties to controversies." The avowed motives of the whites in the struggle of 1876 are fully recorded. Are there any evidences that these motives were simulated or affected? The policy adopted and carried out does not discredit the existence and force of these motives. The campaign of 1876 was conducted as if it were a life-or-death combat.

Finally, the more serious, most serious, question has often been raised: Conceding the wrongs suffered and the hopelessness of relief by other methods, was this campaign warranted? Different answers will be given by different moralists and casuists. To the writer, the question does not seem of first or great importance. What is certain is that a people of force, pride, and intelligence, driven, as the white people of South Carolina believed they were in 1876, to choose between violence and lawlessness for a time, and misrule for all time, will infallibly choose the former.

The overthrow of Republican or negro rule in South Carolina in 1876 was root-and-branch work. The fabric so long and laboriously built up fell in a day. Where was fancied to be strength was found only weakness. The vauntings were turned to cringings of terror. Poltroons and perjurers made haste to confess; robbers came forward to disgorge, intent only on personal safety; and the world saw an old phenomenon repeated, — the essential and ineradicable cowardice and servility of conscious wrongdoers. The avalanche caught the innocent with the guilty, the patriot and reformer with the corruptionist, the bribe giver and bribe taker. It could not be otherwise; it has never been otherwise in such convulsions.

The historian who studies this crowning event of reconstruction in South Carolina will be sure to meet or to raise the question, Why did Republican reformers there adhere to the Republican party in 1876? The answer to this is easy. They were, most of them, trained in another school than South Carolina. Resort to violence and bloodshed was not in their list of possible remedies for political wrongs or abuses. They were ready to risk or to lose their own lives in a contest for good government; they were not ready to take the lives or shed the blood of others for any political cause not involving actual physical self-defense.

A close or interested student of reconstruction will doubtless ask, In the light of retrospect and the disillusionment of later events, does it seem that good government could have been reached in South Carolina by a continuance of the union of a part — the reforming part — of the Republican party and the whole body of Democrats in the state? Speculation and reflection have been and will be expended on this question, for to some degree it touches a vital moral point. It

has already been said that on this question the two wings — Republican and Democratic — of the reformers of 1874–76 held opposite opinions. It must be conceded that, unfortunately but inevitably, into the decision of the question in 1876 purely party considerations entered strongly. It would be vain for either side to deny it. Republican reformers were party men; so were Democratic reformers. Personal ambitions, also, played their usual part, — a large one. Instigations to a strict Republican party contest came freely from Washington. On the other hand, Mr. Tilden, who was made to bear in those days so heavy a load of responsibility for everything amiss in the eyes of his party opponents, was specially charged — a charge still current among the uninformed or the victims of ancient party prejudices — with influencing the Democratic party in South Carolina in this crisis to enter on a party canvass on the lines of violence and fraud. The writer thinks he now knows the charge to be unfounded; that, on the contrary, if Mr. Tilden's influence was felt at all, it was in the direction of a canvass for state officers and the legislature on non-partisan lines, and in any event a peaceful and lawful canvass. If there is any interest still attaching to the writer's own view, he is quite ready now to say that he feels sure there was no possibility of securing permanent good government in South Carolina through Republican influences. If the canvass of 1876 had resulted in the success of the Republican party, that party could not, for want of materials, even when aided by the Democratic minority, have given pure or competent administration. The vast preponderance of ignorance and incapacity in that party, aside from downright dishonesty, made it impossible. An experienced or observant eye can see the causes. The canvass on purely party lines in 1876 necessarily threw Republican reformers and Republican rascals again into friendly contact and alliance. Success would have given redoubled power to leaders who had been temporarily discredited or set aside; the flood gates of misrule would have been reopened; and, as was said by one of the leaders of reform when Whipper and Moses were elected judges, "a terrible crevasse of misgovernment and public debauchery" would have again opened. The real truth is, hard as it may be to accept it, that the elements put in combination by the reconstruction scheme of Stevens and Morton were irretrievably bad, and could never have resulted, except temporarily or in desperate moments, in government fit to be endured. As Macaulay's old Puritan sang in after years of Naseby, so may now sing a veteran survivor of reconstruction in South Carolina: —

> "Oh! evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
> And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod."

There is an important inquiry still to be noticed and answered: How did the victors use their victory? The just answer seems to be, "Not altogether well," but emphatically, "As well as could have been expected," — as well as the lot and nature of humanity probably permit. Some unfair, unjust, merely angry blows were struck after the victory was won. For the rest, forbearance and oblivion were the rule. Good government, the avowed aim, was fully secured. Economy succeeded extravagance; judicial integrity and ability succeeded profligacy and ignorance on the bench; all the conditions of public welfare were restored.

Of secondary results, it is hardly necessary to this review and picture of reconstruction in South Carolina to speak; but it would be an impressive warning for other like cases if it were added that the methods of 1876 have left scars and wounds which generations of time cannot efface or heal. The appeal for the truth of this remark may be safely made

to the most ardent defender of those methods. The price of what was gained in 1876 will long remain unliquidated. No part of it can ever be remitted. The laws of human society, not written in statute books, proclaim that wrong and wrong methods are self-propagating. Long before Shakespeare told it, it was true, even from the foundation of the moral order: —

> "We but teach
> Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
> To plague the inventor; this even-handed justice
> Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
> To our own lips."

Every present citizen of South Carolina knows, and those who are truthful and frank will confess, that the ballot debauched in 1876 remains debauched; the violence taught then remains now, if not in the same, in other forms; the defiance of law learned then in what was called a good cause survives in the horrid orgies and degradation of lynchings.

The chapter of recent events covered by this paper is made up largely of the record of mistakes and crimes followed by the sure, unvarying retributions which all history teaches are the early or late result of evil courses in nations and states as well as in individuals. To whom, humanly speaking, are these woes and wastes chargeable? The answer must be, to those who devised and put in operation the congressional scheme of reconstruction, — to their unspeakable folly, their blind party greed, their insensate attempt to reverse the laws which control human society.

The designed plan of this paper does not extend to any discussion of the always grave topic of the condition and prospects of the negro race in South Carolina and the South. It has abundantly appeared in what has already been written that that race was used as the tool of heartless partisan leaders. As in all such cases, the tool was cast aside when its use was ended. Who can look on the picture, — the negro enslaved by physical chains for some two centuries and a half, then bodily lifted into freedom by other hands than his own, next mercilessly exploited for the benefit of a political party, and heartlessly abandoned when the scheme had failed, — what heart of stone, we say, would not be touched by these undeserved miseries, these woeful misfortunes, of the negro of the United States?

What had the negro to show after 1876 for his sufferings? Merely the paper right to vote, — a right which he had no earthly power or capacity to use or to defend; while, with smug faces, with hypocritic sighs and upturned eyeballs, the *soi-disant* philanthropists and charitymongers of the North looked on the negro from afar, giving him only an occasional charge to still stand by the grand old party that had set him free! To all who feel a real solicitude for the welfare of the Southern negro, it ought to be said that the conditions of his welfare lie in reversing at all points the spirit and policy of reconstruction which brought on him this Iliad of woes. Philanthropy without wisdom is always dangerous. Disregard of actual conditions is never wise. The negro depends for his welfare, not on the North, but on the South; not on strangers, however friendly or sympathetic or generous in bestowing bounty, but on his white neighbors and employers. Whatever can be done to promote good relations between him and his actual neighbors will be well done; whatever is done which tends otherwise will be ill done. By industry and thrift the negro can secure all he needs, both of livelihood and of education; whatever is given him gratuitously promotes idleness and unthrift. With all emphasis let it be said and known — and the writer's knowledge confirms the saying, as will

like knowledge acquired by any honest and clear-sighted person — that the negro at the South is not, in the mass or individually, the proper object of charity.

And of his education let a word be said. Education is, no one disputes or doubts, essential to the welfare of a free or self-governing community. The negro in his present situation is not an exception to the rule. But what sort of education does he need? Primarily, and in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of one thousand, he does not need, in any proper sense of the words, literary, scientific, or what we call the higher education. It is not too much to say that, up to this time, a great amount of money and effort has been worse than wasted on such education, or attempts at such education, of the negro. To an appreciable extent, it has been a positive evil to him. Give him, or rather stimulate him to provide for himself, education suited to his condition: to wit, abundant training in the three R's; and after that, skill in handicraft, in simple manual labor of all kinds, which it is his lot to do, — lot fixed not by us, but by powers above us. If there be aspiring spirits in the race, capable of better things, this is the soil from which they may rise, rather than from hotbeds or forcing grounds, — the so-called negro colleges and universities now existing in the South. Beyond this, let the negro be taught, early and late, in schools and everywhere, thrift, pecuniary prudence and foresight, the duty, the foremost duty, of getting homes, property, land, or whatever constitutes wealth in his community. Above all things, let him be taught that his so-called rights depend on himself alone. Tell him, compel him by iteration to know, that no race or people has ever yet long had freedom unless it was won and kept by itself; won and kept by courage, by intelligence, by vigilance, by prudence. Having done this, let Northern purses be closed; let sympathy and bounty be bestowed, if anywhere, upon far less favored toilers nearer home, and leave the negro to work out his own welfare, unhelped and unhindered. If these simple methods are adopted and rigorously observed, the negro problem at our South will tend toward solution, and the flood of ills flowing from reconstruction as imposed from without will at last be stayed; and they can be stayed in no other ways. Constitutional limits of aid by legislation have already been reached and overpassed. Rights, to be secure, must, in the last resort, rest on stronger supports than constitutions, statutes, or enrolled parchments. Self-government under constitutions presupposes a firm determination, and mental, moral and physical capacity, ready and equal to the defense of rights. Neither the negro nor the white man can have them on other terms.

Daniel H. Chamberlain.

PENELOPE'S IRISH EXPERIENCES.[1]

PART SIXTH.

XXVI.

"There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,
And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters fanned;
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs in the yellow sand,
On the fair hills of holy Ireland."

THE OLD HALL, DEVORGILLA,
Vale of the Boyne.

WE have now lived in each of Ireland's four provinces, Leinster, Munster, Ulster, and Connaught; but ages ago, Tuathal the Legitimate cut a portion from each of these and made a fifth, which was called Royal Meath. The division no longer exists, but in the midst of what was that most kingly territory, with the good republican's love of royal institutions, we have established ourselves.

The Old Hall, from which I write, is somewhere in the vale of the Boyne, somewhere near Yellow Steeple, not so far from Treadagh, only a few miles from Ballybilly (I hope to be forgiven this irreverence to the glorious memory of his Majesty, William, Prince of Orange!), and within driving distance of Killkienan, Croagh-Patrick, Domteagh, and Tara Hill itself. If you know your Royal Meath, these geographical suggestions will give you some idea of our location; if not, take your map of Ireland, please (a thing nobody has near him), and find the town of Tuam, where you left us a little time ago. You will see a railway line from Tuam to Athenry, Athlone, and Mullingar. Anybody can visit Mullingar, — it is for the million; but only the elect may go to Devorgilla. It is the captive of our bow and spear; or, to change the figure, it is a violet by a mossy stone, which we refuse to have plucked from its poetic solitude and worn in the bosom or in the buttonhole of the tourist.

At Mullingar, then, we slip on enchanted garments which conceal us from the casual eye, and disappear into what is, in midsummer, a bower of beauty. There you will find, when you find us, Devorgilla, lovely enough to be Tir-nan-og, that Land of the Ever Youthful well known to the Celts of long ago. Here we have rested our weary bodies and purified our travel-stained minds. Fresh from the poverty-ridden hillsides of Connaught, these rich grazing lands, comfortable houses, magnificent demesnes and castles, are unspeakably grateful to the eye and healing to the spirit. We have not forgotten, shall never forget, our Connemara folk, nor yet Omadhaun Pat and dark Timsy of Lisdara in the north; but it is good, for a change, to breathe in this sense of general comfort, good cheer, and abundance.

Benella is radiant, for she is near enough to Trim to go there occasionally to seek for traces of her ancestress, Mary Boyce; and as for Salemina, this bit of country is a Mecca for antiquaries and scholars, and we are fairly surrounded by towers, tumuli, and cairns. Added to these advantages of position, we are within a few miles of Rosnaree, Dr. La Touche's demesne, to which he comes home from Dublin to-morrow, bringing with him our dear Mr. and Mrs. Colquhoun of Ardnagreena. We have been here ourselves for ten days, and are flattered to think that we have used the time as unconventionally as we could well

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have done. There are many parts of Ireland where one could not find a habitable house to rent, but in this locality they are numerous enough to make it possible to choose. We had driven over perhaps twenty square miles of country, with the view of selecting the most delectable spot that could be found, without going too far from Rosnaree. The chief trouble was that we always desired every dwelling that we saw. I tell you this with a view of lessening the shock when I confess that, before we rented the Old Hall where we are now settled for a month, we took three different houses, and lived in them for seven days, each in solitary splendor, like the Prince of Coolavin. It was not difficult to agree upon the district. The moment that we passed the town and drove along the flowery way that leads to Devorgilla, we knew that it was the road of destiny.

The white thorn is very late this year, and we found ourselves in the full glory of it. It is beautiful in all its stages, from the time when it first opens its buds, to the season when "every spray is white with May, and blooms the eglantine." Do not imagine, however, that we are all in white, like a bride: there is the pink hawthorn, and there are pink and white horsechestnuts laden with flowers, yellow laburnums hanging over whitewashed farm buildings, lilacs, and, most wonderful of all, the blaze of the yellow gorse. There will be a thorn hedge struggling with and conquering a gray stone wall; then a golden gorse bush struggling with and conquering the thorn; seeking the sun, it knows no restraints, and creeping through the barriers of green and white and gray, it fairly hurls its yellow splendors in great blazing patches along the wayside. In dazzling glory, in richness of color, there is nothing in nature that we can compare with this loveliest and commonest of all wayside weeds. The gleaming wealth of the Klondike would make but a poor showing beside a single Irish hedgerow; one would think that Mother Earth had stored in her bosom all the sunniest gleams of bygone summers, and was now giving them back to the sun king from whom she borrowed them.

It was at twilight when we first swam this fragrant golden sea, — twilight, and the birds were singing in every bush; the thrushes and blackbirds in the blossoming cherry and chestnut trees were so many and so tuneful that the chorus was sweet and strong beyond anything I ever heard.

"I did not believe such a thing possible, but it is lovelier than Pettybaw," said Francesca; and just here we came in sight of a pink cottage cuddling on the breast of a hill. Pink the cottage was, as if it had been hewed out of a coral branch or the heart of a salmon; pink-washed were the stone walls and posts; pink even were the chimneys; a green lattice over the front was the only leaf in the bouquet. Wallflowers grew against the pink stone walls, and there is no beautiful word in any beautiful language that can describe the effect of that modest rose-hued cottage, blushing against a background of heather-brown hills covered solidly with golden gorse bushes in full bloom. Himself and I have always agreed to spend our anniversaries with Mrs. Bobby at Comfort Cottage, in England, or at Bide-a-Wee, the "wee theekit hoosie" in the loaning at Pettybaw, for our little love story was begun in the one, and carried on in the other; but this, this, I thought instantly, must somehow be crowded into the scheme of red-letter days. And now we suddenly discovered something at once interesting and disconcerting, — an American flag floating from a tree in the background.

"The place is rented, then," said Francesca, "to some enterprising American or some star-spangled Irishman who has succeeded in discovering Devorgilla before us. I well understand how

the shade of Columbus must feel whenever Amerigo Vespucci's name is mentioned!"

We sent the driver off to await our pleasure, and held a consultation in the road.

"I shall call, at any rate," I announced; "any excuse will serve which brings me nearer to that adorable dwelling. I intend to be standing in that pink doorway, with that green lattice over my head, when Himself arrives in Devorgilla. I intend to end my days within those rosy walls, and to begin the process at the earliest possible moment."

Salemina disapproved, of course. Her method is always to stand well in the rear, trembling beforehand lest I should do something unconventional; then, later on, when things romantic begin to transpire, she says delightedly, "Was n't that clever of us?"

"An American flag," I urged, "is a proclamation; indeed, it is, in a sense, an invitation; besides, it is my duty to salute it in a foreign land!"

"Patriotism, how many sins are practiced in thy name!" said Salemina satirically. "Can't you salute your flag from the highroad?"

"Not properly, Sally dear, nor satisfactorily. So you and Francesca sit down, timidly and respectably, under the safe shadow of the hedge, while I call upon the blooming family in the darling blooming house. I am an American artist, lured to their door alike by devotion to my country's flag and love of the picturesque." And so saying I ascended the path with some dignity and a false show of assurance.

The circumstances did not chance to be precisely what I had expected. There was a nice girl tidying the kitchen, and I found no difficulty in making friends with her. Her mother owned the cottage, and rented it every season to a Belfast lady, who was coming in a week to take possession, as usual. The American flag had been floating in honor of her mother's brother, who had come over from Milwaukee to make them a little visit, and had just left that afternoon to sail from Liverpool. The rest of the family lived, during the three summer months, in a smaller cottage down the road; but she herself always stayed at the cottage, to "mind" the Belfast lady's children.

When I looked at the pink floor of the kitchen and the view from the windows, I would have given anything in the world to outbid, yes, even to obliterate the Belfast lady; but this, unfortunately, was impossible. So, calling the mother in from the stables, I succeeded, after fifteen minutes' persuasion, in getting permission to occupy the house for one week, beginning with the next morning, and returned in triumph to my weary family, who thought it an insane idea.

"Of course it is," I responded cheerfully: "that is why it is going to be so altogether charming. Don't be envious; I will find something mad for you to do, too. One of us is always submitting to the will of the majority; now let us be as individually silly as we like for a week, and then take a long farewell of freakishness and freedom. Let the third volume die in lurid splendor, since there is never to be a fourth."

"There is still Wales," suggested Francesca.

"Too small, Fanny dear, and we could never pronounce the names. Besides, what sort of adventures would be possible to three — I mean, of course, two — persons tied down by marital responsibilities and family cares? Is it the sunset or the reflection of the pink house that is shining on your pink face, Salemina?"

"I am extremely warm," she replied haughtily.

"I don't wonder; sitting on the damp grass under a hedge is so stimulating to the circulation!" observed "young Miss Fan."

XXVII.

"Have you been at Devorgilla,
Have you seen, at Devorgilla,
Beauty's train trip o'er the plain, —
The lovely maids of Devorgilla?"

The next morning the Old Hall dropped like a ripe rowan berry into our very laps. The landlord of the Shamrock Inn directed us thither, and within the hour it belonged to us for the rest of the summer. It had never been rented before; but Miss Llewellyn-Joyce, the owner, had suddenly determined to visit her sister in London, and was glad to find appreciative and careful tenants. She was taking her own maid with her, and thus only one servant remained, to be rented with the premises, as is frequently the Irish fashion. The Old Hall has not always been managed thus economically, it is easy to see, and Miss Llewellyn-Joyce speaks with the utmost candor of her poverty, as indeed the ruined Irish gentry always do. The Hall has a lodge, which is a sort of miniature Round Tower, at the entrance gate, and we see nothing for it but to import a brass-buttoned boy from the nearest metropolis, where we must also send for a second maid.

"That 'll do when you get him," objected Benella, "though boys need a lot of overseeing; but as nobody can get in or come out o' that gate without help, I shall have to go to the lodge every day now, and set down there with my sewin' from four to six in the afternoon, or whenever the callin' hours is. When I engaged with you, it was n't for any particular kind of work; it was to make myself useful. I 've been errand boy and courier, golf caddie and footman, beau, cook, land agent, and mother to you all, and I guess I can be a lodge keeper as well as not."

Francesca had her choice of residing either with Salemina or with me, and drove in my company to Rosaleen Cottage, to make up her mind. While she was standing at my gate, engaged in contemplation, she espied a small cabin not far away, and walked toward it on a tour of investigation. It proved to have three tiny rooms, — a bedroom, sitting room, and kitchen. The rent was only two pounds a month, it is true, but it was in all respects the most unattractive, poverty-stricken, undesirable dwelling I ever saw. It was the small stove in the kitchen that kindled Francesca's imagination, and she made up her mind instantly to become a householder on her own account. I tried to dissuade her; but she is as firm as the Rock of Cashel when once she has set her heart upon anything.

"I shall be almost your next-door neighbor, Penelope," she coaxed, "and of course you will give me Benella. She will sleep in the sitting room, and I will do the cooking; the landlady says there is no trouble about food. 'What to ate?' she exclaimed, leaning out sociably over the half-door. 'Sure it 'll drive up to your very doore jist.' And here is the 'wee grass,' as she calls it, where 'yous can take your tay' under the Japanese umbrella left by the last tenant. Think how unusual it will be for us to live in three different houses for a week; for 'there 's luck in odd numbers, says Rory O'More.' We shall have the advantages of good society, too, when we are living apart, for I foresee entertainment after entertainment. We will give breakfasts, luncheons, teas, and dinners to one another; and meanwhile I shall have learned all the housewifely arts. Think, too, how much better you can paint with me out of your way!"

"Very well, live in your wee hut, then, if you can persuade Benella to stay with you," I rejoined; "but I think there would best be no public visiting between you and those who live in Rosaleen Cottage and the Old Hall, as it might ruin their social position."

Benella confessed that she had not

the heart to refuse Francesca anything. "She 's too handsome," she said, "and too winnin'. I s'pose she 'll cook up some dreadful messes, but I 'm willin' to eat 'em, to oblige her, and perhaps it 'll save her husband a few spells of dyspepsy at the start; though as far as my experience goes, ministers 'll always eat anything that 's set before 'em, and look over their shoulders for more."

We had a heavenly week of silliness, and by dint of concealing our real relations from the general public I fancy we escaped harsh criticism. Miss Monroe gave the most successful afternoon tea of all, on the "wee grass," under the Japanese umbrella. How unexpectedly good were her scones, her tea-cakes, and her cress sandwiches, and how pretty and graceful and womanly she was, all flushed with pride at our envy and approbation! Benella, I fancy, never had so varied a week in her life, and she was in her element. We were obliged to hire a side car by the day, as two of our residences were over a mile apart; and the driver of that vehicle was the only person, I think, who had any suspicion of our sanity. In the intervals of teaching Francesca cooking, and eating the results, while the cook herself prudently lunched or dined with her friends, Benella "spring-cleaned" the lodge at the Old Hall, scrubbed the gateposts, mended stone walls, weeded garden beds, made bags for the brooms and dusters and mattresses, burned coffee and camphor and other ill-smelling things in all the rooms, and devoted considerable time to superintending my little maid, that I might not feel neglected. We were naturally obliged, meanwhile, to wait upon ourselves and keep our frocks in order; but as long as the Derelict was so busy and happy, and so devoted to the universal good, it would have been churlish and ungrateful to complain.

On leaving the Wee Hut, as Francesca had, with ostentatious modesty, named her residence, she paid her landlady two pounds, and was discomfited when the worthy woman embraced her in a paroxysm of weeping gratitude.

"I cannot understand, Penelope, why she was so disproportionately grateful, for I only gave her five shillings over the two pounds rent."

"Yes, dear," I responded dryly; "but you remember that the rent was for the month, and you paid her two pounds five shillings for the week."

All the rest of that day Francesca was angelic. She brought footstools for Salemina, wound wool for her, insisted upon washing my paint brushes, read aloud to us while we were working, and offered to be the one to discharge Benella if the awful moment for that surgical operation should ever come. Finally, just as we were about to separate for the night, she said, with insinuating sweetness, "You won't tell Ronald about my mistake with the rent money, will you, dearest and darlingest girls?"

We are now quite ready to join in all the gayeties that may ensue when Rosnaree welcomes its owner and his guests. Our page in buttons at the lodge gives Benella full scope for her administrative ability, which seems to have sprung into being since she entered our service; at least, if I except that evidence of it which she displayed in managing us when first we met. She calls our page "the Button Boy," and makes his life a burden to him by taking him away from his easy duties at the gate, covering his livery with baggy overalls, and setting him to weed the garden. The Old Hall used simply to be called "Aunt David's house" by the Welsh Joyces, and it was Aunt David who made the garden; she who traced the lines of the flower beds with the ivory tip of her parasol; she who planned the quaint stone gateways and arbors and hedge seats; she who devised the interminable stretches of paths, the labyrinthine walks, the mazes, and the hidden flower plots. You walk on and on between

high hedges, until, if you have not missed your way, you presently find a little pansy or rose or lily garden. It is quite the most unexpected and piquant method of laying out a place I have ever seen; and the only difficulty about it is that any gardener, unless he were possessed of unusual sense of direction, would be continually astray in it. The Button Boy, obeying the laws of human nature, is lost in two minutes, but requires two hours in which to find himself. Benella suspects that he prefers this wandering to and fro to the more monotonous task of weeding, and it is no uncommon thing for her to pursue the recalcitrant page through the mazes and labyrinths for an hour at a time, and perhaps lose herself in the end. Salemina and I were sitting this morning in the Peacock Walk, where two trees clipped into the shape of long-tailed birds mount guard over the box hedge, and put their beaks together to form an arch. In the dim distance we could see Benella "bagging" the Button Boy, and, after putting the trowel and rake in his reluctant hands, tying the free end of a ball of string to his leg, and sending him to find and weed the pansy garden. We laughed until the echoes rang, to see him depart, dragging his lengthening chain, or his Ariadne thread, behind him, while Benella grimly held the ball, determined that no excuses or apologies should interfere with his work on this occasion.

XXVIII.

"On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,
When the cool, calm eve 's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
Beneath the waters shining."

A Dublin car driver told me, one day, that he had just taken a picnic party to the borders of a lake, where they had had tea in a tram car which had been placed there for such purposes. Francesca and I were amused at the idea, but did not think of it again until we drove through the La Touche estate, on one of the first days after our arrival at Devorgilla. We left Salemina at Rosnaree House with Aunt La Touche and the children, and proceeded to explore the grounds, with the view of deciding on certain improvements to be made when the property passes, so to speak, into our hands.

Truth to say, nature has done more for it than we could have done; and if it is a trifle overgrown and rough and rank, it could hardly be more beautiful. At the very farthest confines of the demesne there is a brook, — large enough, indeed, to be called a river here. Tall trees droop over the calm water, and on its margins grow spearwort, opening its big yellow cups to the sunshine, meadow rue, purple and yellow loosestrife, bog bean, and sweet flag. Here and there float upon the surface the round leaves and delicate white blossoms of the frogbit, together with lilies, pondweeds, and water starworts.

"What an idyllic place to sit and read, or sew, or have tea!" exclaimed Francesca.

"What a place for a tram tea-house!" I added. "Do you suppose we could manage it as a surprise to Dr. La Touche, in return for all his kindness?"

"It would cost a pretty penny, I fear," said Francesca prudently, "but it is n't as if it were going out of the family. Now that there is no longer any need for you to sell pictures, I suppose you could dash off one in an hour or two that would buy a tram; and papa cabled me yesterday, you know, to draw on him freely. I used to think, whenever he said that, that he would marry again within the week; but I did him injustice. A tram tea-house by the river, — would n't it be unique? Do let us see what we can do about it through some of our Dublin acquaintances."

The plan proved unexpectedly easy to carry out, and not ruinously extrava-

gant, either; for our friend the American consul knew the principal director in a tram company, and a dilapidated and discarded car was sent to us in a few days. There were certain moments — once when we saw that it had not been painted for twenty years, once when the freight bill was handed us, and again when we contracted for the removal of our gift from the station to the river bank — when we regretted the fertility of imagination that had led us to these lengths; but when we finally saw the car by the water side, there was no room left for regret. Benella said that, with the assistance of the Button Boy, she could paint it easily herself; but we engaged an expert, who put on a coat of dark green very speedily, and we consoled the Derelict with the suggestion that she cover the cushions and transform the interior.

All this happened some little time ago. Dr. La Touche has been at home for a fortnight, and we have had to use the greatest ingenuity to keep people away from that particular spot, which, fortunately for us, is a secluded one. All is ready now, however, and the following cards of invitation have been issued: —

The honor of your presence
is requested at the
Opening of the New Tea Tram
On the River Bank, Rosnaree Desmesne,
Wednesday, June 27th, at 4 p. m.
The ceremony will be performed by
H. R. H. Salemina Peabody.
The Bishop of Ossory in the Chair.

I have just learned that a certain William Beresford was Bishop of Ossory once on a time, and I intend to personate this dignitary, clad in Dr. La Touche's cap and gown. We spent this sunny morning by the river bank; Francesca hemming the last of the yellow window curtains, and I making souvenir programmes for the great occasion. Salemina had gone for the day with the Colquhouns and Dr. La Touche to lunch with some people near Kavan.

"Is she in love with Dr. Gerald?" asked Francesca suddenly, looking up from her work. "Was she ever in love with him? She must have been, must n't she? I cannot and will not entertain any other conviction."

"I don't know, my dear," I answered thoughtfully, pausing over an initial letter I was illuminating; "but I can't imagine what we shall do if we have to tear down our sweet little romance, bit by bit, and leave the stupid couple sitting in the ruins. They enjoy ruins far too well already, and it would be just like their obstinacy to go on sitting in them."

"And they are so incredibly slow about it all," Francesca commented. "It took me about two minutes, at Lady Baird's dinner where I first met Ronald, to decide that I would marry him as soon as possible. When a month had gone by, and he had n't asked me, I thought, like Beatrice, that I 'd as lief be wooed of a snail."

"I was not quite so expeditious as you," I confessed, "though I believe Himself says that his feeling was instantaneous. I never cared for anything but painting before I met him, so I never chanced to suffer any of those pangs that lovelorn maidens are said to feel when the beloved delays his avowals."

"The lack of positive information makes one so impatient," Francesca went on. "I am sure he is as fond of her as ever; but if she refused him when he was young and handsome, with every prospect of a brilliant career before him, perhaps he thinks he has even less chance now. He was the first to forget their romance, and the one to marry; his estates have been wasted by his father's legal warfares, and he has been an unhappy and a disappointed man. Now he has to beg her to heal his wounds, as it were, and to accept the care and responsibility of his children."

"It is very easy to see that we are not the only ones who suspect his senti-

ments," I said, smiling at my thoughts. "Mrs. Colquhoun told me that she and Salemina stopped at one of the tenants' cabins, the other day, to leave some small comforts that Dr. La Touche had sent to a sick child. The woman thanked Salemina, and Mrs. Colquhoun heard her say, 'When a man will stop, coming in the doore, an' stoop down to give a sthroke and a scratch to the pig's back, depend on it, ma'am, him that 's so friendly with a poor fellow crathur will make ye a good husband.' "

"I have given him every opportunity to confide in me," I continued, after a pause, "but he accepts none of them; and yet I like him a thousand times better now that I have seen him as the master of his own house. He is so courtly, and, in these latter days, so genial and sunny. . . . Salemina's life would not at first be any too easy, I fear; the aunt is very feeble, and the establishment is so neglected. Benella said yesterday: 'Of course, when you three separate, I shall stay with the one that needs me most; but if Miss Peabody *should* settle over here anywhere, I 'd like to take a scrubbing brush an' go through the castle, or whatever she 's going to live in, with soap and sand and ammonia, before she sets foot in it.' . . . As for the children, however, no one could regard them as a drawback, for they are altogether charming; not well disciplined, of course, but lovable to the last degree. It is the little people I rely upon chiefly, after all. I wish you could have seen them cataract down the staircase to greet her, this morning. I notice that she tries to make me divert their attention when Dr. Gerald is present; for it is a bit suggestive to a widower to see his children pursue, hang about, and caress a lovely, unmarried lady. Broona, especially, can hardly keep away from Salemina; and she is such a fascinating midget, I should think anybody would be glad to have her included in a marriage contract. 'You have a weeny, weeny line between your eyebrows, just like my daddy's,' she said to Salemina the other day. 'It 's such a little one, perhaps I can kiss it away; but daddy has too many, and they are cutted too deep. Sometimes he whispers, "Daddy is sad, Broona;" and then I say, "Play up, play up, and play the game!" and that makes him smile.' "

"She is a darling," said Francesca, with the suspicion of a tear in her eye. "And for that matter, so is Jackeen. Did you notice Salemina with them at tea time, yesterday? It was such a charming scene. The heavy rain had kept them in, and things had gone wrong in the nursery. Salemina had glued the hair on Broona's dolly, and knit up a heart-breaking wound in her side. Then she mended the legs of all the animals in the Noah's ark, so that they stood firm, erect, and proud; and when, to draw the children's eyes from the wet window panes, she proposed a story, it was pretty to see the grateful little things snuggle in her lap and by her side."

"Yes, I noticed them; when does an artist ever fail to notice such things? I have loved Salemina always, even when she used to part her hair in the middle and wear spectacles; but that is the first time I ever wanted to paint her, with the firelight shining on the soft restful grays and violets of her dress, and Broona in her arms. Of course, if a woman is ever to be lovely at all, it will be when she is holding a child. It is the oldest of all old pictures, and the most beautiful, I believe, in a man's eyes."

"And do you notice that she and the doctor are beginning to speak more freely of their past acquaintance?" I went on, looking up at Francesca, who had dropped her work, in her interest. "It is too amusing! Every hour or two it is: 'Do you remember the day we went to Bunker Hill?' or, 'Do you recall that charming Mrs. Andrews, with whom we used to dine occasionally?' or, 'What has become of your cousin Sam-

uel?' and, 'Is your uncle Thomas yet living?' . . . The other day, at tea, she asked, 'Do you still take three lumps, Dr. La Touche? You had always a sweet tooth, I remember.' . . . Then they ring the changes in this way: 'You were always fond of gray, Miss Peabody.' 'You had a great fancy for Moore, in the old days, Miss Peabody: have you outgrown him, or does the "Anacreontic little chap," as Father Prout called him, still appeal to you?' . . . 'You used to admire Boyle O'Reilly, Dr. La Touche. Would you like to see some of his letters?' . . . 'Are n't these magnificent rhododendrons, Dr. La Touche, — even though they are magenta, the color you specially dislike?' And so on. Did you chance to look at either of them last evening, Francesca, when I sang 'Let Erin remember the days of old'?"

"No; I was thinking of something else. I don't know what there is about your singing, Penny love, that always makes me think of the past and dream of the future. Which verse do you mean?"

And, still painting, I hummed: —

"'On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,
When the cool calm eve 's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
Beneath the waters shining.

'Thus shall memory oft, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
And, sighing, look thro' the waves of Time,
For the long-faded glories they cover.'

"That is what our two dear middle-aged lovers are constantly doing now, — looking at the round towers of other days, as they bend over memory's crystal pool and see them reflected there. It is because he fears that the glories are over and gone that Dr. Gerald is troubled. Some day he will realize that he need not live on reflections, and he will seek realities."

"I hope so," said Francesca philosophically, as she folded her work; "but sometimes these people who go mooning about, and looking through the waves of Time, tumble in and are drowned."

XXIX.

"Every new fountain of legends is a new intoxication for the imagination of the world."

No one ever had a better opportunity than we, of breathing in, so far as a stranger and a foreigner may, the old Celtic atmosphere, and of reliving the misty years of legend before the dawn of history. Mr. Colquhoun is one of the best Gaelic scholars in Ireland, and Dr. Gerald, though not his equal in knowledge of the language, has "the full of a sack of stories" in his head. According to the Book of Leinster, a professional story-teller was required to know seven times fifty tales, and I believe the doctor could easily pass this test. We have heard little of the marvelous old tongue until now, but we are reading it a bit under the tutelage of these two inspiring masters, and I fancy it has helped me as much in my understanding of Ireland as my tedious and perplexing worriments over political problems.

When we sit together by the river brink, on sunny days, or on the greensward under the yews in our old garden, we are always telling ancient Celtic romances, and planning, even acting, new ones. Francesca's mind and mine are poorly furnished with facts of any sort; but when the kind scholars in our immediate neighborhood furnish necessary information and inspiration, we promptly turn it into dramatic form, and serve it up before their wondering and admiring gaze. It is ever our habit to "make believe" with the children; and just as we played ballads in Scotland and plotted revels in the Glen at Rowardennan, so we instinctively fall into the habit of thought and speech that surrounds us here.

This delights our grave and reverend signiors, and they give themselves up to

our whimsicalities with the most whole-hearted zeal. It is days since we have spoken of one another by those names which were given to us in baptism. Francesca is Finola the Festive. Eveleen Colquhoun is Ethnea. I am the harper, Péarla the Melodious. Miss Peabody is Sheela the Skillful Scribe, who keeps for posterity a record of all our antics, in The Speckled Book of Salemina. Dr. Gerald is Borba the Proud, the Ard-ri or overking. Mr. Colquhoun is really called Dermod, but he would have been far too modest to choose Dermot O'Dyna for his Celtic name, had we not insisted; for this historic personage was not only noble-minded, generous, of untarnished honor, and the bravest of the brave, but he was as handsome as he was gallant, and so much the idol of the ladies that he was sometimes called Dermat-na-man, or Dermot of the women.

Of course we have a corps of shanachies, or story-tellers, gleemen, gossipreds, leeches, druids, gallowglasses, bards, ollaves, urraghts, and brehons; but the children can always be shifted from one rôle to another, and Benella and the Button Boy, although they are quite unaware of the honors conferred upon them, are often alluded to in our romances and theatrical productions.

Aunt David's garden is not half a bad substitute for the old Moy-Mell, the plain of pleasure of the ancient Irish, when once you have the key to its treasures. We have made a new and authoritative survey of its geographical features and compiled a list of its legendary landmarks, which, strangely enough, seem to have been absolutely unknown to Miss Llewellyn-Joyce.

In the very centre is the Forradh, or Place of Meeting, and on it is our own Lia Fail, Stone of Destiny. The one in Westminster Abbey, carried away from Scotland by Edward I., is thought by many scholars to be unauthentic, and we hope that ours may prove to have some historical value. The only test of a Stone of Destiny, as I understand it, is that it shall "roar" when an Irish monarch is inaugurated; and that our Lia Fail was silent when we celebrated this impressive ceremony reflects less upon its own powers, perhaps, than upon the pedigree of our chosen Ard-ri.

The arbor under the mountain ash is the Fairy Palace of the Quicken Tree, and on its walls is suspended the Horn of Foreknowledge, which if any one looks on it in the morning, fasting, he will know in a moment all things that are to happen during that day.

The clump of willows is the Wood of the many Sallows. The summer house is the Greenan; that is, *grianán*, a bright, sunny place. On the arm of a tree in the Greenan hangs something you might (if you are dull) mistake for a plaited garland of rushes hung with pierced pennies; but it really is our Chain of Silence, a useful article of bygone ages, which the lord of a mansion shook when he wished an attentive hearing, and which deserved a better fate and a longer survival than it has met. Jackeen's Irish terrier is Bran, — though he does not closely resemble the great Finn's sweet-voiced, gracefully-shaped, long-snouted hound; the coracle lying on the shore of the little lough — the coracle made of skin, like the old Irish boats — is the Wave-Sweeper; and the faithful mare that we hire by the day is, by your leave, Enbarr of the Flowing Mane. No warrior was ever killed on the back of this famous steed, for she was as swift as the clear cold wind of spring, traveling with equal ease and speed on land and sea, an' may the divil fly away wid me if that same 's not true.

We no longer find any difficulty in remembering all this nomenclature, for we are "under gesa" to use no other. When you are put under gesa to reveal or to conceal, to defend or to avenge, it is a sort of charm or spell; also an obligation of honor. Finola is under gesa not to write to Alba more than six times

a week and twice on Sundays; Sheela is bound by the same charm to give us muffins for afternoon tea; I am vowed to forget my husband when I am relating romances, and allude to myself, for dramatic purposes, as a maiden princess, or a maiden of enchanting and all-conquering beauty. And if we fail to abide by all these laws of the modern Dedannans of Devorgilla, which are written in The Speckled Book of Salemina, we are to pay eric-fine. These fines are collected with all possible solemnity, and the children delight in them to such an extent that occasionally they break the law for the joy of the penalty. If you have ever read The Fate of the Children of Turenn, you remember that they were to pay to Luga the following eric-fine for the slaying of their father Kian: two steeds and a chariot, seven pigs, a hound whelp, a cooking spit, and three shouts on a hill. This does not at first seem excessive, if Kian was a good father, and sincerely mourned; but when Luga began to explain the hidden snares that lay in the pathway, it is small wonder that the sons of Turenn felt doubt of ever being able to pay it, and that when, after surmounting all the previous obstacles, they at last raised three feeble shouts on Midkena's Hill, they immediately gave up the ghost.

The story told yesterday by Sheela the Scribe was The Magic Thread-Clue, or The Pursuit of the Gilla Dacker, Benella and the Button Boy being the chief characters; Finola's was The Voyage of the Children of Corr the Swift-Footed (the Ard-ri's pseudonym for American travelers); while mine, to be told to-morrow, is called The Quest of the Fair Strangers, or The Fairy Quicken Tree of Devorgilla.

XXX.

"Before the King
The bards will sing,
And there recall the stories all
That give renown to Ireland."

PÉARLA'S STORY.[1]

The Quest of the Fair Strangers, or The Fairy Quicken Tree of Devorgilla.

Three maidens once dwelt in a castle in that part of the Isle of Weeping known as the cantred of Devorgilla, or Devorgilla of the Green Hill Slopes; and they were baptized according to druidical rites as Sheela the Scribe, Finola the Festive, and Péarla the Melodious, though by the dwellers in that land they were called the Fair Strangers, or the Children of Corr the Swift-Footed.

This cantred of Devorgilla they acquired by paying rent and tribute to the Wise Woman of Wales, who granted them to fish in its crystal streams and to hunt over the green-sided hills, to roam through the woods of yew trees and to pluck the flowers of every hue that were laughing all over the plains.

Thus were they circumstanced: Their palace of abode was never without three shouts in it, — the shout of the maidens brewing tea, the shout of the guests drinking it, and the shout of the assembled multitude playing at their games. The same house was never without three measures, — a measure of magic malt for raising the spirits, a measure of Attic salt for the seasoning of tales, and a measure of poppy leaves to induce sleep when the tales were dull.

And the manner of their lives was this: In the cool of the morning they gathered nuts and arbutus apples and

[1] It seems probable that this tale records a real incident which took place in the garden. Penelope has apparently listened with such attention to the old Celtic romances as told by the Ard-ri and Dermot O'Dyna that she has, consciously or unconsciously, reproduced their atmosphere and phraseology. The delightful surprise at the end must have been contrived by Salemina, when she, in her character of Sheela the Scribe, gazed into the Horn of Foreknowledge and learned the events that were to happen that day. — K. D. W.

scarlet quicken berries to take back with them to Tir-thar-toinn, the Country beyond the Wave; for this was the land of their birth. When the sun was high in the sky they went forth to the chase; sometimes it was to hunt the Ard-ri, and at others it was in pursuit of Dermot of the Bright Face. Then, after resting awhile on their couches of soft rushes, they would perform champion feats, or play on their harps, or fish in their clear-flowing streams that were swimming with salmon.

The manner of their fishing was this: to cut a long, straight sallow-tree rod, and having fastened a hook and one of Finola's hairs upon it, to put a quicken-tree berry upon the hook, and stand on the brink of the swift-flowing river, whence they drew out the shining-skinned, silver-sided salmon. These they would straightway broil over a little fire of birch boughs; and they needed with them no other food but the magical loaf made by Toma, one of their house servants. The witch hag that dwelt on that hill-side of Rosnaree called Fan-na-carpat, or the Slope of the Chariots, had cast a druidical spell over Toma, by which she was able to knead a loaf that would last twenty days and twenty nights, and one mouthful of which would satisfy hunger for that length of time.[1]

Not far from the mayden castle was a certain royal palace, with a glittering roof, and the name of the palace was Rosnaree. And upon the level green in front of the regal abode, or in the banqueting halls, might always be seen noble companies of knights and ladies bright, — some feasting, some playing at the chess, some giving ear to the music of their own harps, some continually shaking the Chain of Silence, and some listening to the poems and tales of heroes of the olden time that were told by the king's bards and shanachies.

Now all went happily with the Fair Strangers until the crimson berries were gathered from the quicken tree near the Fairy Palace. For the berries possessed secret virtues known only to a man of the Dedannans, and learned from him by Sheela the Scribe, who put him under gesa not to reveal the charm. Whosoever ate of the honey-sweet, scarlet-glowing fruit felt a cheerful flow of spirits, as if he had tasted wine or mead, and whosoever ate a sufficient number of them was almost certain to grow younger. These things were written in The Speckled Book of Salemina, but in druidical ink, undecipherable to all eyes but those of the Scribe herself.

So, wishing that none should possess the secret but themselves, the Fair Strangers set the Gilla Dacker[2] to watch the fruit (putting him first under gesa to eat none of the berries himself, since he was already too cheerful and too young to be of much service); and thus, in their absence, the magical tree was never left alone.

Nevertheless, when Finola the Festive went forth to the chase one day, she found a quicken berry glowing like a ruby in the highroad, and Sheela plucked a second from under a gnarled thorn on the Slope of the Chariots, and Péarla discovered a third in the curiously compounded, swiftly satisfying loaf of Toma. Then the Fair Strangers became very angry, and sent out their trusty, fleet-footed couriers to scour the land for invaders; for they knew that none of the Dedannans would take the berries, being under gesa not to do so. But the couriers returned, and though they were men able to trace the trail of a fox through nine glens and nine rivers, they could discover no proof of the presence of a foreign foe in the mayden cantred of Devorgilla.

Then the hearts of the Fair Strangers were filled with grief and gall, for they distrusted the couriers, and having con-

[1] Fact.

[2] Could be freely translated as the Slothful Button Boy.

sulted the Ard-ri, they set forth themselves to find and conquer the invader; for the king told them that there was one other quicken tree, more beautiful and more magical than that growing by the Fairy Palace, and that it was set in another part of the bright-blooming, sweet-scented old garden, — namely, in the heart of the labyrinthine maze of the Wise Woman of Wales; but as no one of them, neither the Gilla Dacker nor those who pursued him, had ever, even with the aid of the Magic Thread-Clue, reached the heart of the maze, there was no knowledge among them of the second quicken tree. The king also told Sheela the Scribe, secretly, that one of his knights had found a bridle and a spear handle in the forest of Rosnaree; and the bridle was unlike any ever used in the country of the Dedannans, and the spear handle could belong only to a famous warrior known as Loskenn of the Bare Knees.

Now Sheela the Scribe, having fasted from midnight until dawn, gazed upon the Horn of Foreknowledge, and read there that it was wiser for her to remain on guard at the Fairy Palace, while her sisters explored the secret fastnesses of the labyrinth.

When Finola was appareled to set forth upon her quest, Péarla thought her the loveliest maiden upon the ridge of the world, and wondered whether she meant to conquer the invader by force of arms or by the power of beauty.

The rose and the lily were fighting together in her face, and one could not tell which of them got the victory. Her arms and hands were like the lime, her mouth was as red as a ripe strawberry, her foot as small and as light as another one's hand, her form smooth and slender, and her hair falling down from her head under combs of gold.[1] One could not look at her without being "all over in love with her," as Oisin said at his first meeting with Niam of the Golden Hair. And as for Péarla, the rose on her cheeks was heightened by her rage against the invader, the delicate blossom of the sloe was not whiter than her neck, and her glossy chestnut ringlets fell to her waist.

Then the Gilla Dacker unleashed Bran, the keen-scented terrier hound, and put a gold-embroidered pillion on Enbarr of the Flowing Mane, and the two dauntless maidens leaped upon her back, each bearing a broad shield and a long, polished, death-dealing spear. When Enbarr had been given a free rein she set out for the labyrinth, trailing the Magic Thread-Clue behind her, cleaving the air with long, active strides; and if you know what the speed of a swallow is, flying across a mountain side, or the dry wind of a March day sweeping over the plains, then you can understand nothing of the swiftness of this steed of the flowing mane, acquired by the day by the maydens of Devorgilla.

Many were the dangers that beset the path of these two noble champions on their quest for the Fairy Quicken Tree. Here they met an enormous wild stoat, but this was slain by Bran, and they buried its bleeding corse and raised a cairn over it, with the name 'Stoat' graven on it in Ogam; there a druidical fairy mist sprang up in their path to hide the way, but they pierced it with a note of their far-reaching, clarion-toned voices, — an art learned in their native land beyond the wave.

Now the dog Bran, being anhungered, and refusing to eat of Toma's loaf, as all did who were ignorant of its druidical purpose, fell upon the Magic Thread-Clue and chewed it in twain. This so greatly affrighted the champions that they sounded the Dord-Fian slowly and plaintively, hoping that the war cry might bring Sheela to their rescue. This availing nothing, Finola was forced to slay Bran with her straight-sided, silver-shining spear; but this she felt he would not mind if he could know that he would

[1] Description of the Princess in Guleesh na Guss Dhu.

share the splendid fate of the stoat, and speedily have a cairn raised over him, with the word 'Bran' graven upon it in Ogam, — since this is the consolation offered by the victorious living to all dead Celtic heroes; and if it be a poor substitute for life, it is at least better than nothing.

It was now many hours after noon, and though, to the Fair Strangers, it seemed they had traveled more than forty or a hundred miles, they were apparently no nearer than ever to the heart of the labyrinth: and this from the first had been the pestiferous peculiarity of that malignantly meandering maze. So they dismounted, and tied Enbarr to the branch of a tree, while they refreshed themselves with a mouthful of Toma's loaf; and Finola now put her thumb under her "tooth of knowledge," for she wished new guidance and inspiration, and, being more than common modest, she said: "Inasmuch as we are fairer than all the other maydens in this labyrinth, why, since we cannot find the heart of the maze, do we not entice the invaders from their hiding place by the quicken tree; and when we see from what direction they advance, fall upon and slay them; and after raising a cairn to their memory and carving their names over it in Ogam, run to the enchanted tree and gather all the berries that are left? For this is the hour when Sheela brews the tea, and the knights and the ladies quaff it from our golden cups; and truly I am weary of this quest, and far rather would I be there than here."

So Péarla the Melodious took her timpan,[1] and chanted a Gaelic song that she had learned in the country of the Dedannans; and presently a round-polished, red-gleaming quicken berry dropped into her lap, and another into Finola's, and, looking up, they saw naught save only a cloud of quicken berries falling through the air, one after the other. And this caused them to wonder, for it seemed like unto a snare set for them; but Péarla said, "There is naught remaining for us but to meet the danger."

"It is well," replied Finola, shaking down the mantle of her ebon locks, and setting the golden combs more firmly in them; "only, if I perish, I prithee let there be no cairns or Ogams, for my soul is sick of them. Let me fall, as a beauty should, face upward; and if it be but a swoon, and the invader be a handsome prince, see that he wakens me in his own good way."

"To arms, then!" cried Péarla, and, taking up their spears and shields, the Fair Strangers dashed blindly in the direction whence the berries fell.

"To arms indeed, but to yours or ours?" called two voices from the heart of the labyrinth; and there, in an instant, the two brave champions, Finola and Péarla, found the Fairy Tree hanging thick with scarlet berries, and under its branches, fit fruit indeed to raise the spirits or bring eternal youth, were, in the language of the Dedannans, Loskenn of the Bare Knees and the Bishop of Ossory, — known to the children of Corr the Swift-Footed as Ronald Macdonald and Himself!

And the hours ran on; and Sheela the Scribe brewed and brewed and brewed and brewed the tea at her table in the Peacock Walk, and the knights and ladies quaffed it from the golden cups belonging to the Wise Woman of Wales; but Finola the Festive and Péarla the Melodious lingered in the labyrinth with Loskenn of the Bare Knees and the Bishop of Ossory. And they said to one another, "Surely, if it were so great a task to find the heart of this maze, we should be mad to stir from the spot, lest we lose it again."

And Péarla murmured, "That plan were wise indeed, save that the place seemeth all too small for so many."

Then Finola drew herself up proudly, and replied, "It is no smaller for one

[1] An ancient Irish instrument; not to be confounded with tin pan.

than for another; but come, Loskenn, let us see if haply we can lose ourselves in some path of our own finding."

And this they did; and the content of them that departed was no greater than the content of them that were left behind, and the sun hid himself for very shame because the brightness of their joy was so much more dazzling than the glory of his own face. And nothing more is told of what befell them till they reached the threshold of the Old Hall; and it was not the sun, but the moon that shone upon their meeting with Sheela the Scribe.

XXXI.

"When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last."

It is almost over, our Irish holiday, so full of delicious, fruitful experiences; of pleasures we have made and shared, and of hardships we could not relieve. Almost over! Soon we shall all be in Dublin, and then on to London to meet Francesca's father; soon be deciding whether she will be married at the house of their friend the American ambassador, or in her own country, where she has really had no home since the death of her mother.

The ceremony over, Mr. Monroe will start again for Cairo or Constantinople, Stockholm or St. Petersburg; for he is of late years a determined wanderer, whose fatherly affection is chiefly shown in liberal allowances, in pride of his daughter's beauty and many conquests, in conscientious letter-writing, and in frequent calls upon her between his long journeys. It is because of these paternal predilections that we are so glad Francesca's heart has resisted all the shot and shell directed against it from the batteries of a dozen gay worldlings, and yielded so quietly and so completely to Ronald Macdonald's loyal and tender affection.

At tea time, day before yesterday Salemina suggested that Francesca and I find the heart of Aunt David's labyrinth, the which she had discovered in a less than ten minutes' search that morning, leaving her Gaelic primer behind her that we might bring it back as a proof of our success. You have heard in Péarla's Celtic fairy tale the outcome of this little expedition, and now know that Ronald Macdonald and Himself planned the joyful surprise for us, and by means of Salemina's aid carried it out triumphantly.

Ronald crossing to Ireland from Glasgow, and Himself from Liverpool, had met in Dublin, and traveled posthaste to the Shamrock Inn in Devorgilla, where they communicated with Salemina and begged her assistance in their plot.

I was looking forward to my husband's arrival within a week, but Ronald had said not a word of his intended visit; so that Salemina was properly nervous lest some one of us should collapse out of sheer joy at the unexpected meeting.

I have been both quietly and wildly happy many times in my life, but I think yesterday was the most perfect day in all my chain of years. Not that in this long separation I have been dull, or sad, or lonely. How could I be? Dull, with two dear, bright, sunny letters every week, letters throbbing with manly tenderness, letters breathing the sure, steadfast, protecting care that a strong man gives to the woman he has chosen! Sad, with my heart brimming over with sweet memories and sweeter prophecies, and all its tiny crevices so filled with love that discontent can find no entrance there! Lonely, when the vision of the beloved is so poignantly real in absence that his bodily presence adds only a final touch to joy! Dull, or sad, or lonely, when in these soft days of spring and early summer I have harbored a new feeling of companionship and oneness with Nature, a fresh joy in all her bounteous resource and plenitude of life,

a renewed sense of kinship with her mysterious awakenings! The heavenly greenness and promise of the outer world seem but a reflection of the hopes and dreams that irradiate my own inner consciousness.

My art, dearly as I loved it, dearly as I love it still, never gave me these strange, unspeakable joys with their delicate margin of pain. Where are my ambitions, my visions of lonely triumphs, my imperative need of self-expression, my ennobling glimpses of the unattainable, my companionship with the shadows in which an artist's life is so rich? Are they vanished altogether? I think not; only changed in the twinkling of an eye, merged in something higher still, carried over, linked on, transformed, transmuted, by Love the alchemist, who, not content with joys already bestowed, whispers secret promises of raptures yet to come.

The green isle looked its fairest for our wanderers. Just as a woman adorns herself with all her jewels when she wishes to startle or enthrall, wishes to make a lover of a friend, so Devorgilla arrayed herself to conquer these two pairs of fresh eyes, and command their instant allegiance.

It was a tender, silvery day, fair, mild, pensive, with light shadows and a capricious sun. There had been a storm of rain the night before, and it was as if Nature had repented of her wildness, and sought forgiveness by all sorts of winsome arts, insinuating invitations, soft caresses, and melting coquetries of demeanor.

Broona and Jackeen had lunched with us at the Old Hall, and, inebriated by broiled chicken, green peas, and a half holiday, flitted like fireflies through Aunt David's garden, showing all its treasures to the two new friends, already high in favor.

Benella, it is unnecessary to say, had confided her entire past life to Himself after a few hours' acquaintance, while he and Ronald both, concealing in the most craven manner their original objections to the part she proposed to play in our triangular alliance, thanked her, with tears in their eyes, for her devotion to their sovereign ladies.

We had tea in the Italian garden at Rosnaree, and Dr. Gerald, arm in arm with Himself, walked between its formal flower borders, along its paths of golden gravel, and among its spirelike cypresses and fountains, where balustrades and statues, yellowed and stained with age (stains which Benella longs to scrub away), make the brilliant turf even greener by contrast.

Tea was to have been followed in due course by dinner, but we all agreed that nothing should induce us to go indoors on such a beautiful evening; so baskets were packed, and we went in rowboats to a picnic supper on Illanroe, a wee island in Lough Beg.

I can close my eyes to-day and see the picture, — the lonely little lake, as blue in the sunshine as the sky above it, but in the twilight first brown and cool, then flushed with the sunset. The distant hills, the rocks, the heather, wore tints I never saw them wear before. The singing wavelets "spilled their crowns of white upon the beach," across the lake, and the wild flowers in the clear shallows near us grew so close to the brink that they threw their delicate reflections in the water, looking up at us again, framed in red-brown grasses.

By and by the moon rose out of the pearl grays and ambers in the east, bevies of black rooks flew homeward, and stillness settled over the face of the brown lake. Darkness shut us out from Devorgilla; and though we could still see the glimmer of the village lights, it seemed as if we were in a little world of our own.

It was useless for Salemina to deny herself to the children, for was she not going to leave them on the morrow? She sat under the shadow of a thorn

bush, and the two mites, tired with play, cuddled themselves by her side, unreproved. She looked tenderly, delectably feminine. The moon shone full upon her face; but there are no ugly lines to hide, for there are no parched and arid places in her nature. Dews of sympathy, sweet spring floods of love and compassion, have kept all fresh, serene, and young.

We had been gay, but silence fell upon us as it had fallen upon the lake. There would be only a day or two in Dublin, whither Dr. Gerald was going with us, that he might have the last word and hand clasp before we sailed away from Irish shores; and so near was the parting that we were all, in our hearts, bidding farewell to the Emerald Isle.

Good-by, Silk of the Kine! I was saying to myself, calling the friendly spot by one of the endearing names given her by her lovers in the sad old days. Good-by, Little Black Rose, growing on the stern Atlantic shore! Good-by, Rose of the World, with your jewels of emerald and amethyst, the green of your fields and the misty purple of your hills! Good-by, Shan Van Vocht, Poor Little Old Woman! We are going back, Himself and I, to the Oileán Ur, as you used to call our new island, — going back to the hurly-burly of affairs, to prosperity and opportunity; but we shall not forget the lovely Lady of Sorrows looking out to the west, with the pain of a thousand years in her ever youthful eyes. Good-by, my Dark Rosaleen, good-by!

XXXII.

"No, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose."

Here we all are at O'Carolan's Hotel in Dublin, — all but the Colquhouns, who bade us adieu at the station, and the dear children, whose tears are probably dried by now, although they flowed freely enough at parting. Broona flung her arms tempestuously around Salemina's neck, exclaiming between her sobs, "Good-by, my thousand, thousand blessings!" — an expression so Irish that we laughed and cried in one breath at the sound of it.

Here we are in the midst of life once more, though to be sure it is Irish life, which moves less dizzily than our own. We ourselves feel thoroughly at home, nor are we wholly forgotten by the public; for on beckoning to a driver on the cab stand to approach with his side car, he responded with alacrity, calling to his neighbor, "Here 's me sixpenny darlin' again!" and I recognized him immediately as a man who had once remonstrated with me eloquently on the subject of a fee, making such a fire of Hibernian jokes over my sixpence that I heartily wished it had been a half sovereign.

Cables and telegrams are arriving every hour, and a rich American lady writes to Salemina, asking her if she can purchase the Book of Kells for her, as she wishes to give it to a favorite nephew who is a bibliomaniac. I am begging the shocked Miss Peabody to explain that the volume in question is not for sale, and to ask at the same time if her correspondent wishes to purchase the Lakes of Killarney or the Giant's Causeway in its stead. Francesca, in a whirl of excitement, is buying cobweb linens, harp brooches, creamy poplins with golden shamrocks woven into their lustrous surfaces; and as for laces, we spend hours in the shops, when our respective squires wish us to show them the sights of Dublin.

Benella is in her element, nursing Salemina, who sprained her ankle just as we were leaving Devorgilla. At the last moment our side cars were so crowded with passengers and packages that she

accepted a seat in Dr. Gerald's carriage, and drove to the station with him. She had a few last farewells to say in the village, and a few modest remembrances to leave with some of the poor old women; and I afterward learned that the drive was not without its embarrassments. The butcher's wife said fervently, "May you long be spared to each other!" The old weaver exclaimed, "'T would be an ojus pity to spoil two houses wid ye!" While the woman who sells apples at the station capped all by wishing the couple "a long life and a happy death together." No wonder poor Salemina slipped and twisted her ankle, as she alighted from the carriage! Though walking without help is still an impossibility, twenty-four hours of rubbing and bathing and bandaging have made it possible for her to limp discreetly, and we all went to St. Patrick's Cathedral together this morning.

We had been in the quiet churchyard, where a soft misty rain was falling on the yellow acacias and the pink hawthorns. We had stood under the willow tree in the deanery garden, — the tree that marks the site of the house from which Dean Swift watched the movements of the torches in the cathedral at the midnight burial of Stella. They are lying side by side at the foot of a column in the south side of the nave, and a brass plate in the pavement announces: —

"Here lies Mrs. Hester Johnson, better known to the world by the name of Stella, under which she is celebrated in the writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of this Cathedral."

Poor Stella, at rest for a century and a half beside the man who caused her such pangs of love and grief, — who does not mourn her?

The nave of the cathedral was dim, and empty of all sight-seers save our own group. There was a caretaker who went about in sloppy rubber shoes, scrubbing marbles and polishing brasses, and behind a high screen or temporary partition some one was playing softly on an organ.

We stood in a quiet circle by Stella's resting place, and Dr. Gerald, who never forgets anything, apparently, was reminding us of Thackeray's gracious and pathetic tribute: —

"Fair and tender creature, pure and affectionate heart! Boots it to you now that the whole world loves you and deplores you? Scarce any man ever thought of your grave that did not cast a flower of pity on it, and write over it a sweet epitaph. Gentle lady! so lovely, so loving, so unhappy. You have had countless champions, millions of manly hearts mourning for you. From generation to generation we take up the fond tradition of your beauty; we watch and follow your story, your bright morning love and purity, your constancy, your grief, your sweet martyrdom. We know your legend by heart. You are one of the saints of English story."

As Dr. Gerald's voice died away, the strains of Love's Young Dream floated out from the distant end of the building.

"The organist must be practicing for a wedding," said Francesca, very much alive to anything of that sort. "'Oh, there 's nothing half so sweet in life,'" she hummed. "Is n't it charming?"

"You ought to know," Dr. Gerald answered, looking at her affectionately, though somewhat too sadly for my taste; "but an old fellow like me must take refuge in the days of 'milder, calmer beam,' of which the poet speaks."

Ronald and Himself, guidebooks in hand, walked away to talk about The Burial of Sir John Moore, and look for Wolfe's tablet, and I stole behind the great screen which had been thrown up while repairs of some sort were being made or a new organ built. A young man was evidently taking a lesson, for the old organist was sitting on the bench beside him, pulling out the stops, and indicating the time with his hand. There was to be a wedding, — that was certain;

for Love's Young Dream was taken off the music rack, at that moment, while "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms" was put in its place, and the melody came singing out to us on the vox humana stop.

"Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still."

Francesca joined me just then, and a tear was in her eye. "Penny dear, when all is said, 'Believe me' is the dearer song of the two. Anybody can sing, feel, live, the first, which is but a dream, after all; but the other has in it the proved fidelity of the years. The first song belongs to me, I know, and it is all I am fit for now; but I want to grow toward and deserve the second."

"You are right; but while Love's Young Dream is yours and Ronald's, dear, take all the joy that it holds for you. The other song is for Salemina and Dr. Gerald, and I only hope they are realizing it at this moment, — secretive, provoking creatures that they are!"

The old organist left his pupil just then, and disappeared through a little door in the rear.

"Have you The Wedding March there?" I asked the pupil who had been practicing the love songs.

"Oh yes, madam, though I am afraid I cannot do it justice," he replied modestly. "Are you interested in organ music?"

"I am very much interested in yours, and I am still more interested in a romance that has been dragging its weary length along for twenty years, and is trying to bring itself to a crisis just on the other side of that screen. You can help me precipitate it, if you only will!"

Well, he was young and he was an Irishman, which is equivalent to being a born lover, and he had been brought up on Tommy Moore and music, — all of which I had known from the moment I saw him, else I should not have made the proposition. I peeped from behind the screen. Ronald and Himself were walking toward us; Salemina and Dr. Gerald were sitting together in one of the front pews. I beckoned to my husband.

"Will you and Ronald go quietly out one of the side doors," I asked, "take your own car, and go back to the hotel, allowing us to follow you a little later?"

It takes more than one year of marriage for even the cleverest Benedict to uproot those weeds of stupidity, denseness, and non-comprehension that seem to grow so riotously in the mental garden of the bachelor; so, said Himself, "We came all together; why should n't we go home all together?" (So like a man! Always reasoning from analogy; always, so to speak, "lugging in" logic!)

"Desperate situations demand desperate remedies," I replied mysteriously, though I hope patiently. "If you go home at once without any questions, you will be virtuous, and it is more than likely that you will also be happy; and if you are not, somebody else will be."

Having seen the backs of our two cavaliers disappearing meekly into the rain, I stationed Francesca at a point of vantage, and went out to my victims in the front pew.

"The others went on ahead," I explained, with elaborate carelessness, — "they wanted to drive by Dublin Castle; and we are going to follow as we like. For my part, I am tired, and you are looking pale, Salemina; I am sure your ankle is painful. Help her, Dr. Gerald, please; she is so proud and self-reliant that she won't even lean on any one's arm, if she can avoid it. Take her down the middle aisle, for I 've sent your car to that door," — the last of a series of happy thoughts on my part. "I 'll go and tell Francesca, who is flirting with the organist. She has an appointment at the tailor's; so I will drop

her there, and join you at the hotel in a few minutes."

The refractory pair of innocent middle-aged lovers started, arm in arm, on what I ardently hoped would be an eventful walk together. It was from instead of toward the altar, to be sure, but I was certain it would finally lead them to it, notwithstanding the unusual method of approach. I gave Francesca the signal, and then disappearing behind the screen, I held her hand in a palpitation of nervous apprehension that I had scarcely felt when Himself first asked me to be his. (He asked several times, and I am only sorry now that I did not accept him at the earliest opportunity, instead of waiting till a later one, and wasting many valuable months.)

The young organist, blushing to the roots of his hair, trembling with responsibility, smiling at the humor of the thing, pulled out all the stops, and The Wedding March pealed through the cathedral, the splendid joy and swing and triumph of it echoing through the vaulted aisles in a way that positively incited one to bigamy.

"Dr. Gerald cannot help himself," whispered Francesca. "Anybody would ask anybody else to marry him, whether he was in love with her or not; and he is, and always has been. If it were n't so beautiful and so touching, would n't it be amusing? Is n't the organist a darling, and does n't he enter into the spirit of it? See him shaking with sympathetic laughter, and yet he never lets a smile creep into the music; it is all earnestness and majesty. May I look now and see how they are getting on?"

"Certainly not! What are you thinking of, Francesca? Our only justification in this whole matter is that we are absolutely serious about it. We shall say good-by to the organist, wring his hand gratefully, and steal with him out of the little door. Then in a half hour we shall know the worst or the best; and we must remember to send him cards and a marked copy of the newspaper containing the marriage notice."

. . . . . .

Salemina told me all about it that night, but she never suspected the interference of any *deus ex machina*, save that of the traditional God of Love, who, it seems to me, has not kept up with the requirements of the age in all respects, and leaves a good deal for us women to do nowadays.

"Would that you had come up this aisle to meet me, Salemina, and that you were walking down again as my wife!" This was what Dr. Gerald had surprised her by saying, when the wedding music had finally entered into his soul, and driven away for the moment his doubt and fear and self-distrust; and I am sure that the hopelessness of his tone stirred her tender heart to its very depths.

"What did you answer?" I asked breathlessly, on the impulse of the moment.

We were talking by the light of a single candle. Salemina turned her head a little away from me, and there was a look on her face that repaid me for all my labor and anxiety, a look in which her forty years melted away and became as twenty, a look that was the outward and visible expression of the inward and spiritual youth that has always been hers; then she replied simply: —

"I told him what is true: that my life had been one long coming to meet him, and that I was quite ready to walk beside him to the end of the world."

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

(*The end.*)

THE STATE OF WASHINGTON.

THERE is no epic like the making of a state. Beneath the hard, homely, even repulsive details of pioneer life are hidden all heroisms, all sacrifices, all achievements. The ox team, the flatboat, the prairie schooner, and the log cabin will some day become invested with the halo of the Golden Fleece, and they will be far nobler historically, because the symbols of a grander epoch.

In this age of railway and telegraph we do not appreciate the period of the pioneers. Immigration has become almost a science at the present day. Whole cities are picked up and moved West bodily. But this period of state-making, in all its railroad swiftness and continental vastness, began with the flatboat and the immigrant train, and these were preceded by the hunter and the explorer. In the space between the first explorers (six months across the continent) and the vestibule train, sleepers, dining car, and all (five days from New York to Seattle), has been enacted the epic of one of our latest states. Of all that group of states carved out of the majestic wilderness with which this continent faces the mightiest ocean, none now excites a livelier interest than that named for the Father of his Country. But it must be remembered that Washington as a state, even as a settled country, is very young. She was practically unpeopled, except in a few places, twenty-five years ago. She became a state only twelve years ago. Her heroic age was as a part of Old Oregon Territory. Glance at a map of that lordly domain marked Oregon, Washington, and Idaho. A land of thrilling and romantic history, of scenic grandeur and beauty, of pleasant and healthful climate, of rich and varied resources, — such was Old Oregon Territory, the "Westmost West" of a generation ago. Oregon had her heroes of discovery, — Bodega, Drake, Juan de Fuca, Heceta, Gray, Vancouver, Lewis and Clarke, and many more whose deeds are unrecorded. There were heroes of the fur trade, — Hunt, McKay, McLeod, Day, Wyeth, Bonneville, Smith, McLoughlin, Ross, Meek, — some of whom have told their own stories, some of whom have found preservation in Irving's fascinating pages, while many others exist only in the fireside tale. There were also heroes of missions, — Whitman, Lee, Wilbur, Eells, Spalding, — whose works follow them.

Without doubt the Spanish claim to the Pacific coast by right of discovery was just. But in 1579 came the advance guard of that race whose descendants were destined to deprive the Spaniard of his misused realms in all the western hemisphere. For in that year Francis Drake, boldest and most picturesque of English freebooters, reached lat. 43°, some claim 48°, on our western shore. Then, in 1592, old Juan de Fuca, whether myth or man no one knows, left his name for the strait which now separates Washington from British Columbia, and which he supposed to be the long-sought Strait of Anian. But the era of discovery passed, leaving many names of many nations built into our state; for each bore a part in the great epic. There gradually became evolved from the mass of myth a definite impression that there was somewhere between lat. 43° and lat. 47° a great river, variously named River of Kings, River of Aguilar, River of the West, Rio San Roque, River Thegayo, and at last the Oregon, so first named by Carver, an American, in 1774. All felt that the discovery of this river would constitute the best title to possession. In 1792 the mystery was solved; the Columbia bowed his neck to the foot of civilized man. Three nations had

contributed to the discovery, — Spain, United States, Great Britain. But we shall probably not be thought too partial if we believe that the shrewd Yankee skipper, Gray, from Boston, in the gallant bark Columbia Rediviva, was the Jason that first set foot on our western Colchis, and delivered to us the best title to the Golden Fleeces of the Far West.

Following the explorers by sea came those by canoe, foot, and horse. After Napoleon, with one of those lightning glances by which he was accustomed to outrun time and forestall destiny, had said that he would help build upon the western hemisphere a maritime power that would sometime humble England; and after Jefferson and Monroe had, with equal quickness, grasped the transcendent opportunity of the Louisiana purchase, thereby stretching out beyond "the crack of doom" the westward destiny of the United States, there came an eager public interest in our sunset domain; and in 1804 Lewis and Clarke ascended the Missouri, crossed the "Shining Mountains," descended the torrents of Snake River, embarked upon the Columbia, and in the autumn drizzle looked through the parted headlands upon the infinite expanse of the sea. In 1811 the first town in Oregon, Astoria, was founded; and to execute the designs of its founder, John Jacob Astor, the ill-fated Tonquin and her consort ships rounded Cape Horn for the Columbia River, while the land force of trappers, led by the gallant Hunt, crossed the continent, encountering incredible hardships amid the cañons of the Snake, — "that accursed mad river," in the imprecatory phrase of the Canadian voyageurs.

And now came on apace the second era of the history of Oregon, that of the fur trade. It had started long before. Bering had led Russia into the North Pacific, and in 1771 the first cargo of furs had been transported to China. Then it became known that the waters of Kamtchatka joined the China Sea, thence leading to the island empires of the South Sea, and that the same ocean throb of the Aleutian Islands beat against the stormy battlements of Cape Horn. Then first Europe realized the vastness of the Pacific.

All nations joined eagerly in search for furs. But England and the United States soon distanced their rivals in Oregon. Then the British Hudson's Bay and Northwest companies outgeneraled, and finally put out their American competitors; and after a brief struggle between themselves for supremacy, they united, stretched their Briarean hands over a dozen degrees of latitude and longitude, and to all appearance Oregon was destined to be the perpetual home of Indians, trappers, and fur-bearing animals. But through the joint occupation treaties of 1818 and 1826 our nation still retained an interest in Oregon, and in 1834 there entered a champion into the lists apparently so puny that the nabobs of the fur trade would have noticed him but to laugh at him, if they had noticed him at all. Yet he was destined to be one of the great epic figures of our history, the Siegfried to deliver the Kriemhild of the American state from the dragons of the desert and the giants of commercial despotism. And this champion of the American state was the American missionary.

A strange thing occurred in 1832. Three Flathead Indians came to St. Louis in search of the "white man's book which should show them the way to heaven." The pathetic story reached the churches at that time of profound religious and missionary sentiment, and was interpreted as an inspired cry for the gospel. As a result, the Methodists, under Jason Lee, established a mission in the Willamette Valley in 1834; and two years later, Marcus Whitman, under commission of the American Board, settled at Walla Walla. In this last man and place there was the destiny of empire, for his mission became the out-

post of the American state, the entering wedge of American occupation. Of Whitman's midwinter ride to Washington city in 1842 for the purpose of showing the government the momentous importance of this region to our nation, of the great immigration of 1843 which he led across the Rocky Mountains, and of his martyrdom at the hands of the Indians in 1847, we cannot speak. Suffice it to say that, of many who bore a part in bringing Oregon into the Union, the missionary and martyr, Whitman, must be accorded a foremost place.

Hard upon the period of the missionary came the establishment of a provisional government by American settlers in 1843. Then the question of the ownership of this land was appealed to the wider tribunal of the English and American governments; very nearly, indeed, to the arbitrament of war. For Oregon became the burning question of two administrations, and "Fifty-four forty or fight!" was the cry of at least one campaign. Then came the treaty of 1846, by which the parallel of 49° became the boundary, and our territorial destiny was secured. We say "secured," for if the American state-builder had not raised his banner of triumph over Oregon, it is possible that we might have delayed the acquisition of California until too late. But the Tancreds and Godfreys of American emigration had triumphed over the English trader, and, unlike the successors of Tasso's heroes, we hold what they won. Such was the heroic age of Oregon.

Washington became a separate territory in 1853. It was a land of magnificent distances. Walla Walla County then included all of what is now eastern Washington, Idaho, and the western third of Montana. One of the county commissioners lived near the present site of Missoula, and it would have taken him three months to visit the county seat and return. He never qualified. The new territory grew very slowly until 1883, the period of railroad-building. Then she sprung into a life that astonished the country, and in 1889 she became a state.

And now, with this hurried outline of the ancient epic days, our sketch requires an answer to these two questions: What is the nature of the land thus won from the wilderness and from contending nations, and what are the descendants of the heroes making of it?

First, then, what are the resources, actual and potential, of the state of Washington? Take your map, and note its physical features and the international location, and data for an answer will be at command. To a person of information and imagination, a map is a picture gallery and encyclopædia combined. Three salient local features are revealed by map, — Puget Sound, the Cascade Mountains, and the Columbia River. Though the geological history of the state has not yet been written, it is evident that its physical features are the work of fire and water, of volcano and inland sea, of glacier and torrent. The soil, now marvelous for fertility, was made of volcanic dust, covered by the silt of rivers, drained by stupendous erosion, and then covered with the grass and decomposition of ages.

When the sky-piercing heads of the Cascades were uplifted they created two climates, and consequently two divisions of natural productions and resources. The oceans of warm vapor from the Pacific, condensed upon the snowy crests of the mountains, pour down their floods upon the western slopes; giving to that part of the state a soft, humid, and uniform climate, the home of giant trees and succulent grasses. East of the mountains is a land of sunshine, of wheatfield and bunch grass. But all parts of the state are much warmer than the same latitudes on the Atlantic coast. The Japan ocean current sweeps the vast circuit of the Aleutian Islands, and gives Washington about the average temperature of Virginia, and a growing season nearly

two months longer than that of New England or the Lake states.

With respect to the productive capacity of Washington, accounts so glowing as to excite incredulity have sometimes found their way into the Eastern press. Yet, in truth, the "frozen facts" are more and more enlisting the interest and the industry of shrewd and far-seeing men. The state is not a paradise, and it has its drawbacks; but the consensus of opinion of capable observers is that it is conspicuous among American states for ability to supply all the needs of civilized man. The great fact is its variety of resources. Substantially every industry possible to a temperate climate is represented here, either actually or potentially. Lumbering, shipbuilding, fishing, dairying, mining of every sort, agriculture, horticulture, fruit-raising, stock-raising of all kinds, manufacturing of every manner of fabrics, utensils, and structures, — all these industries not only have every natural facility, but exist in such relation to each other as to give the utmost variety and fullness of development.

The state is naturally divisible into four great zones of geography, climate, and production. The first zone is that of the sea, the Sound, and the Lower Columbia. Here the chief industries are lumbering, fisheries, shipbuilding, and manufacturing, though dairying, gardening, fruit-raising, and hop-growing have a vast field of development. But the timber! Between the Cascade Mountains and the ocean stand the finest known forests of fir, spruce, pine, cedar, and hemlock. Along the multiplied arms of Puget Sound (and the Columbia River, Gray's Harbor, and Shoalwater Bay are similar in character, only less extensive), these forests, in close juxtaposition to innumerable water powers and mountains of coal and iron, afford resources for shipping and manufacturing that will some day create here another England. Puget Sound is one vast harbor, in which the navies of all nations might almost be lost. It needs no prophetic eye to see that here will be the future lumberyard and shipyard of the world. Already the biggest sawmill on earth is on Puget Sound, and the yearly output is about a billion and a half feet. Yet the forests are hardly more than scratched. But the forests of the Great Lakes are giving out.

During May of last year, orders for 30,000,000 feet of bridge stuff and ties were placed in Washington by railway companies of the East and Middle West. Most remarkable to Eastern readers is the yield of an acre of Washington timber land. A single acre has been known to produce 500,000 feet, and one tree has yielded 50,000. It is estimated that within a radius of eight miles from Skomokawa is standing 600,000,000 feet of yellow fir. There is poetry in one of these swaying forests, which carry their coronals of green 300 feet aloft, with the sunlight filtering through greenishly, as if in leafy eclipse; but there are dollars in the knotless stems when sawed, and of the latter feature only the lumberman thinks.

We cannot linger to tempt the disciple of the gentle Walton with visions of trout so numerous as to block the course of streams, and it must suffice to say of our piscatorial resources that the royal Chinook salmon, noblest of the finny tribes, has furnished yearly, for two decades, upon the Columbia River (which belongs to Oregon and Washington together), from 400,000 to 650,000 cases of his toothsome sides, and probably twice as much more in other forms. Puget Sound formerly yielded about half as much fish as the Columbia, but during the past year considerably exceeded it. Deep-sea fishing promises to rival the fisheries of Newfoundland.

The second zone is that of the mountains. Grand, sombre, mysterious, beautiful, sublime, the Cascade Mountains are the repositories of mineral wealth of many kinds, coal, iron, gold, silver, cop-

per, ledges of onyx, marble, and granite, hardly touched as yet; only waiting for capital to develop and bring them into the markets of the world.

The third zone, so different from the others that it is hard to realize that it belongs to the same state, is the arid centre; seeming desert, yet blossoming like the rose when touched with water. This borders the Columbia, Snake, and Yakima rivers, with smaller areas on other streams. This is the land of the orchardist and gardener, of the dairyman and hop-grower. We cannot speak of the treasures of vine and tree, which the hot sun, the rich soil, and the glad streams cause to drop so bounteously in the valleys of Walla Walla, Yakima, and Wenatchee. Even a picture of a Snake River peach or cherry or apricot or bunch of grapes is tantalizing, and we forbear.

The last zone is the eastern border, with long arms on the south and north central. This is the wheat belt. Fringing the snowy chains of the Blue, Bitter Root, Cœur d'Alene, Klikitat, and Badger mountains is an irregular semicircle of rolling prairie, where 40, 50, even 60 bushels of wheat to the acre is not uncommon, 100 has been known, while the average for the state exceeds that of any other state in the Union. There are about 14,000 square miles of these wheat lands. The crop for this year will probably be 30,000,000 bushels, worth perhaps $15,000,000, — nearly $30 to every man, woman, and child in the state, and doubtless over $100 to every inhabitant in the wheat zone.

But the imperial resources of Washington would lie idle were it not for the transportation lines, and in the number and character of these the state is singularly fortunate. There are four transcontinental lines, and, in effect, a fifth. These are the Northern Pacific, Great Northern, Union Pacific, and Canadian, while the Southern Pacific, reaching Portland, is also accessible. Of these lines the Northern Pacific was the great pioneer, and the completion of its line to Wallula in 1883, and to Tacoma in 1887, marked an epoch in the history of the state and of the nation. The Northern Pacific and the Washington and Columbia River railroads recently performed the unexampled act of lowering their passenger rates to three cents per mile, without compulsion from legislature or people; being quickly followed by the Great Northern and Union Pacific in the good work. This fact well shows the healthy nature of business and the effect of active competition, as well as a liberal policy on the part of the railroad lines. As a sample of the amount of local work on the new lines of this region we may take a few figures from the Washington and Columbia River Railroad, which is a line connecting the Northern Pacific with the wheat region of Walla Walla and Umatilla counties, the latter being in Oregon. The road has about 160 miles of line, and the population tributary does not exceed 40,000. Moreover, the Union Pacific traverses most of the same territory, doing about as much business. Yet this line carried in, during 1900, 40,000 tons of freight, and carried out 150,000 tons. About 130,000 tons was wheat and flour. It carried 2,000,000 grain sacks. Double these figures, to include both roads, and we get some conception of the energy with which both people and railroads are applying themselves to the practical epic of building their state.

But great as is the sum of the commerce already reached here, it sinks into insignificance compared with the prospective transcontinental and oceanic business that is heading for Puget Sound. Consult the map again, and note the position that this body of water occupies with respect to the world. It sounds extravagant now, but sober and cool-headed business men, familiar with the facts, believe that Washington holds the key to the future commerce of the world. She stands at the crossroads of the na-

tions, at the confluence of the commodities of the four quarters of the globe. She is the successor of Phœnicia, Carthage, Italy, and England, as the natural exchange point of all lands. Europe and the United States are at her back, Alaska and British Columbia at her right hand, the tropics at her left, and the Orient, with half the population of the world, in front. Formerly California was supposed to be the natural centre of our western frontage. We cannot discredit the magnificent location and resources of that state, but it is true that Washington is gaining on California by leaps and bounds. This is due to three causes: first, Washington has five transcontinental railways in reach, California is under the despotism of one; second, the vast developments of Alaska and British Columbia have made Puget Sound the hub of Pacific coast trade; third, and most important, the route to the Orient, owing to the rotundity of the earth, is materially shorter by Puget Sound than by the Golden Gate.

The epic of Washington is going to involve the nations of the earth. The great fact of the twentieth century will undoubtedly be the commerce of the Pacific Ocean and the disposition of the Orient. And at what point is that mighty commerce first to touch the American continent?

A student of maps, history, and contemporary trade can hardly doubt that Puget Sound is to be the place of destiny, the great wharf line of the continent. And not alone are Occident and Orient about to clasp hands over the "Mediterranean of the Pacific," but Alaska rises from her boreal mists to join with tropic islands in a grasp of this handle of the world's trade. Latitudes and longitudes are merging along these fair archipelagoes which the mythical old Greek pilot of Cephalonia, Juan de Fuca, imagined to link Atlantic and Pacific. The genius of this railway age has created a substitute for the fabled Strait of Anian. That dream of the older navigators has been realized, though it lies between lines of steel instead of headlands of the sea. As we "dip into the future, see the vision of the world and all the wonder that will be," converging toward the western approaches of this new Northwest Passage,

> "We can see the heavens fill with commerce,
> argosies of magic sails,
> Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down
> in costly bales."

But the great question of an epic is, after all, the character of the hero. "Men, high-minded men, constitute a state;" and what of our men? First of all, it is not so easy as some imagine to differentiate a Pacific "type." There is no distinct Washington type. Eastern people often suppose that the West is essentially different from the East, forgetting that only yesterday it was transplanted from the East. "Do you mean to tell us, then, that if we came West we should fail to encounter desperadoes? Are you going to bereave us ruthlessly of the heroes of Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, and Mark Twain?"

All peace to the men who have immortalized the age of the Argonauts of '49, but truth compels us to suggest that Roaring Camp is not a universal picture of the Pacific coast. Of course California is "peculiar." Washington is "peculiar." So is every other country. But strangers and travelers habitually exaggerate peculiarities. They first note the rougher, wilder, more sensational phases of life. The quiet, unobtrusive life of home, school, office, and shop is not visible from the train, street, or hotel, which are the main points of observation for the ordinary passer-through. Travelers are usually all agog to see the sensational, grotesque, criminal aspects of the West, the job lots of desperadoes and frontier ruffians, but their eyes are closed to the common virtues of home. They did not go West to see that sort of thing. Human nature loves the marvelous, and

bids good-by to the commonplace after it crosses the Mississippi. And it may be observed that the faithful Westerner usually does his best to provide the kind of spice that his visitor wants. Hence arise reports partly unjust, partly ludicrous. There is nothing more exasperating or amusing to the old-timer than the calm assumption of superior moral virtue by visitors from the East, and their tranquil assurance that flaunting vice is an every-day affair "out West." The truth is that a traveler to any country is most likely to see the worst, and is often unaware that the very same thing exists down the back alleys of the town he lives in, in some other social stratum than his own.

Every traveler in another land adventures into a domain whose counterpart exists right around his own home without his knowledge. A story is told of a Scotchman in the Far West, disappointed in not finding the typical "bad man" whom he supposed to be the common product of the country; and while thus hungering to be thrilled, suddenly encountering his man on a steamboat. There he was, sure enough, — ferocious mustaches, cowboy hat, fringed "shapps," buckskin coat, "gun" in belt, vitriolic breath, and all, strictly according to Bret Harte. Our Scotchman gazed upon this "Western type" some time, and at last ventured to interrogate him. The "bad man," as soon as he heard the Caledonian tones, leaned over confidentially and exclaimed, "Hoot, mon, I 'm jast oot from Inverness!" It was another Scotchman, on a Western steamboat, who, seeing a man at the table distinguishing himself by his horrible voracity and greed, was remarking to his American neighbor, "There! Just look at that specimen of the West. We never see a thing like that in Scotland," when the "specimen" suddenly shouted, "Hi, waiter, hae ye ony mair fash?" The writer was once told, by a delightful man of Hartford, about going into a hotel in a California town, when a gigantic "Western ruffian" stumped up to the register, and on discovering the stranger's name thundered out, "Where is that man from Connecticut?" Our friend, though expecting that he would at least have to treat the crowd, and probably get a shot through his hat, at last timidly acknowledged his identity, when the giant bore down on him with broad grin and extended hand, exclaiming, "Shake, pard! I 'm from Connecticut myself."

Do we have no Pacific coast type, then? Yes, we have, but it is elusive and indefinable, a composite of many types. The Atlantic and Pacific seem, indeed, very dissimilar, but the dissimilarity is of environment rather than of character of people. There are only four real generic types in the United States, — the Down East Yankee, the Southern colonel, the "Pike," and the Western "cowboy." There is no Pacific type of such distinctness; or rather, there is a heterogeneous mixture of all types, with a resulting "blend" in the native product. The following table of birthplaces of the 597 registered voters of Yakima, an agricultural town in the central part of the state, will be of interest as showing the composition of an ordinary town in Washington: —

New York	51	Kentucky	14
Illinois	41	Virginia	12
Missouri	39	Ireland	12
Ohio	38	Kansas	10
Oregon	36	Texas	10
Indiana	35	Vermont	10
Iowa	34	Scotland	9
Wisconsin	25	Massachusetts	7
Pennsylvania	25	New Jersey	6
Germany	25	Nova Scotia	5
Canada	24	Tennessee	5
Washington	21	Austria	5
England	18	Maryland	5
California	18	Denmark	4
Minnesota	15	Norway	4
Michigan	15	Sweden	4
Maine	15		

In addition, there were three each from Holland, Nebraska, North Carolina, North Dakota, West Virginia, New

Hampshire, Switzerland; two each from Ontario, Arkansas, Italy, Georgia, and New Brunswick; and one each from Connecticut, Florida, India, Luxemburg, Utah, South Carolina, Wyoming, Prussia, Alabama, France, Louisiana, Isle of Jersey, Isle of Man, and New Mexico.

With such an exhibition of the cosmopolitanism of our communities, the reader will see the impossibility of any distinct type as yet. Surprised Eastern visitors sometimes say, "Why, this state is not so very wild and woolly, after all." And inasmuch as the majority of the people that they meet have been out from the East only four or five years, this is not strange.

But "East," it must be remarked in passing, does not mean to us what it means to the New Englander. Anything the other side of the Missouri is "East" to us. A new arrival from Massachusetts was once greeted very cordially, in my hearing, by a lady who had been here some time, and who said, "I came from the East myself!" "Ah!" said the New Englander. "From what place?" "From Iowa," was the unexpected answer.

It is evident that if we cannot distinguish between the Pacific coast and the West in general, we shall be unable to discriminate Washington from her immediate sisters. Yet there is a subtle something by which the older resident will recognize his own. California has, in general, more glare and glitter and "style;" Oregon is less venturesome and progressive; Washington is, with some qualifications, more solid and reliable than either. In business methods and spirit, Washington is more like the East, especially the Lake states, than are the other Pacific states. With regard to manners and outer semblance, the men are less reserved, more flexible, less mindful of dress, style, and appearances, than men of like wealth and education in the East. Outside show counts for very little with one of these hard-headed, keen-sighted pioneers, who, in his varied career, has "rubbed up" against nearly every species of human being. It will never do, in Washington, to judge a man by dress or immediate surroundings. You may think that you have a country bumpkin or a raw backwoodsman, only to find, when you have "scratched him," that you have a university star or a veteran of half a dozen wars. But the women and children of the Far West come nearer to being "types" than do the men. The average Western man leaves literature, art, and society to his wife and girls. The Western woman is an institution in herself, keen, alert, eager for impressions, education, culture, experience, career, independence, — anything, in short, that will widen her "sphere." The native Pacific girl is conspicuously bright, ambitious, rather spoiled by excessive petting from the men; not so regular and "cultured," in general, as her Eastern sister, but thoroughly womanly and fascinating, and possessing good sense, and capacity for improving her own powers and imparting inspiration to others, beyond most of her sex.

The majority of Western men are out of their element in anything except business and politics. The wife usually acts as head of the family in all manner of social and religious crises, as inviting a ministerial guest to ask a blessing at table or conduct family worship; while the masculine partner slouches around, at such times, in hulking and uncomfortable consciousness of his own lack of piety and polish. That solemn sense of his own dignity as head of the house, that shrinking deference paid to him by the "weaker vessels" of his family, which magnify the *paterfamilias* in England, and to some degree in the old-fashioned New England community, — these never lighten the pathway of the average Western householder. He may consider himself in great luck if he is not discrowned entirely. The independ-

ence and "go-aheadativeness "of women seem to coexist with a general high standard of intelligence; for statistics show that Washington is third on the list of states in freedom from illiteracy, being surpassed by Iowa and Nebraska only. In fact, the Pacific coast ranks very high in average education and intelligence, though there is not, of course, so much real cultivation as in some circles of older communities.

The schools of Washington have not yet had time to reach the standard of Massachusetts or Michigan, or even of California; those of the last state being among the best in the country. Yet nearly every town of three or four thousand or more has a high school; and the high schools, as well as the primary schools, are laid out on such a basis as will give the state an excellent educational system when time has had due opportunity. There is a State University at Seattle, superbly located, and provided with excellent buildings and a generous support, with a faculty of 32 and over 600 students during the present year; and this bids fair to become an acceptable sister of Michigan, Wisconsin, California, and the other high-grade state universities of the country. The State Agricultural College and School of Science at Pullman is equipped with fine buildings and apparatus, has an annual income of $60,000 from state and national funds, and during this year had an enrollment of over 500 students and a faculty of 28. There are three well-equipped normal schools in the state. There are also four colleges under private control, the leading one of which is Whitman College, at Walla Walla, bearing the name of the martyr missionary whose foresight and heroism were factors in making Oregon a part of the Union. Whitman College had 14 professors and 265 students during the year 1900. A number of academies have been established in various sections.

With regard to the other agencies of an intellectual life, it may be said that Washington has the usual large Western number of newspapers, 204 in the last gazetteer, four of which, the Times and Post-Intelligencer of Seattle, the Spokesman-Review of Spokane, and the Ledger of Tacoma, will compare favorably with almost any of the newspapers of the land, aside from the great metropolitan dailies. The Times inaugurated the bold experiment of a two-cent daily, and to all appearance is succeeding, from both a pecuniary and journalistic standpoint. Washington has a state law for the maintenance of free public libraries, under which all the larger towns are making excellent beginnings. Seattle has about 24,000 volumes; Spokane, about half that number; Walla Walla, about 7000; and the movement is active throughout the state. There are 47 women's clubs, and this genuine American idea is leading to many practical steps in public improvement. As to permanent literature, there has not yet been time for a native growth of poets, essayists, and philosophers. The prevailing atmosphere, like that of the West in general, is materialistic. Dollars, not ideals, constitute the staple of men's thoughts. Nevertheless, all the natural conditions, scenery, climate, environment, history, and future outlook, favor the hope that there will be, in due season, a due meed of honor for the makers of ideas as well as of money, and that we shall have our proportion of "those rare souls, poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world."

Of Washington politically, it must be confessed that there is more need than hope of a high standard. In this we have plenty of company, East and West. Yet few Westerners, loath as they are to acknowledge that the East is superior in anything, venture to claim equality with New England in the character of men chosen to office. If we should institute a comparison between Washington and Maine, while we could

claim for the former an infinite superiority in every sort of natural resource, and at least an equality in intelligence and character of people, we should have to retire without a contest in comparing legislators and members of Congress. The reason is not far to find. Maine has usually looked for national and intellectual qualifications, while Washington, like the West in general, has sought, with some honorable exceptions, local and pecuniary qualifications. The curse of the West is that politics is made a mere tool for business. Greed and commercialism have worked like the canker. Men are chosen to office, not to devise statesman-like methods of raising the standard of life for the whole state, but to engineer some scheme for squeezing tribute out of the state for the benefit of private business enterprises.

The West is not peculiar in this respect, for this is the common history of men; but it is a curious anomaly that such consummate selfishness in business and politics coexists with such intelligence and such hearty good will in the other relations of life. The cause is plain. It is the individualistic and competitive system of business. The extreme individualism, which from its good side has made all that is best in American history, our ambition, our self-reliance, and our originality, and from its evil side has created our monopolies, our bossisms, and our partisanships, — this is keener, more eager, more speculative, and (sometimes, at least) more unscrupulous on the Pacific coast than elsewhere. In California this guerrilla strife for personal and corporate gain is most intense, and its evils are most flagrant. There, according to the local press (we would not venture to say it ourselves), the question in regard to a legislature is not whether it will be honest, — nobody expects that, — but simply whether it will steal more or less than its predecessor. In the newer state of Washington the evils of excessive individualism are not yet so gross, but they exist in pretty sturdy infancy. The spirit of coöperation is correspondingly weak. Statistics of 1897 show that there was municipal ownership of water works in 52.3 per cent of towns in New England, in 67.3 in the middle states, and in 37.5 in the West. Massachusetts led the list, and California ended it. These figures no doubt indicate in a rough way the degree of coöperation, and hence of public spirit, in these different sections. And yet this individualistic spirit of the West is simply one stage in its growth toward a higher civic life. Coöperation is essential to a noble state, but the first requisite of a strong union is strong units. The work of our bold, overbearing, scheming West is the creation of these units. The units will unite in time.

The present state administration of Washington is "fusion," — Democrats, Populists, and Silver Republicans. The fusion leaders are largely "reformers," old anti-slavery and anti-monopoly men, "Lincoln Republicans," temperance "cranks," radicals, and the "dangerous" element in general; while the conservative, "respectable," business class usually belong to the Republican party. The state went Republican in 1900 by a good majority, except in case of Governor Rogers, who ran about 15,000 votes ahead of his ticket. The Philippine question has cut sharply across the former alignment of parties, and produced "confusion worse confounded." The sentiment of all parties is strongly in favor of the retention of the islands. In nine cases out of ten, the sole reason assigned is that it will help American trade, and especially favor the introduction of Washington flour and lumber into Asia. It must be confessed that the Western man's treatment of the "inferior" races has not been dictated by philanthropy or sentiment. And yet, underneath the apparently harsh and mercenary spirit of commercial aggres-

sion there is a basis of the rugged fair play and good-heartedness which are the saving grace of our masterful Anglo-Saxon race.

Of all features of Washington, as of the Pacific group in general, the most interesting and encouraging is the ambition and originality of the young people. They are intensified Americans, the legitimate offspring of the epic heroes of American immigration from Plymouth Rock down. The vital air of the land is freedom. Conventionality and affectation are hated. The beaten track is abandoned for some new road across some new wilderness. The Pacific boy and girl are born explorers, experimenters, and inventors. They are singularly susceptible to all sorts of new impressions and aims, and, in consequence, furnish the best kind of material for grafting culture and scholarship upon. It is remarked by educators who come West as teachers that the native boys, while sometimes lacking in external polish and regular discipline, are conspicuous for versatility, native force, ability to "get on," and capacity of rapid improvement. And the young men who have gone from our state to Eastern colleges have in many cases become distinguished as scholars and athletes.

Pioneer qualities of mind are indeed liable to abuse, haste, superficiality, presumption, and lawlessness, but out of such mental soil have sprung all the heroic growths of history. It has made the epics of our race. It has made the trails westward over plain and mountain, through forest and sea. Our state of Washington is simply one more of those marvels of the conquests of nature which have made America "the last best hope of earth."

W. D. Lyman.

DANTE'S QUEST OF LIBERTY.

Dean Stanley, fresh from the study of the Divine Comedy, declared, in his enthusiasm, that the Purgatorio was the most religious book he had ever read. While it lacks the dramatic force and the dark magnificence of the Inferno, and comes short of the blazing glories and the heights of vision of the Paradiso, it still touches life as we know it more intimately than either of the other portions of this strange mediæval poem. Dante here describes those things which we know in our daily lives. We are familiar with the trembling of the sea, the silent splendor of the stars, the burdensome weight of pride, the harsh irritation of envy, and the blinding smoke of wrath. The characters are neither demons nor glorified beings, but human spirits who are being made perfect through suffering. Our own experiences are here portrayed, and the resistless power of the book lies in its penetrating insight into the struggles of the soul and the forces by which it wins its liberty.

Marvelous it is how the dream of one steeped in mediæval lore has survived the lapse of centuries. The huge tomes of the master minds over which he pored with such eager interest lie neglected on the shelves, or are translated merely to interpret his weird and mystic poem; but the weighty truths they held, sinking into the passionate heart of this incomprehensible man, and distilled in the alembic of his fiery sufferings with his own life's blood, became instinct with an immortal youth. Carlyle calls Dante "the voice of ten silent centuries." Those ages may have been dumb, awaiting their interpreter, but their heart was

hot, passion-swept, fermenting with intense aspirations, and he who could comprehend and utter the deep things of its spirit must speak words which the world will always gladly hear. Deep ever calls to deep. Heine has said that every age is a sphinx that plunges into the abyss after it has solved its problem. Dante heard the secret of the Middle Ages from the lips of the mighty creature ere it leaped into the dark below. What he heard he told, and the secret of the life of any age is of perennial interest. Certainly, the conception of religion held in the most distinctively religious centuries in history, the centuries that projected the cathedrals and produced spiritual geniuses of unrivaled lustre and power, cannot be unattractive. The soul changes not; neither do the powers which ransom it.

The book is vital, because life is purgatorial. Dante asks a question old as the race, and deep as the human heart: How can a man be freed from his sin? He answers it, too, in the way earnest and clear-seeing minds have often answered it. This grim and saturnine poet does not use the same terms which our modern thinkers employ, but he felt the steady pressure of the same sins, and he laid hold substantially of the same sovereign remedies. He placed more emphasis on the human side of the problem than we; and for this reason he deserves attentive study, having set forth most powerfully some truths which our age, so eager to break with the narrowness of the past, has overlooked in its haste. We sometimes call the Middle Ages dark, but he whose spirit brooded over its tumultuous and valorous life until he became its prophet can turn rays of clearest light upon many of our unsolved enigmas.

But Dante is not merely a prophet; he is a poet. He never forgets that his duty is to charm as well as to teach. He is the supreme poet-prophet of modern times, because in his verse truth loses nothing of its austerity, and poetry nothing of its exquisite beauty. The account of his entrance into the Earthly Paradise John Ruskin affirms to be "the sweetest passage of wood description that exists in literature;" while Charles Eliot Norton has said that the thirtieth and thirty-first cantos are "quite the highest expression of sentiment anywhere to be found." Lacking the tragic power of the Inferno, this book appeals to the subtler elements of beauty with a delicacy that gives to it a perpetual fascination.

The main purpose of this book is to point out the way to achieve the primal virtue which was lost in Eden; it is to teach us how to repair the havoc wrought by sin, and to return to the estate surrendered by the Fall. The master minds of the early Church pondered much on how a man can become what Adam was, pure, happy, free; how efface the guilt, the power, the stain of sin, and restore the individual to the Edenic liberty. They answered the problem by the doctrines of baptism, penance, and purgatory. The sin of Adam and its awful consequences rest upon each individual. This inherited guilt is atoned for by the death of Christ, and the infant or the believer becomes a partaker of the benefit of Christ's sufferings in baptism, which washes away the stain of original sin, saves him from its consequences, and makes him a recipient of divine grace. The sins committed after baptism are expiated and purged by the sacrament of penance, the integral parts of which are confession, contrition, and satisfaction; the form being the absolution pronounced by the priest. This "satisfactory punishment both heals the relicts of sin and destroys the vicious habits acquired by an evil life, by contrary acts of virtue." But life is short, and men die before the footprints of evil are rubbed out. They are not fit for heaven, they are not subjects of hell; there must, therefore, be an intermediate state, where they are cleansed from all unrighteousness. In purga-

tory, retributive sufferings are designed both to satisfy a violated moral order and to become remedial toward the sufferer. Yet the sinner need not bear the full recoil upon himself. The intercessory prayers and deeds of love on the part of others take the place of punishment without weakening justice, for one act of love is dearer to God than years of penalty. This purgatorial process not only completely cleanses the soul; it restores it to its normal vigor by reviving all the good which sin had weakened or defaced. Dante accepted these teachings of the Church heart and soul, and they are the architectonic principles of his wondrous poem.

Assuming the spirit in baptism has been delivered from the penalties of inherited guilt, the process by which he believed a soul is purified from personal sin by the whole purgatorial experience of life, here and hereafter, is most exquisitely put in miniature in canto ix. Following Virgil, he moves to a cliff which rises sheer before him, where in a rift, he says, "I saw a gate, and three steps beneath for going to it, of divers colors, and a gate keeper who as yet said not a word. . . . Thither we came to the first great stair; it was of white marble, so polished and smooth that I mirrored myself in it as I appear. The second, of deeper hue than perse, was of a rough and scorched stone, cracked lengthwise and athwart. The third, which above lies massy, seemed to me of porphyry as flaming red as blood that spurts forth from a vein. Upon this the Angel of God held both his feet, seated upon the threshold that seemed to me stone of adamant. Up over the three steps my Leader drew me with good will, saying, 'Beg humbly that he undo the lock.' Devoutly I threw myself at the holy feet; I besought for mercy's sake that he would open for me; but first upon my breast I struck three times. Seven P's upon my forehead he inscribed with the point of his sword, and, 'See that thou wash these wounds when thou art within,' he said."

The three stairs are the three steps one must take in penance, namely, confession, contrition, and satisfaction. The angel is the type of the priest who administers absolution. The breast is struck three times to denote sincere repentance for sins of thought, of word, of deed. The seven P's — Peccati — signify the seven mortal sins which must be purged away. They are not evil deeds, but the bad dispositions out of which all sin springs; for it is not what we do, but what we are, that makes us sinners in the sight of God. It is exceedingly significant that all of the P's were incised on Dante's forehead. He may not have been guilty of every kind of sin; but in him were the potentialities of all, and he has come to a full consciousness of them. He now passes within the gate, which is the symbol of justification, and the healing process begins. Having been justified, the evil dispositions are already overcome; but their foul records are still staining his soul, and their power is not all gone. A noble type of humanity is this sombre figure, as with the seven scars of sin on his forehead he begins to climb the rugged and toilsome mountain in quest of liberty! The first note he hears is Te Deum Laudamus, chanted by sweet voices; for there is joy among the angels over one sinner that repenteth. The Catholic Church has enumerated seven evil dispositions which exclude God from the life, and thus deliver man unto death. They are pride, envy, anger, sloth, avarice, gluttony, and lust. Upon each of the seven ledges of the purgatorial mountain the scum of one of these mortal sins is dissolved from off the conscience, and the lustre of grace and reason is restored by enduring the sacrament of penance.

On each the soul's confession, contrition, and absolution are either described or understood, but the satisfaction is always minutely and comprehensively

delineated; for this ever thinking artist, who never seems to have made a careless touch, has three dominant thoughts appearing in every scene he pictures on the seven ledges. The first is the effect of each mortal sin upon the soul. With rare ethical insight, and almost incredible conciseness and power, this is set forth, either in the action of the sufferer, or in the color and nature of his environment, or in his personal appearance. The second is that the debt the sinner has incurred must be paid to the last farthing. He cannot leave his prison house until, with just penalties, he has rendered complete satisfaction to a violated moral order. The third, which is most prominent of all, impresses us with the fact that expiatory afflictions are not arbitrary or vindictive, but are adjusted to the purification of the penitent.

"There are two things," says Hugo of St. Victor, "which repair the divine likeness in man,—the beholding of truth and the exercise of virtue." Dante confirms this as his philosophy when he asserts that sins of habit are overcome by substituting virtuous habits, and sins of temperament by good thoughts, created by the ardor of love which truth rains into the soul. To be free, the sinful soul must know the truth. The proud see it bodied forth in the visible language of sculpture; the envious learn the nature of their guilt by hearing voices proclaim the worth of love and the fell results of envy; the wrathful, in the midst of their blinding smoke, behold the truth in vision; the slothful shout it as they run day and night. But the truth must not only be known; it must be wrought into character and habit. The proud purge out the old leaven by continuously exercising a humble disposition; the envious habitually speak well of others; the slothful "fasten upon slothfulness their teeth" by unremitting energy. Pope Martin by "fasting purges the eels of Bolsena and the Vernaccia wine," while the avaricious ripen their good will by gazing constantly at the dust to which their souls had cleaved, piteously praising examples of poverty and bounty, and lamenting the evils of the accursed thirst for gold. Our Puritan Dante, Jonathan Edwards, quaintly prescribed the same medicine: "Great instances of mortification are deep wounds given to the body of sin; hard blows which make him stagger and reel. We thereby get strong ground and footing against him, he is weaker ever after, and we have easier work with him next time." Absolution is pronounced on every ledge by the act of the angel removing a P from the poet's forehead, while assurance is made complete by hearing the sweet words of an appropriate beatitude. From the beginning to the end of this toilsome climb divine grace has helped the weary soul over the hard places, and guided him in moments of doubt, until, at last, when all wounds are healed, the whole mountain trembles with sympathetic joy, and the enfranchised spirit, crowned and mitred over itself, roams in the ancient paradise in all "the glorious liberty of the children of God."

Yet even after the summit of the mountain has been reached, every wrong having been thoroughly forgiven, and the spirit cleansed of all evil dispositions, there still remains the memory, whose chambers are hung with the black pictures of guilt. Such darkness cannot enter into the celestial light. Said Macbeth to his physician: —

> "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote
> Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart?"

The vision of God is impossible until sin, if it is remembered at all, is remembered as belonging to a vanquished self. "Wash me throughly!" is the cry of the soul. The conscience and the memory cannot be left out. For this deep

need Dante provides. When he recovers from the swoon into which he fell at the rebuke of Beatrice, Matilda draws him into the river Lethe, while sweet voices from the blessed shore sing, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean." When he had drunk of the strange waters all memory of his former sins was obliterated. Thus this great teacher would instruct us that a life of active virtue leads to a forgetfulness of past evil.

One more experience must be undergone before the redeemed soul is fit to wing its flight to the stars. The Catholic Church teaches the doctrine of "reviving merit." The good which men have done lives in them. The fair as well as the foul is written on the tablets of the mind, and what is good God never allows to be blotted out. And so into the river Eunoë, flowing from the same source as Lethe, the poet is led, and takes of that sweet draught which revives his powers, crippled by sin. "I returned from the most holy wave, renovated as new plants renewed with new foliage, pure and disposed to mount unto the stars."

In pondering the way of life by which this passionate thirteenth-century prophet proclaims that men attain perfect liberty, one cannot but remark the stress he lays upon a principle which has well-nigh faded from the Protestant mind. It is that of expiation. Dante has elsewhere very tersely stated this satisfaction which must be rendered to the moral law: "And to his dignity he never returns, unless, where sin makes void, he fill up for evil pleasures with just penalties."

This stern and august conception of the retributive recoil of the moral order upon sin has grown somewhat dim in the modern religious consciousness. We emphasize the fatherhood rather than the justice of God. We make the penalties for crime corrective rather than punitive, and rightly; nevertheless, we must reinstate in our thought, in something of its former grandeur and power, the unvarying law which to the swarthy Florentine prophet works through all life: that "where sin makes void," man must "fill up for evil pleasures with just penalties." Nemesis was no idle dream of classical antiquity, and the doctrine of expiation which has loomed so large in the thought of the profoundest minds of the Church, while it may need restatement, will refuse to be so jauntily rejected as it is by much of our newer theology. Neglected in the religious teachings of the day, it is reappearing as the dominant truth in the masterpieces of fiction. But although it needs fuller recognition than it receives, there tower above it other monumental verities, whose shining glory neither Dante nor our modern novelists have beheld.

It is doubtless true that the Purgatorio is one of the most deeply religious books in the world; yet it still comes far short of embodying the loftiest spiritual ideals. Its way to liberty is not the path pointed out by him who said, "I am the way." Christ laid emphasis on the intimate relationship of his disciples with himself as the power that would redeem them from sin. Their love for him and his presence in them were to free them from the power and relicts of evil. Paul faced identically the same problem that confronted our austere prophet; but his answer was far different: "For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." He did not think of himself as creeping up some almost inaccessible height. A stupendous power of life had gotten hold of him, mastered him to his being's core, and was working out its own purpose in him. The love of Christ constrained him, and not a desire for personal salvation. John Wesley felt he had not been converted until he had given up "will-work" and "self-regeneration," and trusted in the indwelling Christ for his sanctification. Dante is not merely the

child of his time in thus seeking liberty; he is the child of his temperament. St. Francis, whom he praises so ardently in the Paradiso, was loosed from the bondage of his sin through his rapturous love of an ever present Saviour. He repented of his sins and confessed them in genuine contrition, but all thought of expiation was lost in the sea of his love. He was conscious of no long, sad years of dreary labor, in order that he might fill up the void made by evil pleasures with just penalties. His thoughts were not centred upon his own sufferings, but Christ's, until the very print of the nails appeared upon his hands and feet. He did not set himself resolutely to break down evil habits by a toilsome building up of virtuous ones. His ceaseless activities sprang spontaneously out of his fervent love for his divine master, and this made his earthly purgatorial life exultant with a joy that is wanting in Dante's purgatory. St. Bernard, whom Dante so reverenced as to choose him as interpreter in that supreme moment when he looked into the face of God, could not have left a sense of sweet personal communion with Christ so completely out of the Purgatorio and Paradiso. He said to the people who flocked to his cloister: "If thou writest, nothing therein has savor to me unless I read Jesus in it. If thou discussest or conversest, nothing there is agreeable to me unless in it also Jesus resounds. Jesus is honey in the mouth, melody in the ear, a song of jubilee in the heart."

This startling omission grew partly out of the fact that Dante emphasized God's manifestation of himself in a system of theology rather than in a saviour, — Beatrice, not Christ, was the supreme revelation of the Father, — and partly out of the vicious and artificial distinction which the schoolmen made between the moral and the religious. St. Thomas sought to draw a line between what a man can know and attain through the exercise of his own faculties and what must be disclosed to him. He recognized a gulf between the natural and the supernatural. Man's native reason is able to show him the nature and consequences of sin, and to lead him to temporal felicity and purity of heart. But God, immortality, and high spiritual truths are beyond reason, and must be revealed. Upon this distinction are built the Purgatorio and the Paradiso; yet it is hurtful. It is the old baneful separation of the ethical and spiritual life. Cardinal Newman has said that the atonement should not be preached to the unconverted, but that the preacher should mark out obedience to the moral law as the ordinary means of attaining to the Christian faith; that is, first moral purity, then religion. Paul's programme was different. When he went to Corinth, he preached first of all the forgiveness of sins and the resurrection. He brought the repentant soul, not through a long process of moral purgation, but face to face with the living Christ: this infuses a new life, and calls forth an answering love. The expulsive power of this ardent affection makes a new creature, who does not set himself doggedly to break down old habits and form better ones, but, constrained by love, gives himself to grateful service. This is the way to the "glorious liberty of the children of God;" and it is a diviner way than that over which this sad-souled prophet, who had not yet caught sight of the robes of Christ or seen the beautiful eyes of Beatrice, pressed his weary feet. Yet Dante's way of life is a true way, traveled often by men in all communions, who purify their souls by the beholding of truth in the lives of others, by the constant practice of virtue, and by patiently following reason, instead of joyfully serving Christ.

Purgatory is a process rather than a place. We may deny the place, but the process is life itself, which no one can ponder deeply and describe without writing a Purgatorio. Most of the masterpieces of

fiction are but a restatement of Dante's task. Their problem is to show how sins are expiated and souls purified by pain and toil. Purgatory banished from theology has made its home in literature; yet in this metamorphosis from a dogma of the theologian to the plot of the novelist its essential character is unchanged. The purgatorial process portrayed in literature comes much nearer the standard of the Tuscan poet than the ideals of the New Testament.

I can find no indication in Hawthorne's life that he ever read a canto of Dante. The Scarlet Letter was written before he learned Italian, but the similarity between this powerful novel and the Purgatorio is very striking. The scene of one is in Boston, and of the other on the holy mountain; but in both the interest centres in tracing the rugged and fiery path by which liberty from the stain and power of sin is attained. The weird and gloomy genius of the Protestant has drawn even a more terrible picture than did the Catholic of the Middle Ages. Hawthorne's purpose was to show how Hester Prynne, who for the sin of adultery was condemned to wear the scarlet letter A exposed upon her bosom, and Arthur Dimmesdale, her unrevealed partner in guilt, purified their souls through purgatorial sufferings. So closely do the minds of these two powerful writers keep together in unfolding their common thought that sometimes almost identical forms of expression and experience are used. In one place Hawthorne employs a sentence to describe the lot of his hero that reminds us very forcibly of Dante's famous account of his own experiences. Mr. Dimmesdale had chosen single blessedness: therefore he is compelled "to eat his unsavory morsel always at another's board, and endure the lifelong chill which must be his lot who seeks to warm himself only at another's fireside." Very similar is Dante's statement of his own homeless condition in the well-known prophecy of Cacciaguida:

> "Thou shalt have proof how savoureth of salt
> The bread of others, and how hard a road
> The going down and up another's stairs."
> (Par. xvii. 58–60. Longfellow's trans.)

The sweetest passage in the Inferno is the poet's recital of his meeting with Francesca da Rimini. Leigh Hunt calls it "a lily in the mouth of Tartarus." The only consolation left to poor Francesca, as she was swept about on the never resting blast, was that from Paolo she would never be separated. Their sin had made them one forever. Hester had been carried into the same Inferno by the impetuous rush of the same passion, and while there her solace was also the same. She might have fled from the Puritan colony, and thus have escaped part of her penalty; but she refused, because "there dwelt, there trode the feet of one with whom she deemed herself connected in a union that, unrecognized on earth, would bring them together before the bar of final judgment, and make that their marriage altar, for a joint futurity of endless retribution. Over and over again, the tempter of souls had thrust this idea upon Hester's contemplation, and laughed at the passionate and desperate joy with which she seized, and then strove to cast it from her. She barely looked the idea in the face, and hastened to bar it in its dungeon." Thus did Hester for a moment taste of the sweet comfort which was Francesca's sole alleviation in torment, but she escaped from her own hell into purgatory because she thrust it from her, and with acquiescent mind endured her punishment.

Dante's problem was to erase the seven P's from his forehead; Hawthorne's was to let the scarlet letter A burn on the breast of Hester until it purified her soul. Each shows that the way to absolution is up the three steps of contrition, confession, expiation. True contrition there was in the hearts of both Hester and the clergyman; but the latter's life was a sickening tragedy, be-

cause he lacked the courage to confess his crime. He would have two steps rather than three by which to enter into the gate, but he learned that there can be no true contrition without a confession. "Happy are you, Hester, that wear the scarlet letter openly upon your bosom! Mine burns in secret! Thou little knowest what a relief it is, after the torment of a seven years' cheat, to look into an eye that recognizes me for what I am! Had I one friend — or were it my worst enemy! — to whom, when sickened with the praises of all other men, I could daily betake myself, and be known as the vilest of all sinners, methinks my soul might keep itself alive thereby. Even thus much of truth would save me. But, now, it is all falsehood! — all emptiness! — all death!" And it is not until he makes a public confession on the scaffold that he dies in hope. In that last tragic scene he attests that God's grace, working through the stern and indispensable trinity, confession, contrition, satisfaction, which Dante recognized, had ransomed his soul: "God knows; and He is merciful! He hath proved his mercy most of all in my afflictions. By giving me this burning torture to bear upon my breast! by sending yonder dark and terrible old man to keep the torture always at red-heat! By bringing me hither to die this death of triumphant ignominy before the people! Had either of these agonies been wanting, I had been lost forever!" But the absorbing interest of Hawthorne's powerful story lies in the revelation of how expiatory sufferings cleanse Hester's soul. The shades whom Dante saw upon the mountain preferred to remain constantly in their torments, so that the sooner they might be purified. Hester abode near the scene of her guilt, that "perchance the torture of her daily shame would at length purge her soul, and work out another purity than that which she had lost; more saint-like, because the result of martyrdom." These continual sufferings, at once expiatory toward the moral sense of the community and remedial to herself, finally changed the scarlet letter from a badge of shame to a symbol of purity and holiness.

We miss in Hawthorne what we missed in Dante. There is no strong sense of the forgiveness of God, no mighty and triumphant love healing the soul and urging it to joyful service. The cross is but a dim light in the background, not a living reality changing a vague hope to love. The novelist doubtless portrayed common life, but Mary Magdalene, with her loving devotion to the Christ, walked in a better way than Hester Prynne.

What is true of The Scarlet Letter is true of all the great works of modern fiction. They are Dantean rather than Christian.

There are three ineffaceable impressions made upon the mind of every earnest student of the Purgatorio. The first is the inevitable and fearful consequences of sin. In the Inferno we were appalled by a vision of sin in its essential nature. Here we behold it in its terrible effects. It is no slight thing, easily overlooked. It is a crime against God. It creates a void in the moral universe, which must be filled with just penalties. It is a blow at the divine order, and the recoil is as sure as the decrees of the Almighty. Moreover, it is an injury to the individual. No slightest evil temper can be indulged without a black registry upon the soul itself. The blow anger aims at another falls upon one's own soul, and the lust that burns toward others kindles a fiercer fire in the sinner's spiritual nature.

The second impression is that it is impossible to enter into life and joy until these effects are expunged. The debt must be paid in full to an outraged moral order; there can be no shuffling. It may demand the death of the Son of God, and the unspeakable sufferings of

the race; but, cost what it may in pain and tears and passionate love, the scales of God's justice must balance. The scars also which sin has made upon the soul must all be erased, even though the price paid is a millennium of wandering upon the mount of pain.

The third impression is that while the divine love works upon a man in a thousand ways, yet human coöperation must be continuous, absorbed, energetic. The stain of sin is no trivial thing, easily wiped out by a prayer. Salvation is no ready-made article, which man has but to accept. The soul is not saved unless it keeps thinking. It drives out bad thoughts by good ones. Constant contemplation of virtue creates love for it, and hate for sin, while the new thought and the new love are converted into character by ceaseless practice.

These truths the swarthy prophet learned upon the holy mountain. In words of sweetest music and pictures of imperishable beauty he wrote them upon tables of stone, and then, with face shining from his vision, he brought them down to the people upon the plain, who feasted and danced about their golden calf.

Charles A. Dinsmore.

THE PASSING OF MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

I DO not exactly remember when I came to understand that the little old lady sitting opposite me in the studio was my model. Portraits, you know, like children, have their slow process of mental development, and I cannot say precisely when my period of infancy came to an end, and was followed by unbroken consciousness. It seems to me that the artist was tinkering with a flesh tint on my right cheek when I first began to experience the joy of living, and to take notice of things around me. Certainly from that moment I grew greatly interested in the little old lady, and watched her with the keen delight that led me to suspect there was a bond of the most cordial sympathy between us. I fancy that even the artist himself could not have been more solicitous for her physical condition, or the requisites for a successful sitting. Instinctively I seemed to know when things were not going right, and often I have said to myself: "This is our off day," or, "We are not keyed up to it," or, "We shall have to do this all over to-morrow." If artists only had a little of our sensitiveness, our perception of wrong conditions, how much time and fruitless labor might be saved!

The little old lady was not beautiful, although she had a certain dignity and strength of bearing that greatly impressed me at the time. She was then about seventy years of age, and I remember that she wore a funny old cap on her head, tied under her chin with black strings, and that her gray hair was brushed rather severely down over her temples. Her dress was of black silk, and a bit of lace was around her throat, fastened with a cameo brooch, which seemed to me then the most beautiful of all possible ornaments. I recollect with what a thrill I felt the artist painting in the lace around my throat, and decorating me with the gorgeous cameo. Everything was new and joyous to me, and I had that feeling of intoxication which comes to every picture firmly persuaded it is a masterpiece.

Notwithstanding the gentle dignity of the little old lady and her general air of reserve, there were times when she was loquacious, and then I became familiar with our family history, and picked up points of extreme value at a later day.

And as the work progressed, her daughter Caroline and her son-in-law George dropped in to make suggestions; and daughter Martha from the country and a son from the West, and various other relations of near and remote degree, were summoned for consultation; and among them all I was subjected to many alterations. The artist bore patiently with these suggestions, and I have never ceased to regard his profession with a feeling of the highest respect coupled with the sincerest pity. But there is an end to all trials, even in a studio, and at last I was pronounced perfect, and borne triumphantly to my new home.

George and Caroline lived, as I am now aware, in a pleasant but unfashionable quarter of the city. To me, unacquainted with any habitation save the studio, the dwelling seemed a palace. George was a young man of excellent business habits, steady and industrious, and fully able to support in comfort his wife, her mother, the little old lady, and the two young daughters, Elizabeth and Bertha. To my inexperienced eye and modest taste, there seemed nothing left on earth to be desired.

Ah, those were happy days! The memory of them remains to cheer me, now that my gilt has gone, my lustre has vanished. Whenever a visitor would come to the house, Caroline would march her up in front of me, and say proudly, "Did you ever see a more perfect picture than this of mother?" And the little old lady would look up at me and shake her head, and say deprecatingly, "Now, Caroline, if I were you, I would n't say anything more about it." George — he was a jovial fellow, was George — quite fastened himself on my affections; for he often passed through the parlor when he came down to breakfast, and called out to me, just as cheerily as if I were the real article, — which, of course, just then, I was not, — "Hello, grandma!" How I smiled at him at those times!

I suppose things must have run on like this for about a year. One morning the little old lady did not join us as usual, and all that day and the next day, and through the week, there was a great stillness in the house. And one night I heard the sound of weeping upstairs; and very soon Caroline came down, and threw herself on the sofa just under me, and gave way to her grief, until George came in, and gently led her away. And two days later all the neighbors and friends assembled at the house; and when they left, I heard the nurse tell the girl next door that they had taken the little old lady with them on her long journey. You see I did not know at that time what death was, and I thought it very kindly and beautiful to take such an interest in the journey of a friend.

With the passing of the little old lady the gravity of my new duties began to appeal to me more strongly. I noticed with some perplexity that I had aged considerably in my feelings, and that I seemed to be governed by a familiar spirit and to possess an unaccountable knowledge of the past, a phenomenon in psychology I am unable to explain. This sense of responsibility was materially intensified when Caroline, in her first moments of loneliness and grief, would stand before me with clasped hands and say mournfully, "You are all that is left to me of her." At such moments I tried to comfort her, and I really believe that in a great measure I succeeded.

We were all very happy together, and it was pleasant for me, after the children had gone to bed, to be in the little parlor with George and Caroline, and hear them discuss our brightening prospects. The sight of so much domestic bliss was a perpetual pleasure, and often I have confided to my little crewel friend and neighbor, God-Bless-Our-Home, my conviction that a happier group of persons and pictures never existed in the world.

I shall not attempt to dwell on the eight happy years I spent in the little parlor, though it is true that I thought I

saw an occasional tendency to get away from the old traditions, and I gathered from the conversation of the ladies who called in the afternoon that Caroline had become a woman of considerable importance in the neighborhood; but I freely confess that I did not understand a word of their talk about clubs and papers and conventions and federations, and a hundred things that were never heard of when I was a girl. It was all very hollow and profligate to me, and God-Bless-Our-Home quite agreed with me that mothers and wives could be much more profitably employed in their domestic duties. One night — I think it was the first evening in six since we were together in the little parlor — George said to Caroline, "Well, my dear, I closed the bargain to-day for the house on the avenue." Such a scene of congratulation! Elizabeth said, "Thank Heaven, I shan't be ashamed now to receive company!" I could not understand what the child meant, for it seemed to me that nothing could be more beautiful than our parlor, with its new furniture and its spick-span rugs. I said as much to my neighbor on the left, A Cloudy Morning on Lake George; but Cloudy Morning rudely laughed at me. He was a supercilious fellow.

That period of moving! Shall I ever forget it? For twenty-four hours I was lost in a blinding dust, and then for three whole days I stood up against the baseboard of the dining room, with my face pressed against the wall, utterly unable to see a thing that was going on. What I suffered during this period of retirement only a woman can understand. Another day of torture would have led me to disgrace myself before the household effects. It had never occurred to me that I should not occupy my old position on the parlor wall of our new home, and I was much surprised when I heard Caroline say: "What shall we do with mother's picture? Of course it will never do to hang it in the drawing-room." I did not know then what they meant by the drawing-room, but the imputation that any place was too good for me was not to be passed over without resentment.

However, it was finally decided that I should be hung back in the library; and I found, to my great pleasure, that it was a most cheerful and inviting room, relieved of that terrible primness that characterized the parlor, or, as they called it, the drawing-room. For a week or more I was quite happy and contented with my new surroundings. Once or twice I thought I saw the old love light come back into Caroline's eyes, as she looked up at me smiling down on the library table, but I dare say I was mistaken. One evening — George and Caroline had gone upstairs, and I had composed myself for the night — who should follow Elizabeth into the library but young Mr. De Vivian! Now I never could abide De Vivian, and why Elizabeth tolerated him I could never understand, for in my day he would have been laughed at for a fop and a dandy. I caught him staring at me several times in the most impertinent manner, and you may depend upon it I returned his gaze with a haughtiness that would have rebuffed a fellow less presumptuous. After one of my most scornful looks, he turned to Elizabeth and drawled: —

"I say, Elizabeth, who is the queer old party on the wall, in the cap and sackcloth?"

Conceive, then, my amazement, my chagrin, my discomfiture, when my own grandchild positively blushed, and, fingering a paperknife nervously, stammered, for the words must have choked her: —

"That? Why, that, I believe, is one of mamma's distant relations."

And this from my granddaughter, whom, when a little child, I brought through the croup after the doctors had given her up, the baby I had watched and petted, the girl I had loved and guided! I suppose I was an old fool,

but, do you know, at that moment something seemed to swim before my eyes; the whole room was blurred, young De Vivian had vanished, and I was back in the nursery, crooning to a little babe, and thanking God that so fair a child had been given to comfort us and make us happy. And I thought of the little old lady lying peacefully under the snow in the silent city, and I wondered if it is spared to her to know what is sometimes said of us after we are gone by those we have loved.

Well, I thought it all over during the night, and came to the conclusion that my granddaughter would be much ashamed of her conduct, so I was prepared to forgive her at the first genuine manifestation of repentance. But Elizabeth was in a frightful humor in the morning. She looked at me viciously by way of preparing me for the worst, and then she said:

"Mamma, why don't you take that awful daub out of the library?"

"I don't think I should call it a daub, Elizabeth," answered Caroline, "but perhaps it is out of place. It may be more respectful to put it where it will not excite derision. I think I'll have William hang it in my room. Family portraits are more in keeping with bedrooms."

"Mrs. Benslow does n't keep her mother's portrait in the bedroom," spoke up little Bertha. "She has it hanging right in the front hall, where everybody can see it the first thing." I could have hugged the child for her brave words.

"Mrs. Benslow's mother was a Colonial dame," said Elizabeth; "that 's quite another thing."

"I don't see what difference that makes," replied the stout little Bertha; "a grandmother 's a grandmother, is n't she?"

"Yes, and a child 's a child," said Elizabeth angrily; "and when you have grown a little more, you will appreciate a good many things you know nothing about now."

I fancy that Bertha saw the way I smiled upon her, and I believe that, somewhere near, the spirit of a little old lady was hovering to guard her from knowing that sort of world that cherishes its ancestors merely from pride of place and pomp of condition.

After William had hung me up over Caroline's bed, I discovered, to my annoyance, the crayon portrait of George's uncle Ben grinning at me from the opposite wall. Ben Chisholm and I were children together, and we had quarreled from the very moment we met. Up to this time Ben had occupied an inferior position in the family, and I think would not have been tolerated at all had he not left George quite a sum of money when he died. It gave me a terrible shock, after all these years, to see him grinning and chuckling to himself.

"Well," said Ben, after William had gone away, "you 've come to it, have you? I guessed it was only a question of time. Of course it was natural enough for you to suppose that the fate of an obstinate and disagreeable bachelor uncle could never overtake a nice, considerate, amiable mother, but I knew it was sure to come." And he laughed so uproariously that he jarred a Madonna and two Magdalenes off their level.

"I do not know," said I shortly, "what you mean by this gibberish about 'fate' and 'time;' and you will oblige me by stopping that grinning and chuckling, and by behaving like a reasonable being."

"Then I shall have to explain," he continued, with such a frightful leer that the two Magdalenes shivered and huddled together, and the Madonna humbly cast down her eyes. "It came easy to me. I started in the back sitting room two months before the funeral, and went up on the second floor shortly after the will was read, notwithstanding my efforts to do what I could to help along the family. Is n't that amusing? You observe that I do not spare myself, and run the risk of spoiling a joke."

"It is very likely," said I, "that the family was anxious to put you out of the way; for anything that would remind anybody of you must be necessarily painful."

"Yes, I was somewhat trying, I dare say; but their disposition of me does not explain, so far as I can see, why dear mother should be shunted first into the library, and then into an upstairs bedroom. That is what is worrying me, dear friend."

Happily for me, the conversation, humiliating as it was in the presence of the three strange ladies, was interrupted by the entrance of the maid; though I must say for the ladies that their sympathy was wholly with me, and that they have since acknowledged that for many weeks Ben Chisholm had kept them in a condition of terror by his ribald jokes and boisterous laughter. But it would be useless to deny that the poison of Ben Chisholm's discourse had entered my system. I could not divest myself of the suspicion he had excited, that I had been put out of the way because I was no longer acceptable to a family that had made such advancement in the business and social world. Caroline barely noticed me, although I employed every artifice to attract her attention; and she was continually away from home, taken up with her worldly prospects, her clubs, receptions, and never ending round of evening gayeties. The Madonna never ceased to give me admirable counsel from her wonderful storehouse of knowledge. She spoke long and earnestly of the evils of wealth and fashion, of the temptations that beset the worldly rich, of the quickness with which a life of frivolity dries up the human heart; and she besought me to be prepared at all times for such changes in fortune as might be appointed.

For this reason I was tranquil, even cheerful, when Caroline, suddenly pointing to me one morning, said to the maid, "Mary, you may take that picture down to-day, and hang it in the sewing room." This was somewhat startling; but I soon gathered from the conversation of the servants that Caroline was preparing for a grand evening reception, and that the room was to be given over to the women for the removal of their wraps, and the putting on of the final touches. It came over me all at once that I was banished not merely because, in my sober garb, I did not fit in with such splendor, but because Ben Chisholm was right, and my family was ashamed of the comments of these worldly fashionables. Time was when I might have wept for such unfilial conduct, but how would idle tears have availed? And so I bore myself bravely, with just that old dead pain at the heart I have never quite succeeded in banishing.

I was vastly cheered, as Mary bore me to my new stopping place, to observe, smiling at me from above the closet door, my little crewel friend, God-Bless-Our-Home, whom I had not seen since we were neighbors and cronies in the old-fashioned parlor. I had mourned her as dead, and here she was, — a trifle weather-beaten, perhaps, but otherwise as cheerful and stimulating as ever.

"I know it is unbecoming to complain," said my little crewel friend, with a sigh, "but, as you are aware, it is hard, when one has presided over a parlor, and stood for as much as I represent, even on my face value, to be exiled, without a word of apology or explanation, to a back room upstairs. Ben Chisholm was here for a few days, and he dwelt, rather maliciously, I thought, on the fact that my old place in the parlor is now given up to a painting wholly unscriptural, and, I fear, not altogether decorous. But I prefer to believe that the shift was not so much the result of a change of heart as of the recognition of things in their proper places."

"And that is why you are over the closet door in a back room?" said I, with a touch of bitterness.

"Wherever I am," answered God-Bless-Our-Home very sweetly, "it is enough for me to know that I am not responsible for any failure of my mission, and that it is not my fault that there are other things more beautiful and alluring to the world than myself."

I was ashamed of my outburst, and begged my little friend to forgive my hasty words. And I asked her to tell me about the sewing room; whether Caroline and the girls assembled there for family consultation, and worked and talked together, as in the good old times when I was a girl just learning the domestic arts.

God-Bless-Our-Home smiled, but, it seemed to me, a little sadly. "Times have changed, my dear old friend, since you were young, and you forget that necessity for labor with the needle no longer exists in your family. It is true that I do see your daughter and the girls occasionally; for they come here to be fitted, and then the telephone is always a source of distraction. I must say that I have no special fondness for gossip, and yet I cannot help overhearing much that is said, pleasant and unpleasant. You know that it is through the sewing women, who work by the day or week, that our fashionable ladies pick up much, if not all of their general information on personal matters, and in this way I have acquired a stock of knowledge surprising in its extent, if not in its accuracy."

And with this introduction God-Bless-Our-Home proceeded to regale me with the choicest bits of family information. I heard how Caroline had become a woman of the most tremendous importance in club and fashionable life, and how she constantly berated George for his indifference to social affairs, and bewailed his indisposition to play an active part in the gay world in which she moved. I learned that George had accumulated a vast fortune, which served only to make him more restless and dissatisfied than ever, and that while Caroline and the girls gave themselves up to their pleasures he became more engrossed with his business, finding in the pursuit of wealth his greatest happiness. That Elizabeth had given her troth to young Mr. De Vivian pained but did not surprise me, but that the wedding had been put off until the family moved into the new house gave me much disquietude. I dreaded the thought of the fate in store for me, and with trepidation I communicated my fears to my friend.

"It is true," said God-Bless-Our-Home, "that our family feels that it has outgrown this house and its surroundings, and that it has made preparations to move into a more elegant home in a still more fashionable quarter of the city. I have heard Caroline say as much to her friends, over the telephone; and George has frequently come in at night to call the architect and contractors, to hurry them along with the work. I do not know what will become of us, but I try not to think of unpleasant things."

Much more, from time to time, God-Bless-Our-Home told me of the family doings, and often I picked up interesting matter from the gossip of the sewing women and the frequent conversation over the telephone. For Elizabeth was accustomed to spend many moments, idly it appeared to me, in calling up young Mr. De Vivian and speaking of things of a most frivolous and empty character, such as I was ashamed to hear discussed in the presence of my little friend.

Thus several months went by without special incident, and we were beginning to think that possibly we were settled for the winter, when one morning Mary entered the room, bringing our former companion, the Titian Magdalene. My pleasure at the sight of her was somewhat tempered by the discovery that she was in unusual depression of spirits, and seemed to be laboring with the most painful emotions. As often as I tried

to ask the reason of her coming my courage failed; but I was not long kept in suspense, for, having partly recovered from her agitation, she spoke with great frankness.

"Everything is in confusion," said the Magdalene. "The house is torn up; my sister, the Correggio, has been carried I know not where, and the Madonna is lying, face downward, on the bedroom floor. Strange men have entered the house, laying lawless hands on what they could reach; and it was through their carelessness that I received this abrasion of the skin on my right arm. I know that a great upheaval has come into our life, and I shudder for the consequences to us all."

"Let us not be discouraged," replied God-Bless-Our-Home, with the utmost cheerfulness, "but let us hope for the best, even when we naturally fear the worst. Perhaps it will not be so bad as we think, and perhaps we shall all come together in our new abode. For I see from what Magdalene tells us that another period of restlessness has come, and that we must shortly go to another home."

The time was even shorter than she thought; for hardly had the words escaped her, when the strange men broke into the room, and laid violent hold on us, and tore us from the wall, and bore us away downstairs, where lay the Madonna in the shameful condition described by Magdalene, with certain secular and low-class prints and engravings piled ignominiously on her frame. I shall not linger on the disgrace and confusion of those awful hours; nor shall I dwell on the humiliating manner in which we were all jumbled into a moving van, wholly regardless of propriety and dignity, and jostled about in a most agonizing journey. I remember that the Madonna, covered with dirt, and hardly recognizable in the accumulation of two days' dust on the littered floor, never lost her admirable composure, but earnestly besought us to be patient and to bear our misfortunes with humility. However, I could not refrain from crying out against the inhuman treatment to which family portraits and old and constant picture friends are so wantonly subjected.

When we had come to our journey's end, and had been carried roughly into the house, which was indeed a palace in beauty and extent, the Madonna warned us to prepare ourselves for any indignity. "For I perceive," said she, "that this dwelling is on a scale of grandeur far beyond our condition." A malignant chuckle greeted this remark, most humbly and piously uttered, and, turning, we saw for the first time that Ben Chisholm had been put down in our corner, whereat we all shuddered.

"You ought not to expect anything," said he coarsely, "you and those two women there, for you are only copies. But look at me. I'm an original. And yet I dare say that I have as little to hope for as any of you. But I don't complain. I'm used to it, and I know the people. You'll allow me to add that it's about time for you and dear mother to scrape up a fair knowledge of our precious family," and he grinned so diabolically that we turned away, sick at heart. There is nothing so terrible, in periods of wretchedness, as a malicious philosopher.

For thirty-six hours we lay on the floor, while one by one our companions were picked up and borne away. I was at the bottom of the heap, with my face resting — not inappropriately, all things considered — on a scrubbing brush, and bearing many grievous burdens, of the nature of which I knew nothing, on my back, when George contemptuously punched me with his foot, and asked: —

"What are you going to do with all this truck?"

(Think of that! Mother's portrait, a Madonna, a Titian, and a Correggio, — truck!)

"I really don't know," answered Caroline. "There is so much I wish we had destroyed or thrown away before we left the old place. Most of it is fit only for the ash barrel."

"Here is grandmother's picture," said Bertha, vainly endeavoring to rescue me from the pile. "I recognize the frame. Certainly you don't mean to throw that into the ash barrel?"

"No," replied Caroline, "I cannot throw it away, though I sometimes wish I could. It's an atrocious likeness, — always was; positively too frightful to hang where anybody can see it."

"I thought you used to like it," said Bertha innocently. I believe I have said that Bertha was my favorite grandchild, and a girl of uncommon penetration.

"I never liked it, though I admit that I have tolerated it before."

"Before she became rich and fashionable," said I to myself bitterly; "why does n't she finish her sentence?"

"So I think, for the present," continued Caroline, "we 'd better stow it away in a safe place. William, suppose you carry this picture up to the top floor and put it in the trunk room. And while you are about it you may as well dispose of the rest of these old traps."

Indeed! So hereafter I was to be regarded a part of the "truck" and "old traps," — a pretty ending of my dream of a happy and honored old age! As William took me out of the room, I could not forbear calling out, in my indignation, "Remember, Caroline, I am all that is left to you of her!" But if she heard me she gave no indication; and, in truth, I am inclined to think that my reproach would have carried little weight, so completely had her nature been changed by the vanities and pomp of her new life.

Behold me, then, in the trunk room, a good-sized but dark and poorly ventilated apartment, just off the ballroom, at the top of the house. The room was fairly filled with a great variety of household effects, which, I recall, were groaning and complaining loudly as William threw me, somewhat contemptuously and very roughly, into a corner, behind a large box. I lost, through this treatment, quite a section of gilt from the right of my frame. It was altogether too dark to recognize my neighbors; still, I knew that the Madonna and the two Magdalenes and God-Bless-Our-Home were my companions in exile, and it was not many minutes before I discovered that Ben Chisholm was in a distant corner, mercifully held down by two dress-suit cases and a steamer trunk. But nothing could repress that fellow's malevolence of spirits.

"And so we are all together once more," he piped up, in his shrill, squeaky voice. "Well, if this is n't real pleasant and homelike! I am sorry you ladies cannot get a better look at me, — the lighting arrangements here are execrable, — for I think this new hole in my left arm would interest you. And just to think that after so many days and months of separation we should be reunited! Was n't it thoughtful of George and Caroline to arrange for this charming meeting? Do you suppose there is any danger they will tear us apart again?"

We were too much occupied with our own grief to answer, and, after chuckling to himself a few minutes, he went on: —

"So this is the trunk room and rubbish closet. Is n't it cosy in here? A trifle warm in summer, perhaps, but think how comfortable we shall be in winter! I hope you ladies don't mind mice," — the Correggio gave a little scream, — "for I distinctly heard a mouse gnawing over by my right hand. Personally I don't bother about mice; but I have understood that women are afraid of them, and I deem it my duty to warn you in time. It seems rather strange that we should have everything possible up here except a mouse trap. Perhaps, if mother would speak about it

to her thoughtful and loving daughter, she would provide one."

This sarcastic reference to my unfilial child gave me a more bitter sense of my misfortune, and excited the indignation of my companions, who violently reproached Ben for his ill-timed levity.

"What 's the use of pretending to so much virtue?" he grumbled. "You all know that we are in the last ditch, and have nothing to look forward to except the ash heap or kindling box. Let us make the best of it while it lasts. At the worst we are next to the ballroom, where we can hear the music, and at other times we shall have plenty of leisure for reflection over a giddy and more or less exciting past. I 'm going to be philosophical, but I must confess that this steamer trunk is uncommonly heavy."

There was a good deal of sense in what Ben said; and while I do not wish to give him credit for anything useful or helpful, he did, however unwittingly, cheer us up. He was right, too, in his conjecture as to the music; for Caroline began straightway a series of lavish entertainments, and three or four evenings of every week the strains of the dance came plainly to us, and the chatter of voices and the sound of laughter made us forget our isolation. At times I thought I could detect Caroline's voice, and her tones invariably set me to thinking of the quiet evenings in the little front parlor, when God-Bless-Our-Home was the ruling spirit, and when life seemed the brightest and happiest and best of all possible conditions. At these times I think I should have wept, had it been possible for me again to weep.

But it must not be thought that we had seen the last of Caroline. I remember the first day she opened the door, and, entering the room, began to peer around. My heart gave a great leap, and I thought, "Perhaps she has come for me!" In this I was mistaken, for after rummaging eagerly a few minutes — barely giving me a glance — she seized an old teapot of lacquered tin, and bore it away triumphantly. Another day she came again, and this time she carried out an old-fashioned gilt mirror of the preceding century. To these succeeded a dingy pewter plate and a rusty sword which, I remember hearing, her great-great-grandfather wore in the war of the Revolution. Then we realized that Caroline had become infected with the craze for antiques, and great hopes sprang up in the trunk room, and there was much speculation as to our respective chances. Ben Chisholm, however, refused to be dazzled by the prospect. "Whatever happens, there 's no show for you or me, old mother," he said gruffly; "for we 're neither one thing nor the other, and we 'll be lucky if they let us stay on here. When we go out, we go to the garbage can."

I was not to be discouraged by this dreary croaker. It came to me how, when I hung on the wall in the library, my neighbor (he was one of the old masters; I cannot remember which one) told me he had lain many years in a dismal attic, wholly forgotten and unrecognized. And one day a strange man, prowling about, picked him up, and carried him to the light, and detected his almost priceless value. In a few hours he was in a brilliant room, eagerly stared at by hundreds of admiring connoisseurs of art. Whereupon I thought: "Why should I not have similar fortune? Why should I give way to dejection and hopelessness? It may be true that Caroline is dead to me or I am dead to her, and that she, and Elizabeth and Bertha, and their children, and their children's children, may pass away while I am lying forlorn and forgotten and covered with dust in this dark corner. But may it not be that in generations to come I too shall have a part to play, and shall begin a new life? May I not be recognized as a forbear of a distinguished house, a Daughter of the Civil War, a Dame before the Empire, and be carried proudly to the drawing-room or the most

illustrious chamber, to be venerated by my descendants, and admired by their friends and kinsmen?"

In this timid hope and expectation I am living. When the house is quiet, and grumbling Ben has sulked off to sleep, and those of my companions who are left have found the sweet oblivion which comes to us all alike, I try to picture the glory that awaits me, and to content myself with the belief that I shall be great and famous and happy. But my heart keeps asking me, Will it pay? Is the flattery of future generations worth the few years of love that should now be mine? Will all the exultation I may feel in the ages to come atone for this bitter pang of knowing that those who were dearest to me rejected me? And constantly in these sad moments I am traveling back to the old-fashioned parlor, and I see the peaceful face of the little old lady as she looked that afternoon when they bore her away on her long journey. And my heart tells me that it would be far better to have gone with her and passed beyond while love was strong and faith was unshattered.

Roswell Field.

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

I.

Oh, the days, the arbutus days!
They come from heaven on high;
They wrap the world in brooding haze,
They marry earth and sky.

What lures me onward o'er the hills,
Or down the beaten trail?
Vague murmuring all the valley fills,
And yonder shouts the quail.

Like mother bird upon her nest
The day broods o'er the earth;
Fresh hope and life fill every breast;
I share the spring's new birth.

II.

Awake! arise! and April wise
Seek out a forest side,
Where under wreaths of withered leaves
The shy sweet flowers hide.

I hear the hum of red-ruff's drum,
And hark! the thrasher sings;
On elm tree high against the sky,
List to his mimickings.

Upon my soul, he calls the roll
Of all the birds o' the year:

"Veery!" "Chewink!" "Oriole!" "Bobolink!"
"Haste!" "Make haste!" "Spring is here!"

Now pause and mark the meadow lark
Send forth *his* call to spring:
"Why don't you hear? 'T is spring o' the year!"
A piercing note from golden throat
Like dart from sounding string.

Ah! the golden-shaft, 't was he that laughed
And lifted up his bill:
"Wick, wick!" "Wick, wick!" "Wake up! be quick!"
The ant is on her hill.

The bloodroot's face, with saintly grace,
Stars all the unkempt way;
Upon the rocks, in dancing flocks,
Corydalis is gay.

The hemlock trees hum in the breeze,
The swallow 's on the wing;
In forest aisles are genial smiles
That greet thy blossoming.

III.

Again the sun is over all,
Again the robin's evening call
Or early morning lay;
I hear the stir about the farms,
I see the earth with open arms,
I feel the breath of May.

John Burroughs.

THE RENAISSANCE OF THE TRAGIC STAGE.

STUDY of the tragic stage proceeds but a little way before the student recognizes that for two thousand years we have been but the pensioners of the great Greeks of the fifth century before Christ. The strangeness of the long supremacy of their drama is apparent. For if we assume that the function of the Greek stage was to amuse, yet in our public amusements we do not usually measure ourselves by Greek standards; if to teach, yet the moral ideas of the world to-day are not Greek; if the Greek drama was religious ceremony, yet the gods it honors are to us names, not powers.

It is true the writers of Greek tragedy had high genius; but the centuries since have not lacked men of genius, and surely the human heart feels not less keenly, nor does the intellect less eagerly devise fit means of expression, now than then. Why should the Greek drama seem to be so unapproachable? Why should critics continue to measure modern works

by those which represent a faith now dead, and a civilization long since passed away? Such questions are full of significance. If any satisfactory answer is to be given, it must be found in the Greek plays themselves. To them we turn; and, remembering that the theme of every tragic drama, in Greece as elsewhere, must concern itself with the most serious aspect of a man's fortunes, the aspect which shows him as missing in life that good which he would naturally most care not to miss, it remains for us to find the special view or treatment of this theme which one may consider as characteristically Greek, and which will determine the real base of the supremacy of the Greek tragedy. Once found, this base should indicate the genesis and bearing of those perfections of form so often praised and copied; and, what is of more practical importance, it should also indicate the field of effort most hopeful for the playwright of our day.

In looking for what may be thought to be characteristically Greek in choice or treatment of tragic material, we come at once upon a notable peculiarity. The Greek play was a religious ceremony. But, it may be answered, so were the Mysteries of the Middle Ages; and it is impossible to maintain that the association of sincere religious feeling with the drama can of itself suffice to give us great works of art. If any clue whatever lies in this direction, it must therefore be sought in some more special inspiration of the Greek stage, such as the embodiment of a particularly happy, profound, or fundamental apprehension of the religious idea. Among all possible superiorities, certainly this is the one we are least prepared to concede to the Greeks; but, notwithstanding our reluctance to make such a concession, with the indictment of our own time it involves, there is evidence which constrains us to admit that this particular superiority did in fact belong to the Greeks, and that it may well be the ground of the lasting supremacy of the Greek drama.

That tragic art grounds itself on the deepest things in man's heart may be readily admitted, since the basis of a man's reflections concerning his own or his neighbor's fortunes in life is to be found, of course, in his personal conception of the general order of the universe, although this conception is often not clearly formulated, but is vaguely apprehended, or even held unconsciously. It covers, on the one hand, a formless confidence; on the other hand, a shadowy fear of heart. These may be unnamed, yet with these alone most men in all times have lived out their lives. Some such theory of destiny, or conception of the general order of the universe, determines not only the aspect in which life appears to a man, but also his view of the possibilities and conditions of a life after death; any view on the hereafter being but a corollary of a more far-reaching conclusion or confidence.

In our era, the most vitalized theory of destiny, if formulated, is found to be colored by the enthusiastic utterances of men who were moved by mystical and passionate exaltation of spirit. We have St. Paul's triumphant statement of his personal outlook: "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." With the echo of such words in our ears, the phrase sounds cold and halting with which a great and brave man long before met the unseen. "I believe," that other said, "I believe that no evil can happen to a good man, whether he be alive or dead." Yet, though it sound cold in our ears, a man may well face courageously either death or life in such a persuasion as this, — the ultimate persuasion of the greatest thinker of the greatest age of Greece. It affirms for the entire universe a centralized and self-consistent rule, which allows a man's own rectitude of purpose to determine his life happily. This was the confidence of a philosopher; no such assurance of a possible conquest of destiny

can be thought of as the common possession of the Greek people. For them, the gods on Olympus, so powerful for good or evil, were capricious and irresponsible, divided in their own councils, and often hostile to mankind. The lot of man, as seen, even the lot of the good man, is checkered and uncertain, and full of unexplained evil. Of him who dies it was held that he lives on, indeed, but has exchanged the sunshine of a fair land for cold and darkness in the realms of Dis, efficiency of thought and deed for a clouded mind and shadowy wanderings. To the man whose outlook gave him so little reasonable assurance for hope, how impossible, though enviable, would have seemed such a confidence as that of Socrates: "I believe that no evil can happen to a good man, whether he be alive or dead."

Socrates was not yet; but just as Athens entered the centuries which were to make her renown, there suddenly rose to great popularity the cult of Dionysus, a half-forgotten faith that had nothing to do with the great gods of Olympus whose altars filled the land. Of this faith, and especially of its history before this revival of interest in it, scholars have gathered little in the way of definite facts; yet this much may be said: the worship of Dionysus was a survival from a distant past; and when other gods, colder and saner in their ceremonies, held the cities of the newer Greek civilization, it had still lingered on in the remote country places of Greece. In its essence it was a mystical and poetic worship. It suggested far more than it asserted. When at last it was presented afresh to the notice of the Athenians, their hearts were stirred to new insight, and they found in it a revelation.

The rise of the Greek drama is one with the sudden popularity of this ancient cult of Dionysus, when its ceremonies, having been brought, as by a happy chance, to imperial Athens, were apprehended there as shadowing forth the assurance that an ultimate and benign power, behind the vicissitudes of life, behind all seeming confusion and mischance, still calmly works the ordered ways of justice and blessing. So the theory of destiny, which Socrates reached and formulated through philosophy, presented itself to the people of a former generation as a vague but poetic possibility, to which the ceremonies of the Dionysus cult seemed to lend themselves as argument, by an analogy or a metaphor.

For the amplification of the rites of Dionysus at Athens the dramas of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides were written. There is no reason to suppose that their purpose was alien from that which prescribed those hidden ceremonies in honor of the same god and of Demeter at Eleusis, of which Pindar wrote: "Blessed is he who sees these mysteries; . . . he knoweth the end of life; he knoweth, too, its god-disposed beginning." These "blessed" ones, we are told, held the clue to life, not through learning directly any new thing, but by receiving "impressions." These impressions, however, were such as make men "more pious, more upright, and in every way better than their former selves;" though the learner "could produce no demonstration or proof of the beliefs acquired."

The public ceremonies of Dionysus, with a like end in view, seem ordered quite simply. Most of the old stories of valiant men long current among the Greeks drew their interest from the recitation of the fortunes of a hero who endures disaster with such nobility and resolute courage as would touch a people themselves deficient in neither. The special function assigned by the Hellenes to the religious office which we call a Greek tragedy was to cast such a light upon those familiar old stories that the evils the hero endures, however poignant and afflicting, shall yet be recognized in the end as the necessary incidents of a larger good; perhaps even themselves the testimony of a reign of

order and justice in human affairs. To divine such a justification of suffering, and to apply it in the mythic stories which had grown up with no thought of any such interpretative reading, was no slight thing, but this was the task which the inspiration of the coming of Dionysus to Athens imposed on those who arranged the services in his honor.

Not only must a justification of suffering be divined by the seer-poet, but it is necessary that the story which is to be its exemplification shall be presented in such a vivid way that The Many, with the poet, may divine the great truth, — the truth which can never be fully demonstrated, but which, through the visible though delicate reiteration of story after story as enacted before the people, might be *suggested* as the great resolvent of all that is perplexed and sad in human life. The dramatic setting forth of a theory of destiny, if it carry conviction to the mind, will not only require the representation of the supreme and decisive moment of the hero's experience, but must also involve his past and his future, and show his life and its outcome as a plan, a unified whole; because such is the world, as man sees it, that a benign plan working in destiny must be conceived of either as one which, involving a longer time than ever falls under one man's cognizance, misses his grasp who of necessity can see only part, or else as a plan which has in view an end not yet recognized by man as worth all it costs.

These, then, are the initial conclusions reached. First, of the subject: the preoccupation of the Greek stage with problems of destiny arises directly and necessarily, with the drama itself, from the special significance found by the Athenians in the cult of Dionysus. Secondly, of its scope or field: the adequate setting forth of problems of destiny, such as the Greek poet proposed to himself, involves the consideration of the life of the hero as a whole. Thirdly, of its end or aim: though the story to be presented is expected to be one full of distinct calamity, yet for the audience its issue, though solemn, is not to be sad, for it is to suggest cause for trust in the final triumph of order and justice in human affairs. It is to clear the eyes, so that they may catch, dimly at least, a glimpse of light ahead, the sufficient end and consummation of suffering and striving. This induction of the soul to a vision of the end of suffering was called by Aristotle the Katharsis.

The three poets who were most renowned in the arrangement of these solemn spectacles did their work, so far as it is known to us, within the years of the life of Sophocles; yet so swift were the changes in the interpretation of the hope Dionysus brought to the Athenians that each of the three stands practically for a distinct phase of thought in regard to it. Æschylus, the first of these great seers, found his solution of the problem of evil in human life in such a plan as might lie open before a power to whom the ages of man are as yesterday. In Zeus he saw, not the Homeric god who sends storm, lightning, and thunder, but a power of everlasting righteousness, dispensing justice and vengeance, and visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.

Sophocles, the second seer, shows life upon his stage, not as a divine plan, justified by the slow resolution of events to which man's activities but lend a foreordained instrument, but as a plan which emphasizes the immediate dependence of its issue upon character in the individual. Though the sins of the father be visited on the children, yet the suffering is shown to be very closely connected with defect of some kind in the sufferer himself. So in the story of Œdipus the reader is left in no doubt that the hero's self-willed actions, the consequences of his pride of intellect, are far more cogent workers of unhappiness for him than was ever the

curse that lay upon his house. Sophocles differs from Æschylus not only in his interpretation of the cause of suffering, but also in his view of its ordained outcome. With him pain no longer looks only backward as expiation; it also looks forward as discipline. Yet though Sophocles shows faith in some form of justification of human suffering, he still leaves the disquieting impression that the mystery of pain must, after all, remain forever unsolved. He seems to say, Man's reason can never suffice to guide or even to interpret man's life; but prayer and humble faith must at last avail, and eternal and righteous order overrule all. If he reaches peace of heart, it is by less high and simple ways than Æschylus. The end or aim of a plan in life is transferred from the divine to the human need.

When Æschylus made of Zeus an unerring and holy Power, he tacitly refused to credit baseness and injustice in the divine. The nobility of such a conception of Zeus was a touchstone on which the old fables of the Olympian gods would sooner or later be tried. Many reasons withheld Sophocles from any emphasis of this point of antagonism between the old faith and the new hope. It was Euripides who faced the question inevitable after Æschylus; but, unfortunately, he had no clear vision of the great Zeus of Æschylus, or of any certain superhuman power. The hopelessness which the chorus of Sophocles sang is the burden of the chorus of Euripides also. It is the cry of The Many. But with Euripides the action of the play has no clearer message than the chorus. The theory of destiny he has to proclaim from the stage of Dionysus is not a peace resting on the conviction of righteousness in all the ways of Zeus, as with Æschylus; nor is it a spiritual humility persuaded of the blindness of reason, and resting on obedience and prayer to overrule all for good, as with Sophocles; but trusting in reason, convinced that the old gods are evil if they be anything, and uncertain of the new, Euripides places the hope of life in the common joy of mutual sympathy and sacrifice. This is not a theory of destiny which commends itself as inspiration. It is no more than solace. The moment stress was laid on what a man may see for himself, — that is, on reason, — the ordered view of life for which the Greeks asked their seer was no longer possible, and the hope of Dionysus was lost from the dramatic form which it had raised to high beauty. Yet Euripides does not lightly abandon hope; he relinquishes it sadly and under compulsion. His last play, the Bacchantes, is a powerful and pathetic summing up of the arguments against any hope in a possible beneficent destiny.

Of Euripides, Aristophanes said sharply, "'T is well not to sit by Socrates and chatter, having neglected the most important parts of the tragic art." Yet if it might have been that, sitting by Socrates, Euripides had found the final trust of his friend, "No evil can happen to a good man," the close of the glory of the drama in Greece would have been, not averted, but only delayed; for the history of this tragic stage is, in truth, the history of a hope that died for the Athenians when, not for a few philosophers or poets only, but most of all for The Many, Dionysus the deliverer faded again into the Bacchus of revelry and drunkenness.

There is every reason to believe that the difference in the theme and technique of the three dramatists of whom we have spoken is not so much the result of difference in extent of personal endowment as it is the result of difference in the inspiration of the thought of the day. Such may be also the difference between the Greek tragedy and those dramas which have succeeded it. For never since the days of Pericles have the people of a great city called their poets to set life before them in such a way that its deepest currents might be made manifest, revealing the dominion of that order in the universe which is man's only

base for a reasonable hope in life or death. If it be held that thoughtful men everywhere must always have cared so to assure their own hearts, yet in what other land or time has the desire so strongly asserted itself that the state at large held wealth and art and artist generously free for the soul's quest? It may indeed be held that, having once been fairly set before the world, these three theories of destiny, which have divided the kingdom of the human mind since Greek days, can never again arouse masses of men to such enthusiasm as when these thoughts of the people were first forged by the poet; and that on this account, if on no other, the stage which has in later days revived one or the other theme can of necessity never stand as high as the stage of Greece. It may be held that Seneca, Calderon, Corneille, Racine, are not of the greatest, because they record no modification of the thought of man on the profoundest interests of life; that in Shakespeare and Goethe the hand of the Reformation touched the theme of Sophocles to new interest, but that neither in Faust nor in Macbeth does the audience receive the illumination of life which we call inspiration. It may be held, again, that the theme of Euripides, the theory of destiny which sees chance as ruling, and human courage and tenderness as the uttermost hope of life, has afforded the theme of a thousand tragedies, but that in no other do we find it energized by such passion in its renunciation of a better hope, in none deepened by such full comprehension of its own limitations, as in Euripides.

Reviewing these things, on what ground may we hope that we have indeed, as men say, come to the dawn of a tragic renaissance?

It is reasonable to believe that the form of living expression called the drama, having had its birth in the need for an interpretation of life not to be demonstrated or adequately presented in abstract formulas, must be advanced beyond Greek achievement, if advance be possible, upon its own proper ground or soil. To speak of this ground or soil as religious is to indicate but vaguely its confines. If by religious drama we mean, not pious, orthodox, or ecclesiastical plays, but such as are concerned adequately to set forth some fundamental interpretation of human life, then it is not too much to say that if there is to be a great renaissance of the stage we shall see a religious drama. But the Greek followed to its end every line of interpretation he knew. The stage awaits one that throws clearer light upon man's way; that over mischance and mistake, sore trial and final-seeming catastrophe, will mark the good prevail, and lead the soul to the vision of ultimate peace.

Has there then been given no new interpretation of life in twenty-five hundred years? Have the Greeks indeed said the last word in this domain as elsewhere? Must the thoughtful man count himself, with Æschylus, the tool of some unerring prescience, and await the just issue of a far event? Or shall he, with Sophocles, in spiritual humility, with prayer and patience, look to the keeping of his own heart? Or, barring these alternatives, is he driven, with Euripides, to say, Chance rules; the day is short and sad; let us be gentle with each other?

Within the centuries since these men wrote lie the thirty-three years of the human life that has set the sign of the cross upon our churches, upon our foreheads, and haply upon our hearts. Has that life brought to our understanding no new interpretation of life? Are the voices we hear in this year of our Lord 1901 still echoing the themes of the Greek tragedy, the impulse of the ceremonies of the cult of Dionysus?

A fairer hope has, in truth, been proclaimed to man than the hope Dionysus gave, and it has found occasional literary expression, as in the poems of Robert Browning; but it has never yet swept away the people with the great

longing that could call for its most vivid and convincing presentation. It is that view and interpretation of this world which, even in the face of life's uttermost calamity, accounts a mortal blessed, not in some far at last, but here and now, first as last, if he be numbered with those who pass through the world in the preoccupation of a higher beauty or hope than the world has seen. That the world may be well lost for the unworldly can never be demonstrated to the reason; but the power of the drama resides, not in demonstration, but in suggestion. This is its own old field. This is the office for which it was created. This is the impulse that fashioned its perfections of form among the Greeks. And though centuries lie between, a day may yet come when a new Athens shall carry further the soul's quest of the old Hellenes; and, seeking, shall find for the world that here lies the bud and promise of a new and greater tragic stage, through the working out and exemplification of another and a true Katharsis.

Martha Anstice Harris.

THE TORY LOVER.[1]

XXII.

THE heads of the high Vitré houses nodded together above their narrow streets, as if to gossip about two unexpected cocked hats that passed below. This uniform of the Continental navy was new enough, but old Vitré had seen many new and strange things since she herself was young. The two officers had an air of proud command about them, and seemed to expect the best rooms at the inn, and the best wines.

"'T was here the famous Marchioness de Sévigné dwelt!" exclaimed Wallingford, with triumph. "My mother often read a book of her letters to my father, on a winter evening. I thought them dull then, but I know now 't was most pretty reading, with something of fresh charm on every page. She had her castle here at Vitré; she was a very great lady," continued the lieutenant, explaining modestly. "She spoke much in her letters about her orange trees, but I think that she was ill at ease, so far from Paris."

"We could visit her to-night, if she were still in Vitré," said the captain. "'T would pass our time most pleasantly, I dare say. But I take it the poor lady is dead, since we have her memoirs. Yes, I mind me of the letters, too; I saw them in a handsome binding once at Arbigland, when I was a lad. The laird's lady, Mrs. Craik, read the language; she had been much in France, like many of our Scottish gentlefolk. Perhaps 't was her very castle that we observed as we came near the town, with the quaint round tower that stood apart."

"'T was the chapel of Madame," said the old French serving man on a sudden, and in good English. "Messieurs will pardon me, but my grandfather was one of her head foresters."

The gentlemen turned and received this information with a politeness equal to that with which it was given.

"'T is a fine country, France," said the little captain handsomely. "Let us fill our glasses again to the glory of France and the success of our expedition." Then, "Let us drink to old England too, Mr. Wallingford, and that she may be brought to reason," he added

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unexpectedly, when they had drunk the first toast. "There is no such soldier-breeder as England; and as for her sailors, they are the Northmen of old, born again for the glory of a later time."

The next day but two they came into the gate of Paris, and saw the dark prison of the Bastille, the Tour St. Jacques, and the great cathedral of Notre Dame. It was late afternoon, and Paris looked like a greater Vitré, but with higher houses that also nodded together, and a busier world of shops and palaces and churches. Wallingford returned with older eyes to see much that had escaped him as a boy. And to Captain Paul Jones there was a noble assurance in finding the capital city of his adopted country's allies so rich and splendid; above all, so frankly gay. There was none of the prim discretion of those English and Scottish towns with which he was most familiar. Paris was in her prime, and was wholly independent of trifles, like a fine lady who admitted these two admiring strangers to the hospitality of her house, with the unconcern of one whose dwelling was well furnished and well served. The old French kings had gone away one by one, and left their palaces behind them, — the long façades of the Louvre, and the pleasant courts of the Palais Royal, and many another noble pile. Here in Paris, Mr. Benjamin Franklin, the Bon Homme Richard, was bearing his difficult honors as first citizen of a new republic, and living on good terms with the best gentlemen of France. His house, which he had from Monsieur Le Ray de Chaumont, was at the other end of Paris, at Passy, a village beyond the suburbs of the great town; and next morning, the young men, well mounted, rode thither with a groom behind them, and alighted at the Commissioner's door.

Mr. Benjamin Franklin was in the midst of his morning affairs. He was dressed in a suit of reddish-brown velvet, with white stockings, and had laid his white hat beside him on a table which was covered with papers and a few serious-looking books. It was a Tuesday, and he had been to court with the rest of the diplomatic corps, having lately been presented with the two American Commissioners, his fellows, to the King.

He rose with a courteous air of welcome, as the young men entered, and looked sharply at them, and then at their uniforms with much indulgent interest.

"You are the representatives of our navy. 'T is a very dignified dress; I am glad to see it, — and to receive its wearers," he added, smiling, while the officers bowed again gravely.

"I was in a poor enough undress at my first visit, and fresh from travel in the worst of weather," said Paul Jones, lowering his voice at the sad remembrance.

"Mr. Wallingford!" and the old Commissioner turned quickly toward the younger guest. "I remember you as a lad in Portsmouth. As for my good friend your honored father, he will be unforgettable to those who knew him. You begin to wear his looks; they will increase, I think, as you gather age. Sit ye down, gentlemen, sit ye down!" and he waved them to two straight chairs which stood side by side at some distance down the room, in the French fashion. Then he seated himself again behind his table, and gave audience.

Captain Paul Jones was occupied for a moment in placing his heavy sword. Wallingford was still looking eagerly toward their host.

"You are very good to remember me, sir," he said. "I counted it a great honor that my father let me attend him that day, at Mr. Warner's dinner. You will be pleased to know that the lightning conductors are still in place on his house, and are much shown to strangers in these days as being of your planning."

The philosopher smiled at his young

friend's warmth; there was something most homely and amiable mingled with his great dignity.

"And my friend Mr. John Langdon? I have deeply considered our dispatches from him, and especially the letter from Morris, which agrees in the main with your own ideas, sir," and he bowed to Captain Paul Jones. "And my friend Mr. Langdon?" he repeated, looking for his answer to the lieutenant.

"Mr. Langdon was very well, sir, though much wearied with his cares, and sent his best remembrances and respects in case I should be so honored as to see you. And also Mr. Nicholas Gilman, of Exeter, who was with him, beside many Portsmouth gentlemen, your old friends."

"Our men at home carry the heaviest burdens," said Mr. Franklin, sighing, "yet I wish every day that I might be at home, as they are."

"My first lieutenant, Mr. Simpson, is the brother-in-law of Major Langdon," said Captain Paul Jones, flushing like a boy as he spoke. He could not help a somewhat uncomfortable sense of being on the quarter-deck of a commander much greater than himself, and an uncertain feeling about their relations that tried him very much, but he wore a manly look and kept to his quietest manners. He had parted from the Commissioner, at their last interview, in deep distress and a high passion.

"You have found Lieutenant Simpson an excellent officer, no doubt, with the large experience of a Portsmouth shipmaster," observed Mr. Franklin blandly. He cast a shrewd look at the captain; but while his firm mouth set itself a little more firmly, there was a humorous gleam of half inquiry, half indulgence, in his wide-set eyes.

"You have spoken him, sir," acknowledged Captain Paul Jones, while with equal self-possession and a touch of deference he waited for the Commissioner to lead the conversation further, and thereby did not displease Mr. Franklin, who had feared an interview of angry accusation and indignant resentment. Wallingford too was conscious of great pleasure in his captain's bearing.

There was a pause, and Mr. Franklin looked again at the captain, and bowed slightly from his chair.

"You may say what you have come to say to me, Captain Paul Jones. You can no doubt trust Mr. Wallingford, and you see that I have for the moment dismissed my secretary."

"I can trust Mr. Wallingford," answered the captain, holding himself steady, but rising from the chair unconsciously, and taking a step nearer to the table. His new cocked hat was crushed under his arm, and Wallingford could see that the whole figure of the man was in a nervous quiver.

"I can trust Mr. Wallingford," he repeated sternly, "but I am sorry that I cannot say the same of Lieutenant Simpson. I have suffered too much already at his hands through his endeavors to supplant me as commander of the Ranger. He has descended to the poor means of disputing my authority before my crew, and stimulating them in their rebellion and surly feelings. A crew is easily prejudiced against its superiors. You must be well aware, sir, how difficult a proper government may become at sea; 't is a hard life at best for crew or captain, and its only safety is in wise control and decent obedience."

"Do you desire to make formal complaint of your lieutenant? It is hardly my province," said the Commissioner. The amused look had left his eyes, and they were as firm now as if he were a great judge on the bench.

"I respect your anxieties," he added next moment, when he saw that he held the captain in check. "I am not unaware of your high aims, your great disappointment, or your most difficult conditions of the present. But these conditions and the varieties of human nature among so large a ship's company were

not unknown to you. The uncongenial man and the self-seeking, unwilling assistant must always be borne with patience, among our fellows. Besides, we pardon anything to those we love, and forgive nothing to those we hate. You may go on, sir."

"The trouble has come in great measure from an open understanding, long before we set sail out of Portsmouth, that I was to be given another frigate immediately upon my arrival, and that Simpson was to take command of the Ranger in my stead," said Paul Jones. "Now that all is over in regard to the Indien, he can fret under the long delay no worse than I, but shows his impatience of my orders at times and seasons when it ill befits him, and most wrongs and debases me; he behaves, on the slightest provocation, as if I had deeply injured him, and gives no reason why. He is my senior in age, which has added much to the difficulty between us. He loses no chance to hint that I am bent on selfish ends; even, I believe, that my principles, my character, may be questioned in this matter. My crew have become sensitive to the fear that I cannot be trusted, owing to my Scottish birth and early life spent upon British vessels, — as if they were any of them of a very different blood and descent! There is a worse man than Simpson on board, a man named Dickson, who, to further his own ends, furthers the lieutenant's. He has insisted from the first that Mr. Wallingford is a Tory spy, and that the Ranger should be in the hands of those who could fill their pockets with prize money. He, and perhaps Simpson himself, bewails their disappointment at discovering that a man-of-war is not the same as a privateer. And their ignorance of statecraft and the laws of naval science and duty seems to make them smile with derision at all proper discipline as if at some pompous horseplay."

The captain's face was red now, and his voice sharpening to undue loudness; but at an anxious gesture from Wallingford he grew quiet again.

"I come to ask you, Mr. Commissioner, if by any means I can further this business and hasten my transfer to another ship; but I must first do what I can with the Ranger. She is unfit for any great action, but we can make a pretty showing in small matters. My head is full of ideas which I should be glad to lay before you. I desire to strike a smart blow at the English coast, to counteract the burnings of our towns at home, the interference with our shipping, and to stop the prisoning of our sailors. I can light a fire in England that will show them we are a people to be feared, and not teased and laughed at. I ask you now how far France is ready to help me."

"We have good friends in England still," said the Commissioner quietly. "Some of the best minds and best characters among Englishmen see our question of the colonies with perfect fairness; the common people are in great part for us, too, and I have not yet lost hope that they may win the day. But of late things have gone almost too far for hope. Mr. Wallingford," and he turned abruptly toward the lieutenant, "I must not forget to ask you for your mother's health. I have thought of her many times in her widowhood; she would ill bear the saddest loss that can fall upon any of us, but she would bear it nobly."

The captain felt himself silenced in the very gathering and uplift of his eloquence, when he was only delayed out of kind consideration. Roger Wallingford answered the kind old man briefly and with deep feeling; then the conference went on. The captain was in full force of his honest determination.

"Since I cannot have the Indien, as we well know, what ship can I have?" he demanded. "Shall I do what I can with the Ranger? 'T were far better than such idleness as this. When I have seen

my friend the Duke de Chartres again, things may take a turn."

"He can do much for you," answered Franklin. "I have been told that he speaks of you everywhere with respect and affection. These things count like solid gold with the indifferent populace, ready to take either side of a great question."

"I feel sure, sir, that the blow must be struck quickly, if at all," urged the captain. "If nothing is to be expected from France, I must do the best I can with the means in my hand. I must make some use of the Ranger; we have already lost far too much time. They hampered and delayed me in Portsmouth for month upon month, when I might have been effective here."

"When you are as old as I, Captain Paul Jones, you will have learned that delays appear sometimes to be the work of those who are wiser than we. If life has anything to teach us, it is patience; but patience is the hardest thing to teach those men who have the makings of a hero in their breasts." And again he fell into expectant silence, and sat behind his table looking straight at the captain. Wallingford's heart was touched by a recognition of Paul Jones's character, which had been so simply spoken; but that man of power and action took no notice himself, except to put on a still more eager look, and shift his footing as he stood, doing honor from his heart to Mr. Franklin.

"Will you not sit, captain? We have much talk before us. It astonishes me that you should have gained so warm a love for your adopted country," said the Commissioner.

"I have to confess that England has been to me but a cruel stepmother. I loved her and tried to serve her, boy and man," answered the other. "When I went to live in Virginia, I learned to love my new country as a lover loves his mistress. God forgive me if I have sometimes been rash in my service, but Glory has always shone like a star in my sky, and in America a man is sure of a future if it is in his own breast to make one. At home everything is fixed; there are walls that none but the very greatest have ever climbed. Glory is all my dream; there is no holding back in me when I think of it; my poor goods and my poor life are only for it. Help me, sir, help me to win my opportunity. You shall see that I am at heart a true American, and that I know my business as a sailor. Do not join with those who, with petty quibbles and excuses, would hold me back!"

The passion of Paul Jones, the fire and manly beauty in his face, his look of high spirit, would have moved two duller hearts than belonged to his listeners. Mr. Franklin still sat there with his calm old face, and a look of pleasant acceptance in his eyes.

"Yes, you are willing to go forward; the feet of young men are ever set toward danger," he said. "I repeat that we must sometimes be heroes at waiting. To your faith you must add patience. Your life of effort, like mine, must teach you that, but I have had longer to learn the lesson. I shall do all that I can for you. I respect your present difficulties, but we have to live in the world as it is: we cannot refashion the world; our task is with ourselves."

"Quel plaisir!" said the little captain under his breath.

The pleasant French room, with its long windows set open to the formal garden, was so silent for a time that at last all three of the men were startled by a footstep coming out of the distance toward them, along the loose pebbles of the garden walk. They could not help the feeling that a messenger was coming from the world outside; but as the sound approached the window they recognized the easy clack of a pair of wooden shoes, and the young gardener who wore them began to sing a gay little French song. Captain Paul Jones moved impatiently,

but Mr. Franklin had taken the time for thought.

"My friend Mr. David Hartley, a member of Parliament, who has been my willing agent in what attempts could be made to succor our prisoned sailors, begs me to have patience," he said reflectively. "He still thinks that nothing should persuade America to throw herself into the arms of France; for times are sure to mend, and an American must always be a stranger in France, while Great Britain will be our natural home for ages to come. But I recalled to him, in my answer, the fact that his nation is hiring all the cutthroats it can collect, of all countries and colors, to destroy us. It would be hard to persuade us not to ask or accept aid from any power that may be prevailed with to grant it, for the reason that, though we are now put to the sword, we may at some future time be treated kindly!

"This expects too much patience of us altogether," he continued. "Americans have been treated with cordiality and affectionate respect here in France, as they have not been in England when they most deserved it. Now that the English are exasperated against us we have become odious as well as contemptible, and we cannot expect a better treatment for a long time to come. I do not see why we may not, upon an alliance, hope for a steady friendship with France. She has been faithful to little Switzerland these two hundred years!"

"I cannot find it in my heart to think that our friendship with our mother country is forever broken," urged Wallingford, speaking with anxious solicitude. "The bond is too close between us. It is like the troubles that break the happiness of a family in a day of bad weather; it is but a quarrel or fit of the sulks, and when past, the love that is born in our hearts must still hold us together."

"You speak truly, my young friend," said the old Commissioner; "but we have to remember that the lives of nations are of larger scope, and that the processes of change are of long duration. I think that it may be a century before the old sense of dependence and affection can return, and England and America again put their arms about each other."

Paul Jones fretted in his gilded chair. The carved crest of Monsieur de Chaumont was sharp against his back, and the conversation was becoming much too general.

"Our country is like a boy hardly come to manhood yet, who is at every moment afraid that he will not be taken for a man of forty years," said Mr. Franklin, smiling. "We have all the faults of youth, but, thank God, the faults of a young country are better than the faults of an old one. It is the young heart that takes the forward step. The day comes when England will love us all the better for what we are doing, but it provokes the mother country now, and grieves the child. If I read their hearts aright, there have been those who thought the mother most deeply hurt, and the child most angry. You will have seen much of the Loyalists, Mr. Wallingford, if I mistake not?"

Wallingford colored with boyish confusion. "It would seem most natural, sir, if you take my mother's connection into account," he answered honestly. "She and her family are among those who have been sure of England's distress at our behavior. She is of those who inherit the deepest sentiments of affection toward the Crown."

"And you have been her antagonist?"

The question was kindly put, but it came straight as an arrow, and with such force that Paul Jones forgot his own burning anxiety for the French frigate, and turned to hear Wallingford's answer. All his natural jealousy of a rival in love, and deep-hidden suspicion of a man who had openly confessed himself a conservative, were again roused.

"I have taken oath, and I wear the uniform of our American navy, sir," replied Wallingford quietly. "My father taught me that a gentleman should stand by his word. I was not among those who wished to hasten so sad a war, and I believe that our victory must be the long defeat of our prosperity; but since there is war and we have become independent, my country has a right to claim my service. The captain knows the circumstances which brought me here, and I thank him for giving me his confidence." The young man blushed like a girl, but Captain Paul Jones smiled and said nothing.

"You have spoken like your father's son, — and like the son of Madam Wallingford," added Mr. Franklin. "I must say that I honor your behavior. I trust that your high principle may never fail you, my young friend, but you are putting it to greater strain than if you stood among the Patriots, who can see but one side." The sage old man looked at the lieutenant with a mild benevolence and approval that were staying to the heart. Then a shrewd, quick smile lighted his eyes again.

"You should be one of the knights of old come out on his lady's quest," said Mr. Benjamin Franklin; and the young man, who might have blushed again and been annoyed at the jest, only smiled back as he might have smiled at his own father, whose look had sometimes been as kind, as wise and masterful, as this of the old Commissioner.

Captain Paul Jones was in no mind that this hour should be wasted, even though it was a pleasant thing to see an old man and a young one so happily at home together. He wished to speak again for himself, and now rose with a formal air.

"Sir, I pray you not to condemn me without hearing me. I have my enemies, as you have come to know. I am convinced that at least one of Mr. Lee's secretaries is a British spy. I do not blame England for watching us, but I accuse Mr. Lee. If his fault is ignorance, he is still guilty. I desire also to lay before you my plans for a cruise with the Ranger."

Mr. Roger Wallingford left his own chair with sudden impulse, and stood beside his captain. He was a head taller and a shoulder-breadth broader, with the look of an old-fashioned English country gentleman, in spite of his gold lace and red waistcoat and the cocked hat of a lieutenant of marines.

"I have already reminded you, sir, and the other honorable Commissioners," the captain continued, speaking quickly, "that I have the promise of a better ship than the Ranger, and that my opportunities of serving the Congress must wait in great measure upon the event of that promise being fulfilled. I have also to make formal complaint of the misdemeanors of some members of my present crew. I have fixed upon the necessity of this, and the even greater necessity for money, as our men lack clothes, and we are running short in every way. Our men are clamorous for their pay; I have advanced them a large sum on my own account. And we are already short of men; we must soon take action in regard to the exchange of prisoners toward this end."

"Sit ye down again, gentlemen," said the Commissioner. "Mr. Deane and Mr. Adams should listen to your reasonable requests and discuss these projects. With your permission, we can dispense with the advice of Mr. Lee. I have here under consideration some important plans of the French Minister of Marine."

There was a happy consciousness in the hearts of both the younger men that they had passed a severe examination not wholly without credit, and that the old Commissioner would stand their friend. There were still a few minutes of waiting; and while the captain hastily reviewed his own thick budget of

papers, Wallingford glanced often at Mr. Franklin's worn face and heavy figure, remembering that he had lately said that his life was now at its fag-end, and might be used and taken for what it was worth. All the weight of present cares and all the weariness of age could not forbid the habit of kindly patience and large wisdom which belonged to this very great man.

"You are a dumb gentleman!" exclaimed the captain as they came away. "You sat there, most of the time, like an elder of the kirk, but you and Mr. Franklin seemed to understand each other all the better. The higher a man gets, the less he needs of speech. My Lord Selkirk and his mates and my dear Duke de Chartres, they do it all with a nod and a single word, but poor folks may chatter the day through. I was not so garrulous myself to-day?" he said, appealing for approval; and Wallingford, touched by such humility, hastened to assure him that the business of the Ranger had been, in his opinion, most handsomely conducted. The captain's fiery temper might well have mounted its war chariot at certain junctures.

"Listen!" said Paul Jones, as they climbed the long slopes toward Paris and their good horses settled into a steady gait. "I have often been uncertain of you since we came to sea; yet I must have a solid knowledge that you are right at heart, else I could not have had you with me to-day. But you have been so vexingly dumb; you won't speak out, you don't concern yourself!" and the captain swore gently under his breath.

Wallingford felt a touch of hot rage; then he laughed easily. "Poor Dickson will be disappointed if I do not prove a spy in the end," he said. "Look, captain; Mr. Franklin gave me these letters. The packet came for us by the last ship."

The lieutenant had already found time to take a hasty look at two letters of his own; his young heart was beating fast against them at that moment. His mother's prim and delicate handwriting was like a glimpse of her face; and he had seen that Mary Hamilton had also written him in the old friendly, affectionate way, with complete unconsciousness of those doubts and shadows which so shamed his own remembrance.

XXIII.

In midwinter something happened that lifted every true heart on board. There had been dull and dreary weeks on board the Ranger, with plots for desertion among the crew, and a general look of surliness and reproach on all faces. The captain was eagerly impatient in sending his messengers to Nantes when the Paris post might be expected, and was ever disappointed at their return. The discipline of the ship became more strict than before, now that there was little else to command or insist upon. The officers grew tired of one another's company, and kept to their own quarters, or passed each other without speaking. It was easy, indeed, to be displeased with such a situation, and to fret at such an apparently needless loss of time, even if there were nothing else to fret about.

At last there was some comfort in leaving Nantes, and making even so short a voyage as to the neighboring Breton port of L'Orient, where the Ranger was overhauled and refitted for sea; yet even here the men grumbled at their temporary discomforts, and above all regretted Nantes, where they could amuse themselves better ashore. It was a hard, stormy winter, but there were plenty of rich English ships almost within hand's reach. Nobody could well understand why they had done nothing, while such easy prey came and went in those waters, from Bordeaux and the coast of Spain, even from Nantes itself.

On a certain Friday orders were given to set sail, and the Ranger made her way along the coast to Quiberon, and anchored there at sunset, before the bay's entrance, facing the great curve of the shores. She had much shipping for company: farther in there lay a fine show of French frigates with a convoy, and four ships of the line. The captain scanned these through his glass, and welcomed a great opportunity: he had come upon a division of the French navy, and one of the frigates flew the flag of a rear admiral, La Motte Piqué.

The wind had not fallen at sundown. All night the Ranger tossed about and tugged at her anchor chains, as if she were impatient to continue her adventures, like the men between her sides. All the next day she rode uneasily, and clapped her sailcloth and thrummed her rigging in the squally winter blast, until the sea grew quieter toward sundown. Then Captain Paul Jones sent a boat to the French fleet to carry a letter.

The boat was long gone. The distance was little, but difficult in such a sea, yet some of the boats of the country came out in hope of trading with the Ranger's men. The poor peasants would venture anything, and a strange-looking, swarthy little man, who got aboard nobody knew how, suddenly approached the captain where he stood, ablaze with impatience, on the quarter. At his first word Paul Jones burst with startling readiness into Spanish invective, and then, with a look of pity at the man's poverty of dress in that icy weather, took a bit of gold from his pocket. "Barcelona?" said he. "I have had good days in Barcelona, myself," and bade the Spaniard begone. Then he called him back and asked a few questions, and, summoning a quartermaster, gave orders that he should take the sailor's poor gear, and give him a warm coat and cap from the slop chests.

"He has lost his ship, and got stranded here," said the captain, with compassion, and then turned again to watch for the boat. "You may roll the coat and cap into a bundle; they are quaint-fashioned things," he added carelessly, as the quartermaster went away.

The bay was now alive with small Breton traders, and at a short distance away there was a droll little potato fleet making hopefully for the Ranger. The headmost boat, however, was the Ranger's own, with an answer to the captain's letter. He gave an anxious sigh and laid down his glass. He had sent to say frankly to the rear admiral that he flew the new American flag, and that no foreign power had yet saluted it, and to ask if his own salute to the Royal Navy of France would be properly returned. It was already in the last fluster of the February wind, and the sea going down; there was no time to be lost. He broke the great seal of his answer with a trembling hand, and at the first glance pressed the letter to his breast.

The French frigates were a little apart from their convoy, and rolled sullenly in a solemn company, their tall masts swaying like time-keepers against the pale winter sky. The low land lay behind them, its line broken here and there by strange mounds, and by ancient altars of the druids, like clumsy, heavy-legged beasts standing against the winter sunset. The captain gave orders to hoist the anchor, nobody knew why, and to spread the sails, when it was no time to put to sea. He stood like a king until all was done, and then passed the word for his gunners to be ready, and steered straight in toward the French fleet.

They all understood now. The little Ranger ran slowly between the frowning ships, looking as warlike as they; her men swarmed like bees into the rigging; her colors ran up to salute the flag of his most Christian Majesty of France, and she fired one by one her salute of thirteen guns.

There was a moment of suspense. The wind was very light now; the powder smoke drifted away, and the flapping sails sounded loud overhead. Would the admiral answer, or would he treat this bold challenge like a handkerchief waved at him from a pleasure boat? Some of the officers on the Ranger looked incredulous, but Paul Jones still held his letter in his hand. There was a puff of white smoke, and the great guns of the French flagship began to shake the air, — one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, *nine;* and then were still, save for their echoes from the low hills about Carnac and the great druid mount of St. Michael.

"Gardner, you may tell the men that this was the salute of the King of France to our Republic, and the first high honor to our colors," said the captain proudly to his steersman. But they were all huzzaing now along the Ranger's decks, — that little ship whose name shall never be forgotten while her country lives.

"We hardly know what this day means, gentlemen," he said soberly to his officers, who came about him. "I believe we are at the christening of the greatest nation that was ever born into the world." The captain lifted his hat, and stood looking up at the Flag.

XXIV.

Early in April the Ranger was still waiting to put to sea. She had been made ready and trained for action like a single gun, in her long weeks at Brest. The captain had gone away on a mysterious errand, afterward reported to be a visit to Amsterdam directed by Mr. Franklin, who wished for information regarding the affairs of the Commissioners and the loss of their frigate. Paul Jones carried with him the poor dress of that Spanish seaman who had boarded him at Quiberon, and made good use of the Basque cap and his own sufficient knowledge of the Spanish language. To Wallingford only he gave any news of the journey, and it was only Wallingford whom he made his constant companion in frequent visits to the Duke de Chartres and his duchess, at their country house near the city.

The Sailor Prince had welcomed this American captain and friend with all the affection with which he had said farewell in Virginia, and hastened to present him to his wife, who was not only one of the most charming of French ladies, and a great-granddaughter of Louis Quatorze, but granddaughter of the great Count of Toulouse, that sailor son of the King, who had won the famous sea fight off Malaga against the Dutch and English fleets, seventy years before. The beautiful duchess was quick to recognize a hero. She was most proud of her seafaring ancestor, and listened with delight to Paul Jones as he spoke with some French officers of the Malaga victory, and showed his perfect acquaintance with its strategy. She found him handsome, spirited, and full of great qualities, and at once gave her warmest friendship to him and to his cause.

All the degrading side of a sailor's life and hardships, all the distresses that Paul Jones and Roger Wallingford had known on board the Ranger, faded away like bad dreams when they stood in her presence. They were both true gentlemen at heart; they were also servants of their own country in France; and now every door flew open before their wishes; the future seemed but one long triumph and delight. Paul Jones, the poor Scottish lad who had steadily followed his splendid vision, had come at last very near to its reality, and to the true joys of an unfailing friendship.

The Ranger sailed out of Brest on the 10th of April. There had been an attempt at mutiny on board, but the captain had quelled that, and mastered the deep-laid plot behind it. Once at sea, every-

thing seemed to be at rights again, since the ship was heading toward the English coast. The captain was silent now, as if always brooding upon great affairs, and appeared to have fallen into a calm state of self-possession; his eyes looked unconscious of whatever minor objects were reflected in their quick mirrors. All his irascibility was for the moment gone; his face was thoughtful and even melancholy, with a look as if at last he possessed some secret happiness and assurance. Glory herself had become strangely identified with a beautiful French princess, and he had made a vow to high Heaven that he would some day lay an English frigate at her feet, and show himself worthy of her confidence and most inspiriting sympathy. The captain had spoken to her of all his hard and hopeful life as he had never spoken to any one; she even knew the story of Wallingford, and their relations to Mary Hamilton and to each other. Madame de Chartres had listened eagerly, and next day said a word to the lieutenant that made his young heart fairly quiver at such exquisite understanding; to the captain she had spoken only of Glory as they both understood it, and of a hero's task and sacrifice.

The Ranger headed past the Channel and into the Irish Sea. At last the rich shores of England were close at hand, behind a shifting veil of fog, and even those among the Ranger's crew whose best dreams were of prizes were not unsatisfied with their prospects. When the gusty wind beat back the fog, they could see the mountains of Cumberland; and the shapes of those solid heights looked well to the eye, after the low lines of the French coast they had left behind. They passed St. Bees Head, keeping well at sea; and the captain did some petty trading with poor fishermen, to learn how things stood now at Whitehaven, and whether there might be frigates in those waters, or any foe too great for so bold a venturer. They were beating against the easterly winds, and steadily nearing the shore. They could see no large-looking ships, when the fog lifted here and there, though it was a region where much shipping went and came. There was possible danger of alarm, and that their sailing from Brest had been heralded by treachery. The captain was alive in every nerve, and held himself steady, like a tiger in the night, whose best weapons must be speed and silence.

Wallingford stood long on deck in the late afternoon, leaning against the gun in his wonted place, and troubled by the persistent reluctance of his heart. These were the shores of England, and he was bound to do them harm. He was not the first man who found it hard to fight against the old familiar flag which a few months earlier had been his own. He had once spent a few months in the old country, after his college course had ended, — a boy of eighteen, who looked on at life admiringly, as if it were a play. He had been happy enough in London then, and in some great country houses, where old family friends of both his father and his mother had shown him much kindness, and the days had gone by not so unlike the fashion of life at home. The merchants and gentlefolk of New England had long been rich enough to live at ease, and Boston and Portsmouth, with Salem and the harbor towns between, were themselves but tiny Londons in those happier days before the war. Each had a few men of learning and a few women of the world, and were small satellites that borrowed their lesser light from a central sun. Wallingford knew enough of the solid force and dignity of England to wince at the ignorant talk of the crew about so formidable an enemy, and again his heart grew heavy with regret that this mother and child among the nations had been so rashly drawn into the cruelties of war. The King and those who flattered him were wrong enough, God forgive them! But the great Earl of Chatham, and Mr.

Fox, and many another man of authority and power had stood for the colonies. For a moment this heavy young heart grew even heavier for the thought of being the accomplice of France in such a short-sighted business, but next moment Wallingford angrily shook himself free from such fears as these. They were the thoughts that had been born in him, not his own determination: he had come to fight for the colonies, and would trample down both his fears and his opinions once for all on the Ranger's deck. The lieutenant looked down on the good pine planks where he stood, — they had grown out of the honest ground of his own neighborhood; he had come to love his duty, after all, and even to love his ship. Up went his head again, and his heart was once more hot within him; the only question now was, what did the captain mean to do?

The light began to fade, and evening to fall. The men were heaving the lead, and the captain watched them, listening anxiously as they told the soundings with the practiced drawl and quaint phrases that old seamen use. They could now and then catch a glimpse of small houses on the shore. The ship was evidently in shoal water, and the fog lifted and parted and thickened again, as if a skyful of clouds had dropped upon the sea.

Presently the word was passed to let go the anchor; and the storm of oaths and exclamations which this involved, owing to some unexpected hindrance, grew so tiresome to the lieutenant that he left the place where he had been standing, to go below again.

"Look, look, mon ami!" urged the captain eagerly; and Wallingford turned to see that the fog had driven away, while Paul Jones pointed toward a large town, and a forest of vessels lying in the bay before it, — a huge flock of shipping for such a port. The Irish Sea had emptied itself into Whitehaven, and the wind had gone down; not a sloop or a snow, and not a little brig in a hurry, could put to sea again that April night.

"'T is old Whitehaven," said Paul Jones. "Now I 'll show them that they have made an enemy! Now they 'll know we are to be feared, not laughed at! I 'll put an end to all their burnings in America. I 'll harry their own coasts now, and frighten them back into their hills before I 'm done. I 'll sweep them off their own seas! My chance is in my hand!"

Dickson presented himself at this moment. The captain would not have had him listening, and turned upon him angrily to hear what he had to say.

"Thick as coasters in Portsmouth lower harbor in a northeast blow," commented the unwelcome officer, "but that 's no such handsome town as ours."

"'T is a town of three hundred ships, mostly in the coal trade, and ranks close to Newcastle in Northumberland; 't is a town large enough to be charged with six hundred men for his Majesty's navy," and the captain scowled. "We need not take it for a poor fishing village till we have seen it better. A more uncertain coast, from the shifting sands, I do not remember to have known; but I can keep the main channels well enough through long acquaintance," he added, in a lower voice. "Now we are out of this dungeon of fog, thank God, and I shall creep in still and steady as a snail when I get ready."

They could see the gleam of white cliffs now, as the fog rolled up the hills.

"'T is full of poor miners there, burrowing like moles in the dark earth," said the captain pityingly, — "a wretched life for a Christian!" Then he went to his cabin, and called his officers about him, and gave orders for the night's work.

"I loved Britain as a man may only love his mother country; but I was misjudged, and treated with such bitter harshness and contempt in my younger days that I renounced my very birth-

right!" said Paul Jones, turning to Wallingford with a strange impulse of sadness when the other men had gone. "I cannot help it now; I have made the break, and have given my whole allegiance to our new Republic, and all the strength of me shall count for something in the building of her noble future. Therefore I fight her battles, at whatever cost and on whatever soil. Being a sailor, I fight as a sailor, and I am here close to the soil that bore me. 'T is against a man's own heart, but I am bent upon my duty, though it cost me dear."

Wallingford did not speak, — his own reluctance was but hardly overcome; he could not take his eyes off the captain, who had grown unconscious of his presence. It was a manly face and bold look, but when at rest there was something of wistfulness in the eyes and boyish mouth, — something that told of baffings and disappointments and bitter hardness in a life that had so breathlessly climbed the steep ladder of ambition. The flashing fire of his roused spirit, the look of eager bravery, were both absent now, leaving in their places something of great distinction, but a wistfulness too, a look hungry for sympathy, — that pathetic look of simple bewilderment which sometimes belongs to dreamers and enthusiasts who do not know whither they are being led.

The wind was down, so that there was no hope, as at first, of the Ranger's running in closer to the harbor, with all her fighting force and good armament of guns. There was still light enough to see that no man-of-war was standing guard over so many merchantmen. The Ranger herself looked innocent enough from shore, on her far anchorage; but when darkness fell they hove up the anchor and crept in a little way, till the tide turned to go out and it was too dangerous among the shoals. They anchored once more, yet at too great a distance. Hours of delay ran by, and when the boats were lowered at last there was hindrance still. Some preparations that the captain had ordered were much belated, to his great dismay; discipline was of no avail; they were behindhand in starting; the sky was clear of clouds now, and the night would be all the shorter.

The officers were silent, wrapped in their heavy boat cloaks, and the men rowed with all the force that was in them. The captain had the surgeon with him in one boat, and some midshipmen, and the other boat was in charge of Lieutenant Wallingford, with Dickson and Hall.

There were thirty picked seamen, more or less, in the party; the boats were crowded and loaded to the gunwale, and they parted company like thieves in the night to work their daring purposes. The old town of Whitehaven lay quiet; there was already a faint light of coming dawn above the Cumberland Hills when they came to the outer pier; there was a dim gleam of snow on the heights under the bright stars, and the air was bitter cold. An old sea was running high after the late storms, and the boats dragged slowly on their errand. The captain grew fierce and restless, and cursed the rowers for their slowness; and the old town of Whitehaven and all her shipping lay sound asleep.

The captain's boat came in first; he gave his orders with sure acquaintance, and looked about him eagerly, smiling at some ancient-looking vessels as if they were old friends, and calling them by name. What with the stormy weather of the past week, and an alarm about some Yankee pirates that might be coming on the coast, they had all flocked in like sheep, and lay stranded now as the tide left them. There was a loud barking of dogs from deck to deck, but it soon ceased. Both the boats had brought what freight they could stow of pitch and kindlings, and they followed their orders; the captain's boat going to the south side, and Wallingford's to the

north, to set fires among the shipping. There was not a moment to be lost.

On the south side of the harbor, where the captain went, were the larger ships, many of them merchantmen of three or four hundred tons burthen; on the north side were smaller craft of every sort, Dutch doggers and the humble coast-wise crafts that made the living of a family, — each poor fish boat furnishing the tool for a hard and meagre existence. On few of these was there any riding light or watch; there was mutual protection in such a company, and the harbor was like a gateless poultry yard, into which the captain of the Ranger came boldly like a fox.

He ran his boat ashore below the fort, and sent most of her crew to set fires among the vessels, while he mounted the walls with a few followers, and found the sentinels nothing to be feared: they were all asleep in the guardhouse, such was the peace and prosperity of their lives. It was easy enough to stop them from giving alarm, and leave them fast-bound and gagged, to find the last half of the night longer than the first of it. A few ancient cannon were easily spiked, and the captain ran like a boy at Saturday-afternoon bird-nesting to the fort beyond to put some other guns out of commission; they might make mischief for him, should the town awake.

"Come after me!" he called. "I am at home here!" And the men at his heels marveled at him more than ever, now that they were hand to hand with such an instant piece of business. It took a man that was half devil to do what the captain was doing, and they followed as if they loved him. He stopped now in a frenzy of sudden rage. "They have had time enough already to start the burning; what keeps them? There should be a dozen fires lit now!" he cried, as he ran back to the water-side. The rest of the boat's crew were standing where he had left them, and met his reproaches with scared faces: they had their pitch and tar with them, and had boarded a vessel, but the candles in their dark lanterns, which were to start the blaze, had flickered and gone out. Somebody had cut them short: it was a dirty trick, and was done on purpose. They told in loud, indignant whispers that they had chosen an old deserted ship that would have kindled everything near her, but they had no light left. And the sky was fast brightening.

The captain's face was awful to look at, as he stood aghast. There was no sight of fire across the harbor, either, and no quick snake of flame could be seen running up the masts. He stood for one terrible moment in silence and despair. "And no flint and steel among us, on such an errand!" he gasped. "Come with me, Green!" he commanded, and set forth again, running like a deer back into the town.

It took but a minute to pass, by a narrow way, among some poor stone houses and out across a bit of open ground, to a cottage poorer and lower than any, and here Paul Jones lifted the clumsy latch. It was a cottage of a single room, and his companion followed hastily, and stood waiting close behind on the threshold.

"Nancy, Nancy, my dear!" said the captain, in a gentle voice, but thrusting back a warning hand to keep the surgeon out. "Nancy, ye 'll not be frighted; 't is no thief, but your poor laddie, John Paul, that you wintered long ago with a hurt leg, an' he having none other that would friend him. I 've come now but to friend you and to beg a light."

There was a cry of joy and a sound of some one rising in the bed, and the surgeon heard the captain's hasty steps as he crossed the room in the dark and kissed the old creature, who began to chatter in her feeble voice.

"Yes, here 's your old tinder box in its place on the chimney," said the captain hastily. "I 'm only distressed for

a light, Mother Nancy, and my boat just landing. Here 's for ye till I get ashore again from my ship," and there was a sound of a heavy handful of money falling on the bed.

"Tak' the best candle, child," she cried, "an' promise me ye 'll be ashore again the morn's morn an' let me see your bonny eyes by day! I said ye 'd come, — I always said ye 'd come!" But the two men were past hearing any more, as they ran away with their treasure.

"Why in God's name did you leave the door wide open?" said the surgeon. "She 'll die of a pleurisy, and your gold will only serve to bury her!"

There was no time for dallying. The heap of combustibles on one old vessel's deck was quick set afire now and flung down the hatches, and a barrel of tar was poured into the thick-mounting flames; this old brig was well careened against another, and their yards were fouled. There was no time to do more; the two would easily scatter fire to all their neighborhood when the morning wind sprung up to help them, and the captain and his men must put off to sea. There were still no signs of life on the shore or the fort above.

They all gathered to the boat; the oarsmen were getting their places, when all at once there was a cry among the lanes close by, and a crowd of men were upon them. The alarm had been given, and the Ranger's men were pressed hard in a desperate, close fight. The captain stood on the end of the little pier with his pistol, and held back some of the attacking party for one terrible minute till all his men were in. "Lay out, lay out, my boys!" he cried then from his own place in the stern. There were bullets raining about them, but they were quick out of harm's way on the water. There was not a man of that boat's company could forget the captain's calmness and daring, as they saw him stand against the angry crowd.

The flames were leaping up the rigging of the burning ship; the shore was alive with men; there were crowds of people swarming away up among the hills beyond the houses. There had been a cannon overlooked, or some old ship's gun lay upon the beach, which presently spoke with futile bravado, bellowing its hasty charge when the captain's boat was well out upon the bay. The hills were black with frightened folk, as if Whitehaven were a ruined ant-hill; the poor town was in a terror. On the other side of the harbor there was no blaze even yet, and the captain stood in his boat, swaying to its quick movement, with his anxious eyes set to looking for the other men. There were people running along the harbor side, and excited shapes on the decks of the merchantmen; suddenly, to his relief of mind, he saw the other boat coming out from behind a Dutch brig.

Lieutenant Hall was in command of her now, and he stood up and saluted when he came near enough to speak.

"Our lights failed us, sir," he said, looking very grave; "somebody had tampered with all our candles before we left the ship. An alarm was given almost at once, and our landing party was attacked. Mr. Dickson was set upon and injured, but escaped. Mr. Wallingford is left ashore."

"The alarm was given just after we separated," said Dickson, lifting himself from the bottom of the boat. "I heard loud cries for the guard, and a man set upon me, so that I am near murdered. They could not have watched us coming. You see there has been treachery, and Wallingford has stayed ashore from choice."

"That will do, sir!" blazed the captain. "I must hear what you have done with Wallingford. Let us get back to our ship!" And the two boats sped away with what swiftness they could across the great stretch of rough water. Some of the men were regretful, but some wore

a hard and surly look as they bent to their heavy oars.

XXV.

The men left on board the Ranger, with Lieutenant Simpson in command, who had been watching all these long hours, now saw clouds of smoke rising from among the shipping, but none from the other side of the town, where they knew the captain had ordered many fires to be set among the warehouses. The two boats were at last seen returning in company, and the Ranger, which had drifted seaward, made shift with the morning breeze to wear a little nearer and pick them up. There was a great smoke in the harbor, but the town itself stood safe.

The captain looked back eagerly from the height of the deck after he came aboard; then his face fell. "I have been balked of my purpose!" he cried. "Curse such treachery among ye! Thank God, I 've frightened them, and shown what a Yankee captain may dare to do! If I had been an hour earlier, and no sneaking cur had tampered with our lights" —

He was pale with excitement, and stood there at first triumphant, and next instant cursing his hard luck. The smoke among the shipping was already less; the Ranger was running seaward, as if the mountains had waked all their sleepy winds and sent them out to hurry her.

There was a crowd on deck about the men who had returned, and the sailors on the yards were calling down to their fellows to ask questions. The captain had so far taken no notice of any one, or even of this great confusion.

"Who 's your gentleman now?" Dickson's voice suddenly rang triumphant, like a cracked trumpet, above the sounds of bragging narrative that were punctuated by oaths to both heaven and the underworld. "Who 's a traitor and a damned white-livered dog of a Tory now? Who dropped our spare candles overboard, and dirtied his pretty fingers to spoil the rest? Who gave alarm quick 's he got his boat ashore, and might have had us all strung up on their English gallows before sunset?"

Dickson was standing with his back against the mast, with a close-shouldered audience about him, officious to give exact details of the expedition. Aloft, they stopped who were shaking out the sails, and tried to hear what he was saying. At this moment old Cooper lowered himself hand over hand, coming down on the run into the middle of the company before he could be stopped, and struck Dickson a mighty blow in the breast that knocked him breathless. Some of Dickson's followers set upon Cooper in return; but he twisted out of their clutch, being a man of great strength and size, and took himself off to a little distance, where he stood and looked up imploringly at the captain, and then dropped his big head into his hands and began to sob. The captain came to the edge of the quarter-deck and looked down at him without speaking. Just then Dickson was able to recover speech; he had nearly every man aboard for his audience.

"You had ten minutes to the good afore Mr. Wallingford follered ye!" bellowed Hanscom, one of the Berwick men who had been in the same boat.

"I saw nothing of the judge's noble son; he took good care of that!" answered Dickson boldly; and there was a cry of approval among those who had suspected Wallingford. They were now in the right; they at last had proof that Wallingford deserved the name of traitor, or any evil name they might be disposed to call him. Every man in the lieutenant's boat was eager to be heard and to tell his own story. Mr. Hall had disappeared; as for Wallingford, he was not there to plead for himself, and his accusers had it all their own way.

"I tell ye I ain't afraid but he 's all right! A man's character ought to count for something!" cried Hanscom. But there was a roar of contempt from those who had said from the first that a Tory was a Tory, and that Wallingford had no business to be playing at officer aboard the Ranger, and making shift to stand among proper seamen. He had gone ashore alone and stayed ashore, and there had been a sudden alarm in the town: the black truth stared everybody in the face.

The captain's first rage had already quieted in these few minutes since they had come aboard, and his face had settled into a look of stolid disappointment and weariness. He had given Whitehaven a great fright, — that was something; the news of it would quickly travel along the coast. He went to his cabin now, and summoned Dickson and Hall to make their statements. Lieutenant Hall had no wish to be the speaker, but the fluent Dickson, battered and water-soaked, minutely described the experience of the boat's company. It certainly seemed true enough that Wallingford had deserted. Lieutenant Hall could contradict nothing that was said, though the captain directly appealed to him more than once.

"After all, we have only your own word for what happened on shore," said the captain brutally, as if Dickson were but a witness in court before the opposing attorney.

"You have only my word," said Dickson. "I suppose you think that you can doubt it. At least you can see that I have suffered. I feel the effects of the blows, and my clothes are still dripping here on your cabin floor in a way that will cause you discomfort. I have already told you all I can."

"I know not what to believe," answered Paul Jones, after a moment's reflection, but taking no notice of the man's really suffering condition. The captain stood mute, looking squarely into Dickson's face, as if he were still speaking. It was very uncomfortable. "Lieutenant Wallingford is a man of character. Some misfortune may have overtaken him; at the last moment" —

"He made the most of the moments he had," sneered Dickson then. "The watch was upon us; I had hard work to escape. I tried to do my best."

"*Tried!*" roared the captain. "What's *trying?* 'T is the excuse of a whiner to say he *tried;* a man either does the thing he ought, or he does it not. I gave your orders with care, sir; the treachery began here on board. There should have been fires set in those spots I commanded. 'T was the business of my officers to see that this was done, and to have their proper lights at hand. Curse such incompetence! Curse your self-seeking and your jealousy of me and one another!" he railed. "This is what you count for when my work is at the pinch! If only my good fellows of the Alfred had been with me, I might have laid three hundred ships in ashes, with half Whitehaven town."

Dickson's face wore a fresh look of triumph; the captain's hopes were confessedly dashed to ground, and the listener was the better pleased. Hall, a decent man, looked sorry enough; but Dickson's expression of countenance lent fuel to the flames of wrath, and the captain saw his look.

"I could sooner believe that last night's villain were yourself, sir!" he blazed out suddenly, and Dickson's smug face grew a horrid color. The attack was so furious that he was not without fear; a better man would have suffered shame.

"I take that from nobody. You forget yourself, Captain Jones," he managed to say, with choking throat; and then the viper's instinct in his breast made him take revenge. "You should be more civil to your officers, sir; you have insulted too many of us. Remember that we are American citizens, and you have given even Mr. Wallingford good reason

to hate you. He is of a slow sort, but he may have bided his time!"

The bravery of the hypocrite counted for much. Paul Jones stared at him for a moment, wounded to the quick, and speechless. Then, "Leave me, you sneaking thief!" he hissed between his teeth. "Am I to be baited by a coward like you? We 'll see who 's the better man!" But at this lamentable juncture Lieutenant Hall stepped between, and by dint of hard pushing urged the offending Dickson to the deck again. Such low quarrels were getting to be too common on the Ranger, but this time he was not unwilling to take the captain's part. Dickson was chilled to the bone, and his teeth were chattering; the bruises on his face were swelling fast. He looked like a man that had been foully dealt with, — first well pounded and then ducked, as Hall had once seen an offender treated by angry fishwives in the port of Leith.

There was much heaviness among those Berwick men who stood bravely for Roger Wallingford; one of them, at least, refused to be comforted, and turned his face to the wall in sorrow when the lieutenant's fate was discussed. At first he had boldly insisted that they would soon find out the truth; but there were those who were ready to confute every argument, even that of experience, and now even poor Cooper went sad and silent about his work, and fought the young squire's enemies no more.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FOUNTAINS AND STREAMS OF THE YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK.

The joyful, songful streams of the Sierra are among the most famous and interesting in the world, and draw the admiring traveler on and on through their wonderful cañons, year after year, unwearied. After long wanderings with them, tracing them to their fountains, learning their history and the forms they take in their wild works and ways throughout the different seasons of the year, we may then view them together in one magnificent show, outspread over all the range like embroidery, their silvery branches interlacing on a thousand mountains, singing their way home to the sea: the small rills, with hard roads to travel, dropping from ledge to ledge, pool to pool, like chains of sweet-toned bells, slipping gently over beds of pebbles and sand, resting in lakes, shining, spangling, shimmering, lapping the shores with whispering ripples, and shaking overleaning bushes and grass; the larger streams and rivers in the cañons displaying noble purity and beauty with ungovernable energy, rushing down smooth inclines in wide foamy sheets, fold over fold, springing up here and there in magnificent whirls scattering crisp clashing spray for the sunbeams to iris, bursting with hoarse reverberating roar through rugged gorges and boulder dams, booming in falls, gliding, glancing, with cool soothing murmuring, through long forested reaches richly embowered, — filling the grand cañons with glorious song, and giving life to all the landscape.

The present rivers of the Sierra are still young, and have made but little mark as yet on the grand cañons prepared for them by the ancient glaciers. Only a very short geological time ago they all lay buried beneath the glaciers they drained, singing in low smothered

or silvery ringing tones in crystal channels, while the summer weather melted the ice and snow of the surface or gave showers. At first only in warm weather was any part of these buried rivers displayed in the light of day; for as soon as frost prevailed the surface rills vanished, though the streams beneath the ice and in the body of it flowed on all the year.

When, toward the close of the glacial period, the ice mantle began to shrink and recede from the lowlands, the lower portions of the rivers were developed, issuing from cavelike openings on the melting margin, and growing longer as the ice withdrew; while for many a century the tributaries and upper portions of the trunks remained covered. In the fullness of time these also were set free in the sunshine, to take their places in the newborn landscapes; each tributary with its smaller branches being gradually developed like the main trunks, as the climatic changes went on. At first all of them were muddy with glacial detritus, and they became clear only after the glaciers they drained had receded beyond lake basins in which the sediments were dropped.

This early history is clearly explained by the present rivers of southeastern Alaska. Of those draining glaciers that discharge into arms of the sea, only the rills on the surface of the ice, and upboiling, eddying, turbid currents in the tide water in front of the terminal ice wall, are visible. Where glaciers, in the first stage of decadence, have receded from the shore, short sections of the trunks of the rivers that are to take their places may be seen rushing out from caverns and tunnels in the melting front, — rough, roaring, detritus-laden torrents, foaming and tumbling over outspread terminal moraines to the sea, perhaps without a single bush or flower to brighten their raw, shifting banks. Again, in some of the warmer cañons and valleys from which the trunk glaciers have been melted, the main trunks of the rivers are well developed, and their banks planted with fine forests, while their upper branches, lying high on the snowy mountains, are still buried beneath shrinking residual glaciers; illustrating every stage of development, from icy darkness to light, and from muddiness to crystal clearness.

Now that the hard grinding sculpture work of the glacial period is done, the whole bright band of Sierra rivers run clear all the year, except when the snow is melting fast in the warm spring weather, and during extraordinary winter floods and the heavy thunderstorms of summer called cloud-bursts. Even then they are not muddy above the foothill mining region, unless the moraines have been loosened and the vegetation destroyed by sheep; for the rocks of the upper basins are clean, and the most able streams find but little to carry save the spoils of the forests, — trees, branches, flakes of bark, cones, leaves, pollen dust, etc., — with scales of mica, sand grains, and boulders, which are rolled along the bottom of the steep parts of the main channels. Short sections of a few of the highest tributaries heading in glaciers are of course turbid with finely ground rock mud, but this is dropped in the first lakes they enter.

On the northern part of the range, mantled with porous fissured volcanic rocks, the fountain waters sink and flow below the surface for considerable distances, groping their way in the dark like the draining streams of glaciers, and at last bursting forth in big generous springs, filtered and cool and exquisitely clear. Some of the largest look like lakes, their waters welling straight up from the bottom of deep rock basins in quiet massive volume giving rise to young rivers. Others issue from horizontal clefts in sheer bluffs, with loud tumultuous roaring that may be heard half a mile or more. Magnificent examples of these great northern spring fountains,

twenty or thirty feet deep and ten to nearly a hundred yards wide, abound on the main branches of the Feather, Pitt, McCloud, and Fall rivers.

The springs of the Yosemite Park, and the high Sierra in general, though many times more numerous, are comparatively small, oozing from moraines and snowbanks in thin, flat, irregular currents which remain on the surface or near it, the rocks of the south half of the range being mostly flawless impervious granite; and since granite is but slightly soluble, the streams are particularly pure. Nevertheless, though they are all clear, and in the upper and main central forest regions delightfully lively and cool, they vary somewhat in color and taste as well as temperature, on account of differences, however slight, in exposure, and in the rocks and vegetation with which they come in contact. Some are more exposed than others to winds and sunshine in their falls and thin plumelike cascades; the amount of dashing, mixing, and airing the waters of each receive varies considerably; and there is always more or less variety in the kind and quantity of the vegetation they flow through, and in the time they lie in shady or sunny lakes and bogs.

The water of one of the branches of the north fork of Owens River, near the southeastern boundary of the park, at an elevation of ninety-five hundred feet above the sea, is the best I ever found. It is not only delightfully cool and bright, but brisk, sparkling, exhilarating, and so positively delicious to the taste that a party of friends I led to it twenty-five years ago still praise it, and refer to it as "that wonderful champagne water;" though, comparatively, the finest wine is a coarse and vulgar drink. The party camped about a week in a pine grove on the edge of a little round sedgy meadow through which the stream ran bank full, and drank its icy water on frosty mornings, before breakfast, and at night about as eagerly as in the heat of the day; lying down and taking massy draughts direct from the brimming flood, lest the touch of a cup might disturb its celestial flavor. On one of my excursions I took pains to trace this stream to its head springs. It is mostly derived from snow that lies in heavy drifts and avalanche heaps on or near the axis of the range. It flows first in flat sheets over coarse sand or shingle derived from a granite ridge and the metamorphic slates of Red Mountain. Then, gathering its many small branches, it runs through beds of moraine material, and a series of lakelets and meadows and frosty juicy bogs bordered with heathworts and linked together by short bouldery reaches. Below these, growing strong with tribute drawn from many a snowy fountain on either side, the glad stream goes dashing and swirling through clumps of the white-barked pine, and tangled willow and alder thickets enriched by the fragrant herbaceous vegetation usually found about them. And just above the level camp meadow it is chafed and churned and beaten white over and over again in crossing a talus of big earthquake boulders, giving it a very thorough airing. But to what the peculiar indefinable excellence of this water is due I don't know; for other streams in adjacent cañons are aired in about the same way, and draw traces of minerals and plant essences from similar sources. The best mineral water yet discovered in the park flows from the Tuolumne soda springs, on the north side of the Big Meadow. Mountaineers like it and ascribe every healing virtue to it, but in no way can any of these waters be compared with the Owens River champagne.

It is a curious fact that the waters of some of the Sierra lakes and streams are invisible, or nearly so, under certain weather conditions. This is noticed by mountaineers, hunters, and prospectors, wide-awake, sharp-eyed observers, little likely to be fooled by fine whims. One of these mountain men, whom I had

nursed while a broken leg was mending, always gratefully reported the wonders he found. Once, returning from a trip on the head waters of the Tuolumne, he came running eagerly, crying: "Muir, I 've found the queerest lake in the mountains! It 's high up where nothing grows; and when it is n't shiny you can't see it, and you walk right into it as if there was nothing there. The first you know of that lake you are in it, and get tripped up by the water, and hear the splash." The waters of Illilouette Creek are nearly invisible in the autumn; so that, in following the channel, jumping from boulder to boulder after a shower, you will frequently drag your feet in the apparently surfaceless pools.

Excepting a few low warm slopes, fountain snow usually covers all the Yosemite Park from November or December to May, most of it until June or July, while on the coolest parts of the north slopes of the mountains, at a height of eleven to thirteen thousand feet, it is perpetual. It seldom lies at a greater depth than two or three feet on the lower margin, ten feet over the middle forested region, or fifteen to twenty feet in the shadowy cañons and cirques among the peaks of the summit, except where it is drifted, or piled in avalanche heaps at the foot of long converging slopes to form perennial fountains.

The first crop of snow crystals that whitens the mountains and refreshes the streams usually falls in September or October, in the midst of charming Indian-summer weather, often while the golden-rods and gentians are in their prime; but these Indian-summer snows, like some of the late ones that bury the June gardens, vanish in a day or two, and garden work goes on with accelerated speed. The grand winter storms that load the mountains with enduring fountain snow seldom set in before the end of November. The fertile clouds, descending, glide about and hover in brooding silence, as if thoughtfully examining the forests and streams with reference to the work before them; then small flakes or single crystals appear, glinting and swirling in zigzags and spirals; and soon the thronging feathery masses fill the sky and make darkness like night, hurrying wandering mountaineers to their winter quarters. The first fall is usually about two to four feet deep. Then, with intervals of bright weather, not very cold, storm succeeds storm, heaping snow on snow, until from thirty to fifty or sixty feet has fallen; but on account of heavy settling and compacting, and the waste from evaporation and melting, the depth in the middle region, as stated above, rarely exceeds ten feet. Evaporation never wholly ceases, even in the coldest weather, and the sunshine between storms melts the surface more or less. Waste from melting also goes on at the bottom from summer heat stored in the rocks, as is shown by the rise of the streams after the first general storm, and their steady sustained flow all winter.

In the deep sugar-pine and silver-fir woods, up to a height of eight thousand feet, most of the snow lies where it falls, in one smooth universal fountain, until set free in the streams. But in the lighter forests of the two-leaved pine, and on the bleak slopes above the timber line, there is much wild drifting during storms accompanied by high winds, and for a day or two after they have fallen, when the temperature is low, and the snow dry and dusty. Then the trees, bending in the darkening blast, roar like feeding lions; the frozen lakes are buried; so also are the streams, which now flow in dark tunnels, as if another glacial period had come. On high ridges, where the winds have a free sweep, magnificent overcurling cornices are formed, which, with the avalanche piles, last as fountains almost all summer; and when an exceptionally high wind is blowing from the north, the snow, rolled, drifted, and ground to dust, is driven up the converging northern slopes of the peaks, and sent flying for

miles in the form of bright wavering banners, displayed in wonderful clearness and beauty against the sky.

The greatest storms, however, are usually followed by a deep peculiar silence, especially profound and solemn in the forests, and the noble trees stand hushed and motionless, as if under a spell, until the morning sunbeams begin to sift through their laden spires. Then the snow, shifting and falling from the top branches, strikes the lower ones in succession, and dislodges bossy masses all the way down. Thus each tree is enveloped in a hollow conical avalanche of fairy fineness, silvery white, irised on the outside; while the relieved branches spring up and wave with startling effect in the general stillness, as if moving of their own volition. These beautiful tree avalanches, hundreds of which may be seen falling at once on fine mornings after storms, pile their snow in raised rings around corresponding hollows beneath the trees, making the forest mantle somewhat irregular, but without greatly influencing its duration and the flow of the streams.

The large storm avalanches are most abundant on the summit peaks of the range. They descend the broad steep slopes, as well as narrow gorges and couloirs, with grand roaring and booming, and glide in graceful curves out on the glaciers they so bountifully feed.

Down in the main cañons of the middle region broad masses are launched over the brows of cliffs three or four thousand feet high, which, worn to dust by friction in falling so far through the air, oftentimes hang for a minute or two in front of the tremendous precipices like gauzy half-transparent veils, gloriously beautiful when the sun is shining through them. Most of the cañon avalanches, however, flow in regular channels, like the cascades of tributary streams. When the snow first gives way on the upper slopes of their basins a dull muffled rush and rumble is heard, which, increasing with heavy deliberation, seems to draw rapidly nearer with appalling intensity of tone. Presently the wild flood comes in sight, bounding out over bosses and sheer places, leaping from bench to bench, spreading and narrowing and throwing off clouds of whirling diamond dust like a majestic foamy cataract. Compared with cascades and falls, avalanches are short-lived, and the sharp clashing sounds so common in dashing water are usually wanting; but in their deep thunder tones and pearly purple-tinged whiteness, and in dress, gait, gestures, and general behavior, they are much alike.

Besides these common storm avalanches there are two other kinds, the annual and the century, which still further enrich the scenery, though their influence on fountains is comparatively small. Annual avalanches are composed of heavy compacted snow which has been subjected to frequent alternations of frost and thaw. They are developed on cañon and mountain sides, the greater number of them, at elevations of from nine to ten thousand feet, where the slopes are so inclined that the dry snows of winter accumulate and hold fast until the spring thaws sap their foundations and make them slippery. Then away in grand style go the ponderous icy masses adorned with crystalline spray, without any cloudy snow dust; some of the largest descending more than a mile with even sustained energy and directness like thunderbolts. The grand century avalanches, that mow wide swaths through the upper forests, occur on shady mountain sides about ten to twelve thousand feet high, where, under ordinary conditions, the snow accumulated from winter to winter lies at rest for many years, allowing trees fifty to a hundred feet high to grow undisturbed on the slopes below them. On their way through the forests they usually make a clean sweep, stripping off the soil as well as the trees, clearing paths two or three hundred yards wide from the timber line to the glacier meadows, and piling the uprooted trees, head downward, in

windrows along the sides like lateral moraines. Scars and broken branches on the standing trees bordering the gaps record the side depth of the overwhelming flood; and when we come to count the annual wood rings of the uprooted trees, we learn that some of these colossal avalanches occur only once in about a century, or even at still wider intervals.

Few mountaineers go far enough, during the snowy months, to see many avalanches, and fewer still know the thrilling exhilaration of riding on them. In all my wild mountaineering I have enjoyed only one avalanche ride; and the start was so sudden, and the end came so soon, I thought but little of the danger that goes with this sort of travel, though one thinks fast at such times. One calm, bright morning in Yosemite, after a hearty storm had given three or four feet of fresh snow to the mountains, being eager to see as many avalanches as possible, and gain wide views of the peaks and forests, arrayed in their new robes, before the sunshine had time to change or rearrange them, I set out early to climb by a side cañon to the top of a commanding ridge a little over three thousand feet above the valley. On account of the looseness of the snow that blocked the cañon I knew the climb would be trying, and estimated it might require three or four hours. But it proved far more difficult than I had foreseen. Most of the way I sank waist-deep, in some places almost out of sight; and after spending the day to within half an hour of sundown in this loose, baffling snow work, I was still several hundred feet below the summit. Then my hopes were reduced to getting up in time for the sunset, and a quick, sparkling home-going beneath the stars. But I was not to get top views of any sort that day; for deep trampling near the cañon head, where the snow was strained, started an avalanche, and I was swished back down to the foot of the cañon as if by enchantment. The plodding, wallowing ascent of about a mile had taken all day, the undoing descent perhaps a minute. When the snow suddenly gave way, I instinctively threw myself on my back and spread my arms, to try to keep from sinking. Fortunately, though the grade of the cañon was steep, it was not interrupted by step levels or precipices big enough to cause outbounding or free plunging. On no part of the rush was I buried. I was only moderately imbedded on the surface or a little below it, and covered with a hissing back-streaming veil of dusty snow particles; and as the whole mass beneath or about me joined in the flight I felt no friction, though tossed here and there, and lurched from side to side. And when the torrent swedged and came to rest I found myself on the top of the crumpled pile, without a single bruise or scar. Hawthorne says that steam has spiritualized travel, notwithstanding the smoke, friction smells, and clatter of boat and rail riding. This flight in a milky way of snow flowers was the most spiritual of all my travels; and, after many years, the mere thought of it is still an exhilaration.

In the spring, after all the avalanches are down and the snow is melting fast, it is glorious to hear the streams sing out on the mountains. Every fountain swelling, countless rills hurry together to the rivers at the call of the sun; beginning to run and sing soon after sunrise, increasing until toward sundown, then gradually failing through the cold frosty hours of the night. Thus the volume of the upper rivers, even in flood time, is nearly doubled during the day, rising and falling as regularly as the tides of the sea. At the height of flood, in the warmest June weather, they seem fairly to shout for joy, and clash their upleaping waters together like clapping of hands; racing down the cañons with white manes flying in glorious exuberance of strength, compelling huge sleeping boulders to wake up and join in the dance and song to swell their chorus.

Then the plants also are in flood; the hidden sap singing into leaf and flower, responding as faithfully to the call of the sun as the streams from the snow, gathering along the outspread roots like rills in their channels on the mountains, rushing up the stems of herb and tree, swirling in their myriad cells like streams in potholes, spreading along the branches and breaking into foamy bloom, while fragrance, like a finer music, rises and flows with the winds.

About the same may be said of the spring gladness of blood when the red streams surge and sing in accord with the swelling plants and rivers, inclining animals and everybody to travel in hurrahing crowds like floods, while exhilarating melody in color and fragrance, form and motion, flows to the heart through all the quickening senses.

In early summer the streams are in bright prime, running crystal clear, deep and full, but not overflowing their banks, — about as deep through the night as the day, the variation so marked in spring being now too slight to be noticed. Nearly all the weather is cloudless sunshine, and everything is at its brightest, — lake, river, garden, and forest, with all their warm throbbing life. Most of the plants are in full leaf and flower; the blessed ousels have built their mossy huts, and are now singing their sweetest songs on spray-sprinkled ledges beside the waterfalls.

In tranquil, mellow autumn, when the year's work is about done, when the fruits are ripe, birds and seeds out of their nests, and all the landscape is glowing like a benevolent countenance at rest, then the streams are at their lowest ebb, — their wild rejoicing soothed to thoughtful calm. All the smaller tributaries, whose branches do not reach back to the perennial fountains of the summit peaks, shrink to whispering, tinkling currents. The snow of their basins gone, they are now fed only by small moraine springs, whose waters are mostly evaporated in passing over warm pavements, and in feeling their way from pool to pool through the midst of boulders and sand. Even the main streams are so low they may be easily forded, and their grand falls and cascades, now gentle and approachable, have waned to sheets and webs of embroidery, falling fold over fold in new and ever changing beauty.

Two of the most songful of the rivers, the Tuolumne and Merced, water nearly all the park, spreading their branches far and wide, like broad-headed oaks; and the highest branches of each draw their sources from one and the same fountain on Mount Lyell, at an elevation of about thirteen thousand feet above the sea. The crest of the mountain, against which the head of the glacier rests, is worn to a thin blade full of joints, through which a part of the glacial water flows southward, giving rise to the highest trickling affluents of the Merced; while the main drainage, flowing northward, gives rise to those of the Tuolumne. After diverging for a distance of ten or twelve miles these twin rivers flow in a general westerly direction, descending rapidly for the first thirty miles, and rushing in glorious apron cascades and falls from one Yosemite valley to another. Below the Yosemites they descend in gray rapids and swirling, swaying reaches, through the chaparral-clad cañons of the foothills and across the golden California plain, to their confluence with the San Joaquin, where, after all their long wanderings, they are only about ten miles apart.

The main cañons are from fifty to seventy miles long, and from two to four thousand feet deep, carved in the solid flank of the range. Though rough in some places and hard to travel, they are the most delightful of roads, leading through the grandest scenery, full of life and motion, and offering most telling lessons in earth sculpture. The walls, far from being unbroken, featureless cliffs,

seem like ranges of separate mountains, so deep and varied is their sculpture; rising in lordly domes, towers, round-browed outstanding headlands, and clustering spires, with dark shadowy side cañons between. But, however wonderful in height and mass and fineness of finish, no anomalous curiosities are presented, no "freaks of nature." All stand related in delicate rhythm, a grand glacial rock song. Among the most interesting and influential of the secondary features of cañon scenery are the great avalanche taluses, that lean against the walls at intervals of a mile or two. In the middle Yosemite region they are usually from three to five hundred feet high, and are made up of huge angular well-preserved unshifting boulders, overgrown with gray lichens, trees, shrubs, and delicate flowering plants. Some of the largest of the boulders are forty or fifty feet cube, weighing from five to ten thousand tons; and where the cleavage joints of the granite are exceptionally wide apart a few blocks may be found nearly a hundred feet in diameter. These wonderful boulder piles are distributed throughout all the cañons of the range, completely choking them in some of the narrower portions, and no mountaineer will be likely to forget the savage roughness of the roads they make. Even the swift overbearing rivers, accustomed to sweep everything out of their way, are in some places bridled and held in check by them. Foaming, roaring, in glorious majesty of flood, rushing off long rumbling trains of ponderous blocks without apparent effort, they are not able to move the largest, which, withstanding all assaults for centuries, are left at rest in the channels, like islands, with gardens on their tops, fringed with foam below, with flowers above.

On some points concerning the origin of these taluses I was long in doubt. Plainly enough they were derived from the cliffs above them, the size of each talus being approximately measured by a scar on the wall, the rough angular surface of which contrasts with the rounded, glaciated, unfractured parts. I saw also that, instead of being slowly accumulated material, weathered off boulder by boulder in the ordinary way, almost every talus had been formed suddenly, in a single avalanche, and had not been increased in size during the last three or four centuries; for trees three or four hundred years old were growing on them, some standing at the top close to the wall, without a bruise or broken branch, showing that scarcely a single boulder had fallen among them since they were planted. Furthermore, all the taluses throughout the range seemed, by the trees and lichens growing on them, to be of the same age. All the phenomena pointed straight to a grand ancient earthquake. But I left the question open for years, and went on from cañon to cañon, observing again and again; measuring the heights of taluses throughout the range on both flanks, and the variations in the angles of their surface slopes; studying the way their boulders were assorted and related and brought to rest, and the cleavage joints of the cliffs from whence they were derived, cautious about making up my mind. Only after I had seen one made did all doubt as to their formation vanish.

In Yosemite Valley, one morning about two o'clock, I was aroused by an earthquake; and though I had never before enjoyed a storm of this sort, the strange wild thrilling motion and rumbling could not be mistaken, and I ran out of my cabin, near the Sentinel Rock, both glad and frightened, shouting, "A noble earthquake!" feeling sure I was going to learn something. The shocks were so violent and varied, and succeeded one another so closely, one had to balance in walking as if on the deck of a ship among waves, and it seemed impossible the high cliffs should escape being shattered. In particular, I feared that the sheer-fronted Sentinel Rock, which rises to a height

of three thousand feet, would be shaken down, and I took shelter back of a big pine, hoping I might be protected from outbounding boulders, should any come so far. I was now convinced that an earthquake had been the maker of the taluses, and positive proof soon came. It was a calm moonlight night, and no sound was heard for the first minute or two save a low muffled underground rumbling and a slight rustling of the agitated trees, as if, in wrestling with the mountains, Nature were holding her breath. Then, suddenly, out of the strange silence and strange motion there came a tremendous roar. The Eagle Rock, a short distance up the valley, had given way, and I saw it falling in thousands of the great boulders I had been studying so long, pouring to the valley floor in a free curve luminous from friction, making a terribly sublime and beautiful spectacle, — an arc of fire fifteen hundred feet span, as true in form and as steady as a rainbow, in the midst of the stupendous roaring rockstorm. The sound was inconceivably deep and broad and earnest, as if the whole earth, like a living creature, had at last found a voice, and were calling to her sister planets. It seemed to me that if all the thunder I ever heard were condensed into one roar it would not equal this rock roar at the birth of a mountain talus. Think, then, of the roar that arose to heaven when all the thousands of ancient cañon taluses throughout the length and breadth of the range were simultaneously given birth!

The main storm was soon over, and, eager to see the newborn talus, I ran up the valley in the moonlight and climbed it before the huge blocks, after their wild fiery flight, had come to complete rest. They were slowly settling into their places, chafing, grating against one another, groaning and whispering; but no motion was visible except in a stream of small fragments pattering down the face of the cliff at the head of the talus. A cloud of dust particles, the smallest of the boulders, floated out across the whole breadth of the valley and formed a ceiling that lasted until after sunrise; and the air was loaded with the odor of crushed Douglas spruces, from a grove that had been mowed down and mashed like weeds.

Sauntering about to see what other changes had been made, I found the Indians in the middle of the valley, terribly frightened, of course, fearing the angry spirits of the rocks were trying to kill them. The few whites wintering in the valley were assembled in front of the old Hutchings Hotel, comparing notes and meditating flight to steadier ground, seemingly as sorely frightened as the Indians. It is always interesting to see people in dead earnest, from whatever cause, and earthquakes make everybody earnest. Shortly after sunrise, a low blunt muffled rumbling, like distant thunder, was followed by another series of shocks, which, though not nearly so severe as the first, made the cliffs and domes tremble like jelly, and the big pines and oaks thrill and swish and wave their branches with startling effect. Then the groups of talkers were suddenly hushed, and the solemnity on their faces was sublime. One in particular of these winter neighbors, a rather thoughtful, speculative man, with whom I had often conversed, was a firm believer in the cataclysmic origin of the valley, and I now jokingly remarked that his wild tumble-down-and-engulfment hypothesis might soon be proved, since these underground rumblings and shakings might be the forerunners of another Yosemite-making cataclysm, which would perhaps double the depth of the valley by swallowing the floor, leaving the ends of the wagon roads and trails three or four thousand feet in the air. Just then came the second series of shocks, and it was fine to see how awfully silent and solemn he became. His belief in the existence of a mysterious abyss, into which

the suspended floor of the valley and all the domes and battlements of the walls might at any moment go roaring down, mightily troubled him. To cheer and tease him into another view of the case, I said: "Come, cheer up; smile a little and clap your hands, now that kind Mother Earth is trotting us on her knee to amuse us and make us good." But the well-meant joke seemed irreverent and utterly failed, as if only prayerful terror could rightly belong to the wild beauty-making business. Even after all the heavier shocks were over, I could do nothing to reassure him. On the contrary, he handed me the keys of his little store, and, with a companion of like mind, fled to the lowlands. In about a month he returned; but a sharp shock occurred that very day, which sent him flying again.

The rocks trembled more or less every day for over two months, and I kept a bucket of water on my table, to learn what I could of the movements. The blunt thunder tones in the depths of the mountains were usually followed by sudden jarring horizontal thrusts from the northward, often succeeded by twisting, upjolting movements. Judging by its effects, this Yosemite, or Inyo earthquake, as it is sometimes called, was gentle as compared with the one that gave rise to the grand talus system of the range and did so much for the cañon scenery. Nature, usually so deliberate in her operations, then created, as we have seen, a new set of features, simply by giving the mountains a shake, — changing not only the high peaks and cliffs, but the streams. As soon as these rock avalanches fell every stream began to sing new songs; for in many places thousands of boulders were hurled into their channels, roughening and half damming them, compelling the waters to surge and roar in rapids where before they were gliding smoothly. Some of the streams were completely dammed, driftwood, leaves, etc., filling the interstices between the boulders, thus giving rise to lakes and level reaches; and these, again, after being gradually filled in, to smooth meadows, through which the streams now silently meander; while at the same time some of the taluses took the places of old meadows and groves. Thus rough places were made smooth, and smooth places rough. But on the whole, by what at first sight seemed pure confusion and ruin, the landscapes were enriched; for gradually every talus, however big the boulders composing it, was covered with groves and gardens, and made a finely proportioned and ornamental base for the sheer cliffs. In this beauty work, every boulder is prepared and measured and put in its place more thoughtfully than are the stones of temples. If for a moment you are inclined to regard these taluses as mere draggled, chaotic dumps, climb to the top of one of them, tie your mountain shoes firmly over the instep, and with braced nerves run down without any haggling, puttering hesitation, boldly jumping from boulder to boulder with even speed. You will then find your feet playing a tune, and quickly discover the music and poetry of rock piles, — a fine lesson; and all nature's wildness tells the same story. Storms of every sort, torrents, earthquakes, cataclysms, "convulsions of nature," etc., however mysterious and lawless at first sight they may seem, are only harmonious notes in the song of creation, varied expressions of God's love.

John Muir.

TWO SCHOOLS.

I PUT my heart to school
In the world, where men grow wise.
"Go out," I said, "and learn the rule;
Come back when you win a prize."

My heart came back again.
"Now where is the prize?" I cried.
"The rule was false, and the prize was pain,
And the teacher's name was Pride."

I put my heart to school
In the woods, where veeries sing,
And brooks run cool and clear;
In the fields, where wild flowers spring,
And the blue of heaven bends near.
"Go out," I said: "you are half a fool,
But perhaps they can teach you here."

"And why do you stay so long,
My heart, and where do you roam?"
The answer came with a laugh and a song, —
"I find this school is home."

Henry van Dyke.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF A RUSSIAN PRINCE.

THE STORY OF EMILY PUDAN.

LIFE in the English colony at Moscow, as I saw it thirty-five years since, was very much like that of our English corner in St. Petersburg. My married sisters were quite contented with its small pleasurings, its petty gossip, and their efforts to help in sensible English ways the singing, pitiful beggars who came to their kitchens. But after a year of all this, and of indefatigable peeping and peering on fête days into all the places open to me, besides enthusiastic study of the Oriental magnificence of the churches, I longed for something more of Russian life than I could see from my window, or from a corner at the nobility balls, where I was still a rather dull looker-on. To be sure, our good physician and his wife gave us glimpses into the home life of this pleasure-loving, musical people, festive almost to prodigality, even amid the grave, unsolved problems of their land; and yet I felt, with a vague discontent, that I still had slight knowledge of the land of the White Czar.

One day, when I came in with a friend from a visit to "God's people," as we called our poor, I found the good rector of our English church in earnest con-

versation with my sister Patty. Prince G——, who lived in Kharkov, Little Russia, desired an English governess for his only daughter, the Princess Vavara. "Just your opportunity to see Russian high life," said the rector to me, as I entered the room. Looking me over comprehensively, he added, with a satisfied air, "You could be trusted in any environment, my little Briton." That afternoon's mail bore an eager letter to the old home in Somersetshire, begging my father's permission to enter this open door into a Russian palace. Promptly there came a summons to immediate return to the bosom of my family, where, it was more than hinted, there was much displeasure that a daughter of the house should have so forgotten herself and her family as to think of such a heresy to its traditions as taking the position of a governess. But the very day after the rector's proposition the charming princess had called, and, with delightful finesse, quite won my sister to the project; and Patty's letter, which made peace at Lyde House, had followed mine directly.

The G——s were a very old family, and for many generations had been prominent in court and government circles. The present prince was cousin to the reigning Emperor, Alexander II. The families thus allied were on the closest terms of intimacy, and this association with the imperial house was skillfully used by my sister to flatter the pride of a stern old gentleman in Somersetshire, whose response to her letter was amusing (though I kissed it with a moisture in my eyes): "My daughter may take this position if it can be arranged that she shall be treated as one of the family, — a social equal." A request to one of the most aristocratic families of Europe, sufficiently self-assertive and English, from a country gentleman whose pride in his Norman name was not clearly substantiated (so far as I could ever learn) by any accurate knowledge of the station of the ancestor "who came over with the Conqueror" — or after him.

My heart fluttered when it had its desire. The rector made exceptional arrangements for me, and these kind and truly noble people received me generously, never placing me "below the salt," at table or in spirit. They were indefatigable and united in their efforts to amuse and gratify me, and took me everywhere with them, in society or *en voyage*, — a most remarkable thing in Russia. My sister was never so dear as on the morning of my departure. Even the grayness of life in the English colony at Moscow was attractive. As a grand cavalcade of outriders, escorting an immense carriage drawn by six horses, with two footmen and two postilions, in a livery of gray and silver, swept through our lodge gate and filled the courtyard of our modest house, my courage faltered. The great earth seemed all at once to revolve very rapidly upon its axis, and to swing me off into space. And then pride put my feet upon terra firma again, and I stepped into the fine equipage through the door with the prince's crest; though I should have been very glad, at that moment, if it could have been on to the terrace at Lyde House, and into the arms of a proud Englishman, who might be wiser than his rather willful daughter, after all.

As we rolled out of Moscow upon the fine imperial road, the princess, who was full of sweet kindness, told me that we were to take in the festivities at the wedding of the daughter of her cousin, a baroness living in the interior, nearly one thousand versts from Moscow. This meant for us a journey of nearly three weeks in our traveling carriage. We generally kept to the imperial road, because it had safer bridges and was less exposed to banditti; but the most interesting part of the journey was off from this highway, where we passed small farmhouses with most primitive ways, and saw the shepherds tending their

flocks in the dress and manner of Bible times. Oxen, unmuzzled, were treading out the corn, and gray-haired old men were throwing up the wheat from wooden bowls, for the breeze to winnow. In these detours we needed twelve or fourteen horses, and there were four postilions instead of two. We slept in our great carriage, drawn up in the court of the post stations; for it was arranged for comfortable beds, and the poor little inns were not to be thought of, because of vermin.

We peeped into one of them, a most uninviting interior. Turning down the bright lights burning before the icons in the corners, my maid begged us to listen. A low buzz and whir of crisp wings startled us. "It is the stir of the *tarrakhaus*, or cockroaches," said Feodor. "They move on the ceiling in the darkness, which suits their habits." With a scream we rushed from the door, for a mouse ran across the floor, and the bright eyes of a toad in a dusky corner gleamed from his wrinkled, spotted skin. In the cities we could rest at a good hotel. Often the way led us through wolf-haunted forests, and we sometimes heard their cry: —

"In their long gallop which can tire
The hound's deep hate, the hunter's fire."

"Wolves do no harm," said one of our servants to our maids; "only once they ate a nun;" and by way of further assurance he added, "And here is a stone to mark the place where they ate a man." The eyes of Feodor gleamed like animated agates, and she fluttered about like a little brown sparrow. But we passed safely on.

Often we saw two or three hundred women together in the fields, reaping wheat without the vaunted masculine leadership. Along by the roadside horses were tethered. Babies in rude cradles were tied to the tops of young trees, which bent with their weight, and left the dimpled, rosy darlings rocking by their own motions or by the wandering wind. Yet this is not the paradise of babies, even when the sun is not too friendly, or the clouds do not send down a shower bath. The dress of a Russian peasant baby is certainly not perfection. From the Arctic to the Caspian, it consists of a piece of coarse crash, folded over the head, after the manner of the impromptu dolls made of shawls, which were never quite satisfactory to our childhood. The corners are brought together in a way to inclose the little body, and three or four yards of narrow cloth or of rope are wrapped round them.

"It keeps them straight," says the poor mother, who has no time for tender care or watchfulness; and there is rarely a misshapen Russian child.

To solace the hours upon the treetop, this "baby bunting" has a bit of black bread, tied in a soft cloth, just within its reach, and secured for further use by being fastened to a strong piece of string hanging above its head.

As the pleasure of novelty wore off in the journey, the princess chatted brightly in French, with an evident desire to make her small and rather pale English companion quite at ease.

But oh, misericordia! she reveled in stories of banditti! Now, the one terror of my childhood which had fixed a nervous fear in my ordinarily stout heart was that of a noted highwayman, of the Dick Turpin order, who had left the ghosts of his evil deeds to wander about Lyde House. Perhaps it was this nervousness, with the awful tales of the princess and the dense wolf-haunted forests through which we passed, that drove sleep from my eyes, the last days of the journey. In spite of kindest attentions, I was quite prostrated, indulged in a swoon, while my wide-open, sleepless eyes gave an uncanny look to my pale face in the glass. But my weakness was to emphasize Russian hospitality.

One of our outriders had been dispatched to the palace of the baroness, from which an escort came out to meet

us, and joined our own guard. We were a very imposing cavalcade, as we swept through the gates and the avenue lined with waiting attendants. To my surprise, I was lifted by strong hands; placed on a litter; borne to a perfumed bath; rubbed, and soothed, and wrapped in a soft gown; served with white wine and toasted bread; carried to a couch of down to sleep, and sleep deliciously, in a beautiful quiet room, under hangings of gray satin embroidered and lined with pale rose, while a maid waited patiently in a little alcove for my waking, and then robed me for dinner. Yet there were perhaps three hundred guests in the palace, beside myself.

The wealth of the Baroness V—— made it possible for her to keep up the same state in her household as before the emancipation of the serfs, — an unusual thing even among the wealthy nobility. Her beautiful daughter of sixteen was to marry a nephew of the Princess G——, who belonged to the imperial family. The festivities were almost incessant. Lords and ladies danced in the pavilions or rowed on the artificial lake every day. In immense rooms, the glitter of gold upon green baize fascinated the older pleasure seekers. Quiet, controlled faces were full of well-bred composure, but eager, nervous hands showed that the stake was large. In the park, more than a thousand peasants from the baron's different estates, wearing the costumes which distinguished their duties, feasted, where an ox and sheep and pigs were roasted whole for them, or danced Russian dances, in which the grandees sometimes joined.

Among the guests in the palace were the Grand Dukes Constantine and Vladimir, brothers of Alexander II., and the crown prince, the present Czar's father. They represented the Emperor and Empress, and were accompanied by aides-de-camp.

The hostess gave thirteen dancing parties within two weeks; and ladies sometimes changed their dresses five times in one evening, in compliment to the different parts of Russia represented among them. Twelve pages, in their livery of light blue and silver, flashed about in service of the fair dames.

The wedding ceremony was solemn and beautiful, in the church on the estate. At the door of the palace stood the mother of the bride, to greet her return from the ceremony with the blessing, "May you always have bread and salt," as she served her from a loaf of black bread with a salt cellar in the centre, as is the Russian custom for prince and peasant. Just at this dramatic moment a courier dashed up with a telegram from the Czar and Czarina, and their gifts for the bride, — a magnificent tiara and necklace of diamonds. The other presents were already displayed in a magnificent room; but we saw their splendor through the glass of locked cases, — a precaution surprising to an Englishwoman. The large swan of forcemeat was the only reminder of boyar customs at the rather Parisian feast. Wine was served between the courses, with a toast; while guests in turn left their seats to express their sentiments to bride and groom, who stood to receive them.

Prince G——'s house in Kharkov was of stone, with the imperial coat of arms carved over the front entrance, the double-headed eagle, I think, exactly like that of the Emperor.

Prince G—— had not the wealth of the Baroness V——, yet, with its fifty liveried house servants, grand halls with malachite, alabaster, jasper, exquisite mosaics, and rare marbles and paintings, the establishment presented a fine and well-ordered appearance. In the town house, each person had a suite of three rooms. My own were accessible only through those of the wife of the prince, — an arrangement due to my rector's

knowledge of the immorality of the Russian aristocracy, and his stipulation for protection for the daughter of his friend. Every member of the family had personal attendants. Mine consisted of a maid and a coachman; and because of the tyrant, custom, I must needs have a flunky in gorgeous livery to strut behind me as I walked abroad. I had a coupé with two spirited horses, and a tall Arabian for the saddle, as fine as that of the princess, was placed at my disposal. The display of silver and china at the table was very elaborate, for guests of distinction. For the imperial family was reserved the gold plate. The higher the rank of the guest, the older the vintage of the wine. With the French dishes were many excellent ones which were purely Russian. Black bread was as much relished by the Czar as by the poorest peasant, and a dinner, however elaborate, was never served without it.

Before partaking of dinner, and immediately after entering the dining room, the gentlemen conducted the ladies to a side table, on which was laid out the *zakooska*, various kinds of liquors, accompanied by caviare, sandwiches, smoked herring cut in small pieces and dressed in oil and vinegar, cheese, radishes, and such relishes as are supposed to create an appetite for dinner. Host and hostess left the table at the close of the meal and stood near the door, and guests as well as members of the family shook hands with them and thanked them for their refreshment.

Vocal music always enlivened the dinner, though conversation was never interrupted by it, unless national airs moved patriotism to listening silence, followed by enthusiastic applause. The singers were in a gallery between the large and small dining rooms. During the opening and closing pieces, which were sacred, the Russians crossed themselves and thanked God silently, the music taking the place of audible grace.

One season, at the summer palace, my heart was deeply moved at the trials and sorrows of the housekeeper and her assistants with the Russian breakfast. It was customary for all the household to take their coffee and rolls according to their own sweet wills, — and there were so many wills. It might be in bed; or in the billiard room or the ninepin court; or in a hall in the garden, where the choir met for practice; or somewhere in the pleasure grounds, or on the lake; in fact, anywhere on the premises except in the church. It was not unusual for guests to send word to the housekeeper that they would take their coffee in the Roman pavilion, at the other end of the gardens, certainly more than three versts from the house. Frequently the gong sounded for luncheon before all had received their coffee; though all the morning distracted servants had been running in every direction with their bright silver or copper coffee pots, scalded cream, and bread. Everything must be served hot, or it was returned without scruple. I proposed to the princess that an English breakfast should be instituted. She laughingly discredited the practicability or possibility of the thing, but gave me full permission to try it. Then followed many and long consultations with butler and housekeeper, who had never heard of such a thing, and thought I was getting them into fine trouble. It was at last announced at dinner time that an English breakfast would be served every morning at nine o'clock, in the small dining room. It was a success. No more coffee in the romantic regions of the lake for that season, at least; and the weary servants were quite ready to set up my image as an icon, at the earliest opportunity.

In a bright, pleasant room the princess always kept twelve girls engaged in most delicate embroidery. One thought of Penelope and her maidens, as they sang sweet Russian songs and plied their swift needles. This Penelope did not

work with them, but wore their dainty stitches on her own apparel, which was of such exquisite fineness that she could draw one of her linen garments through her wedding ring. They were busy, too, upon the trousseau of Vavara, which had been in progress since her birth or baptism.

Vavara, the young daughter of Prince G——, was only thirteen and a half when I went to her, yet taller than I. Two years and four months later, when I left her, she was five feet seven inches in height, and grace itself; every inch a princess, and having the beautiful hands and feet which distinguish all Russians. Her hair, coiled round her pretty head, was like a golden crown; the violet eyes were shaded by dark eyebrows and eyelashes; and the faultless oval of her face, the regular features, the proud, sweet lips, the clear skin with its softly changing color, made up a picture of loveliness very dear to my memory. It was my earnest desire to give her my English ideas as well as my language; for one is appalled too often at the immorality in Russian high life. I longed to have her sweetness and purity match her beauty, and her love for me was a strong power to aid my influence. One of the happiest moments of my life was when, after a long separation from Vavara, I visited Kharkov. She rushed from her carriage to meet me, loosening the clasps of her ermine-lined cloak, which fell to the floor as I took her in my arms. "Oh, my friend," she said, "I must thank you. They laugh at me and call me an Anglichina, but I walk the clean paths you marked for me." The fairest flower in all the world, a Russian with European culture, had kept its fragrance, and I was glad.

While I was at Kharkov, Vavara spent only one hour a day with her English. Besides myself, she had a French governess, an Italian, a German, and a Russian, and she soon spoke all these languages fluently, and in six months she had quite mastered English. Our American girls will believe she was not idle, for she rose at six, and had twelve lessons a day. After luncheon she drove with me; the princess, her mother, accompanying us, to talk English.

The summer palace of the G——s was about thirty versts from the town house, and much finer and larger. Each member of the family had here a suite of five rooms. Large drays could drive directly through the wine cellars under the house. The gardens had the beauty of a dream, with little Greek temples here and there, and an artificial lake with cascades amid greenery, made by a succession of steps. There were fully five versts of flowers, cared for by thirty pretty Russian peasant girls, wearing bright kerchiefs on their heads, their beautiful blonde hair in a Gretchen braid, often reaching the knees. The simple crash dress, made like a chemise, showed unconscious grace and beauty, even in their bare feet.

A pretty and unique summer dining hall in the park had white marble walls, arranged the whole length with niches, in which delicate ferns grew luxuriantly, giving out a faint thymy sweetness. Branches of overhanging trees, interlaced with festoons of living vines, made the ceiling, and cast loving, flickering shadows on the tiled floor of cool green and white. Plashing, jeweled, limpid water of fountains added to the delicious coolness, and freshened the leaves of lilies in their clear, trembling depths. The loveliest room in the summer palace was copied in pink and white marble from one in the Alhambra, — a fountain of perfumed water in the centre, and soft silken cushions all about it.

There were no studied lessons during the five months at the summer palace, and no restrictions upon gayety. Sometimes Demetrius, the younger son of the prince, who was under instruction at the University of Kharkov, would invite for

one week forty of his friends, quite like the students at home, who carry switch canes and wear little caps; quite like them, too, in their roaring, rollicking fun. Once they desired a lesson in English, in a demure row, and made havoc of the long sentences I gave them. They told stories and sang songs, lying on the meadow softness and sweetness of the green lawn, and filled the place with healthy life.

In a mad mood, seven young students proposed to row over the cascades in the lake. Madder yet, they vowed ladies must accompany them. Little boats were placed at each cascade to prepare for emergencies. Yet only one lady was brave enough for the attempt, and I accompanied her in a dainty little craft with silken hangings which might have rivaled those of Cleopatra's barge. There were no banditti to fear, and my English heart quailed before nothing else. We started amid storms of applause. Carriages rushed round to meet us on the other side. High-born guests did not consider it in bad taste to bet upon our undertaking. The princess wondered why I did not also bet, and win thousands of rubles; she did not hesitate to do so herself.

The twenty-first birthday of Sergius, the older son, saw Russian festivity at its height. Thousands of Japanese lanterns made a fairyland of park and gardens. The glass-covered orangery was cleared for dancing. A large hall was arranged for theatricals. The green baize tables glittered with gold, and had always their eager devotees. A plot of ground was rolled to the last degree of hardness, and I had the pleasure of teaching the (then new) English game of croquet. One prince lost his yearly income and half his horses with the mallet and balls. Alas for the Russian mania for gambling!

The fête is like a splendid, bewildering dream in my memory; everywhere the bonny heir, with his manly grace, the hero of the hour. I like to think of him in his picturesque hunting costume, — something like the old Norse dress: broad-brimmed hat with long plume, many-buttoned waistcoat, and dark green doublet, the high tops of the boots rolled over jauntily, and not quite reaching the full breeches. His trained hawks and falcons added to the beauty of the start for the chase, with other young nobles as picturesque in dress as he.

The Russian horn music, entrancing when near, in the distance faint and far, made one feel that the god Pan had taken possession of the woods and filled them with divine silvery music. There were often twenty or thirty horns, each producing one tone, and varying like the pipes of an organ. One of them sounded only C, another every D throughout the tune, and so on. The peasants play very skillfully, each one giving his note with the greatest accuracy, so that the tones of the different horns seem to proceed from one instrument, and piano and crescendo are marked with exquisite effect.

Like all Russians, the G——s were very musical. Prince G—— brought the most celebrated artists to his home. Rubinstein was the instructor of Vavara, and gave us often in enchanted sound our dreams, our aspirations, the joy and pain of life, as we listened, entranced. Nicolini and Ole Bull made their violins speak to us passion, joy and peace, and infinite sorrow.

I learned the meaning of princely hospitality in this noble house. With the exception of a few days in Lent we were never without company to dinner, and during our stay in the country the house was full of guests, who came on long visits, accompanied by retinues of servants. In Oriental manner, the younger members of the household looked for expected guests from the housetop; clouds of dust proclaimed their approach in carriages. So the most distinguished people in Russia came to us.

Once the Empress Marie Alexandrovna, daughter of the Grand Duke of Darmstadt, wife of Alexander II., and grandmother of the present Czar, paid us a visit, and she was accompanied by four maids of honor, who were all of noble birth. Simple and unaffected, the Empress won all hearts. Evidently pleased to use her excellent English, she delighted me with several conversations upon my native land. She certainly had the test of true greatness, humility, and in a vague way I felt that she was in some sense sorrowful. She talked to me much of Madame Petumpkin, wife of the famous general, whom she was to visit, and whose country house was within a day's journey of the G——s' palace. A few days later we ourselves visited Madame Petumpkin, who abides in my mind as a beautiful lady of eighty years, in long loose white silk gown, with exquisite laces on cap and shawl, and the loveliest hands. We found the Empress in her château, enjoying retirement and the pleasant society of this distinguished woman. The plain gray traveling dress of the Czarina, with the long gray circular to match, and the little bonnet of the same modest color, became very familiar in Russia; for the Empress never wore anything else on a journey.

The Czarina was beloved by all her subjects, especially by the peasants, many of whom thought she was the direct cause of their emancipation from slavery; and some aver that she consented to marry the Emperor on condition that he would free the serfs. After my marriage, when I had a house of my own in Russia, I found one of my servants kneeling before a picture of the Empress, devoutly crossing herself, and addressing to her tender words of endearment.

"It is you," she said, "O mother of us all, who have brought this happiness upon me." "It is you who moved your husband to set us free, O my sweet queen!" Tears of thankfulness streamed from her eyes as she asked blessings for the Empress and all the imperial family, as well as upon me and my household. I am sure that simple, loving womanly queen would have felt the prayer from a grateful, loyal, humble heart more precious than any jewel of her crown.

Amongst the most constant visitors at the house was Prince Dolgorouki (brother of the notorious Princess Dolgorouki, who was the morganatic wife of Alexander II., and very unpopular with the people, who loved the good Empress). The proverbial Russian politeness seemed exemplified in this delightful man. I am grateful, too, to the beautiful Princess Troubitzkoie, who always had a sweet little anxiety lest I should be homesick, and pine, in all the French and Russian talk about me, for my native tongue, — which, by the way, the charming lady spoke wonderfully well.

But the glory of all the festivities paled before the splendor and enthusiasm of our reception to the Emperor Alexander II., who visited the G——s in 1868. It was in the autumn, and after we had gone into the city for the winter. Everything was gay with flowers and festoons, banners and bunting, though the well known character of the Emperor made the festivities of a more serious and dignified nature than usual. Unlike his imperious father, Nicholas, in the assertion of the imperial dignity, Alexander felt perhaps more than any other monarch the weight of life, in a consciousness of enormous responsibility. He dreamed of freeing the serfs when only nine years of age; and, kind-hearted and wise, when he used the power in his hands so nobly to accomplish this great act, he tried, too, to deal justly with his nobles, feeling the sacrifices involved for them, and apparently ignored the fact that he also gave up twenty millions of dollars from his own annual income. The seriousness of our festive atmosphere reminded us that this imperial guest was an earnest man, the father of his people, who belonged not to us alone,

but to all Kharkov, although he honored our house with his presence.

When the time of his arrival was known, crowds went to the outskirts of the city to meet him, the party from the palace of Prince G—— foremost. The Princess Vavara and I were driving a pair of ponies in a small open carriage, and by some means we found ourselves in advance of the others, and the first to greet him. Not quite so tall as his father, "the Iron Czar," he presented a finer appearance, with his perfect proportions and elegant bearing. We saw only the Emperor when he called a halt; for, magnetic, imperial, he quite eclipsed the long lines of soldiers in splendid uniforms, with shining brass and gleaming steel, and the grandees by whom he was surrounded, a glittering guard, upon magnificent horses. Right royal he seemed among them. Alighting from his carriage as he recognized the young princess, and coming toward us, he kissed her on both cheeks, while she blushed painfully. "Those roses are very charming," exclaimed the Emperor in French, "but you should not blush at your cousin's kisses!" "Ah!" she answered sweetly, raising the long lashes of her violet eyes, "my cousin — but — my Emperor." When she introduced me to him, he greeted me very cordially. Was it the glamour of his rank that made his words as precious as fine gold to me, though he only said, "I always enjoy shaking hands with an Englishwoman; she gives her hand so good-naturedly"? It was raining, and he added, "This is real English weather, is it not?" I smile to record words so simple, yet the graciousness of an emperor is pleasant.

There was a grand ball that evening; and the next morning, when Vavara and I stood upon the terrace, he stopped in passing, drew her toward him, and, after a little playful talk, remarked to me, "You are giving the princess English ways; that is well." Years after, when the story of Alexander's tragic death flashed across the seas, I recalled him as he stood that morning in the sunlight, with gentleness and strength in his kingly face. An atmosphere of kindness surrounded him. Strange that the stern old autocrat Nicholas escaped such a fate, and this man, who began his reign with acts of mercy, who went among his people with happy courage, who accomplished reforms in the army, and who freed sixty millions of serfs without bloodshed, should die this death. But in all the ages, have not those who would right the old wrongs swelled the list of martyrs?

But sorrow came one day to that bright household. Death had taken the father of the princess, and all gayeties were lost in deepest mourning. Very ceremonious it was. While the princess was robed in most sombre sable, the rest of us wore black lightened by white ribbons. There were services in the church upon the estate every morning at ten, for sixty days. We were all preparing for a religious pilgrimage to Kiev, the Canterbury of Russia. When the eventful morning came, everybody was stirring earlier than usual; and when we had partaken of "fast coffee" — that is, coffee served with almond milk instead of cow's milk or cream (for it was during the autumn fast) — the priest and his deacons arrived. The whole household had been summoned, and prayers were offered, that we might be spiritually benefited, that no accident might befall us on the way, and that we might return in safety.

After kissing and commending one another to God, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, we set off from Kharkov in three large family carriages, each like the memorable one in which I left Moscow. We were provided with wraps for beds and for daytime, and with tea, sugar, hard-boiled eggs, and salt for the inner man, trusting to get plenty of black bread by the way. On such an errand as a pilgrimage to

the holy city of Kiev, one must not even *think* of eating fish or white bread.

The party consisted of the prince and princess, their two sons and their daughter Vavara, and the sister of the princess. The little Englishwoman from Somersetshire considered it a great honor to be invited to accompany these distinguished people on such a journey. Among us all we had a dozen servants, and we were only ten days on the way, changing our horses every ten versts, — sending a courier before us, to have them ready at every post station. The weather was charming for southern Russia. In the outskirts of the towns and villages, girls with bright-colored kerchiefs and bleached crash chemises sat by the roadside or in the cottage doors, making lace upon pillows, their spools or shuttles of linen thread, some of it beautifully fine, keeping time to their songs.

Often we saw the flax in all stages, growing in the fields, and acres of linen exposed for bleaching. Stretching away like a limitless sea, the level steppe was not so wearisome in its monotony as you would imagine, though sometimes only the hum of insect life, and occasionally the song of a bird, enlivened it.

One would suppose that on a pilgrimage the pilgrims would talk of spiritual things, — each admonish the other and give ghostly counsel; but these pilgrims to the holy city of Kiev indulged in every conversational device imaginable, to while away the long hours of the journey.

Glad indeed were we to reach our destination and relieve our cramped limbs; and greater still was my rejoicing at the liberty accorded to wash off the versts of dust and dirt, which, in my ignorance, I feared might be considered a necessary adjunct to a proper reception of the apostolic benediction! For many miles before reaching the holy city the roads were lined with pilgrims of all ages, footsore and weary, many having spent years on this journey to the shrines of St. Anthony and St. Theodosius. Throngs of them lingered near the city, where the road crosses the Dnieper by a beautiful suspension bridge, which at the time of its erection, in 1851, was the finest of its kind in Europe. It is estimated that three hundred and fifty thousand pilgrims come here yearly, and the government feeds and shelters one hundred and fifty thousand.

After refreshing ourselves we proceeded to the monastery of Kievo-Petcherskaya, the oldest in Russia, — the thirteen churches within its inclosure full of the barbaric magnificence of flashing jewels, gleaming gold, and splendid vestments always to be found in the Russian Greek Church; while in gloomy cells, sometimes underground, the penitents, who have contributed all their worldly goods to its treasure, drag out a noisome, ghastly existence, supported by fanaticism and the reverence of the faithful for their sanctity, and much dreaded for their foul odors by an unappreciative Englishwoman.

By previous appointment we were received by the Right Reverend Metropolite of Kiev, who was to administer the eucharist to my fellow pilgrims. We walked from the hotel, on one of the high bluffs of the town, to the shrine, down many flights of steps. Pilgrims lined the way, kneeling, praying; the city was full of the solemnity of the season. All the pathos of the yearning and the need of the human heart was here. Surely the Father in heaven has a benediction for all who come with this dumb cry, though it rises to him out of the darkness of blinded eyes.

The shrine of St. Anthony is approached by a flight of nine steps, leading down from a vestibule on the ground floor to a small oratory, from which, again, a second flight conducts to the crypt chapel, where the saintly relics are displayed for the veneration of the faithful.

On our arrival at the vestibule, which is filled with stalls for the sale of relics and charms, we were met by monks, who directly escorted our party to the crypt, where the service for which we had come was to take place at once; the Church would decree no weary waiting to pilgrims of such distinguished rank. To wide-awake, unaccustomed English eyes everything was of interest, and as our party was hurried forward through the throng of kneeling pilgrims I lingered to take in the picturesque scene, and so found myself separated from my friends. As I started to follow them down the renowned sacred nine steps to the first chapel, I saw a poor old white-haired man crouching on the floor at the bottom of the steps, vainly attempting to reach the altar, which stood at the other side. He wore the simple robe of the Russian peasant, of unbleached crash, a clean one, which he had brought for the occasion. He held two small candles in his shaking hands, and these, of the very cheapest description, costing about one cent, were to be his offering at the shrine. Seeing his inability to reach the altar, I asked him, in as good Russian as I could use at that time, if I should present his offering for him. With a grateful look, which touched my heart, he assented; and taking the candles from his poor withered hands, I lighted them from others before the altar, and placed them on the screen for him. I shall never forget the ecstasy that shone through the thin, wrinkled face, above which the soft silver hair seemed a crown of glory. In answer to my questions, he told me, with great trouble (I could scarcely hear his voice), that he had been three years upon the journey; and at the nine steps found, after all the weary way, that he was unable to reach the goal of his devotion and hopes, because of his weakness, resulting from privation and fatigue. Alarmed that his lips still moved on, but with no audible sound, and seeing that he was trying to remove his small pack from his back, I loosened the strap and took it from him, placing it where he could lean upon it. He was too faint to move, and, still more alarmed, I bent over him, as he crouched on the floor, and endeavored to support him; but he grew too heavy, and as gently as possible I laid him down. Just then, the servants of my own people, who had missed me, came to look for me, and I left him to their care, and went down the remaining steps to the lower crypt, pale with a nameless feeling, in which was an uplifting of my soul to the Father of us all. When I returned, I learned that the old man had actually died in my arms; and in my memory the foot of the nine steps is *really* sacred, with the blessing of a passing soul.

On my arrival in the lower chapel I found that my friends were already in their position before the altar, room being left for me at the end of the line. We were alone in the chapel, the service held entirely for us. By the time I had taken my place the hidden choir had commenced chanting the opening part of the service, which was the communion office, or mass, and the Metropolite came out from behind the screen, in cloth-of-gold vestments, attended by his rector and deacons, and was himself the celebrant. The service was much like the English, but given in the Slavonic language, and the ritual was very elaborate. His Holiness coming to me at the time of the administration, I drew back, and quietly explained that I was not a member of the Russian Church, but an Englishwoman, whom he would not consider of the true faith. The princess then came to my side and introduced me; and he smilingly replied, in most excellent English, that as long as I was a member of the Church of England I was of the "true faith." After the service was over, he told me to go back to England and tell Archibald Campbell Tait, Archbishop of Canter-

bury, and Dean Stanley, that the Metropolite of Kiev had administered to me the rites of the Russian Church; adding, "It will not hurt you."

The service concluded in the usual way, and afterwards we accepted the archbishop's hospitality to dinner. During our stay at Kiev I had frequent opportunities of meeting the good man, and found him anything but the uneducated specimen of humanity a Russian Church dignitary has been reported.

Very divided in heart was the little Englishwoman who left Kharkov, after more than two years there; heartstrings holding to the household of the Russian prince, and heartstrings pulling toward home and kin. My maid Feodor was lying prone upon the stairs in the front of the palace, that my last steps might be upon her as I passed out of the house, — a Russian servant's strongest expression of devotion.

Vavara, my pretty princess, my sweet child-woman, with a supply of dainty handkerchiefs, went with me to the nearest post station. She stood by the door of her carriage as I slowly passed from her sight, and every one of the little squares of cambric, wet with her tears, was wafted after me by a graceful motion of her pretty hands.

Mary Louise Dunbar.

AN UNFINISHED PORTRAIT.

I.

The soft wind of an Italian spring stirred among the leaves outside. The windows of the studio, left open to the morning air, were carefully shaded. The scent of mulberry blossoms drifted in. The chair on the model-stand, adjusted to catch the light, was screened from the glare. The light falling on the rich drapery flung across its back brought out a dull carmine in the slender, bell-shaped flowers near by, and dark gleams of old oak in the carved chair. The chair was empty; but the two men in the studio were facing it, as if a presence were still there.

The painter, sketching idly on the edge of his drawing board, leaned back to survey the child's head that developed under his pencil. "She will not come this morning, then?" he asked, almost indifferently.

The older man shook his head. "She said not. She may change her mind."

The painter glanced up quickly. He could see nothing in the face of the other, and he devoted himself anew to the child's head. "It does not matter," he said. "I can work on the background, — if I feel like working at all," he added, after a moment's pause.

The older man stared moodily at the floor. He flicked a pair of long riding gloves lightly through his fingers. He glanced toward the easel standing in front of the painter, a little to the left. "It is barbarous that you have had to waste so much time!" he broke out. "How long is it? Two — no, three years last Christmas time since you began. And there it stands." The figure on the easel, erect, tranquil, in the old chair, seemed to half shrug its shapely shoulders in defense of the unfinished face. He looked at it severely. The severity changed to something else. "And it is so perfect, — damnably perfect," he said irritably.

The artist raised his eyebrows the least trifle. A movement so slight might have indicated scrutiny of his own work. "You are off for the day?" he asked, glancing at the riding whip and hat on a table by the door.

"Yes; I shall run up, perhaps, as far as Pistoia. Going to see the new altar-piece." He took up the hat and whip. He waited, fingering them indecisively. "She seems to me more fickle than ever, this last month or two."

"I see that she is restless." The painter spoke in a low tone, half hesitating. "I have wondered whether — I had hoped that the Bambino" — he touched the figure lightly with his foot — "might not be needed."

The other started. He stared at him a full minute. His eyes fell. "No, no such good luck," he said brusquely. "It is only caprice."

The draperies near him parted. A boyish figure appeared in the opening. "Castino wishes me to say that the musicians wait," said the youth.

The painter rose and came toward him, a smile of pleasure on his face. "Tell them that there will be no sitting to-day, Salai," he said, laying his hand, half in greeting, half in caress, on the youth's shoulder.

"Yes, signor." Salai saluted and withdrew.

The painter turned again to the older man. "It was a happy thought of yours, Zano, — the music. She delights in it. I almost caught, one day last week, while they were playing, that curve about the lips."

They stood for a moment in silence, looking toward the portrait. The memory of a haunting smile seemed to flicker across the shaded light.

"Well, I am off." The man held out his hand.

The artist hesitated a second. Then he raised the hand in his supple fingers and placed it to his lips. "A safe journey to you, signor," he said, in playful formality.

"And a safe return, to find our Lady Lisa in better temper," laughed the other. The laugh passed behind the draperies.

The artist remained standing, his eyes resting absently on the rich colors of the Venetian tapestry through which his friend had disappeared. His face was clouded with thought. He had the look of a man absorbed in a problem, who has come upon an unexpected complication.

When the chessboard is a Florentine palace, and the pieces are fifteenth-century human beings, such complications are likely to occur. The Lady Lisa had more than once given evidence that she was not carved of wood or ivory. But for three years the situation had remained the same, — the husband unobservant, the lady capricious and willful. She had shown the artist more kindness than he cared to recall. That was months ago. Of late he had found scant favor in her sight. It was better so.

He crossed to the easel, and stood looking down at it. The quiet figure on the canvas sent back a thrill of pride and dissatisfaction. He gazed at it bitterly. Three years — but an eternal woman. Some day he should catch the secret of her smile and fix it there. The world would not forget her — or him. He should not go down to posterity as the builder of a canal! The great picture at the Dominicans already showed signs of fading. The equestrian statue of the Duke was crumbling in its clay, — no one to pay for the casting. But this picture — For months — with its rippling light of under sea, its soft dreamy background, and in the foreground the mysterious figure — All was finished but the Child upon her arm, the smile of light in her eyes.

The lady had flouted the idea. It was a fancy of her husband's, to paint her as Madonna. She had refused to touch the Bambino, — sometimes petulantly, sometimes in silent scorn. The tiny figure lay always on the studio floor, dusty and disarranged. The artist picked it up. It was an absurd little wooden face in the lace cap. He straightened the velvet mantle, and smoothed the crumpled dress. He stepped to the model-

stand, and placed the tiny figure in the draped chair. It rested stiffly against the arm.

A light laugh caused him to turn his head. He was kneeling in front of the Bambino.

"I see that you have supplied my place, Sir Painter," said a mocking voice.

He turned quickly and faced the little doorway. She stood there, smiling, scornful, her hands full of some delicate flimsy stuff, a gold thimble-cap on her finger. "It would not make a bad picture," she said tranquilly, "you and the Bambino."

His face lighted up. "You have come!" He hastened toward her with outstretched hand.

With a pretty gesture of the fragile sewing she ignored the hand. "Yes, I dared not trust you. You might paint in the Bambino face instead of mine, by mistake."

She approached the chair and seated herself carelessly. The Bambino slipped meekly through the arm to the floor.

"Zano told me" — he began.

"Yes, I know. He was very tiresome. I thought he would never go. I really feared that we might quarrel. It is too warm." She glanced about the shaded room. "You manage it well," she said approvingly. "It is by far the coolest place in the palace."

"You will be going to the mountains soon?" He saw that she was talking lightly to cover herself, and fell in with her mood. He watched her as he arranged the easel and prepared his colors. Once he stopped, and sketched rapidly for a minute on the small drawing board.

She looked inquiry.

"Only an eyebrow," he explained.

She smiled serenely. "You should make a collection of those eyebrows. They must mount into the hundreds by this time. You could label them 'Characters of the Lady Lisa.'"

"The Souls of Lady Lisa."

The lady turned her head aside. "Your distinctions are too subtle," she said. Her eye fell on the Bambino, resting disgracefully on its wooden head. "Poor little figurine," she murmured, reaching a slender hand to draw it up. She straightened the tumbled finery absently. It slipped to her lap, and lay there. Her hands were idle, her eyes looking far into space.

The painter worked rapidly. She stirred slightly. "Sit still," he said, almost harshly.

She gave a quick, startled look. She glanced at the rigid little figure. She raised it for a minute. Her face grew inscrutable. Would she laugh, or cry? He worked with hasty, snatched glances. Such a moment would not come again. A flitting crash startled him from the canvas. He looked up. The Bambino lay in a pathetic heap on the floor, scattered with fragments of a rare Venetian glass. She sat erect and imperious, looking with scorn at the wreck. Two great tears welled. They overflowed. The floods pressed behind them. She dropped her face in her hands. Before he could reach her she had darted from the chair. The mask of scorn was gone. She fled from him, from herself, blindly, stopping only when the wall of the studio intervened. She stood with her face buried in the drapery, her shoulders wrenched with sobs.

He approached her. He waited. The Bambino lay with its wooden face staring at the ceiling. It was a crisis for them all. The next move would determine everything. He must not risk too much, again. The picture — art — hung on her sobs. Lover — artist? He paused a second too long.

She turned toward him slowly, serenely. Her glance fell across him, level and tranquil. The traces of ignored tears lay in smiling drops on her face. The softened scorn played across it. "Shall we finish the sitting?" she asked, in a conventional voice.

He took up his brush uncertainly. She

seated herself, gathering up the scattered work. For a few moments she sewed rapidly. Then the soft fabric fell to her lap. She sat looking before her, unconscious, except that her glance seemed to rest now and then on the fallen figure in its fragments of glass.

For two hours he worked feverishly, painting with swiftest skill and power. At times he caught his breath at the revelation in the face. He was too alert to be human. The artist forgot the woman. Faithfully, line by line, he laid bare her heart. She sat unmoved. When at last, from sheer weariness, the brush dropped from his hand, she stepped from the model-stand, and stood at his side. She looked at the canvas attentively. The inscrutable look of the painted face seemed but a faint reflex of the living one.

"You have succeeded well," she said at last. "We will omit the Bambino."

She moved slowly, graciously, toward the door, gathering the fragile sewing as she went. He started toward her, — suddenly conscious of her power, — a man again. A parting of the draperies arrested them. It was Salai, his face agitated, looking from the lady to the painter, inarticulate.

"The signor" — he gasped — "his horse — they bring him — dead."

She stirred slightly where she stood. Her eyelids fell. "Go, Salai. Await your master's commands in the hall below."

She turned to the painter as the draperies closed. "I trust that you will make all use of our service, Signor Leonardo, in removing from the palace. The apartments will, I fear, be needed for relatives. They will come to honor the dead."

He stood for a moment stupefied, aghast at her control of practical, feminine detail; then moved toward her. "Lisa" —

She motioned toward the easel. "Payment for the picture will be sent you soon."

"The picture goes with me. It is not finished."

"It is well." She bowed mockingly. The little door swung noiselessly behind her. He was left alone with the portrait. It was looking sideways at the fallen Bambino amid the shattered fragments on the floor.

II.

It was the French monarch. He fluttered restlessly about the studio, urbane, enthusiastic. He paused to finger some ingenious toy, to praise some drawing or bit of sunlit color that caught his fancy. The painter, smiling at the frank enthusiasm, followed leisurely from room to room. The wandering Milanese villa was a treasure house. Bits of marble and clay, curious mechanical contrivances, winged creatures, bats and creeping things, mingled with the canvases. Color and line ran riot on the walls. A few finished pieces had been placed on easels, in convenient light, for the royal inspection. Each of these, in turn, the volatile monarch had exalted. He had declared that everything in the villa, including the gifted owner, must return with him to France.

"That is the place for men like you!" he exclaimed, standing before a small, exquisitely finished Madonna. "What do these Milanese know of art? Or the Florentines, for that matter? Your Last Supper, — I saw it last week. It is a blur. Would that the sainted Louis might have taken it bodily, stone by stone, to our France, as he longed to do. You will see; the mere copy has more honor with us than the original here. Come with us," he added persuasively, laying his hand on the painter's shabby sleeve.

The painter looked down from his height on the royal suitor. "You do me too much honor, Sire. I am an old man."

"You are Leonardo da Vinci," said the other stoutly, "the painter of these

pictures. I shall carry them all away, and you will have to follow," laughed the monarch. "I will not leave one." He rummaged gayly in the unfinished débris, bringing out with each turn some new theme of delight.

The painter stood by, waiting, alert, a trifle uneasy, it might seem. "And now, Sire, shall we see the view from the little western turret?"

"One moment. Ah, what have we here?" He turned the canvas to the light. The figure against the quaint landscape looked out with level, smiling glance. He fell upon his knees before it. "Ah, marvelous, marvelous!" he murmured in naïve delight. He remained long before it, absorbed, forgetful. At last he rose. He lifted the picture and placed it on an easel. "Is she yet alive?" he demanded, turning to the painter.

"She lives in Florence, Sire."

"And her name?"

"Signora Lisa della Gioconda."

"Her husband? It matters not."

"Dead these ten years."

"And children?"

"A boy. Born shortly after the husband's death," he added, after a slight pause. "Shall we proceed to the turret? The light changes fast at sunset."

"Presently, presently. The portrait must be mine. The original — We shall see, — we shall see."

"Nay, your Majesty, the portrait is unfinished."

"Unfinished?" He stared at it anew. "Impossible. It is perfect."

"There was to be a child."

"Ah!" The monarch gazed at it intently for many minutes. The portrait returned the royal look in kind. He broke into a light laugh. "You did well to omit the child," he said. "Come, we will see the famous sunset now." He turned to the regal figure on the easel. "Adieu, Mona Lisa. I come for you again." He kissed his fingers with airy grace. He fluttered out. The mocking, sidelong glance followed him.

III.

The western sun filled the room. On a couch drawn near the low French window lay the painter. His eyes looked across the valley to a long line of poplars, silver in the wind. Like a strange processional, up the hill, they held him. They came from Lombardy. In the brasier, across the room, burned a flickering fire. Even on the warmest days he shivered for sunnier skies. Above the fire hung a picture, — a woman seated in a rock-bound circle, looking tranquilly out upon the world of life.

The painter touched a silver bell that stood on a table at hand. A figure entered. It crossed to the window. The face was turned in shadow. It waited.

"Has our good physician gone, Francesco?" asked the painter.

Francesco bowed. There was silence in the room except for the fire.

"What does he say of us to-day?"

The youth brushed his hand across his eyes impatiently. "He always croaks. He is never hopeful." He approached the couch and knelt by it, his face in the shadow still.

The painter lay tranquil, watching the poplars. "Why grieve? An exile has not so many joys that he need fear to lose them, Francesco."

The younger man made no reply. He was adjusting the pillows. He slipped a fresh one beneath the long white hair. The locks strayed in a dull silvery glimmer over it.

"Ah, that is good," murmured the old man. "Your hand is like a woman's. I have not known many women," he said, after a pause. . . . "But I have not been lonely. Friends are faithful," — he pressed the youth's warm hand. "His Majesty?" — the voice ended with a question.

"No, master. But there is yet time. He often comes at sunset. See how bright it grows."

The painter turned his head. He looked long. "Tell us what the wise physician said, Francesco. Will it be soon?"

"Nay, master, I know not. He said, if you have any wishes" —

"Ah, yes." He lay musing, his eyes looking across the room. "There will be few bequests. My pictures — they are mine no longer. Should a painter barter the sons and daughters of his soul? . . . Gold cannot buy. . . . They are mine. . . . Four thousand shining gold pieces Francis put into my hand. He took away the Lisa. He would not be refused. But I followed. I could not live without her. When a man is old, Francesco, his hand trembles. He must see something he has done, something perfect." . . . He lay looking long at the portrait. "And yet it is not finished. . . . There was to be the child." He smiled dreamily. "Poor Bambino." His eyes rested again on the portrait. . . . He smiled back upon it. "Yes, you will live," he said softly. "Francis will have you. You scorned him. But he was generous. He gave you back to me. You will be his — his and his children's. I have no child — at least . . . Ah, well — Francis will have you. Leda and Pomona will pass. The Dominican picture . . . all but gone. The hand of time has rested on my work. Crumbling — fading — nothing finished. I planned so much. Life runs, Francesco, while one sits and thinks. Nothing finished. My manuscripts — do with them what you will. I could not even write like other men — this poor left hand." He lifted the filmy lace ruffle falling across his hand. He smiled ironically at the costly folds, as they fluttered from his fingers. "A man is poor who has few wants. Then I have not been poor. But there is nothing left. It will be an empty name."

Silence fell between them.

"There is, in Florence, a lady. You must seek for her, Francesco. She is rich and beautiful. She did me once a kindness. I should like her — this ring" — He slipped it from his finger, — a heavy stone, deep green, with translucent lights. "It was my father's crest. He gave it to my mother — not his wife — a woman — faithful. She put it on my finger when she died — a peasant woman. Tell the lady when you give it her . . . she has a son . . . Tell her" . . . The voice fell hushed.

The young man waited, with bowed head. He looked up. He started quickly, and leaned his ear to listen. Then he folded the hands across the quiet breast. He passed swiftly from the silent chamber, down to the courtyard, out on the king's highway, mounted and fleet.

The French king was riding merrily. He caroled a gay chanson. His retinue followed at a distance. Francesco Melzi saluted and drew rein. He spoke a word in the monarch's ear. The two men stood with uncovered heads. They looked toward the western windows. The gay cavalcade halted in the glow of light. A hush fell on their chatter. The windows flamed in the crimson flood. Within the room, above the gleaming coals, a woman of eternal youth looked down with tranquil gaze upon an old man's face.

Jennette Lee.

THE NEXT STEP IN MUNICIPAL REFORM.

THE first step in municipal reform, if step it may be called, is the effort to establish the merit system in the civil service. If achievement in this field is yet but tentative, we have finally reached clearness of vision and unity of purpose. The attempt to take this step has disclosed what must needs be the next. It now appears, as never before, that the spoils domain extends far beyond the civil service. Indeed, it is at last clear that boss control of the civil service is but a means to the general employment of the public authority for private ends. The political bosses, with their retainers quartered on the public service, exercise the vast powers of government in the service of private interests.

Special privilege in the modern city usually takes the impersonal form of the public service corporation. It is now clear that this conscienceless creation is at once the main cause of municipal misrule and the chief obstacle to municipal reform. The reform movement everywhere beats against this barrier, — as yet almost in vain. The question of the hour in municipal politics is whether the public service corporation shall be controlled or destroyed. The further progress of reform requires the one or the other. Because of its presence and its power, the reform movement has thus far gained but standing room for the real contest for good government which is yet to come.

The public service corporation is a combination of private citizens organized to perform services of a public character. It is a creation of law, and only the public need can justify its existence. Whether a given public service shall be performed by the municipality or by a public service corporation is solely a question of public expediency. It is to be remembered, also, that the tendency of the modern city is to enlarge its functions. It has already "taken over" the public enterprises of general utility without profit-earning possibilities, and some having such possibilities. It still, as a rule, commits to the public service corporation those public enterprises which require large capital and numerous employees, and render special or unequal services to individual users who pay rates. Thus, transportation, gas, electricity, and the telephone are intrusted to public service corporations. With the multiplication and growth of cities, and the enormous increase in the demand for public utilities, the tendency to the municipalization of public enterprises has but checked the rapid development of these corporations. They have from year to year multiplied in number and gained in power. They to-day overshadow the government of every American city.

We have mistakenly relied on competition to regulate the public service corporation. We have granted licenses, commonly called franchises, with reckless prodigality to all comers, assuming that competition among them would secure an adequate service at just rates. This reliance on competition, in a field to which it is not adapted, has resulted in wasteful duplication of plants and the corruption of municipal government.

Public enterprises, whether conducted by the municipality or committed to the public service corporation, exist to render public services. Streets are public highways. They exist for the people's use. Nothing should be placed in them unless required to facilitate their use by or for the people. Only the general need of water, gas, electricity, and transportation justifies the placing of pipes and wires and tracks in the streets. The public need is the sole test and measure of such occupation. To look upon the

streets as a source of private gain or even municipal revenue, except as incidents of their public use, is to disregard their public character. Adequate service at the lowest practicable rates, not gain or revenue, is the test. The question is, not how much the public service corporation may gain, but what can be saved to the people by its employment.

The test of public convenience limits the means to be employed to the requirements of the people. Enough pipes and wires and tracks to supply the required services is the limit. No more should be permitted in the streets. More than enough encumbers the streets, causes inconvenience, results in waste. By no possibility can the duplication of street railways or telephone plants, for example, meet the test of public convenience. Neither can duplication, with its waste of capital and increased expense of operation, permanently result in the lowest rates to users. The waste of duplication is fatal alike to cheapness and to profit.

We realize at last that public enterprises are natural monopolies, or that their treatment as monopolies is necessary to quality and cheapness of service. The national postal service tolerates no competition. The municipal water plant occupies the entire field to the exclusion of rivals. Everywhere municipalization leads directly to the destruction of private competition, and the substitution of public monopoly. Municipal ownership means perpetual monopoly, low interest on capital, exemption from taxation. These great advantages, other things being equal, mean better service and lower rates. The public service corporation, if employed to render public service of which quality and cheapness are the tests, should be placed as nearly as practicable in the shoes of the municipality. The blackmail exacted, the competition permitted, the taxes levied, the higher interest made necessary, the uncertainty of tenure, impair the service and increase the rates.

Thus it appears that the public service corporation cannot, under present conditions, render good service at just rates. But this is by no means the worst. The public service corporation, possessed of franchises of enormous value which it has obtained as favors, is a constant menace to public order. It always wants new grants for extensions and renewals. The greater its success, the more is it subject to attack by actual or sham competitors. The larger its revenues, the greater are its means of offense and defense. The extent of its wants and of its possessions is the measure of its influence with those having power to satisfy and conserve them. Its every success adds to its needs, and to its power to control the municipal administration.

Democracy assumes that those possessed of the elective franchise shall be equally disinterested, and alike devoted to the common weal. Municipal administration is difficult enough at best. The creation within the body of the voters of powerful groups, having special and related interests in conflict with the general welfare, adds enormously to its difficulties. Yet just this is what the employment of the uncontrolled public service corporation involves. In every American city, its able and highly paid agents, in secret alliance with the political bosses of both parties, wage sham contests with public officials temporarily invested with power by its allies. It would be impossible to devise a more effective means with which to pervert representative government.

The public service corporation always knows just what it wants. Its management is persistently directed to achieve its end. It neither hesitates nor wavers in pursuit of that end. The vision of the political bosses is alike clear. The needs of "the organization," the wants of "the boys," the "rake-off" and sense of power for themselves, fill to the brim the cup of their ambition. Their persistence is comparable only to a force of

nature. The city itself presents a striking contrast to these definite and persistent forces. It is without clear purpose. Sufficient unto each successive day is its own evil. Transient officials, nominal representatives of the people, but in fact the puppets of party bosses, come and go. There is neither a definite municipal programme nor persistence in pursuit of any public policy. The city lives from hand to mouth. It is the prey of special interests, the victim of "politics."

The people, in their unequal and losing contest with artificial groups of citizens having special interests, have at many points given unnecessary odds to special privilege. This is notably true of their treatment of municipal franchises as contracts whose obligation may not be impaired. By this means, every grant to a public service corporation, however obtained and to whatever extent prejudicial to public interests, at once becomes a vested right. No vote by a city council refusing a grant to the corporation concludes anything. Every vote in its favor fixes its rights for a term of years. Its defeats are but temporary checks; its victories are permanent conquests. Thus, in most American cities, while the refusal of a grant to a public service corporation settles nothing, every majority in its favor, though secured by bribery, creates a contract, perhaps continuing for generations, whose obligation may not be impaired. It is by this means that outrageous public wrongs become invulnerable "vested rights." This is a gross perversion of a constitutional doctrine which should be invoked only to protect real contracts based on adequate consideration. The power of any legislative body to limit the legislative discretion of its successors ought not to be tolerated by a self-governing people. Resort to it to protect gifts of enormous value, however induced, to public service corporations is a gross abuse. If wholly abandoned, no legitimate interest would suffer. In fact, without it our almost superstitious regard for vested rights would still protect many ill-gotten grants.

The public service corporation does not always, or even generally, employ direct bribery to gain its ends. This is but a last ditch into which it is sometimes driven by the present conditions of its life. To the extent that it obtains gifts from the municipality it is a predatory beast of prey. Gifts of the people's rights can be obtained only from their agents by improper means. It matters little whether such means take the form of "campaign contributions" to party bosses, corrupt services at the primaries and the polls, or direct bribery of public servants. Whatever the means by which the public administration is corrupted and diverted, those who employ them, and those who thereby profit, strike at the very foundations of public order. It is hollow mockery for them to invoke the doctrine of vested rights. No one who profits from public corruption, who subtracts anything from the rights of the whole people without just return, should be heard to talk of rights. It is quite time to emphasize the wide distinction between vested private rights and revocable public grants.

The uncontrolled public service corporation is mainly chargeable with the failures of our municipal governments. We have recklessly multiplied these artificial bodies. We have thus created powerful groups, having adverse special interests, within the whole body of voters, who should possess equal rights. We have turned these artificial creations loose to prey upon the community practically without let or hindrance. We have left their regulation and control to a competition that was impossible or easily neutralized. We have given them the motive to corrupt the public administration, and placed within their grasp the means to that end. The results are a widespread invasion of public rights, inestimable pecuniary loss to the people,

the corruption of public administration, the general contagion due to the lowering of moral standards and the multiplication of tainted private fortunes.

The remedy for these evils is to be sought in the efficient control of the public service corporation; or, this failing, in the public ownership and operation of the means for rendering public services. This implies that the public service corporation must be controlled or destroyed. Is its proper control possible? Time alone can answer this inquiry. The difficulties of public ownership and operation are such that something short of it must be sought. The attempt should first be made to subject the public service corporation to an adequate public control. Those interested in its continued employment to render public services will, if wise, meet the people halfway in devising means for its control. Of one thing they may rest assured: existing conditions have already become intolerable. The public service corporation cannot much longer be permitted to block the growing demand for municipal reform. It must submit to proper public control, or it must go to the wall.

The reliance upon competition as a means for controlling the public service corporation should be at once and finally abandoned. Its failure is complete. This recognized, the way is cleared for some proper public concessions. To the corporation, while its employment is continued, should be granted the monopoly of its field. This will often save the cost of duplication of plant and the waste of double operation. What is of even greater moment, it will destroy the avocation of the "sandbagger" both in and out of the city council. The right of the corporation to just compensation for its tangible property at the expiration of its franchise, if not renewed, should also be conceded. Whether the city grants the franchise to another, or "takes over" the enterprise, the outgoing corporation should receive the full value of its property for continued use. Then, too, the tangible property of the corporation should be taxed precisely the same as other property is taxed. Whatever else is exacted should be by way of compensation for the public rights granted and enjoyed.

These concessions made, the corporation is in position to yield the proper demands of the public. First among these is the principle that no public grant shall be made without full compensation in some or all of its various forms. The corporation should be permitted a fair return on its actual investment, and something, if earned, for its special skill in private management. The possible earnings beyond this should go into improved service, rental for the public facilities enjoyed, and reduction of rates. Do away with grants without full compensation, and the motive for bribery disappears. Remove the possibility of excessive profits, and the desire to render inadequate service and to evade proper regulation vanishes. If assured the best value for its tangible and sole property when not permitted to continue, the corporation may safely accept short or even indefinite grants, and at all times make needed extensions and improvements. The end to be sought is adequate public service at just rates. The means to that end is the employment of the public service corporation upon terms that shall exclude the element of special privilege, and place the relation on the plane of honest dealing.

Enough has been said, without further detail, to indicate that there is still hope for the public service corporation. The pass to which, uncontrolled, it has brought municipal government in America is largely, if not wholly due to a bad system, or rather, lack of system. Under proper public control it may justify its continued existence, and render unnecessary a resort to public ownership and operation.

The further trial of the public service corporation under improved conditions

is by no means our last resort. If the experiment succeeds, well and good. If it fails, the municipalization of public utilities must proceed to the final exclusion of the public service corporation. In some way municipal government must be redeemed. If decent municipal administration and the public service corporation cannot exist together, the latter must go, at whatever cost.

It is, however, widely urged that public ownership and operation cannot be thought of, because of the large additions it would make to the resources of the spoilsmen. It would be idle to deny that this is a serious objection. However, it is safe to say that the spoilsmongers now cling to their odious traffic largely as a means to intrench themselves in places of power, that they may there deal with and for the public service corporation. It is also true that, as the merit system gains ground and deprives them of patronage, they are more and more allowed to name the employees of the public service corporations. Indeed, if the employment of these corporations is to be continued under proper public control, a feature of that control is likely to be an extension of the merit system in some form to their service. A large increase in the public service is subject to grave objections. It is, however, a lesser evil than a corporate service, the entrances to which are secretly controlled by the political bosses. The political machines in New York and Chicago long since reached the state of equilibrium which Mr. Chapman has styled "a happy family." There is now going on in both cities a process of adoption, to add the public service corporation, with its revenues and places, to these family circles.

The domain of the spoils system now embraces the public service corporations. The reform of the civil service will no longer suffice. The reform movement must extend to these powerful corporations. An earnest effort to subject them to proper public control is of necessity the next step in municipal reform.

Edwin Burritt Smith.

FIRE OF APPLE-WOOD.

The windows toward the east and north
  Rattle and drip against the storm.
Though spring, without, has ventured forth,
  Only the fireside here is warm.

Through wind-swept sheets of driven rain
  The ancient orchard shows forlorn,
Like brave old soldiery half slain,
  With gaps to tell the losses borne.

And fragments of the fallen trees
  Burn on the hearth before me bright;
The fire their captive spirit frees:
  Musing, I watch it take its flight.

In embers flushed and embers pale
  Sparkle the blooms of some far spring;

Of bees and sunshine what a tale
Told in a moment's flowering!

How swift the flames of gold and blue
Up from the glowing logs aspire!
There yellowbird and bluebird flew,
And oriole, each with wings of fire.

Now in the hearth-light — or the trees —
Stirs something they and I have heard:
Ah, is it not the summer breeze,
Come back to us with sun and bird?

Poor summers, born again — to die!
Quickly as they have come, they go.
See, where the ashes smouldering lie,
The orchard floor is white with snow.

M. A. DeWolfe How

APRIL LYRICS.

AN APRIL SUN-PICTURE.

With liquid pace, less heard than seen,
The water glides along;
The woods are all a mist of green,
The air a sea of song.

Big clouds, in dazzling whiteness clad,
Sail bravely through the blue,
And all young things on earth are glad,
And all old tales are true.

Henry Johnstone

APRIL'S RETURN.

A flush is on the woodland,
A song is in the hedge,
The meadow wan is fair again,
For April keeps her pledge.

A thrill with every heartbeat,
A rapture touched with sighs,
New lustre on the soul of Life,
Tears in my happy eyes.

Grace Richardson.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Women and Politics.

THERE is one remarkable quality of her late lamented Majesty Queen Victoria to which no one of her many eulogists appears to me to have done full justice. I refer to her practical sagacity in all civic matters, — her firm grasp of administrative detail, and her broad and often very luminous view of international relations. The London correspondent of the New York Nation called attention, in fitting terms, after her death, to the moral force of her example in loyally accepting, and assisting to define, the comparatively humble position of the sovereign under that new development of the British Constitution which began with the passage of the first Reform Bill, in 1832. He had little to say, on the other hand, of her own rare political intelligence, and the acknowledged worth of the advice, at perplexing crises, of her whom we shall long continue to call *the Queen*. Yet ever since the far-off days when the girlish Victoria sat, figuratively, at the feet of that invaluable first tutor of hers, Lord Melbourne, every great minister whom the duties of his office brought into intimate relations with her has testified not only to her clear understanding of a constitutional ruler's business, but to her strong common sense in all matters appertaining to *la haute politique*. Nor was hers, by any means, the mere flashing intuition, the curious felicity in *guessing*, which often enables a brilliant woman to hit the truth in matters of which she knows very little. Queen Victoria was not, in any sense of the word, a brilliant woman; and she was intensely, and, if it be not treason to say it of so plain and candid a nature, almost ostentatiously, a womanly one. But she showed what a single purpose, a high sense of the responsibilities of her place, and the unflinching endurance of drudgery could do, by way of fitting even a moderately endowed woman to grapple vigorously with what are usually considered, in a very special sense, the affairs of men. She was, of course, trained from infancy, and most wisely trained, for her commanding position; but she never could have acquitted herself in it as bravely and successfully as she did for more than sixty years, if she had not early learned, in the discharge of her duties as the titular head of a strictly limited monarchy, to "scorn delights," deprecate all empty pageantry, and literally to "live laborious days."

Now, it must, I think, be due in no small degree to the example of her late Majesty that the average Englishwoman of good birth and education has so healthful an interest in English politics, and so thorough an acquaintance both with public events and issues, and the character and record of public men. No one who has seen much of the women of England's ruling class (I do not refer to the conspicuously fashionable, though it is true also of some of them) will dispute the fact; and it is quite as true of the many who do not desire, and might even disdain any participation in public affairs, beyond the display of colors and the distribution of smiles at a parliamentary election, as of the few who already sit on boards and address assemblies. They are brought up to regard national government as a science, and the one, of all others, which most concerns themselves and the men with whom they are identified; and they are just as well grounded in its first principles as in the four primary rules of arithmetic. Your average educated Englishwoman can therefore converse upon the questions of the hour, with a great statesman, should he chance to sit next her at dinner, without either feeling or

appearing like an affable idiot. Of how many of our own countrywomen, in "society" or out of it, can as much be said? What have they, what have *we*, as a rule, to offer to the man of responsibility and action but dissembled interest, amateur enthusiasm, ignorant conjectures, and superficial views? It really seems, at times, as though the women who tease most persistently for the privilege of thrusting a slender finger into the public pie were the most glaringly incompetent to such cookery, — the most broadly and hopelessly ill informed of all.

The only American woman I ever knew who had exactly the sort of political *savoir-faire* which is possessed by hundreds of strictly domestic Englishwomen was that now almost forgotten writer, whose laughing and laugh-provoking essays brightened so signally the pages of this magazine during the tragic years between 1860 and 1870, — the late Mary Dodge, of Hamilton. She alone read her morning journal, regularly and searchingly, as a wise man reads his: for definite information about all-important things, — if such, by God's grace, might be discovered or deduced, — and with a supreme disregard of "woman's work" and the Lady's Column. A near connection of James Blaine, and for many years a member of his Washington household during the congressional season, she owed her training in the theory and practice of Republican government to him; and she was the apt pupil of a very brilliant master. For, however Mr. Blaine may be thought, by many, to have perverted his own great gifts, he had, to a degree unknown in our republic since the days of its first founders, the *genius* of politics, the "vision and faculty," the creative brain like Count Cavour's. And the clever woman whom he trained, — for his own party ends, if you will, — though prone to paradox and liable to stubborn prejudice, had that knowledge of the cause they both served which in itself is power. She never addressed a public meeting in her life, but her voice was heard in the inner councils of the nation, her wit illumined, her words had a recognized weight.

She exercised, in short, over her small Republican coterie, during three or four administrations, very much the same sort of influence which was wielded on so much more august a scale by the sovereign lady of England. The balance of native ability was on the side of the plebeian Yankee scribbler; yet both women, in their widely different ways, underwent an arduous preparation for a gratuitous and, comparatively speaking, thankless office, and brought to the conception and exercise of its functions detached minds and a serious and self-denying industry.

The Fallow Field.

What toiler in the invisible field of Fancy, what artist of the pen, has not been at times embarrassed to vindicate the leisurely ways of his muse? When the punctual and unsparing mentor demands how we have spent our time, or why we have allowed the sunshine season to slip away without profitable employment thereof, what can we say?

These exhorters to "thrift, thrift," are the invaders most to be dreaded of all those whom the artist has indignant reason to repel from his domain. What can such disturbers of the private peace know of that season of fruitful idleness which is often so necessary a preliminary to actual execution? In my nonage, and as a humble fellow of the craft, being of a conscientious turn of mind, I was much distressed by the exhortations of these mentors. Idle I knew the time to be; but that it was fruitful, also, I too dimly felt to vindicate my own delay. So, at their bidding, I arose and girded myself. They, indeed, — and not I, — were responsible for the hasty and imperfect crystallization, in sketch or poem, of the thought that should have been held longer in solution!

Now I am wiser, or less appealable.

Perhaps it is that the season is autumn. However that may be, to all arraignment as to industry and "output," I point to certain comfortable fields, in view from my window, and bid my censors take note of the excellent good sense practiced by common husbandry. At least, I may take to heart the lesson of the fallow lands.

These were the fields that fed no reaper's blade;
These are the fields shall smile, and wave again
Their sun-and-wind-loved surges of deep grain,
Whose sheaves on threshing floor shall all be laid.
Their service is not done; their thrift but stayed
That ye a fuller harvest may obtain —
Not this — some other year, when, free and fain,
And grateful for long rest, their dues are paid.
Therefore, fret not to see the spider's floss
Film all this idle ground, that forth has brought
Waste weeds which with their myriads sow the breeze.
. . . And hark! the finches' twitter! Is it loss
When Heaven's creatures find their granary fraught
With pleasant food purveyed with toilless ease?

Mrs. Fiske's Acting.

"I HAVE been to the theatre for years," said a playgoer, "and have seen many actors, but only three times have I seen acting: once it was Duse in Camille; again it was that Yiddish woman — what is her name? — in one of their strange plays; and lastly Mrs. Fiske in Tess."

Signora Duse is Fame's favorite; no need of another trumpet to praise her! The "Yiddish woman" is Fame's stepchild, shut up in the dark closet of a German-Jewish constituency and dialect, whither the great world may not penetrate, — where even her name is hushed with the plaudits of her brooding and imaginative race. But Mrs. Fiske makes her appeal to a people which, however fortunately situated for independent judgment, is slow to assert its opinion in matters of art. We wait too long at the large end of Fame's trumpet, listening for the foreign roar. We hesitate to lift the great instrument and blow a blast back. We receive gratefully from London and Paris the knighted Irving, the "divine Sara," and other products of a refined and highly artificialized art; and our message in return is too often a mere echo of their verdict.

The playgoer was right, perhaps, in basing his opinion of Mrs. Fiske's quality upon her Tess, though probably he had not seen her in the varied repertory with which she returned to the stage a few years ago, after a seven years' retirement. In those days she was playing La Femme de Claude, The Doll's House, Divorçons, and a few other dramas, to little handfuls of listeners, regaining as a woman the art she had practiced as a child. In Divorçons she sparkled in the froth of life, and infected a rather crude company with her own gayety, so that an effect was attained rarer among Anglo-Saxons than among Latins: the frolicsome, irresponsible spirit of comedy seemed to be mixing up the world. La Femme de Claude belongs to another class, — a class somewhat outworn nowadays, doubtless, — typical of the tricky French mid-century style of melodrama which is passing with Sardou; but even more than most plays of its kind it offers histrionic opportunities. For a bit of exquisite virtuosity in acting, a sheer *tour de force*, may be cited the fit of trembling with which Mrs. Fiske, in playing the heroine, meets her captor's revelation of her past. It seized and shook her in spite of herself, — a battle to the death between will and physical weakness, in which will conquered as by a hair's breadth, leaving the body worn and shaken.

Another tour de force was Nora's desperate dancing of the tarantella, in The Doll's House, that tragic mock of gayety with which the child-wife sought to cajole fate. For delicate and complete achievement, either of these details proves Mrs. Fiske's mastery of the technique of her art. But no mere virtuoso could give us this Nora in her later de-

velopment. Only an artist, profoundly conscious of human character and passion, could interpret with such quiet mastery the sudden awakening of a mind in this child of the senses and the emotions; could reveal, with a simplicity severe to the point of nudity, the horror of that stripping of the soul which the ruthless arctic poet suggests in the last momentous dialogue.

And this leads us to Tess, which at present is Mrs. Fiske's masterpiece, as no other play in her repertory offers to her imagination a situation at once so simple and so tragic. Becky Sharp is a delightfully clever and vital piece of work, but it is all in the same key. The whole play has but one moment of feeling, and thus confines the artist to a delicate play of sardonic humor and skeptical intelligence. Tess is a larger field to work in, an out-of-door field, free of the "tables and chairs" which Signora Duse, in a recent interview, proclaimed herself weary of. Moreover, as a drama, it is more adroitly put together than most plays constructed from novels. Mrs. Fiske's Tess, we may admit at the outset, is a different creation from Hardy's: she cannot escape her delicate physique, her subtle intellectuality, her singular and haunting but distinctly civilized charm, — a combination which does not suggest the big, beautiful, stupid woman whom the novelist presents to us, and which always embarrasses this artist's efforts to portray the peasant type.

Her Tess, then, is her own, and must be judged by its own truth. One does not feel the milkmaid in it, but a totally different creature. One does feel the grace, the spent refinement, the impotent mentality, of the last lady of a fallen race, against whose insufficiency the very stars conspire. The heart-breaking beauty of this enmeshed soul, the pathetic fluttering of its crippled wings, the horror of its final desperate dash for freedom, all these are revealed with a largeness of tragic beauty which is unmarred by an instant of disillusion. The severe simplicity of the conception, and the artist's dignity and restraint in presenting it, make heroic outlines for a figure whose colors glow with passion and life.

Two moments of the drama stand out with special prominence: Tess's revelation of her past to Angel Clare, and the murder scene. Who that has ever heard it can forget the pathos of that almost whispered story, poured into her husband's ear, while her face hides on his breast and her arms embrace him? — the lofty courage of it, made possible only by sudden joyous knowledge that she also has something to forgive! When one reflects upon the opportunities for excess offered by this bit of dialogue, the slightness of the means employed to produce a great effect becomes the more noteworthy. The contrast between the penetrating half whisper used here and the desperate tone of the cry "Marian!" in the last act, shows the range of expression achieved by this artist with a voice not exceptionally endowed by nature.

In the murder scene, the extraordinary thing is the completeness of the change. In the twinkling of an eye a woman weak and tender becomes a savage; the rags of centuries drop from her, the dark primeval brute awakes in her, long ages of evolution become as naught, when, purring, exulting, powerful, she glides like a tigress to her work. And then the return after the deed: the listless holding of the knife, the guttural sounds of gloating and horror, the meddling over the open drawer, the piteous brushing of the hair while the eyes are changing back from brute to human, — the utter irrelevancy of all the little acts which the body mechanically performs during the suspension of thought, — all this proves the profundity of the artist's intuition. Such acting lies beyond the range of mere intellect; it could never be thought out. The imagination leaps into the dark to get it, — into the deeply hidden sources of human character.

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AUDREY.[1]

I.

THE CABIN IN THE VALLEY.

The valley lay like a ribbon thrown into the midst of the encompassing hills. The grass which grew there was soft and fine and abundant; the trees which sprang from its dark, rich mould were tall and great of girth. A bright stream flashed through it, and the sunshine fell warm upon the grass and changed the tassels of the maize into golden plumes. Above the valley, east and north and south, rose the hills, clad in living green, mantled with the purpling grape, wreathed morn and eve with trailing mist. To the westward were the mountains, and they dwelt apart in a blue haze. Only in the morning, if the mist were not there, the sunrise struck upon their long summits, and in the evening they stood out, high and black and fearful, against the splendid sky. The child who played beside the cabin door often watched them as the valley filled with shadows, and thought of them as a great wall between her and some land of the fairies which must needs lie beyond that barrier, beneath the splendor and the evening star. The Indians called them the Endless Mountains, and the child never doubted that they ran across the world and touched the floor of heaven.

In the hands of the woman who was spinning the thread broke, and the song died in the white throat of the girl who stood in the doorway. For a moment the two gazed with widening eyes into the green September world without the cabin; then the woman sprang to her feet, tore from the wall a horn, and, running to the door, wound it lustily. The echoes from the hills had not died, when a man and a boy, the one bearing a musket, the other an axe, burst from the shadow of the forest, and at a run crossed the greensward and the field of maize between them and the women. The child let fall her pine cones and pebbles, and fled to her mother, to cling to her skirts, and look with brown frightened eyes for the wonder that should follow the winding of the horn. Only twice could she remember that clear summons for her father: once when it was winter and snow was on the ground, and a great wolf, gaunt and bold, had fallen upon their sheep; and once when a drunken trader from Germanna, with a Pamunkey who had tasted of the trader's rum, had not waited for an invitation before entering the cabin. It was not winter now, and there was no sign of the red-faced trader or of the dreadful, capering Indian. There was only a sound in the air, a strange noise coming to them from the pass between the hills over which rose the sun.

The man with the musket sent his voice before him as he approached the group upon the doorstep: "Alce, wo-

[1] Copyright, 1901, by Mary Johnston.

man! What 's amiss? I see naught wrong!"

His wife stepped forward to meet him. "There 's naught to see, William. It 's to hear. There was a noise. Molly and I heard it, and then we lost it. There it is again!"

Fronting the cabin, beyond the maize field and the rich green grass and the placid stream, rose two hills, steep and thickly wooded, and between them ran a narrow, winding, and rocky pass. Down this gorge, to the listening pioneer, now came a confused and trampling sound.

"It is iron striking against the rocks!" he announced. "The hoofs of horses" —

"Iron!" cried his wife. "The horses in Virginia go unshod! And what should a troop of horse do here, beyond the frontier, where even the rangers never come?"

The man shook his head, a frown of perplexity upon his bronzed and bearded face. "It is the sound of the hoofs of horses," he said, "and they are coming through the pass. Hark!"

A trumpet blew, and there came a noise of laughter. The child pressed close to her brother's side. "Oh, Robin, maybe 't is the fairies!"

Out from the gloom of the pass into the sunshine of the valley, splashing through the stream, trampling the long grass, laughing, and calling one rider to the other, burst a company of fifty horsemen. The trumpet blew again, and the entire party, drawing rein, stared at the unexpected maize field, the cabin, and the people about the door.

Between the intruders and the lonely folk, whose nearest neighbors were twenty miles away, was only a strip of sunny grass, dotted over with the stumps of trees that had been felled lest they afford cover for attacking savages. A man, riding at the head of the invading party, beckoned, somewhat imperiously, to the pioneer; and the latter, still with his musket in the hollow of his arm, strode across the greensward, and finding himself in the midst, not of rude traders and rangers, but of easy, smiling, periwigged gentlemen, handsomely dressed and accoutred, dropped the butt of his gun upon the ground, and took off his squirrel-skin cap.

"You are deep in the wilderness, good fellow," said the man who had beckoned, and who was possessed of a stately figure, a martial countenance, and an air of great authority. "How far is it to the mountains?"

The pioneer stared at the long blue range, cloudlike in the distance. "I don't know," he answered. "I hunt to the eastward. Twenty miles, maybe. You 're never going to climb them?"

"We are come out expressly to do so," answered the other heartily, "having a mind to drink the King's health with our heads in the clouds! We need another axeman to clear away the fallen trees and break the nets of grapevine. Wilt go along amongst our rangers yonder, and earn a pistole and undying fame?"

The woodsman looked from the knot of gentlemen to the troop of hardy rangers, who, with a dozen ebony servants and four Meherrin Indians, made up the company. Under charge of the slaves were a number of pack horses. Thrown across one was a noble deer; a second bore a brace of wild turkeys and a two-year-old bear, fat and tender; a third had a legion of pots and pans for the cooking of the woodland cheer; while the burden of several others promised heart's content of good liquor. From the entire troop breathed a most enticing air of gay daring and good-fellowship. The gentlemen were young and of cheerful countenances; the rangers in the rear sat their horses and whistled to the woodpeckers in the sugar trees; the negroes grinned broadly; even the Indians appeared a shade less saturnine than usual. The golden sunshine poured upon them all, and the blue mountains that no Englishman had ever passed seemed for the

moment as soft and yielding as the cloud that slept along their summits. And no man knew what might be just beyond the mountains: Frenchmen, certainly, and the great lakes and the South Sea; but, besides these, might there not be gold, glittering stones, new birds and beasts and plants, strange secrets of the hills? It was only westward-ho! for a week or two, with good company and good drink —

The woodsman shifted from one foot to the other, but his wife, who had now crossed the grass to his side, had no doubts.

"You 'll not go, William!" she cried. "Remember the smoke that you saw yesterday from the hilltop! If the Northern Indians are on the warpath against the Southern, and are passing between us and the mountains, there may be straying bands. I 'll not let you go!"

In her eagerness she clasped his arm with her hands. She was a comely, buxom dame, and the circle on horseback, being for the most part young and gallant, and not having seen a woman for some days, looked kindly upon her.

"And so you saw a smoke, goodwife, and are afraid of roving Indians?" said the gentleman who had spoken before. "That being the case, your husband has our permission to stay behind. On my life, 't is a shame to ride away and leave you in danger of such marauders!"

"Will your Excellency permit me to volunteer for guard duty?" demanded a young man who had pressed his horse to the leader's side. "It 's odds, though, that when you return this way you 'll find me turned Papist. I 'll swear your Excellency never saw in Flanders carved or painted saint so worthy of your prayers as yonder breathing one!"

The girl Molly had followed her parents, and now stood upon a little grassy knoll, surveying with wide brown eyes the gay troop before her. A light wind was blowing, and it wrapped her dress of tender, faded blue around her young limbs, and lifted her loosened hair, gilded by the sunshine into the likeness of an aureole. Her face was serious and wondering, but fair as a woodland flower. She had placed her hand upon the head of the child, who was with her, clinging to her dress. The green knoll formed a pedestal; behind was the sky, as blue as that of Italy; the two figures might have been some painted altarpiece.

The sprightly company, which had taken for its motto "Sic juvat transcendere montes," looked and worshiped. There was a moment of silent devotion, broken by one of the gentlemen demanding if 't were not time for dinner; another remarked that they might go much farther and fare much worse, in respect of a cool, sweet spot in which to rest during the heat of the afternoon; and a third boldly proposed that they go no farther at all that day. Their leader settled the question by announcing that, Mr. Mason's suggestion finding favor in his sight, they would forthwith dismount, dine, drink red wine and white, and wear out the heat of the day in this sylvan paradise until four of the clock, when the trumpet should sound for the mount; also, that if the goodwife and her daughter would do them the honor to partake of their rustic fare, their healths should be drunk in nothing less than Burgundy.

As he spoke he swung himself from the saddle, pulled out his ruffles, and raised his hat. "Ladies, permit me," — a wave of his hand toward his escort, who were now also on foot. "Colonel Robertson, Captain Clonder, Captain Brooke, Mr. Haward, Mr. Beverley, Dr. Robinson, Mr. Fontaine, Mr. Todd, Mr. Mason, — all of the Tramontane Order. For myself, I am Alexander Spotswood, at your service."

The pioneer, standing behind his wife, plucked her by the sleeve. "Ecod, Alce, 't is the Governor himself! Mind your manners!"

Alce, who had been a red-cheeked

dairymaid in a great house in England, needed no admonition. Her curtsy was profound; and when the Governor took her by the hand and kissed her still blooming cheek, she curtsied again. Molly, who had no memories of fine gentlemen and the complaisance which was their due, blushed fire-red at the touch of his Excellency's lips, forgot to curtsy, and knew not where to look. When, in her confusion, she turned her head aside, her eyes met those of the young man who had threatened to turn Papist. He bowed, with his hand upon his heart, and she blushed more deeply than before.

By now every man had dismounted, and the valley was ringing with the merriment of the jovial crew. The negroes led the horses down the stream, lightened them of saddle and bridle, and left them tethered to saplings beneath which the grass grew long and green. The rangers gathered fallen wood, and kindled two mighty fires, while the gentlemen of the party threw themselves down beside the stream, upon a little grassy rise shadowed by a huge sugar tree. A mound of turf, flanked by two spreading roots, was the Governor's chair of state, and Alce and Molly he must needs seat beside him. Not one of his gay company but seemed an adept in the high-flown compliment of the age; out of very idleness and the mirth born of that summer hour they followed his Excellency's lead, and plied the two simple women with all the wordy ammunition that a tolerable acquaintance with the mythology of the ancients and the polite literature of the present could furnish. The mother and daughter did not understand the fine speeches, but liked them passing well. In their lonely lives, a little thing made conversation for many and many a day. As for these golden hours, — the jingle and clank and mellow laughter, the ruffles and gold buttons and fine cloth, these gentlemen, young and handsome, friendly-eyed, silver-tongued, the taste of wine, the taste of flattery, the sunshine that surely was never yet so bright, — ten years from now they would still be talking of these things, still wishing that such a day could come again.

The negroes were now busy around the fires, and soon the cheerful odor of broiling meat rose and blended with the fragrance of the forest. The pioneer, hospitably minded, beckoned to the four Meherrins, and hastening with them to the patch of waving corn, returned with a goodly lading of plump, green ears. A second foraging party, under guidance of the boy, brought into the larder of the gentry half a dozen noble melons, golden within and without. The woman whispered to the child, and the latter ran to the cabin, filled her upgathered skirts with the loaves of her mother's baking, and came back to the group upon the knoll beneath the sugar tree. The Governor himself took the bread from the little maid, then drew her toward him.

"Thanks, my pretty one," he said, with a smile that for the moment quite dispelled the expression of haughtiness which marred an otherwise comely countenance. "Come, give me a kiss, sweeting, and tell me thy name."

The child looked at him gravely. "My name is Audrey," she answered, "and if you eat all of our bread we 'll have none for supper."

The Governor laughed, and kissed the small dark face. "I 'll give thee a gold moidore, instead, my maid. Odso, thou 'rt as dark and wild, almost, as was my little Queen of the Saponies that died last year. Hast never been away from the mountains, child?"

Audrey shook her head, and thought the question but a foolish one. The mountains were everywhere. Had she not been to the top of the hills, and seen for herself that they went from one edge of the world to the other? She was glad to slip from the Governor's encircling arm, and from the gay ring beneath

the sugar tree; to take refuge with herself down by the water side, and watch the fairy tale from afar off.

The rangers, with the pioneer and his son for their guests, dined beside the kitchen fire, which they had kindled at a respectful distance from the group upon the knoll. Active bronzed and daring men, wild riders, bold fighters, lovers of the freedom of the woods, they sprawled upon the dark earth beneath the walnut trees, laughed and joked, and told old tales of hunting or of Indian warfare. The four Meherrins ate apart and in stately silence, but the grinning negroes must needs endure their hunger until their masters should be served. One black detachment spread before the gentlemen of the expedition a damask cloth; another placed upon the snowy field platters of smoking venison and turkey, flanked by rockahominy and sea biscuit, corn roasted Indian fashion, golden melons, and a quantity of wild grapes gathered from the vines that rioted over the hillside; while a third set down, with due solemnity, a formidable array of bottles. There being no chaplain in the party, the grace was short. The two captains carved, but every man was his own Ganymede. The wines were good and abundant: there was champagne for the King's health; claret in which to pledge themselves, gay stormers of the mountains; Burgundy for the oreads who were so gracious as to sit beside them, smile upon them, taste of their mortal fare.

Sooth to say, the oreads were somewhat dazed by the company they were keeping, and found the wine a more potent brew than the liquid crystal of their mountain streams. Red roses bloomed in Molly's cheeks; her eyes grew starry, and no longer sought the ground; when one of the gentlemen wove a chaplet of oak leaves, and with it crowned her loosened hair, she laughed, and the sound was so silvery and delightful that the company laughed with her. When the viands were gone, the negroes drew the cloth, but left the wine. When the wine was well-nigh spent, they brought to their masters long pipes and japanned boxes filled with sweet-scented. The fragrant smoke, arising, wrapped the knoll in a bluish haze. A wind had sprung up, tempering the blazing sunshine, and making low music up and down the hillsides. The maples blossomed into silver, the restless poplar leaves danced more and more madly, the hemlocks and great white pines waved their broad, dark banners. Above the hilltops the sky was very blue, and the distant heights seemed dream mountains and easy of climbing. A soft and pleasing indolence, born of the afternoon, the sunlight, and the red wine, came to dwell in the valley. One of the company beneath the spreading sugar tree laid his pipe upon the grass, clasped his hands behind his head, and, with his eyes on the azure heaven showing between branch and leaf, sang the song of Amiens of such another tree in such another forest. The voice was manly, strong, and sweet; the rangers quit their talk of war and hunting to listen, and the negroes, down by the fire which they had built for themselves, laughed with pleasure.

When the wine was all drunken and the smoke of the tobacco quite blown away, a gentleman who seemed of a somewhat saturnine disposition, and less susceptible than his brother adventurers to the charms of the wood nymphs, rose, and declared that he would go a-fishing in the dark crystal of the stream below. His servant brought him hook and line, and the grasshoppers in the tall grass served for bait. A rock jutting over the flood formed a convenient seat, and a tulip tree lent a grateful shade. The fish were abundant and obliging; the fisherman was happy. Three shining trophies had been landed, and he was in the act of baiting the hook that should capture the fourth, when his eyes chanced to meet the eyes of the child Audrey, who had

left her covert of purple-berried alder, and now stood beside him. Tithonus, green and hale, skipped from between his fingers, and he let fall his line to put out a good-natured hand and draw the child down to a seat upon the rock. "Wouldst like to try thy skill, moppet?" he demanded.

The child shook her head. "Are you a prince," she asked, "and is the grand gentleman with the long hair and the purple coat the King?"

The fisherman laughed. "No, little one, I 'm only a poor ensign. The gentleman yonder, being the representative in Virginia of my Lord of Orkney and his Majesty King George the First, may somewhat smack of royalty. Indeed, there are good Virginians who think that were the King himself amongst us he could not more thoroughly play my Lord Absolute. But he 's only the Governor of Virginia, after all, bright eyes."

"Does he live in a palace, like the King? My father once saw the King's house in a place they call London."

The gentleman laughed again. "Ay, he lives in a palace, a red brick palace, sixty feet long and forty feet deep, with a bauble on top that 's all afire on birthnights. There are green gardens, too, with winding paths, and sometimes pretty ladies walk in them. Wouldst like to see all these fine things?"

The child nodded. "Ay, that I would! Who is the gentleman that sang, and that now sits by Molly? See! with his hand touching her hair. Is he a Governor, too?"

The other glanced in the direction of the sugar tree, raised his eyebrows, shrugged his shoulders, and returned to his fishing. "That is Mr. Marmaduke Haward," he said, "who, having just come into a great estate, goes abroad next month to be taught the newest, most genteel mode of squandering it. Dost not like his looks, child? Half the ladies of Williamsburgh are enamored of his *beaux yeux*."

Audrey made no answer, for just then the trumpet blew for the mount, and the fisherman must needs draw in and pocket his hook and line. Clear, high, and sweet, the triumphant notes pierced the air, and were answered from the hills by a thousand fairy horns. The martial-minded Governor would play the general in the wilderness; his little troop of gentlemen and rangers and ebony servants had come out well drilled for their tilt against the mountains. The echoes were still ringing, when, with laughter, some expenditure of wit, and much cheerful swearing, the camp was struck. The pack horses were again laden, the rangers swung themselves into their saddles, and the gentlemen beneath the sugar tree rose from the grass, and tendered their farewells to the oreads.

Alce roundly hoped that their Honors would pass that way again upon their return from the high mountains, and the deepening rose of Molly's cheeks and her wistful eyes added weight to her mother's importunity. The Governor swore that within a week they would dine again in the valley, and his companions confirmed the oath. His Excellency, turning to mount his horse, found the pioneer at the animal's head.

"So, honest fellow," he exclaimed good-naturedly, "you will not with us to grave your name upon the mountain tops? Let me tell you that you are giving Fame the go-by. To march against the mountains and overcome them as though they were so many Frenchmen, and then to gaze into the promised land beyond — Odso, man, we are as great as were Cortez and Pizarro and their crew! We are heroes and paladins! We are the Knights of" —

His horse, impatient to be gone, struck with a ringing sound an iron-shod hoof against a bit of rock. "The Knights of the Horseshoe," said the gentleman nearest the Governor.

Spotswood uttered a delighted exclamation: "'Gad, Mr. Haward, you 've

hit it! Well-nigh the first horseshoes used in Virginia — the number we were forced to bring along — the sound of the iron against the rocks — the Knights of the Horseshoe! 'Gad, I 'll send to London and have little horseshoes — little gold horseshoes — made, and every man of us shall wear one. The Knights of the Golden Horseshoe! It hath an odd, charming sound, eh, gentlemen?"

None of the gentlemen were prepared to deny that it was a quaint and pleasing title. Instead, out of very lightness of heart and fantastic humor, they must needs have the Burgundy again unpacked, that they might pledge at once all valorous discoverers, his Excellency the Governor of Virginia, and their new-named order. And when the wine was drunk, the rangers were drawn up, the muskets were loaded, and a volley was fired that brought the echoes crashing about their heads. The Governor mounted, the trumpet sounded once more, and the joyous company swept down the narrow valley toward the long, blue, distant ranges.

The pioneer, his wife and children, watched them go. One of the gentlemen turned in his saddle and waved his hand. Alce curtsied, but Molly, at whom he had looked, saw him not, because her eyes were full of tears. The company reached and entered a cleft between the hills; a moment, and men and horses were lost to sight; a little longer, and not even a sound could be heard.

It was as though they had taken the sunshine with them; for a cloud had come up from the west, and the sun was hidden. All at once the valley seemed a sombre and lonely place, and the hills with their whispering trees looked menacingly down upon the clearing, the cabin, and the five simple English folk. The glory of the day was gone. After a little more of idle staring, the frontiersman and his son returned to their work in the forest, while Alce and Molly went indoors to their spinning, and Audrey sat down upon the doorstep to listen to the hurry of voices in the trees, and to watch the ever deepening shadow of the cloud above the valley.

II.

THE COURT OF THE ORPHAN.

An hour before dusk found the company that had dined in the valley making their way up the dry bed of a stream, through a gorge which cleft a line of precipitous hills. On either hand the bank rose steeply, giving no footing for man or beast. The road was a difficult one; for here a tall, fern-crowned rock left but a narrow passage between itself and the shaggy hillside, and there smooth and slippery ledges, mounting one above the other, spanned the way. In places, too, the drought had left pools of dark, still water, difficult to avoid, and not infrequently the entire party must come to a halt while the axemen cleared from the path a fallen birch or hemlock. Every man was afoot, none caring to risk a fall upon the rocks or into the black, cold water of the pools. The hoofs of the horses and the spurs of the men clanked against the stones; now and then one of the heavily laden pack horses stumbled and was sworn at, and once a warning rattle, issuing from a rank growth of fern on the hillside, caused a momentary commotion, but there was no more laughter, or whistling, or calling from the van to the rear guard. The way was arduous, and every man must watch his footsteps; moreover, the last rays of the sun were gilding the hilltops above them, and the level that should form their camping place must be reached before the falling of the night.

The sunlight had all but faded from the heights, when one of the company, stumbling over a round and mossy rock, measured his length upon the ground, amid his own oaths at his mishap, and the exclamations of the man immediately in his rear, whose progress he had thus unceremoniously blocked. The horse of

the fallen man, startled by the dragging at the reins, reared and plunged, and in a moment the entire column was in disorder. When the frightened animals were at last quieted, and the line re-formed, the Governor called out to know who it was that had fallen, and whether any damage had been suffered.

"It was Mr. Haward, sir!" cried out two or three; and presently the injured gentleman himself, limping painfully, and with one side of his fine green coat all stained by reason of contact with a bit of muddy ground, appeared before his Excellency.

"I have had a cursed mishap, — saving your presence, sir," he explained. "The right ankle is, I fear, badly sprained. The pain is exquisite, and I know not how I am to climb mountains."

The Governor uttered an exclamation of concern: "Unfortunate! Dr. Robinson must look to the hurt at once."

"Your Excellency forgets my dispute with Dr. Robinson as to the dose of Jesuit bark for my servant," said the sufferer blandly. "Were I *in extremis* I should not apply to him for relief."

"I 'll lay my life that you are not *in extremis* now," retorted the doctor. "If ever I saw a man with a sprained ankle keep his color so marvelously, or heard him speak in so composed a tone! The pain must be of a very unusual degree indeed!"

"It is," answered Mr. Haward calmly. "I cannot possibly go on in this condition, your Excellency, nor can I dream of allowing my unlucky accident to delay this worshipful company in their ascent of the mountains. I will therefore take my servant and ride slowly back to the cabin which we left this afternoon. Doubtless the worthy pioneer will give me shelter until my foot is healed, and I will rejoin your Excellency upon your return through the valley."

As he spoke, for the greater ease of the injured member, he leaned against a towering rock. He was a handsome youth, with a trick of keeping an unmoved countenance under even such a fire of laughter and exclamation as greeted his announcement.

"And for this you would lose the passing of the Appalachian Mountains!" cried Spotswood. "Why, man! from those heights we may almost see Lake Erie; may find out how near we are to the French, how easily the mountains may be traversed, what promise of success should his Majesty determine to plant settlements beyond them or to hold the mountain passes! There is service to be done and honor to be gained, and you would lag behind because of a wrenched ankle! Zoons, sir! at Blenheim I charged a whole regiment of Frenchmen, with a wound in my breast into which you might have thrust your hand!"

The younger man shrugged his shoulders. "Beggars may not be choosers," he said coolly. "The sunlight is fast fading, and if we would be out of this gorge before nightfall we must make no further tarrying. I have your Excellency's permission to depart?"

One of the gentlemen made a low-voiced but audible remark to his neighbor, and another hummed a line from a love song. The horses moved impatiently amongst the loose stones, and the rangers began to mutter that night would be upon them before they reached a safer footing.

"Mr. Haward! Mr. Haward!" said the Governor sternly. "It is in my mind that you meditate inflicting a greater harm than you have received. Let me tell you, sir, if you think to so repay a simple-minded hospitality" —

Mr. Haward's eyes narrowed. "I own Colonel Spotswood for Governor of Virginia," he said, speaking slowly, as was his wont when he was angry. "His office does not, I think, extend farther than that. As for these pleasant-minded gentlemen who are not protected by their rank, I beg to inform them that

in my fall my sword arm suffered no whit."

Turning, he beckoned to a negro who had worked his way from the servants in the rear, along the line of rangers, to the outskirts of the group of gentlemen gathered around the Governor and the injured man. "Juba," he ordered, "draw your horse and mine to one side. Your Excellency, may I again remind you that it draws toward nightfall, and that this road will be no pleasant one to travel in the dark?"

What he said was true; moreover, upon the setting out of the expedition it had been laughingly agreed that any gentleman who might find his spirits dashed by the dangers and difficulties of the way should be at liberty at any time to turn his back upon the mountains, and his face toward safety and the settlements. The Governor frowned, bit his lips, but finally burst into unwilling laughter.

"You are a very young gentleman, Mr. Marmaduke Haward!" he cried. "Were you a little younger, I know what ointment I should prescribe for your hurt. Go your ways with your broken ankle; but if, when I come again to the cabin in the valley, I find that your own injury has not contented you, look to it that I do not make you build a bridge across the bay itself! Gentlemen, Mr. Haward is bent upon intrusting his cure to other and softer hands than Dr. Robinson's, and the expedition must go forward without him. We sorrow to lose him from our number, even for the week in which he proposes to complete his cure, but we know better than to reason with — ahem! — a twisted ankle. *En avant*, gentlemen! Mr. Haward, pray have a care of yourself. I would advise that the ankle be well bandaged, and that you stir not from the chimney corner" —

"I thank your Excellency for your advice," said Mr. Haward imperturbably, "and will consider of taking it. I wish your Excellency and these merry gentlemen a most complete victory over the mountains, from which conquest I will no longer detain you."

He bowed as he spoke, and began to move, slowly and haltingly, across the width of the rocky way to where his negro stood with the two horses.

"Mr. Haward!" called the Governor.

The recreant turned his head. "Your Excellency?"

"It was the *right* foot, was it not?" queried his sometime leader. "Ah, I thought so! Then it were best not to limp with the left."

Homeric laughter shook the air; but while Mr. Haward laughed not, neither did he frown or blush. "I will remember, sir," he said simply, and at once began to limp with the proper foot. When he reached the bank he turned, and, standing with his arm around his horse's neck, watched the company which he had so summarily deserted, as it put itself into motion and went slowly past him up its dusky road. The laughter and bantering farewells moved him not; he could at will draw a line around himself across which few things could step. Not far away the bed of the stream turned, and a hillside, dark with hemlock, closed the view. He watched the train pass him, reach this bend, and disappear. The axemen and the four Meherrins, the Governor and the gentlemen of the Horseshoe, the rangers, the negroes, — all were gone at last. With that passing, and with the ceasing of the laughter and the trampling, came the twilight. A whippoorwill began to call, and the wind sighed in the trees. Juba, the negro, moved closer to his master; then upon an impulse stooped, and lifting above his head a great rock, threw it with might into one of the shallow pools. The crashing sound broke the spell of the loneliness and quiet that had fallen upon the place. The white man drew his breath, shrugged his shoulders, and turned his horse's head down the way up which he had so lately come.

The cabin in the valley was not three miles away. Down this ravine to a level place of pines, through the pines to a strip of sassafras and a poisoned field, past these into a dark, rich wood of mighty trees linked together with the ripening grape, then three low hills, then the valley and the cabin and a pair of starry eyes. It was full moon. Once out from under the stifling walls of the ravine, and the silver would tremble through the leaves and show the path beneath. The trees, too, that they had blazed, — with white wood pointing to white wood, the backward way should be easy.

The earth, rising sheer in darkness on either hand, shut in the bed of the stream. In the warm, scented dusk the locusts shrilled in the trees, and far up the gorge the whippoorwill called and called. The air was filled with the gold of fireflies, a maze of spangles, now darkening, now brightening, restless and bewildering. The small, round pools caught the light from the yet faintly colored sky, and gleamed among the rocks; a star shone out, and a hot wind, heavy with the smell of the forest, moved the hemlock boughs and rustled in the laurels.

The white man and the negro, each leading his horse, picked their way with caution among the pitfalls of the rocky and uneven road. With the passing of the Governor and his train a sudden cure had been wrought, for now Haward's step was as firm and light as it had been before his fall. The negro looked at him once or twice with a puzzled face, but made no comment and received no enlightenment. Indeed, so difficult was their way that they were left but scant leisure for speech. Moment by moment the darkness deepened, and once Haward's horse came to its knees, crashing down among the rocks and awakening every echo.

The way, if hard, was short. The hills fell further apart, the banks became low and broad, and fair in front, between two slender pines, shone out the great round moon. Leaving the bed of the stream, the two men entered a pine wood, dim and fragrant and easy to thread. The moon rose higher, and the light fell in wide shafts between trees that stood well apart, with no vines to grapple one to another, no undergrowth to press about their knees.

There needed no watchfulness: the ground was smooth, the light was fair; no motion save the pale flicker of the fireflies, no sound save the sigh of the night wind in the boughs that were so high overhead. Master and man, riding slowly and steadily onward through a wood that seemed interminably the same, came at last to think of other things than the road which they were traveling. Their hands lost grasp upon the reins, and their eyes, ceasing to glance now here, now there, gazed steadfastly down the gray and dreamlike vista before them, and saw no longer bole and branch, moonlight and the white scars that the axe had made for guidance. The vision of the slave was of supper at the quarters, of the scraping of the fiddle in the red firelight, of the dancing and the singing. The white man saw, at first, only a girl's face, shy and innocent, — the face of the woodland maid who had fired his fancy, who was drawing him through the wilderness back to the cabin in the valley. But after a while, in the gray stillness, he lost the face, and suddenly thought, instead, of the stone that was to cover his father's grave. The ship that was to bring the great, dark, carven slab should be in by now; the day after his return to Williamsburgh the stone must be put in place, covering in the green sod and that which lay below. *Here lieth in the hope of a joyful resurrection* —

His mind left the grave in the churchyard at Williamsburgh, and visited the great plantation of which he was now sole master. There was the house, four-square, high-roofed, many-windowed, built of dark red brick that glowed behind the veil of the locusts and the oaks.

There, too, were the quarters, — the home quarter, that at the creek, that on the ridge. Thirty white servants, three hundred slaves, — and he was the master. The honeysuckles in the garden that had been his father's pride, the shining expanse of the river, the ship — his ship, the Golden Rose — that was to take him home to England, — he forgot the night and the forest, and saw these things quite plainly. Then he fell to thinking of London and the sweets that he meant to taste, the heady wine of youth and life that he meant to drain to the lees. He was young; he could spare the years. One day he would come back to Virginia, to the dim old garden and quiet house. His factor would give account, and he would settle down in the red brick house, with the tobacco to the north and east, the corn to the west, and to the south the mighty river, — the river silvered by the moon, the river that lay just beyond him, gleaming through the trees —

Startled by the sudden tightening of the reins, or by the tearing of some frightened thing through the canes that beset the low, miry bank, the horse sprang aside; then stood trembling, with pricked ears. The white man stared at the stream; then turned in his saddle and stared at the tree trunks, the patches of moonlight, and the impenetrable shadow that closed each vista. "The blazed trees!" he exclaimed at last. "How long since we saw one?"

The slave shook his head. "Juba forgot to look. He was away by a river that he knew."

"We have passed from out the pines," said Haward. "These are oaks. But what is that water? — and how far we are out of our reckoning the Lord only knows!"

As he spoke, he pushed his horse through the tall reeds to the bank of the stream. Here in the open, away from the shadow of the trees, the full moon had changed the nighttime into a wonderful, silver day. Narrow above and below, the stream widened before him into a fairy basin, rimmed with reeds, unruffled, crystal-clear, stiller than a dream. The trees that grew upon the farther side were faint gray clouds in the moonlight, and the gold of the fireflies was very pale. From over the water, out of the heart of the moonlit wood, came the song of a mocking bird, a tumultuous ecstasy, possessing the air and making elfin the night.

Haward backed his horse from the reeds to the oak beneath which waited the negro. "'T is plain that we have lost our way, Juba," he said, with a laugh. "If you were an Indian, we should turn and straightway retrace our steps to the blazed trees. Being what you are, you are more valuable in the tobacco fields than in the forest. Perhaps this is the stream which flows by the cabin in the valley. We 'll follow it down, and so arrive, at least, at a conclusion."

They dismounted, and, leading their horses, followed the stream for some distance, to arrive at the conclusion that it was not the one beside which they had dined that day. When they were certain of this, they turned and made their way back to the line of reeds which they had broken to mark their starting point. By now the moon was high, and the mocking bird in the wood across the water was singing madly. Turning from the still, moonlit sheet, the silent reeds, the clear mimicker in the slumbrous wood, the two wayfarers plunged into the darkness beneath the spreading branches of the oak trees. They could not have ridden far from the pines; in a very little while they might reach and recognize the path which they should tread.

An hour later, the great trees, oak and chestnut, beech and poplar, suddenly gave way to saplings, many, close-set, and overrun with grapevines. So dense was the growth, so unyielding the curtain of vines, that men and horses were brought

to a halt as before a fortress wall. Again they turned, and, skirting that stubborn network, came upon a swamp, where leafless trees, white as leprosy, stood up like ghosts from the water that gleamed between the lily pads. Leaving the swamp they climbed a hill, and at the summit found only the moon and the stars and a long plateau of sighing grass. Behind them were the great mountains; before them, lesser heights, wooded hills, narrow valleys, each like its fellow, each indistinct and shadowy, with no sign of human tenant.

Haward gazed at the climbing moon and at the wide and universal dimness of the world beneath; then turned to the negro, and pointed to a few low trees growing at the eastern end of the plateau.

"Fasten the horses there, Juba," he said. "We will wait upon this hilltop until morning. When the light comes, we may be able to see the clearing or the smoke from the cabin."

When the horses had been tethered, master and man lay down upon the grass. It was so still upon the hilltop, and the heavens pressed so closely, that the slave grew restless and strove to make talk. Failing in this, he began to croon a savage, mournful air, and presently, forgetting himself, to sing outright.

"Hush!" ordered his master. "There may be Indians abroad."

The song came to an end as abruptly as it had begun, and the singer, having nothing better to do, went fast asleep. His companion, more wakeful, lay with his hands behind his head and his eyes upon the splendor of the firmament. Lying so, he could not see the valleys nor the looming mountains. There were only the dome of the sky, the grass, and himself. He stared at the moon, and made pictures of her shadowy places; then fell to thinking of the morrow, and of the possibility that after all he might never find again the cabin in the valley. While he laughed at this supposition, yet he played with it. He was in a mood to think the loss of the trail of the expedition no great matter. The woods were full of game, the waters of fish; he and Juba had only to keep their faces to the eastward, and a fortnight at most would bring them to the settlements. But the valleys folded among the hills were many; what if the one he sought should still elude him? What if the cabin, the sugar tree, the crystal stream, had sunk from sight, like the city in one of Monsieur Galland's fantastic tales? Perhaps they had done so, — the spot had all the air of a bit of fairyland, — and the woodland maid was gone to walk with the elves. Well, perchance for her it would be better so. And yet it would be pleasant if she should climb the hillside now and sit beside him, with her shy dark eyes and floating hair. Her hair was long and fine, and the wind would lift it; her face was fair, and another than the wind should kiss it. The night would not then be so slow in going.

He turned upon his side, and looked along the grassy summit to the woods upon the opposite slope and to the distant mountains. Dull silver, immutable, perpetual, they reared themselves to meet the moonbeams. Between him and those stern and changeless fronts, pallid as with snows, stretched the gray woods. The moon shone very brightly, and there was no wind. So unearthly was the quiet of the night, so solemn the light, so high and still and calm the universe around him, that awe fell upon his soul. It was well to lie upon the hilltop and guess at the riddle of the world; now dimly to see the meaning, now to lose it quite, to wonder, to think of death. The easy consciousness that for him death was scores of years away, that he should not meet the spectre until the wine was all drunken, the garlands withered, and he, the guest, ready to depart, made these speculations not at all unpleasing. He looked at his hand, blanched

by the moonlight, lying beside him upon the grass, and thought how like a dead hand it seemed, and what if he could not move it, nor his body, nor could ever rise from the grass, but must lie there upon the lonely hilltop in the untrodden wilderness, until that which had ridden and hunted and passed so buoyantly through life should become but a few dry bones, a handful of dust. He was of his time, and its laxness of principle and conduct; if he held within himself the potential scholar, statesman, and philosopher, there were also the skeptic, the egotist, and the libertine. He followed the fashion and disbelieved much, but he knew that if he died to-night his soul would not stay with his body upon the hilltop. He wondered, somewhat grimly, what it would do when so much that had clothed it round — pride of life, love of pleasure, desire, ambition — should be plucked away. Poor soul! Surely it would feel itself something shrunken, stripped of warmth, shiveringly bare to all the winds of heaven. The radiance of the moon usurped the sky, but behind that veil of light the invisible and multitudinous stars were shining. Beyond those stars were other stars, beyond those yet others; on and on went the stars, wise men said. Beyond them all, what then? And where was the place of the soul? What would it do? What heaven or hell would it find or make for itself? Guesswork all!

The silver pomp of the night began to be oppressive to him. There was beauty, but it was a beauty cold and distant, infinitely withdrawn from man and his concerns. Woods and mountains held aloof, communing with the stars. They were kindred and of one house; it was man who was alien, a stranger and alone. The hilltop cared not that he lay thereon; the grass would grow as greenly when he was in his grave; all his tragedies since time began he might reënact there below, and the mountains would not bend to look.

He flung his arm across his eyes to shut out the moonlight, and tried to sleep. Finding the attempt a vain one, and that the night pressed more and more heavily upon him, he sat up with the intention of shaking the negro awake, and so providing himself with other company than his own thoughts.

His eyes had been upon the mountains, but now, with the sudden movement, he faced the eastern horizon and a long cleft between the hills. Far down this opening something was on fire, burning fiercely and redly. Some one must have put torch to the forest; and yet it did not burn as trees burn. It was like a bonfire . . . it was a bonfire in a clearing! There were not woods about it, but a field — and the glint of water —

The negro, awakened by foot and voice, sprang up, and stood bewildered beside his master. "It is the valley that we have been seeking, Juba," said the latter, speaking rapidly and low. "That burning pile is the cabin, and 't is like that there are Indians between us and it! Leave the horses; we shall go faster without them. Look to the priming of your gun, and make no noise. Now!"

Rapidly descending the hill, they threw themselves into the woods at its base. Here they could not see the fire, but now and then, as they ran, they caught the glow, far down the lines of trees. Though they went swiftly they went warily as well, keeping an eye and ear open and muskets ready. But there was no sound other than their own quick footfalls upon the floor of rotting leaves, or the eager brushing of their bodies through occasional undergrowth; no sight but the serried trees and the checkered light and shade upon the ground.

They came to the shallow stream that flashed through the valley, and crossing it found themselves on cleared ground, with only a long strip of corn between them and what had been a home for English folk. It was that no longer:

for lack of fuel the flames were dying down; there was only a charred and smoking pile, out of which leaped here and there a red tongue.

Haward had expected to hear a noise of savage triumph, and to see dark figures moving about their handiwork. There was no noise, and the moonlight showed no living being. The night was changelessly still and bright; the tragedy had been played, and the mountains and the hills and the running water had not looked.

It took but a few minutes to break through the rustling corn and reach the smouldering logs. Once before them, there seemed naught to do but to stand and stare at the ruin, until a tongue of flame caught upon a piece of uncharred wood, and showed them the body of the pioneer lying at a little distance from the stone that had formed his doorstep. At a sign from Haward the negro went and turned it over, then let it sink again into the seared grass. "Two arrows, Marse Duke," he said, coming back to the other's side. "And they 've taken his scalp."

Three times Haward made the round of the yet burning heap. Was it only ruined and fallen walls, or was it a funeral pyre as well? To know, he must wait for the day and until the fire had burned itself out. If the former were the case, if the dead man alone kept the valley, then now, through the forest and the moonlight, captives were being haled to some Indian village, and to a fate more terrible than that of the man who lay there upon the grass with an arrow through his heart.

If the girl were still alive, yet was she dead to him. He was no Quixote to tilt with windmills. Had a way to rescue her lain fair before him, he would have risked his life without a thought. But the woods were deep and pathless, and only an Indian could find and keep a trail by night. To challenge the wilderness; to strike blindly at the forest, now here, now there; to dare all, and know that it was hopeless daring, — a madman might do this for love. But it was only Haward's fancy that had been touched, and if he lacked not courage, neither did he lack a certain cool good sense which divided for him the possible from that which was impossible, and therefore not to be undertaken.

Turning from the ruin, he walked across the trampled sward to the sugar tree in whose shade, in the golden afternoon, he had sung to his companions and to a simple girl. Idle and happy and far from harm had the valley seemed.

> "Here shall he see
> No enemy
> But winter and rough weather."

Suddenly he found that he was trembling, and that a sensation of faintness and of dull and sick revolt against all things under the stars was upon him. Sitting down in the shadow of the tree, he rested his face in his hands and shut his eyes, preferring the darkness within to that outer night which hid not and cared not, which was so coldly at peace. He was young, and though stories of such dismal things as that before him were part of the stock in trade of every ancient, garrulous man or woman of his acquaintance, they had been for him but tales; not horrible truths to stare him in the face. He had seen his father die; but he had died in his bed, and like one who went to sleep.

The negro had followed him, and now stood with his eyes upon the dying flames, muttering to himself some heathenish charm. When it was ended, he looked about him uneasily for a time; then bent and plucked his master by the sleeve. "We cyarn' do nothin' here, Marse Duke," he whispered. "An' the wolves may get the horses."

With a laugh and a groan, the young man rose to his feet. "That is true, Juba," he said. "It 's all over here, — we were too late. And it 's not a pleasant place to lie awake in, waiting for

the morning. We 'll go back to the hill-top."

Leaving the tree, they struck across the grass and entered the strip of corn. Something low and dark that had lain upon the ground started up before them, and ran down the narrow way between the stalks. Haward made after it and caught it.

"Child!" he cried. "Where are the others?"

The child had struggled for a moment, desperately if weakly, but at the sound of his voice she lay still in his grasp, with her eyes upon his face. In the moonlight each could see the other quite plainly. Raising her in his arms, Haward bore her to the brink of the stream, laved her face and chafed the small, cold hands.

"Now tell me, Audrey," he said at last. "Audrey is your name, is n't it? Cry, if you like, child, but try to tell me."

Audrey did not cry. She was very, very tired, and she wanted to go to sleep. "The Indians came," she told him in a whisper, with her head upon his breast. "We all waked up, and father fired at them through the hole in the door. Then they broke the door down, and he went outside, and they killed him. Mother put me under the bed, and told me to stay there, and to make no noise. Then the Indians came in at the door, and killed her and Molly and Robin. I don't remember anything after that, — maybe I went to sleep. When I was awake again the Indians were gone, but there was fire and smoke everywhere. I was afraid of the fire, and so I crept from under the bed, and kissed mother and Molly and Robin, and left them lying in the cabin, and came away."

She sighed with weariness, and the hand with which she put back her dark hair that had fallen over her face was almost too heavy to lift. "I sat beside father and watched the fire," she said. "And then I heard you and the black man coming over the stones in the stream. I thought that you were Indians, and I went and hid in the corn."

Her voice failed, and her eyelids drooped. In some anxiety Haward watched her breathing, and felt for the pulse in the slight brown wrist; then, satisfied, he lifted the light burden, and, nodding to the negro to go before, recommenced his progress to the hill which he had left an hour agone.

It was not far away. He could see the bare summit above the treetops, and in a little while they were upon its slope. A minute more and they came to the clump of trees, and found the horses in safety. Haward paused to take from the roll strapped behind his saddle a riding cloak; then, leaving the negro with the horses, climbed on to the grassy level. Here he spread the cloak upon the ground, and laid the sleeping child upon it, which done, he stood and looked at his new-found charge for a moment; then turning, began to pace up and down upon the hilltop.

It was necessary to decide upon a course of action. They had the horses, the two muskets, powder and shot. The earth was dry and warm, and the skies were cloudless. Was it best to push on to Germanna, or was it best to wait down there in the valley for the return of the Governor and his party? They would come that way, that was certain, and would look to find him there. If they found only the ruined cabin, they might think him dead or taken by the Indians, and an attempt to seek him, as dangerous, perhaps, as fruitless, might be made. He decided that he would wait. To-morrow he would take Juba and the horses and the child and go down into the valley; not back to the sugar tree and that yet smouldering pyre, but to the woods on this side of the stream.

This plan thought out, he went and took his seat beside the child. She was moaning in her sleep, and he bent over and soothed her. When she was quiet

he still kept her hand in his, as he sat there waiting for the dawn. He gave the child small thought. Together he and Juba must care for her until they could rejoin the expedition; then the Governor, who was so fond of children, might take her in hand, and give her for nurse old Dominick, who was as gentle as a woman. Once at Germanna perhaps some scolding *Hausfrau* would take her, for the sake of the scrubbing and lifting to be gotten out of those small hands and that slender frame. If not, she must on to Williamsburgh and the keeping of the vestry there. The next Orphan Court would bind her to some master or mistress who might (or might not) be kind to her, and so there would be an end to the matter.

The day was breaking. Moon and stars were gone, and the east was dull pink, like faded roses. A ribbon of silver mist, marking the course of the stream below, drew itself like a serpent through the woods that were changing from gray to green. The dank smell of early morning rose from the dew-drenched earth, and in the countless trees of the forest the birds began to sing.

A word or phrase which is as common and familiar as our hand may, in some one minute of time, take on a significance and present a face so keen and strange that it is as if we had never met it before. An Orphan Court! Again he said the words to himself, and then out loud. No doubt the law did its best for the fatherless and motherless, for such waifs and strays as that which lay beside him. When it bound out children, it was most emphatic that they should be fed and clothed and taught; not starved or beaten unduly, or let to grow up ignorant as negroes. Sometimes the law was obeyed, sometimes not.

The roses in the east bloomed again, and the pink of their petals melted into the clear blue of the upper skies. Because their beauty compelled him Haward looked at the heavens. The Court of the Orphan! . . . *When my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord taketh me up.* Haward acknowledged with surprise that portions of the Psalter did somehow stick in the memory.

The face of the child was dark and thin, but the eyes were large and there was promise in the mouth. She might be eight years old, — just the age, he remembered, of Colonel Byrd's little daughter, who had lost her mother, and was to be sent out next month to her father in England. It was a pity —

He looked at the child again, and suddenly resolved that he, Marmaduke Haward, would provide for her future. When they met again, he should tell the Governor and his brother adventurers as much; and if they chose to laugh, why, let them do so! He would take the child to Williamsburgh with him, and get some woman to tend her until he could find kind and decent folk with whom to bestow her. There were the new minister of Fair View parish and his wife, — they might do. He would give them two thousand pounds of sweet-scented a year for the child's maintenance. Oh, she should be well cared for! He would — if he thought of it — send her gifts from London; and when she was grown, and asked in marriage, he would give her for dowry a hundred acres of land.

As the strengthening rays of the sun, shining alike upon the just and the unjust, warmed his body, so his own benevolence warmed his heart. He knew that he was doing a generous thing, and his soul felt in tune with the beamy light, the caroling of the birds, the freshness and fragrance of the morning. When at last the child awoke, and, the recollection of the night coming full upon her, clung to him, weeping and trembling, he put his arm around her and comforted her with all the pet names his memory could conjure up.

III.

DARDEN'S AUDREY.

It was May Day in Virginia, in the year 1727. In England there were George the First, by the grace of God of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King and Defender of the Faith; my Lord of Orkney, Governor in chief of Virginia; and William Gooch, newly appointed Lieutenant Governor. In Virginia there were Colonel Robert Carter, President of the Council and Governor *pro tem.*; the Council itself; and Mistress Martha Jaquelin.

By virtue of her good looks and sprightliness, the position of her father in the community, and the fact that this 1st of May was one and the same with her sixteenth birthday, young Mistress Jaquelin was May Queen in Jamestown. And because her father was a worthy gentleman and a gay one, with French blood in his veins and Virginia hospitality in his heart, he had made a feast for divers of his acquaintances, and, moreover, had provided, in a grassy meadow down by the water side, a noble and seasonable entertainment for them, and for the handful of townsfolk, and for all chance comers.

Meadow and woodland and marsh, ploughed earth and blossoming orchards, lay warm in the sunshine. Even the ruined town, fallen from her estate, and become but as a handmaid to her younger sister, put a good face upon her melancholy fortunes. Honeysuckle and ivy embraced and hid crumbling walls, broken foundations, mounds of brick and rubbish, all the untouched memorials of the last burning of the place. Grass grew in the street, and the silent square was strewn with the gold of the buttercups. The houses that yet stood and were lived in might have been counted on the fingers of one hand, with the thumb for the church. But in their gardens the flowers bloomed gayly, and the sycamores and mulberries in the churchyard were haunts of song. The dead below had music, and violets in the blowing grass, and the undertone of the river. Perhaps they liked the peace of the town that was dead as they were dead; that, like them, had seen of the travail of life, and now, with shut eyes and folded hands, knew that it was vanity.

But the Jaquelin house was built to the eastward of the churchyard and the ruins of the town, and, facing the sparkling river, squarely turned its back upon the quiet desolation at the upper end of the island and upon the text from Ecclesiastes.

In the level meadow, around a Maypole gay with garlands and with fluttering ribbons, the grass had been closely mown, for there were to be foot races and wrestling bouts for the amusement of the guests. Beneath a spreading tree a dozen fiddlers put their instruments in tune, while behind the open windows of a small, ruinous house, dwelt in by the sexton, a rustic choir was trying over The Beggar's Daughter of Bednall Green. Young men and maidens of the meaner sort, drawn from the surrounding country, from small plantation, store and ordinary, mill and ferry, clad in their holiday best and prone to laughter, strayed here and there, or, walking up and down the river bank, where it commanded a view of both the landing and the road, watched for the coming of the gentlefolk. Children, too, were not lacking, but rolled amidst the buttercups or caught at the ribbons flying from the Maypole, while aged folk sat in the sun, and a procession of wide-lipped negroes, carrying benches and chairs, advanced to the shaven green and put the seats in order about the sylvan stage. It was but nine of the clock, and the shadow of the Maypole was long upon the grass. Along the slightly rising ground behind the meadow stretched

an apple orchard in full bloom, and between that line of rose and snow and the lapping of the tide upon the yellow sands lay, for the length of a spring day, the kingdom of all content.

The shadow of the Maypole was not much shrunken when the guests of the house of Jaquelin began to arrive. First to come, and from farthest away, was Mr. Richard Ambler, of Yorktown, who had ridden from that place to Williamsburgh the afternoon before, and had that morning used the planter's pace to Jamestown, — his industry being due to the fact that he was courting the May Queen's elder sister. Following him came five Lees in a chariot, then a delegation of Burwells, then two Digges in a chaise. A Bland and a Bassett and a Randolph came on horseback, while a barge brought up river a bevy of blooming Carters, a white-sailed sloop from Warwick landed a dozen Carys, great and small, and two periaguas, filled with Harrisons, Allens, and Cockes, shot over from the Surrey shore.

From a stand at one end of the grassy stage, trumpet and drum proclaimed that the company had gathered beneath the sycamores before the house, and was about to enter the meadow. Shrill-voiced mothers warned their children from the Maypole, the fiddlers ceased their twanging, and Pretty Bessee, her name cut in twain, died upon the air. The throng of humble folk — largely made up of contestants for the prizes of the day, and of their friends and kindred — scurried to its appointed place, and with the issuing from the house gates of the May Queen and her court the festivities commenced.

An hour later, in the midst of a bout at quarterstaff between the Jamestown blacksmith and the miller from Princess Creek, a coach and four, accompanied by a horseman, crossed the neck, rolled through the street, and, entering the meadow, drew up a hundred feet from the ring of spectators.

The eyes of the commonalty still hung upon every motion of the blacksmith and the miller, but by the people of quality the cudgelers were for the moment quite forgot. The head of the house of Jaquelin hurried over the grass to the coach door. "Ha, Colonel Byrd! When we heard that you were staying overnight at Green Spring, we hoped that, being so near, you would come to our merrymaking. Mistress Evelyn, I kiss your hands. Though we can't give you the diversions of Spring Garden, yet such as we have are at your feet. Mr. Marmaduke Haward, your servant, sir! Virginia has missed you these ten years. We were heartily glad to hear, t' other day, that the Golden Rose had brought you home."

As he spoke the worthy gentleman strove to open the coach door; but the horseman, to whom the latter part of his speech was addressed, and who had now dismounted, was beforehand with him. The door swung open, and a young lady, of a delicate and pensive beauty, placed one hand upon the deferential arm of Mr. Marmaduke Haward and descended from the painted coach to the flower-enameled sward. The women amongst the assembled guests fluttered and whispered; for this was youth, beauty, wealth, London, and the Court, all drawn in the person of Mistress Evelyn Byrd, bred since childhood in the politest society of England, newly returned with her father to his estate of Westover in Virginia, and, from her garlanded gypsy hat to the point of her silken shoe, suggestive of the rainbow world of *mode*.

Her father — alert, vivacious, handsome, with finely cut lips that were quick to smile, and dark eyes that smiled when the lips were still — followed her to the earth, shook out his ruffles, and extended his gold snuffbox to his good friend Mr. Jaquelin. The gentleman who had ridden beside the coach threw the reins of his horse to one of the negroes who had come running from

the Jaquelin stables, and, together with their host, the three walked across the strip of grass to the row of expectant gentry. Down went the town-bred lady until the skirt of her blue-green gown lay in folds upon the buttercups; down went the ladies opposite in curtsies as profound, if less exquisitely graceful. Off came the hats of the gentlemen; the bows were of the lowest; snuff-boxes were drawn out, handkerchiefs of fine holland flourished; the welcoming speeches were hearty and not unpolished.

It was a society less provincial than that of more than one shire that was nearer to London by a thousand leagues. It dwelt upon the banks of the Chesapeake and of great rivers; ships dropped their anchors before its very doors. Now and again the planter followed his tobacco aboard. The sands did not then run so swiftly through the hourglass; if the voyage to England was long, why, so was life! The planters went, sold their tobacco, — Sweet-scented, E. Dees, Orenoko, Cowpen, Non-burning, — talked with their agents, visited their English kindred; saw the town, the opera, and the play, — perhaps, afar off, the King; and returned to Virginia and their plantations with the last but one novelty in ideas, manner, and dress. Of their sons not a few were educated in English schools. Their wives and daughters, if for the most part they saw the enchanted ground only through the eyes of husband, father, or brother, yet followed its fashions, when learned, with religious zeal; and if they could manage to admiration their great, party-colored households, could also discuss china monsters, the King's mistresses, and last year's magazines. In Williamsburgh, where all men went on occasion, there was polite enough living: there were the college, the Capitol, and the play-house; the palace was a toy St. James; the Governors that came and went almost as proper gentlemen, fitted to rule over English people, as if they had been born in Hanover and could not speak their subjects' tongue.

So it was that the assembly which had risen to greet Mr. Jaquelin's latest guests, besides being sufficiently well born, was not at all ill bred, nor uninformed, nor untraveled. But it was not of the gay world as were the three whom it welcomed. It had spent only months, not years, in England; it had never kissed the King's hand; it did not know Bath nor the Wells; it was innocent of drums and routs and masquerades; had not even a speaking acquaintance with great lords and ladies; had never supped with Pope, or been grimly smiled upon by the Dean of St. Patrick's, or courted by the Earl of Peterborough. It had not, like the elder of the two men, studied in the Low Countries, visited the Court of France, and contracted friendships with men of illustrious names; nor, like the younger, had it written a play that ran for two weeks, fought a duel in the Field of Forty Footsteps, and lost and won at the Cocoa Tree, between the lighting and snuffing of the candles, three thousand pounds.

Therefore it stood slightly in awe of the wit and manners and fine feathers, curled newest fashion, of its sometime friends and neighbors, and its welcome, if warm at heart, was stiff as cloth of gold with ceremony. The May Queen tripped in her speech as she besought Mistress Evelyn to take the flower-wreathed great chair standing proudly forth from the humbler seats, and colored charmingly at the lady of fashion's smiling shake of the head and few graceful words of homage. The young men slyly noted the length of the Colonel's periwig, the quality of Mr. Haward's Mechlin, and the size of their shoe buckles, while their elders, suddenly lacking material for discourse, made shift to take a deal of snuff. The Colonel took matters into his own capable hands.

"Mr. Jaquelin, I wish that my tobacco at Westover may look as finely a fortnight hence as does yours to-day. There promise to be more Frenchmen in my fields than Germans at St. James. Mr. Cary, if I come to Denbigh when the peaches are ripe, will you teach me to make persico? Mr. Allen, I hear that you breed cocks as courageous as those of Tanagra. I shall borrow from you for a fight that I mean to give. Ladies, for how much gold will you sell the recipe for that balm of Mecca you must use? There are dames at Court would come barefoot to Virginia for so dazzling a bloom. Why do you patch only upon the Whig side of the face? Are you all of one camp, and does not one of you grow a white rosebush against the 29th of May? May it please your Majesty the May Queen, I shall watch the sports from this seat upon your right hand. Egad, the miller quits himself as though he were the moss-grown fellow of Sherwood Forest!"

The ice had thawed; and by the time the victorious miller had been pushed forward to receive the smart cocked hat which was the Virginian rendition of the crown of wild olive, it had quite melted. Conversation became general, and food was found or made for laughter. When the twelve fiddlers who succeeded the blacksmith and the miller came trooping upon the green, they played, one by one, to perhaps as light-hearted a company as a May Day ever shone upon. All their tunes were gay and lively ones, and the younger men moved their feet to the music, while a Strephon at the lower end of the lists seized upon a blooming Chloe, and the two began to dance "as if," quoth the Colonel, "the musicians were so many tarantula doctors."

A flower-wreathed instrument of his calling went to the player of the sprightliest air; after which awardment, the fiddlers, each to the tune of his own choosing, marched off the green to make room for Pretty Bessee, her father the beggar, and her suitors the innkeeper, the merchant, the gentleman, and the knight.

The high, quick notes of the song suited the sunshiny weather, the sheen of the river, the azure skies. A light wind brought from the orchard a vagrant troop of pink and white petals to camp upon the silken sleeve of Mistress Evelyn Byrd. The gentleman sitting beside her gathered them up and gave them again to the breeze.

"It sounds sweetly enough," he said, "but terribly old-fashioned: —

> 'I weigh not true love by the weight of the purse,
> And beauty is beauty in every degree.'

That 's not Court doctrine."

The lady to whom he spoke rested her cheek upon her hand, and looked past the singers to the blossoming slope and the sky above. "So much the worse for the Court," she said. "So much the better for" —

Haward glanced at her. "For Virginia?" he ended, with a smile. "Do you think that they do not weigh love with gold here in Virginia, Evelyn? It is n't really Arcady."

"So much the better for some place, somewhere," she answered quietly. "I did not say Virginia. Indeed, from what travelers like yourself have told me, I think the country lies not upon the earth. But the story is at an end, and we must applaud with the rest. It sounded sweetly, after all, — though it was only a lying song. What next?"

Her father, from his station beside the May Queen, caught the question, and broke the flow of his smiling compliments to answer it. "A race between young girls, my love, — the lucky fair who proves her descent from Atalanta to find, not a golden apple, but a golden guinea. Here come from the sexton's house the pretty light o' heels!"

The crowd, gentle and simple, arose, and pushed back all benches, stools, and chairs, so as to enlarge the circumference

of the ring, and the six girls who were to run stepped out upon the green. The youngest son of the house of Jaquelin checked them off in a shrill treble: —

"The blacksmith's Meg — Mall and Jenny from the crossroads tavern — the Widow Constance's Barbara — red-headed Bess — Parson Darden's Audrey!"

A tall, thin, grave gentleman, standing behind Haward, gave an impatient jerk of his body and said something beneath his breath. Haward looked over his shoulder. "Ha, Mr. Le Neve! I did not know you were there. I had the pleasure of hearing you read at Williamsburgh last Sunday afternoon, — though this is your parish, I believe? What was that last name that the youngster cried? I failed to catch it."

"Audrey, sir," answered the minister of James City parish; "Gideon Darden's Audrey. You can't but have heard of Darden? A minister of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, sir; and a scandal, a shame, and a stumbling-block to the Church! A foul-mouthed, brawling, learned sot! A stranger to good works, but a frequenter of tippling houses! A brazen, dissembling, atheistical Demas, who will neither let go of the lusts of the flesh nor of his parish, — a sweet-scented parish, sir, with the best glebe in three counties! And he 's inducted, sir, inducted, which is more than most of the clergy of Virginia, who neither fight nor drink nor swear, can say for themselves!"

The minister had lost his gravity, and spoke with warmth and bitterness. As he paused for breath, Mistress Evelyn took her eyes from the group of those about to run and opened her fan. "A careless father, at least," she said. "If he hath learning, he should know better than to set his daughter there."

"She 's not his own, ma'am. She 's an orphan, bound to Darden and his wife, I suppose, — though she 's not treated as a servant, either. They 've given her some schooling; and while people say that Darden beats his wife, I 've never heard of his beating the girl. There 's some story or other about her, but, not being curious in Mr. Darden's affairs, I have never learned it. When I came to Virginia, five years ago, she was a slip of a girl of thirteen or so. Once, when I had occasion to visit Darden, she waylaid me in the road as I was riding away, and asked me how far it was to the mountains, and if there were Indians between them and us."

"Did she so?" asked Haward. "And which is — Audrey?"

"The dark one — brown as a gypsy — with the dogwood in her hair. And mark me, there 'll be Darden's own luck and she 'll win. She 's fleeter than a greyhound. I 've seen her running in and out and to and fro in the forest like a wild thing."

Bare of foot and slender ankle, bare of arm and shoulder, with heaving bosom, shut lips, and steady eyes, each of the six runners awaited the trumpet sound that should send her forth like an arrow to the goal, and to the shining guinea that lay thereby. The spectators ceased to talk and laugh, and bent forward, watching. Wagers had been laid, and each man kept his eyes upon his favorite, measuring her chances. The trumpet blew, and the race was on.

When it was over and won, the May Queen rose from her seat and crossed the grass to her fine lady guest. "There are left only the prizes for this and for the boys' race and for the best dancer. Will you not give them, Mistress Evelyn, and so make them of more value?"

More curtsying, more complimenting, and the gold was in Evelyn's white hand. The trumpet blew, the drum beat, the fiddlers swung into a quick, staccato air, and Darden's Audrey, leaving the post which she had touched eight seconds in advance of the foremost of those with whom she had raced, came forward to receive the guinea.

The straight, short skirt of dull blue linen could not hide the lines of the young limbs; beneath the thin, white, sleeveless bodice showed the tint of the flesh, the rise and fall of the bosom. The bare feet trod the grass lightly and firmly; the brown eyes looked from under the dogwood chaplet in a gaze that was serious, innocent, and unashamed. To Audrey they were only people out of a fairy tale, — all those gay folk, dressed in silks and with curled hair. They lived in "great houses," and men and women were born to till their fields, to row their boats, to doff hats or curtsy as they passed. They were not real; if you pricked them, they would not bleed. In the mountains that she remembered as a dream there were pale masses of bloom far up among the cliffs; very beautiful, but no more to be gained than the moon or than rainbow gold. She looked at the May party before which she had been called much as, when a child, she had looked at the gorgeous, distant bloom, — not without longing, perhaps, but indifferent, too, knowing that it was beyond her reach.

When the gold piece was held out to her, she took it, having earned it; when the little speech with which the lady gave the guinea was ended, she was ready with her curtsy and her "Thank you, ma'am." The red came into her cheeks because she was not used to so many eyes upon her, but she did not blush for her bare feet, nor for her dress that had slipped low over her shoulder, nor for the fact that she had run her swiftest five times around the Maypole, all for the love of a golden guinea, and for mere youth and pure-minded ignorance, and the springtime in the pulses.

The gold piece lay within her brown fingers a thought too lightly, for as she stepped back from the row of gentlefolk it slid from her hand to the ground. A gentleman, sitting beside the lady who had spoken to her, stooped, and picking up the money gave it again into her hand. Though she curtsied to him, she did not look at him, but turned away, glad to be quit of all the eyes, and in a moment had slipped into the crowd from which she had come. It was midday, and old Israel the fisherman, who had brought her and the Widow Constance's Barbara up the river in his boat, would be going back with the tide. She was not loath to leave: the green meadow, the gaudy Maypole, and the music were good, but the silence on the river, the shadow of the brooding forest, the darting of the fishhawk, were better.

In the meadow the boys' race and the rustic dance were soon over. The dinner at the Jaquelin house to its guests lasted longer, but it too was hurried; for in the afternoon Mr. Harrison's mare Nelly was to run with Major Burwell's Fearnaught, and the stakes were heavy.

Not all of the company went from the banquet back to the meadow, where the humbler folk, having eaten their dinner of bread and meat and ale, were whiling away with sports of their own the hour before the race. Colonel Byrd had business at Williamsburgh, and must reach his lodgings there an hour before sunset. His four black horses brought to the door the great vermilion-and-cream coach; an ebony coachman in scarlet cracked his whip at a couple of negro urchins who had kept pace with the vehicle as it lumbered from the stables, and a light brown footman flung open the door and lowered the steps. The Colonel, much regretting that occasion should call him away, vowed that he had never spent a pleasanter May Day, kissed the May Queen's hand, and was prodigal of well-turned compliments, like the gay and gallant gentleman that he was. His daughter made her graceful adieux in her clear, low, and singularly sweet voice, and together they were swallowed up of the mammoth coach. Mr. Haward took snuff with Mr. Jaquelin; then, mounting his horse, — it was supposed that he too

had business in Williamsburgh, — raised his hat and bade farewell to the company with one low and comprehensive bow.

The equipage made a wide turn; the ladies and gentlemen upon the Jaquelin porch fluttered fans and handkerchiefs; the Colonel, leaning from the coach window, waved his hand; and the horseman lifted his hat a second time. The very especial guests were gone; and though the remainder of the afternoon was as merry as heart could wish, yet a bouquet, a flavor, a tang of the Court and the great world, a breath of air that was not colonial, had gone with them. For a moment the women stood in a brown study, revolving in their minds Mistress Evelyn's gypsy hat and the exceeding thinness and fineness of her tucker; while to each of the younger men came, linked to the memory of a charming face, a vision of many-acred Westover.

But the trumpet blew, summoning them to the sport of the afternoon, and work stopped upon castles in Spain. When a horse race was on, a meadow in Virginia sufficed.

Mary Johnston.

(*To be continued.*)

PRODUCTIVE SCHOLARSHIP IN AMERICA.

THE idea of continental Europe in regard to the productive scholars of the New World can be as easily as briefly stated: there is none. A widely read German history of civilization says this about American scholarship: "American universities are hardly more than ordinary schools in Germany. It is true, they receive large sums of money from rich men; but they cannot attain to anything, because the institutions either remain under the control of the church, or the professors are appointed on account of their political or personal connections, not on account of their knowledge. The professors therefore have, naturally, more interest in money-making than in the advancement of science. Not a single one of these institutions has reached a scientific position." And if this expresses the opinion of the public at large, it must be admitted that the scholars are seldom much better informed. They see hundreds of American students coming over to Germany every year, and feel sure that they would not come in such streams if America had anything of comparable value to offer. American publications cross the ocean in a ridiculously small number; in the world of letters no Columbus has yet discovered the other side of the globe.

Is it necessary to defend myself against the suspicion that I share this European prejudice? I have my witnesses in print. Since I resigned my German professorship to enter Harvard University, I have heartily welcomed every opportunity to write for German readers about my delightful surprises in the academic world here, and about the contrast between the facts here and the fables current over there. Last summer I had a glorious opportunity. A well-known naturalist of Switzerland, whose voice is often heard in German magazines, came here for scientific purposes, and spent his vacation in various places. When he returned, he gathered his impressions in an essay published in the most widely read review, and condensed his opinions on American universities as follows: "The American universities are of unequal value; some are simply

humbug. They are all typically American, illustrating in every respect the American spirit: they have an essentially practical purpose. The American wishes to see quick returns in facts and successes; he has scarcely ever any comprehension of theory and real science. He has not yet had time to understand that scholarly truth is like a beautiful woman, who should be loved and honored for her own sake, while it is a degradation to value her only for her practical services: a Yankee brain of to-day cannot grasp that," — and so on. I published at once, in the same magazine, an extended reply. I demonstrated therein how easily the foreigner is misled by the use of the word "university" for institutions which are nothing but colleges, and that, therefore, a fair comparison with German universities is possible only for the dozen institutions which are adjusted to postgraduate work. I pointed out that in these leading universities the opportunities offered students are not inferior to those abroad; that the theoretical courses, not the practical ones, are favored by the students; and that, especially in unpractical fields, as astronomy, geology, ethnology, Sanskrit, English philology, philosophy, very valuable work has been done. I claimed with full conviction that the doctor's degree of our best universities is superior to the average degree in Germany, and that our libraries and equipments are not seldom better than those on the other side. I showed with enthusiasm what an increasing number of scholarly magazines is sent out by our institutions, how great is the output of new books in every field, how the academies and scholarly associations flourish. Yes, I became pathetic, and sentimental, and ironical, and enthusiastic, and my friends maintained that I made my point; and yet in my heart I was glad that no one raised the other question, whether I really believed that American scholarship is to-day all that it ought to be. I should have felt obliged to confess that I did not believe it; and as I speak now to Americans only, I may add here all that I forgot to tell my German readers.

I do not want to disclaim a single word of my German plea for the American world of learning. The situation is infinitely better than Europeans suppose it to be, — in certain branches of knowledge excellent work has been done; and yet I am convinced that the result stands in no proper relation to the achievements of American culture in all the other aspects of national life, and the best American scholars everywhere frankly acknowledge and seriously deplore it. Yes, America now has scholarship, as well as Germany, but it is just as when the Germans claim that they, as well as the Americans, play football; to be sure, they do play it, but in cutaways and high collars. Many Americans consider that there is no harm in the condition of scholarship here, and some are even proud of it: a nation which has to "do" things ought not to care much for knowledge. But there are others who see the dangers of such an attitude. They believe that there is no ideal of learning and searching for truth which is too high for the American nation. They think, as Emerson said, "our days of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands draws to a close; the millions that around us are rushing into life cannot always be fed on the remains of foreign harvests." And as the first necessary condition of such a change they seek a clear insight into the causes which lie at the root of this shortcoming. To these it may perhaps appear not quite useless to try to throw light on the causes from the one standpoint which is most natural to me, — from the standpoint of a comparison between the American and the German conditions for productive scholarship.

In America, as in Germany, the question of productive scholarship is essen-

tially a university question, as in both countries the chief advancers of knowledge have been at the same time professional daily teachers of academic youth. This relation is in itself not at all necessary, and certainly does not hold true for other countries, such as France and England. In England and in France, a great part of the finest scholarly work has been done by men who had no relations to academic institutions; and if they filled university positions, their rôle was, on the whole, a decorative one, while the real daily teaching was done by minor men. Here, as in Germany, the union of scholar and teacher in one person is the rule; the scholars who are not teachers are in both countries the exception. I do not overlook the fact that such exceptional cases exist on both sides; historians like Rhodes, Fiske, Lodge, Roosevelt, and others stand outside of academic life. In a similar way, we have some economists and some naturalists, especially those connected with the government institutions in Washington; there are some physicians and some inventors, some lawyers and some ministers, who aim, outside of the institutions of learning, toward real advancement of knowledge, and yet they form here, exactly as over there, such a small minority that they do not determine the character of the scholarship of the country, while in England and France they are its most important factor. Here, too, the work of the outsiders will be measured by the standards set by the universities. Every advantage and disadvantage, every reform and every danger for scholarship, is in America, therefore, as in Germany, first of all a university problem.

To give to our inquiry narrower limits, I shall omit from consideration the law school, medical school, and divinity school. The law schools especially are, on account of the differences of law, so absolutely unlike, here and abroad, that they must be totally eliminated. If we thus confine ourselves, on the whole, to the humanistic and scientific studies, to philology and history, economics and philosophy, literature and the fine arts, mathematics and physics, biology and chemistry and geology, and so on, we compare similar matters. And on this basis now arises the question at issue: Why has Germany's productive scholarship attained the power to mould the thoughts of the world, while America's, so far, has not? Why are the German universities such fertile ground that in them even the smallest talent comes to flower, and the American universities such sterile ground that here often the finest energies are destined to wither?

One reason offers itself at once: in Germany, the very idea of a university demands productive scholarship as the centre and primary interest of all university activity; in America, it is an accessory element, a secondary factor, almost a luxury, which is tolerated, but never demanded as a condition. But this fact itself has deeper reasons, and we must understand the whole spirit of the universities there and here to understand why it is so, and why it must be so under the conditions that obtain today. In Germany, the spirit of the university is absolutely different from the preceding stage, the gymnasium; in America, the university work is mostly a continuation of the college work, without any essential qualitative difference. The postgraduate work is more difficult than the undergraduate work, the teachers are expected to know more, the subjects are more advanced and specialized; but all the changes are of quantitative character, and there is nothing new in principle. The university is a more difficult college, — a college which presupposes a greater amount of information, and where the best informed teachers of the country are teaching; but its spirit is exactly the college spirit, merely on a more elaborate scale of instruction.

In Germany, there is no greater dif-

ference than exists between the spirit of the university period and that of the school time. The gymnasium furnishes education and information; the university brings to the younger generation the scholarly scientific spirit. The gymnasium distributes the knowledge which has been collected; the university teaches the student to take a critical attitude toward all collected knowledge. The gymnasium teaches facts and demands textbooks; the university teaches method and presupposes all that can be found in books. The gymnasium gives to the boy of nineteen nothing different in principle from what the boy of nine receives; the university offers to the student of twenty something absolutely different from what he received a year before. The teacher of the gymnasium must therefore be a man who has learned a great deal, and has a talent for imparting what he has learned; the teacher of the university must be a master of method. But there is only one test to prove that a man has mastered the methods of a science: he must have shown that he is able to advance it. The teacher of the university is therefore, above all, a productive scholar, while to the gymnasium teacher productive scholarship is something non-essential.

This higher type of institution, this qualitatively new principle of instruction, has thus far not been completely realized in America. I am speaking, of course, of the ideal and of the theory. In practice, there are many German university professors whose lectures run down to mere school-teaching, and there are many brilliant American professors whose invaluable scholarly lectures and research courses are fully inspired by the highest university ideal. But while the former simply do not fulfill their duty, and remain below the level of public expectation, the latter transcend the official and generally accepted ideal of university life. The official ideal of the American university is, as it has been expressed with emphasis, an institution in which "everybody can learn everything." And yet nothing is farther removed than this from that other university ideal, where not every one is admitted as a student, but only the one who has reached a maturity in which he can go over from mere learning to criticism; and where not everything is to be learned, but one thing alone, the highest intellectual grasp of the scholarly spirit. A young man who is mature enough to enter the university ought to be able to learn "everything" for himself; but the method of dealing with anything, not as a fact, but as a problem, he can gain only from a master. The college may teach "things;" the graduate school ought to teach the solution of problems. The college teaches dogmatically; the graduate school ought to train in critical thinking. The college is for intellectual boys; the university ought to be for intellectual manhood; as the college makes the students dependent upon the authorities, while the university ought to teach them to be self-dependent, to stand on their own feet.

This is the point where American intellectual culture betrays its limitation: American institutions do not show sufficient insight into the fundamental fact that the highest kind of knowledge is not wide, but self-dependent. Yes, Americans, who are so proud of their spirit of initiative and independence, too often overlook the fact that the highest independence of character can go hand in hand with the most slavish intellectual dependence, and that all which is merely "learned," all textbook information, all knowledge without mastery of method, is good for boys, but poor for intellectual men. And yet such a self-dependent attitude is never the result of a mere skeptical incredulity or of defiant contradiction of the authorities, but can be gained only by the fullest training in methodological criticism. No one, even in his special field, can really examine everything himself, but

he is not self-dependent till he fully knows how to do it; that is, till at least in one point he has proved to himself that he is able to go beyond all that mankind has hitherto known about it. If he is able to master the methods for one problem, then he has the power to do so for others; he may now follow others, but he knows that he does not follow simply because there is a chain on his leg which pulls him along. No amount of information can be substituted for training, and a university course which deals with the history of ten years from a really critical point of view is therefore more important than another which pictures a thousand years from a dogmatic standpoint. Self-dependence in knowledge thus never means ignoring the authorities, and even in the natural sciences does not come from a direct appeal to Nature, as the science teachers of the schools too often believe. Nature answers always only those questions which we ask her; and the whole history of science — that is, the authorities — must teach us first how to ask our questions of Nature. Self-dependence means the power to understand the authorities, and to deal with them critically.

As I have said, the only possible teacher for this highest kind of intellectual activity must be a scholar who is himself a master of scientific method, and as such a master only is the productive scholar tested. That is the reason why productive scholarship is the very informing spirit of German universities, and why no teacher is ever appointed as university docent who has not proved his power over methods by publications which have at some point advanced human knowledge. Productive scholarship will never reach a really high level in America till it becomes the informing spirit of the American universities also; and it cannot be their spirit till the difference between the ideal of the university and the ideal of the college, between the dogmatic and the critical attitude in knowledge, is fully grasped by the community. As long as the university is essentially a better equipped college on a more elaborate scale, the appointment of university teachers must be determined by the same considerations that influence the usual choice of a college teacher. As it is, — given, of course, the moral qualities, — a man is sought who has learned much about his subject and is a fine teacher. But whether he has produced anything of scholarly value is, on the whole, a secondary question.

The situation in our colleges is similar to that in the German gymnasiums. The gymnasium teacher is not at all unproductive. Most of his productions, to be sure, are just as in the colleges here, merely textbooks; but many gymnasium teachers publish scholarly investigations, and as almost every one has written his doctor's thesis, many go on with their productive university studies; some have published excellent books. And yet their publications are in a way their private affairs, not their official duty; their professional work can be conceived as complete without any effort in that direction; there are even principals of gymnasiums who look with a certain suspicion on the too productive teacher, because they are afraid that he may neglect his class duties, or may raise the level of instruction too high for the boys. But in any case, if productive scholarship were in the hands of these gymnasium teachers only, science and scholarship would be the same lukewarm affair that it is here in the hands of college men, — a professional luxury, relegated to the scarce leisure hours of an overworked man, who has little to gain from it, and whose career and professional standing are hardly influenced thereby.

How different the university man, if university instruction is rightly understood as the teaching of method, of criticism, of self-dependence! What other way is open to prove the possession of a

power than the use — and the successful use — of it? A singer who does not sing, a painter who does not paint, and a university scholar who does not advance human knowledge stand then on exactly the same level. Of course it is not necessary that the productive work should appear directly under the name of the author; here, as in Germany, some of the finest scholars put forth their thoughts through the publications of their advanced students, for whose work they take the responsibility. But if he does not publish in one way or another, directly or indirectly, theoretical assurances will not suffice. To say that a man might have advanced human knowledge, if he had not preferred to give all his time to teaching by lectures or by popular books and articles, is absurd, if he never had an opportunity to be tried. He might just as well say that he would have been skillful in walking the tight rope, if he had not preferred his life long to walk on the floor. The fact that he is a good teacher has, of course, no bearing on the point. If we want to find a man who is a master of critical methods, we cannot be satisfied if the man shows that he has much information, and skill in imparting it. For that we need the original mind, while the merely imitative thinker may make a most excellent teacher. Any one who has a personality, a forcible way of presentation, and an average intellect will be able to be a fine teacher of any subject at six weeks' notice. The student cannot judge whether the thoughts brought forward in the lecture are the instructor's own thoughts, or a rehash of the contents of half a dozen textbooks; or even if they are his own thoughts, whether they have any legs to stand on. Whether the teacher's thoughts are cheap reproductions or valuable critical studies can be determined only by a jury of his peers, and the only way to communicate with them is by publications. The teacher's papers and books alone decide whether he is or is not in possession of that power of scholarly grasp which the university student is to learn from him, and thus whether he is or is not fit to be a university teacher.

No one ought to interpret this to mean a lack of appreciation for the receptive scholarship and the fine teaching qualities of a good college instructor who wants to be teacher only, or of a writer of pleasant and helpful popular books. I do not at all claim that his function is less noble, or that his achievement is less important for the community, and I know, of course, that "distribution" of knowledge is not at all an easy or mechanical task when it is well done; the really good teacher needs many gifts and qualities which may be absent in great scholars. I maintain merely that the two professions are different, — as different as that of the photographer from that of the artist. A good photographer is certainly a more useful being than a bad artist; but no photographer understands the meaning of art who thinks that he and Sargent are in principle doing the same thing. As long as productive scholarship is not recognized by the public consciousness as something absolutely different from receptive scholarship, its development must remain an accidental one, and can never reach the level which American civilization has reached in so many other directions, and which might be expected from the large external resources of the higher institutions of learning. That the outcome in important work is disappointing no one can deny; nor will any one seriously doubt that the ignorance of Europe in regard to American work will disappear rapidly as soon as really fundamental work is done. As soon as a Darwin or a Helmholtz, a Virchow or a Bunsen, a Spencer or a Pasteur or a Mommsen, speaks in the smallest New England college, the whole world will find him out and listen; but he must speak, as his European colleagues have spoken, in the service of productive scholarship

only, while he will remain unheard if he follows the leadings of his surroundings, becomes merely a good teacher, writes textbooks and magazine essays and popular lectures.

There is another point on which I must not be misunderstood. In Germany, the gymnasium, as the place of receptive scholarship, and the university, as the place where the productive scholar teaches critical method, are sharply separated. I do not mean that this external separation is in itself necessary, or, under American conditions, either desirable or possible. Such a complete separation can be made only where the government guarantees an equality of standard, and where conditions are equal throughout the land. In the United States, the system of sliding scales, of infinitesimal differences, of transitions from low forms to higher ones without sharp lines of demarcation, has shown itself to be the soundest in all educational matters; the smallest institution must have the possibility of growing up to the highest requirements, and each local foundation must be able to adapt itself to special needs. In a country where the greatest educational progress comes through private initiative and through the slow raising of the standards of requirements in the social consciousness, the system of sliding transitions offers the best chance for healthful development; and the raising of the graduate schools to the plane of real universities can come only as the fruit of such a system, just as the present graduate school has developed itself naturally by that system out of the average college. What is necessary is only the development of the new ideal in the social mind. On the other hand, so long as the real principle is not acknowledged, the mere imitation of external forms or the artificial construction of new schemes cannot bring about an improvement. For instance, the dropping of the college department represents no progress at all, if the remainder is in itself on no higher level than the average graduate school. The claim of an institution that it is in the lead because it has no college is without basis as long as its teachers are in no way superior, as productive scholars, to the average instructors of other universities. The omission of the lower forms is no gain, and has at present great disadvantages. I do not believe that the development of the highest forms is to be expected along this line. I remember I once saw in the Far West two rather poor little institutions in the same county. One called itself, modestly, a college; the other, a university. As I saw clearly that the university was lower in its standards of graduation, I asked the director about the designation; and he answered that they called themselves a university because they were of so much higher grade than the neighboring college. I asked him in what respect they were of higher grade, as they had no graduate school, no law school, and no medical school. "No," he said, "we have not all these, but we are higher because we have no preparatory school."

The functions of the student stand, of course, in immediate relation to the functions of the instructor. If the instructor gives information, the student is expected to learn facts; and he shows best by examinations whether or not he has succeeded. If the task of the instructor is to teach the method of scholarly criticism, the student aims at getting a scholarly grasp; and whether or not he has succeeded he can prove only by showing that in one little point, at least, he can advance human knowledge. Original research then becomes the backbone of his university work, and the publication of a doctor's thesis its natural goal. This aspect of student's work grows among us from year to year, and yet it has not won sufficient strength to stand alone against all attacks. There are still institutions which do their research work as a concession to a doubtful fashion, imported from Germany,

and necessary as an advertisement in the struggle of university competition; there are still a majority which do not believe in it at all; and there are still leading universities here which do not require the printing of the doctor's thesis. It is a very curious fact that the most effective argument brought forward here again and again, in the fight against the doctor's thesis, is the cheap scholarship of many of the German doctor dissertations. At the basis of this there is a misunderstanding, as the German doctor's thesis cannot be compared with the American one. In Germany, the doctor examination is, on the whole, a purely decorative affair for the gaining of a title which has not the slightest consequence for the career of a man, but only the social value of a personal address. All openings to the career of teacher, as well as to that of lawyer or physician, are dependent upon the very severe state examination, which shows clearly whether or not the candidate has acquired the scientific view of his subjects. The man who has passed the state examination may thus pass with a low mark the doctor examination, even if he presents merely a hasty, superficial piece of research, just to satisfy traditional regulations. As the degree has no practical bearing, and as it is always given with one of four marks, there is no danger in sometimes letting the thesis work run down. In America, however, the doctor examination is the one goal of the post-graduate studies; it is the one entrance gate to the best positions; and it has thus the function of the German doctorate together with that of the German state examination. The small group of men for whom the doctor's degree in Germany has a practical bearing is the circle of those who enter the university career; that is, those who seek to become privatdocents of a university, and not teachers of a gymnasium. The entrance upon a university career is indeed dependent upon the "doctor" only, and not upon the state examination; but for this purpose it is required to gain the doctor's degree with one of the two highest marks, and no thesis which has been marked with *summa* or *magna cum laude* is of that cheap kind of thoughtless research which is so often shown here as a dreadful example. Only these excellent theses thus can fairly be compared with those in question for American universities, and they are certainly of a kind to encourage production and publication.

But more than that. Even if the dissertations were in themselves valueless for human knowledge, if they were unworthy of publication, if they were unnecessary as tests for the students, original research, with the goal of a definite special problem to be settled by really scientific methods, should continue to be nowhere more needed than here, as the one great stimulus which our graduates get to active scholarly interest. In Germany they find these incentives through all their lives, in a hundred forms; here everything comes together to work in the other direction, and to keep men away from the really scientific attitude. The small tasks of original research of the students in the university time are the little fountains in the woods, whose waters unite in the brook which is seen by the world; and only if they are plentiful will the brook ever become a river. It is well known that the beginnings of productive scholarship in this country, thirty or forty years ago, were due to those who came home from such research work in German universities, and that these beginnings have been reinforced and developed by the hundreds who have gone abroad for their studies during the last decades, till only recently the time has come when the American graduate can find the same opportunities in the best American universities. These stimulations of the student time are the real influences which will decide the future of American scholarship; and whoever belittles the value and retards

the development of the students' research and of the doctorate must understand that he is helping to destroy the real scholarship of the country, or to make it dependent upon that of other nations. At present there seems no occasion to fear for the standard of the degree; the standard is kept high, but the number of those who seek it is far too small. No one who intends to teach in a college, or even in a high school, ought to end his academic years before he has attained the degree. He has not, like the university teacher, to teach the methods of scholarship, and therefore is under no necessity to lead the life of a productive scholar, but the spark of active scholarship must have touched him; if he has remained throughout merely a receptive scholar, merely a good college boy, even with his Master of Arts, his teaching will be sterile drudgery.

I have said that after the student days everything militates against scholarly production, in this country; that our young man enters into a world which does not care for his original work. No one understands the conditions of productive scholarship here who does not consider the path which our young scholar has to follow. I have at present in my psychological seminary at Harvard twenty-six advanced graduate students, — on the average better prepared for scholarly work than the members of a seminary in a German university, as the men here are more mature from their more advanced age, and as the stricter regulation of attendance and course examinations has laid a larger basis of information. What can I now hope from these young men with regard to their chances of making use of their scholarly power in the next twenty years, compared with the chances which just such a set of young men would have in Germany? Over there, the best of them, the more talented ones, the more ambitious ones, and, I may at once add, the socially stronger ones would choose the career of productive scholarship; and while the majority would be satisfied to jog along the road of the gymnasium teacher, doing the prescribed daily work, without any original effort, some would enter the university career as privatdocents. There might be only three or four in such a group who were ready to do so, but none would feel disappointed if he knew that there was at least one among them in whom the seed would bring fruit. Once admitted to the university as such privatdocents, they can teach as much as they want to, and, above all, can teach whatever they choose, it may be the most specialized topic they are interested in; they live in an academic atmosphere, devoted exclusively to productive thought, and so they wait till a vacancy of a professorship occurs, knowing that it will be filled by the man who has done the most valuable piece of scholarly work. Their whole ambition is thus directed toward the advancement of science. Of course the choice has to be made by men, and thus human prejudices and passions must enter. It is not always the best scholar who gets the place, — cliques and parties obscure the ideal there as everywhere; but at least the principle is safe, and certainly a local candidate has no advantage over any one else, for the outlook covers all docents who have entered the arena of scholarly literature. And further, while in democratic America the appointments are made by the president and by the trustees of the institutions, without the official coöperation of the faculty, in monarchical Germany no government can appoint a professor who has not been proposed by the faculty; that is, by the professional scholars, who have no more important interest than that of keeping high, by their coöperation, the level of productive scholarship in their university. All the academic premiums await there the young scholar who develops his scientific powers, and thus the institution of docents becomes the real backbone of German university work.

How different here! Our young men, when they have left our research courses, some of them with a fresh Ph. D. degree in their pockets, have no other prospect before them than to enter as instructors in a college. I do not speak of those who choose another profession, become perhaps school superintendents or technical specialists; nor do I speak of those whose work was not satisfactory enough to secure them a college position, and who must be contented with lower school positions. I speak of the best, — those who get all our blessings in the form of superlative letters to teachers' agencies and college presidents. Even these are satisfied when they get decent instructorships or assistant professorships in a college; and they are delighted if the college is by chance not too remote in the Southwest, and if it is not so denominational that they have to sacrifice their convictions, and if it is not so deep in debt that half of the promised salary cannot be paid on time. Let us take, again, the best cases. A good man goes into a good college. We all know what he has to expect.

He finds an abundance of work, which crushes by its quantity his good will to go on with scholarly interests. The young man who has to conduct twenty "recitations" a week, and to read hundreds of examination books, and to help on the administrative life of his place, begins by postponing his scientific work to the next year, and the year after next, when he shall be more accustomed to his duties. But after postponing it for a few years more his will becomes lame, his power rusty, his interest faded. The amount of work, however, seems to me the least important issue, and I think it a mistake to regard it as the chief obstacle to production. After all, the day has twenty-four hours, and the year has fifty-two weeks; a young man with full vitality can carry a heavy burden. I have known men who taught more than twenty hours weekly, and yet considered the teaching as filling the leisure hours between the periods of real work, which was their scholarly production. Much more essential seems to me the quality of the duties. A young scholar ought to devote himself to special problems, where he can really go to the sources; instead of that, our young instructor has to devote himself to the widest fields, where it is impossible to aim at anything but the most superficial acquaintance. The experienced master can remain scholarly even when he gives the general elementary courses; the beginner, who has no chance ever to focus on one point, but must all the time teach merely the outlines of his subject, will quickly sink to a cheap, undignified interpretation. At first he is troubled in his scholarly conscience, remembering the spirit of the graduate school; but soon he grows accustomed to the prostitution of science, shame disappears, he gets satisfied with a method of thinking which makes his courses effective and his work easy, and the possibility of his own production fades out of sight. And he has plenty of excuses on his lips: the library of his college is so poor; his small laboratory gives him no opportunity; his salary is too meagre to let him buy books for himself. Above all, he wants to earn a little additional money. Scholarly papers in scientific magazines are not paid for. But several convenient roads are open. He may write a short textbook; as the students must buy it, the publisher can pay for it. Now the scholar knows that there is nothing more difficult, and nothing more easy, than to write textbooks. The great scholar, who has tried his power in scores of special investigations, may try, at the height of his work, to connect his thoughts about the whole field into one system, and to translate it into the simple terms of a book for beginners. That is the sort of textbook which helps the world: nothing is more difficult and more noble; every line written therein stands for pages. But if a beginner comes

and adds to twenty textbooks the twenty-first, it is scientific reporter work, enervating and ruinous for the scholarly seriousness of the author. Another way is that of popular lectures — preferably before women's clubs — and articles for popular magazines. All that is poison for the beginner, who loses the power to discriminate between what is solid and what is for effect increasingly as he moves away from the criticism of scholars, and addresses audiences which uncritically applaud every catchy phrase.

Yet the young sufferer who has all these motives consciously as his excuses, and who thinks that he could do original work if he had less lecturing and more money, is mostly unconscious of the strongest factor which pulls him down, as it is a negative factor, which is felt merely by comparison with the situation abroad. This negative factor is the absence of a decided premium upon scholarly production. If he is a fine man, with vitality, he wants to get on; the safest way is to climb up in his own institution, since the possibility of being called to other places depends largely upon chance. But in any case here the advancements and the appointments are made almost without any reference to original production. The men who busy themselves with administrative troubles, who are favorites with the elementary students, who are pleasant speakers, who show themselves industrious by manufacturing books for class use, win the premiums in the competition. And all these are merely the ideal factors: there are plenty of factors the reverse of ideal working besides. Yes, with the exception of the leading universities, he sees productive work so lightly valued that he must consider it a very unsafe investment of energy; and if his passionate zeal and ardent delight in searching out truth hold him fast to the path of scholarship, he feels dimly that he is damaging his chances with the trustees of his little college, and thus, in the majority of cases, working against his own interest. What can be expected from the productive output of a young generation laboring under such conditions, compared with the possibilities in Germany, where in the twenty-one universities more than seven hundred privatdocents are at present working, every one of whom adjusts his teaching to his pleasure, — perhaps one or two hours a week on a subject in which he is absorbed; every one of whom has no other ambition, and really no other hope, than to draw the attention of the scholarly public to his scholarly productions, knowing that he loses his chances for advancement if he indulges in superficialities? It is just on account of this period of trial which lies before our young doctors that it becomes so essential to require the printing of the doctor's thesis. That little printed sheet has once for all brought the beginner before the scholarly world; and while his daily work belongs to his unappreciative surroundings, his intimate interests connect him in his lonely place with the great outer world of truth-seekers. He follows up the magazines to see the traces of his little publication, he remains interested to defend his budding theory, he goes on to develop the incomplete parts of it: and thus his dissertation becomes the one thread which binds him in his days of instructorship to the ideals of his graduate student time.

But let us take for comparison the most favorable case under our conditions. Our young man is vigorous and successful; he becomes a professor of a real university after ten or twenty years. Is he there finally in an atmosphere where the greatest possible output of all that his energies allow is encouraged by the conditions of the institution? Of course the situation is now more favorable for his serious work than in the small college: the standard is much higher, the atmosphere more dignified; the outer means for work, books, instruments, are

plentiful; advanced students are ready to follow him; his teaching is reduced to a very reasonable amount, — perhaps one or two hours a day. Everything seems encouraging, and yet he feels instinctively that the fullest stimulus which he had hoped for is even here not found; he feels as if, under other conditions, more might be attained with his energies; yes, even here it is as if he had to do his productive work, in a way, against outer influences which pull him back.

I return therewith to the point whence I started. Our friend who has successfully found his way from the little college to the university finds, perhaps with surprise, that, after all, here too, at all decisive points, the college spirit overcomes the university spirit; that the whole academic community is controlled by the ideal of the perfect distribution of knowledge, and not by respect for productive scholarship and the imparting of method. He sees that the vital forces here also are the good teachers, and not the great thinkers. He sees himself, perhaps, in a faculty where real scholars mingle with men who have not the slightest ambition to advance human knowledge, but who have simply done on a great scale all that the men in his fresh-water college did on a narrow scale. He feels as if his productive scholarship were merely tolerated, or at least considered unessential, as no one demands it from the others as an essential condition of their presence. How surprised he is when he sees the alumni of the university meet, and listens to their speeches in praise of the alma mater! He hears beautiful words about patriotism and liberal education, about athletics and gifts of money, about the glorious history and the gifted sons who have become men of public affairs; but that the university is a place for productive scholarship he does not hear mentioned. He had thought that the advances of human knowledge by the members of his university were the milestones of its history, like the battles which a regiment has fought; he had thought that, as in Germany, the great scholarly conquests of the members of the faculties were the common pride of the old students; and now he sees that here too no one officially values his cherished ideals. They still remain his private luxury, apart from human ambition and social premiums. And his greatest disappointment comes when he sees that even here activity of productive scholarship adjusts itself to the financial situation, and that all the material conditions push the teachers away from productive scholarship just as strongly in the large university as in the little college where the instructor was paid like a car conductor.

Whenever, in Greek-letter societies, among solemn speeches, some one makes an academic oration about the profession of the scholar, one feature is never forgotten: the scholar does not care for money. That is certainly very uplifting, but it seems hardly true to any one who sees how the great majority of American professors seek money-making opportunities that have a varnish of scholarship, but no pretense of scholarly aims. In a hundred forms, of course, the temptation comes, and by a hundred means does it creep into the scholar's life, to absorb every hour of leisure which ought to belong to purely ideal pursuits. He will not do anything that will bring money, but he will do few things which bring no money; and as the really scholarly books never bring any income, he deceives himself by all kinds of compromises, — writes popular books here and works for an encyclopædia there, makes schoolbooks and writes expert's testimonials, works in university extension and lectures before audiences whose judgment he despises. Some energetic men can stand all that without the slightest damage to their higher work; for the greater number it means surrender as productive scholars. And yet it is all justified; unjustified alone is the social

situation which forces upon a serious scholar such self-destructive activity, and unjustified is the proclamation of the maxim that the scholar ought not to care for a better material fate.

To be sure, it is most honorable in a scholar to accept such a situation in dignified silence; but often, while it is bad to speak about a thing, it may be worse not to speak about it. It must be said in all frankness that a financial situation in which America's best scholars — that is, those who are called to instructorships of the leading universities — are so poorly paid that they feel everywhere pushed into pursuits antagonistic to scholarship, thus crushing the spirit of productive scholarship, is not only an undignified state of things, but one of the greatest dangers to the civilization of the country. The scholar is not to be reproached as a greedy materialist for yielding. As long as the present situation of scholarship holds, the overwhelming majority of those who go into teaching will have only narrow private means, and yet they will seek a comfortable life, and they ought to seek it as a background for creative work. They do not envy the rich banker his yachts and horses and diamonds, but they want a home with æsthetic refinement, they want excellent education for their children, they want a library well supplied, they want pleasant social intercourse and refreshing summer life and comfortable travel: and they ought to have all that without doing more than their normal university teaching, being thus free to devote the essential part of their time and thought to the advancement of productive scholarship. Exactly that is the situation in Germany, and no similar freedom of mind can be reached here by the scholar if every university professor, called to his place for real university work, has not a salary which corresponds to the income of the leading professors abroad; that is, as money has about double value over there, a salary three to five times higher than at present. But to reproduce the benefits of the German situation and its influence on scientific production, it is not enough to raise the level of salaries; it is, above all, desirable to stop the mechanical equality which exists here generally, and which shows most clearly that, administratively, the American university still stands fairly under the ideal of the old college type, where the schoolman reigns and the scholar is a stranger. The raising of the level of salaries may free the mind of the scholar from the search for opportunities to earn money, and thus from the corrupting influence of pseudo-scholarly temptations, but it is clearly a negative factor only; the inequality of salaries is a positive stimulus, provided that the highest salaries are really given to secure the services of the greatest scholars. In Germany, it not seldom happens that the income of one member of the faculty is five times larger than that of a colleague. There the school-teachers of the gymnasium have equal salaries, and their income grows according to seniority. That is entirely suitable, and a college cannot do otherwise. But to apply that principle to the valuation of scholarly production seems to the Germans not more logical than to fix the prices for all portrait painters according to the square inches of their canvas and their years of service. With them, many professors have much higher incomes than the highest officers of the state, who are their administrative superiors. Germany would never have reached that leading position in scholarship which is hers if she had treated her scholars like clerks or school-teachers, for whom the demand and supply can regulate the price mechanically, because the demand exists as a necessary one. The demand for higher scholarship has to be developed, and the supply has thus to be furthered beyond the present demand by a protective policy.

But America needs to offer large, even very large salaries on still another ground.

The freeing of the scholar's mind from financial cares, and the stimulation of his productive energies, by a system which gives the highest rewards to the best scholarly work, the New World would share with the Old; but there is a third reason, which holds for America alone. It is to my mind the most important factor; and I confess that I should not have cared to touch the difficult salary problem at all if this point, which will decide the future of American scholarship, were not involved. We need high salaries because at present they offer the only way open to give slowly to productive scholarship social recognition and social standing, and thus to draw the best men of the land. Without great social premiums America will never get first-rate men as rank and file in the university teaching staff; and with second-rate men productive scholarship which is really productive for the world can never be created.

The greater number of those who devote themselves to higher teaching in America are young men without means, too often also without breeding; and yet that would be easily compensated for if they were men of the best minds, but they are not. They are mostly men with a passive, almost indifferent sort of mind, without intellectual energy, men who see in the academic career a modest, safe path of life, — exactly the kind of men who in Germany become gymnasium teachers. But those who in Germany become docents of the university are for the most part of the opposite type; they are, on the whole, the best human material which the country has. They come mostly from well-to-do families, and seek the career because they feel the productive mental energy and the ambition to try their chances in a field of honor. Indeed, while the profession of the gymnasium teacher stands, in the social estimation of the German, below that of the lawyer and the physician, the banker and the wholesale merchant, the high respect of the German for productive science and art brings it about that the profession of the university teacher, together with the aristocratic professions of officer and diplomat, stands as the most highly esteemed socially. Titles and decorations, as symbolic forms of public appreciation, add another to the outer stimulants to the greatest efforts. Thus the social honor of the career, the large income, and, above all, the delights of a life devoted purely to the clean enjoyment of production work together to draw into the nets of the universities the very best human material; and as, after all, personality is everywhere the decisive factor, the high quality of this human material secures the immense success of the work.

Nothing similar stands as yet as a temptation before the mind of the young American, and it would be to ignore the nature of man to believe that while all social premiums, all incentives for ambition and hopes, are absent, a merely theoretical interest will turn the youth to a kind of life which offers so little attraction. Can we really expect many brilliant young men of good families to enter a career which will for years demand from them superficial teaching in the atmosphere of a little college, with no hope, even in the case of highest success, of a salary equal to the income of a mediocre lawyer, and in a professional atmosphere in which the spirit of scholarly interest is suppressed by the spirit of school education? Our best young men must rush to law and banking, and what not. The type of man who in Germany goes into the university career is in this country the exception among the younger instructors. Those exceptions must become the rule before the whole level of production will be raised. As soon as the first-class men are drawn to it, no quantity of work will harm them; men of that stamp have the vitality to do first-class work under any circumstances. America cannot bring it about by means

of decorations and titles and, as in England, baronetcies; and it cannot start with social prestige, as social prestige is naturally only a consequence of first-class work and of the first-class men in it. High salaries are therefore, at present, the only means which the country has at its disposal.

I well remember a long conversation which I had with one of the best English scholars, who came over here to lecture when I had been only a short time in the country, and was without experience in American academic affairs. We spoke about the disappointingly low level of American scholarship, and he said: "America will not have first-class scholarship, in the sense in which Germany or England has it, till every professor in the leading universities has at least ten thousand dollars salary, and the best scholars receive twenty-five thousand dollars." I was distinctly shocked, and called it a pessimistic and materialistic view. But he insisted: "No, the American is not anxious for the money itself; but money is to him the measure of success, and therefore the career needs the backing of money to raise it to social respect and attractiveness, and to win over the finest minds." My English acquaintance did not convince me at that time, but the years have convinced me: the years which have brought me into contact with hundreds of students and instructors in the whole land; the years in which I have watched the development of some of the finest students, who hesitated long whether to follow their inclination toward scholarship, and who finally went into law or into business for the sake of the social premiums.

As soon as the best men are attracted and excellent work is really done, the development will be a natural one. On the one hand, the community will begin to understand the great meaning of productive scholarship, and its world-wide difference from receptive and distributing scholarship; university work will thus get its social recognition, and the ambition to be a productive scholar — not merely a pleasant author — will be the highest stimulus in itself, and will secure for all time the highest standard. Then, also, the question of salaries will become quite secondary. America has no difficulty in filling the positions of ambassadors, even though the expenses are not seldom three times greater than the salaries. In the same way, Germany would be able to fill its professorial chairs if they brought no salary at all; the honor of the place rewards its holder, but at first this honor must be made clear to the community. On the other hand, as soon as the really best men go into the work, they must break that too narrow form which is the relic of an unproductive past: teaching in a college cannot be then any longer the necessary preparation for a real university position. Something like the German institution of the docent, which keeps the young scholar from the beginning in the large university, with work according to his own taste, must become the rule. That would interfere with the present system of counting all courses as equivalent for the degrees, and thus such a change would indirectly bring it about that all counting of courses for the graduate students would stop. The difference between college and university would then become still more marked. The graduate school would become more and more the place for real intellectual independence, and that would reinforce in the university teachers the spirit of scholarly production. And this, again, would set higher standards for those college teachers who feel the stimulus to creative scholarship; as candidates for the university professorships, these men would stand in line with the docents, as every vacant chair would be filled by the author of the most important contributions to human knowledge. Thus a mutual stimulation would bring about a new academic situation, in which Ameri-

can scholarship would become equal to the best European production; but that condition can never be reached as long as the university keeps up artificially the forms and the spirit of the college.

Of course all such considerations lose their power and meaning as soon as the end and purpose is contested. Whoever imagines that productive scholarship is a kind of dreamy idleness, which is of no use for a busy nation, can have no interest in anything which goes beyond a liberal education, and he will be quite willing to import from Europe the material of new thoughts for that liberal education. This is not the place to repeat all the commonplaces which point out the utter absurdity of such a view. I do not care to demonstrate here that even material welfare, industry and commerce and war, health and wealth, are from year to year increasingly dependent upon the quiet work of scholars and scientists, — work done without direct practical aim, done merely for the honor of truth. And still less do I desire to enter upon sounding declarations that the real civilization of a nation is expressed, not by its material achievements, but by the energies which are working in it toward the moral life and the search for truth and the creation of beauty. I have spoken here only to those who agree that America must not stand behind any nation in its real productive scholarship, in its intellectual creation, in its power to mould the thoughts of the world.

The only sound objection seems the familiar one that Americans have no talent for scholarship. It has been said that, just as England has no great composer, America will never have a great scholar. I do not believe that. At the middle of the seventeenth century all the nations of Europe had great philosophers, — Bacon and Hobbes in England, Descartes and Malebranche in France, Grotius and Spinoza in Holland, Bruno and Campanella in Italy; and only Germany had the reputation of having no talent for philosophy. It was just before Leibnitz appeared on the horizon, and Kant and Fichte and Hegel followed, and Germany became the centre of philosophy. As soon as the right conditions are given, here too new energies will rush to the foreground. In carefully watching, year after year, American students, I am fully convinced that their talent for productive scholarship is certainly not less than that of the best German students. Compared with them, our students have an inferior training in hard systematic work, as their secondary school education is usually inferior; but I do not wish to touch again upon that dangerous chapter. And secondly, they have infinitely poorer chances for scholarly work in their future, as I have fully pointed out. With a more strenuous preparatory training behind them, and a more favorable opportunity for productive work before them, these students would be the noblest material from which to develop American scholarship.

And I gain my strongest conviction and belief in American scholarship from the admiration for all that the scholars of the past and of the present have done. Indeed, it is with the fullest admiration that I look upon the personal achievements in scholarship all over the land. Not only in Harvard, where I see the memory of noble scholars like Agassiz and Peirce, Gray and Child, honored and imitated, and where in my own philosophical department colleagues of eminent creative power set the standard; no, in the most different universities, and often even in small colleges, I have admired the productiveness of brilliant scholars. Yet I have always felt instinctively how much more of lasting value these scores of scholars might have produced, had not all the social factors, all the external conditions, all the public institutions and public moods, worked against them, and hindered and hampered their splendid work. Yes, I should not have written a line of these

considerations did I not hope that it will be clear to every one that all my criticism is directed merely against the system, and never against persons. American scholarship as a whole is so far weak, and not to be compared with America's achievements in technique and industry, in commerce and public education; inferior even to its poetry and architecture. But it is merely because the institutions are undeveloped; the best musicians cannot play a symphony on a fiddle and a drum. Yet it is wonderful how much they have done in the last twenty years against and in spite of the public spirit; how much, after all, has been produced while everything was crushing the zeal for production. This fact that America has done something, even under the most adverse circumstances, strongly inspires the hope that it will do great things when once the circumstances shall be as favorable as they are in Germany; that is, when the university work is by its aims clearly separated from the work of the lower college classes, when the calls to university chairs are made first of all with reference to scholarly production, when the young scholar has a chance to remain as docent from the beginning in advanced university work, and when the social side of the profession is so developed that it attracts the best men of the country. The development of the institutions, on the other hand, has been such a rapid one in the last years that certainly the hope is justified that the last step will soon be taken: the time is ripe for it. Then the universities will become the soul of the country, and productive scholarship will be the soul of the universities; the best men will then enter into their service, and the productive scholarship of the country will also be gigantic in just proportion to its resources.

Hugo Münsterberg.

THE PHANTOM ARMY.

HERE is a thing our eyes beheld:
One day in later spring,
When birds were blithest on the wing,
And buds of rose and lily swelled,
And apple orchards, from a million vents,
Along the roadside poured their sweetest scents,
Through all our land
There passed a phantom band.

It was no vision seen by dreamer and by sage,
But hid from other men;
Nor legend's tale, by some forgotten pen,
Which tells in quaint, black-letter phrase
The marvel of a far-off age.
Nay, o'er our dusty, common ways
There passed the ghost
Of a great battle host.

A scanty troop of warriors gray and weird,
Hoary of hair and beard,

With banners marred by rent and stain,
And fifes that played and drums that beat
The tune of some old ballad's fierce refrain,
In wavering line, with faded coats of blue,
Down some long, willow-shaded avenue,
Or country road or village street,
With measured footfall marched and disappeared.

And still, with each returning May,
Again that warlike vision passed this way,
As though the drumbeat of some mystic reveillé,
From all the hillsides of the North,
Summoned that band of veterans forth.

At dawn, the muster: over paths that wound
Through budding woods, amid the shadows dense
Of pine and hemlock, or through meadows fair,
Or o'er the peak of some still eminence,
Hastening to the appointed rendezvous,
Stray passers clad in uniform of blue.
And then, at noon, the march:
Down some great city's thundering avenue,
That hushed awhile its traffic-roar of sound,
Or underneath some gleaming, flowery arch,
Erected o'er some village square.
Then the dispersal, the departure, through
The starlight and the evening dew.

For thirty springs the cannon had not boomed
Our hills and vales among,
Nor the wild bugle sung
Its clarion war note in the settler's ear.
Upon the slope the cornel bloomed,
And leafy tops rung loud and long
With robin's glee and thrush's song.
But over all things hung,
Like a sea haze,
The memory of a bygone year
Of unobliterable battle days.

Beholding that array,
A sudden shadow o'er our senses sank,
And o'er our eyes a blur,
Until we saw no more the things that were,
But other scenes, strange, strange, and far away.
Lo, once again the dark Potomac's bank
With watch fires blazed beneath the evening sky;
And o'er the Chattahooche's ford,
And by the Roanoke's mouth,
The blue-clad lines of battle poured.

Again the steed of Sheridan flashed by,
Bound for the faltering fight at Winchester;
Again the guns of Meade and Reynolds roared,
Stemming at Gettysburg the charging South.

That day, the ploughman on some Western plain,
Beside the Wabash or the Illinois,
Pacing behind his team, with lifted glance
Beheld before his dreaming eyes his son,
Returning from the battlefield, — the boy
Dead now these thirty years, killed at Bull Run.
The youth beheld his sire, at Shiloh slain.
The wife, upon some bare New England hill,
With blurred eyes gazing, saw as in a trance
Her long-lost soldier entering 'cross the sill.

At twilight, in some lighted shop or store,
Or by the lonely farmhouse door,
To little knots of neighbors drawing near,
Some scarred and wrinkled veteran
Would tell, with kindling eyes, of Shiloh's fight,
Or of the Wilderness and Seven Pines,
Or how he saw the President at Washington;
Or how, one night,
Marching a weary march beside the Rapidan,
As sunset fell, Grant rode along the lines, —
His staff around him, hat drawn low upon
A brow of care, — and seeing that grave, silent man,
From all the ranks broke forth a mighty cheer.

Swift is man's life, and like a roily stream,
Beneath the surface of the waters hoarse
Lie hid the things that bend and shape its course.
The hue and fashion of great days
Pass and are gone like voices in a dream.
Soon down some lengthening vista, borne before
A shouting city's gaze,
Will pass the last of them who wore
The good, blue uniform in the brave days of yore, —
The phantom army will be seen no more.

William Prescott Foster.

THE KU KLUX MOVEMENT.

WHOEVER can remember Mr. Edwin Booth in the character of Richelieu will doubtless recall his expression of the sudden change which comes over the melodramatic cardinal toward the end of the scene in which his house is invaded by the conspirators. While he is ignorant of his danger, his helplessness in the grasp of his swarming enemies, Richelieu is all majesty, all tragedy. But when he learns that every avenue of escape is barred, that even Huguet is false, that no open force will avail him, his towering mood gives place, not indeed to any cringing fear, but to subtlety and swift contriving. His eyes no longer blaze, but twinkle; his finger is at his chin; there is a semblance of a grin about his lips.

> "All? Then the lion's skin's too short to-night, —
> Now for the fox's."

The simulated deathbed follows. The enemy, too powerful to be resisted, is outwitted and befooled.

Twenty-five years ago, when a negro inquired of his former master about "dem Ku Kluxes," the response he got was awe-inspiring. If a child of the household made the same inquiry of his elders, his question was put away with an unsatisfying answer and a look like Mr. Booth's in the play. Had the great cardinal lived south of Mason and Dixon's line in the late sixties, I fancy he would have found the Ku Klux Klan an instrument altogether to his liking.

The Southern child who, not content with the grin and the evasive answer of his father or his elder brother, sought further enlightenment from his fast friends of the kitchen and the quarters, heard such stories of the mysterious, sheeted brotherhood as eclipsed in his young fancy even the entrancing rivalry of Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit, and made the journey back to the "big house" at bedtime a terrifying experience. Uncle Lewis would tell of a shrouded horseman who rode silently up to his door at midnight, begged a drink of water, and tossed off a whole bucketful at a draught. Uncle Lewis was sure he could hear it sizzling as it flowed down that monstrous gullet, and readily accepted the stranger's explanation that it was the first drop he had tasted since he was killed at Shiloh. Aunt Lou, coming home from the house of a neighboring auntie who was ill, and crossing a lonesome stretch near the graveyard, had distinctly seen a group of horsemen, motionless by the roadside, each with his head in his hand. Alec, a young mulatto who had once shown much interest in politics, had been stopped on his way from a meeting of his "'ciety" by a masked horseman, at least eight feet tall, who insisted upon shaking hands; and when Alec grasped his hand, it was the hand of a skeleton. Darkies who, unlike Uncle Lewis and Aunt Lou and Alec, had turned against their own white people and taken up with the Yankees, had been more roughly handled.

Somehow, in one such Southern boy's memories there is always a dim association of these Ku Klux stories with other stories of the older negroes about "patterrollers." Through them all there jingles the refrain, —

> "Run, nigger, run!
> De patterrollers ketch you."

When that boy went to college and joined a society that had initiations, the mystery and horror of the Ku Klux stories waned; but it was not until he read an account of the patrol system of slavery times that he saw the connection between Ku Klux and "patterrollers."

An organization that could so mystify all but the grown-up white men of a

Southern household certainly lost none of its mystery in the confused accounts that filled the newspapers of that day, and citizens of the Northern states, already tired of the everlasting Southern question, could not be expected to understand it. Congress, when it undertook to enlighten them, swelled its records with much impassioned oratory, and through its committees of investigation put into print first one and then thirteen bulky volumes, from which he who lives long enough to read it all may learn much that is true but not particularly important, much that is important if true, and somewhat that is both true and important. From the mass of it the Republican majority got matter sufficient to sustain one set of conclusions, leaving unused enough to sustain quite as strongly the entirely different conclusions at which the minority arrived. There remained much upon which American novelists, whether humorously or sensationally inclined, have drawn, and may continue to draw. Dr. Conan Doyle, seeking to "paint a horror skillfully," found the Klan a good nerve-racker, though it is to be hoped he did not attempt to digest the reports. Voluminous as they are, they need to be supplemented with material of a different sort — with such memories as the child of reconstruction times can summon up, with such written memoranda and cautious talk as can be won from Southerners of an older generation, with such insight as one can get into Southern character and habits of thought and life — before one can begin to understand what the Klan was, or how it came into existence, or what its part was in that great confusion officially styled the Reconstruction of the Southern states.

Without attempting any elaborate argument, we may, I think, take it for granted that the Ku Klux movement was an outcome of the conditions that prevailed in the Southern states after the war. It was too widespread, too spontaneous, too clearly a popular movement, to be attributed to any one man or to any conspiracy of a few men. Had it existed only in one corner of the South, or drawn its membership from a small and sharply defined class, some such explanation might serve. But we know enough of its extent, its composition, and the various forms it took, to feel sure that it was neither an accident nor a scheme. It was no man's contrivance, but an historical development. As such, it must be studied against its proper background of a disordered society and a bewildered people. Various elements of the disorder and causes of the bewilderment have been set forth in the previous papers of this series. It will be necessary here to emphasize only one feature of the general misgovernment; namely, that the evil was by no means confined to the state governments, where the bolder adventurers and the more stupendous blunderers were at work. The itching and galling of the yoke was worst in the lesser communities, where government touches the lives of individual men and women most intimately.

The mismanagement — to use the mildest word — of state finances can be shown in figures with reasonable clearness. The oppression of counties and towns and school districts is less easily exhibited, though it was in this way the heaviest burdens of taxation were imposed. The total increase in the indebtedness of the smaller political units under carpet-bag rule was, as a matter of fact, even greater than in the case of the state governments; and the wrong was done in plainer view of the taxpayer, by acts more openly and vulgarly tyrannical. So far as the taxpayer's feelings were concerned, piling up state debts had the effect which the mismanagement of a bank has on the stockholders. The piling up of county and town and school taxes was like thrusting hands visibly and forcibly into his pockets. It

is doubtful, however, if even the injury to his fortunes had so much to do with his state of mind as the countless humiliations and irritations which the rule of the freedman and the stranger brought upon the most imperious, proud, and sensitive branch of the English race.

If the white man of the lately dominant class in the South were permitted to vote at all, he might have literally to pass under bayonets to reach the polls. He saw freedmen organized in militia companies, expensively armed and gayly caparisoned. If he offered his own military services, they were sure to be rejected. He saw his former slaves repeating at elections, but he learned that he had no right of challenge, and that there was no penalty fixed by law for the crime. In the local courts of justice, he saw his friends brought, by an odious system of informers, before judges who were not merely incompetent or unfair, like many of those who sat in the higher courts, but often grotesquely ignorant as well, and who intrusted the execution of their instruments to officials who in many cases could not write an intelligible return. In the schools which he was so heavily taxed to support, he saw the children of his slaves getting the book-learning which he himself thought it unwise to give them from strangers who would be sure to train them into discontent with the only lot he thought them fit for, and the only sort of work which, in the world he knew, they ever had a chance to do. He saw the Freedmen's Bureau deliberately trying to substitute its alien machinery for that patriarchal relation between white employers and black workmen which had seemed to him right and inevitable. He saw the Loyal League urging freedmen to take up those citizenly powers and duties which he had never understood emancipation to imply, when he gave up his sword. In every boisterous shout of a drunken negro before his gate, in every insolent glance from a group of idle negroes on the streets of the county seat, in the reports of fisticuffs with little darkies which his children brought home after school, in the noises of the night and the glare of occasional conflagrations, he saw the hand or heard the harshly accented voice of the stranger in the land. The biographer of the late Justice Lamar makes a picture which might convey to the reader some idea of the inevitable effect of these things on such men as the Southerners of those days were. It is a picture of the distinguished orator leaning over the ruinous fence in front of his home in a little Mississippi town, hatless, coatless, the great mass of his hair and beard neglected, returning with a surly nod the greetings of his acquaintance.

It seems astounding, nowadays, that the congressional leaders in reconstruction did not foresee that men of their own stock, so circumstanced, would resist, and would find some means to make their resistance effective. When they did make up their minds to resist, — not collectively or through any representative body, but singly and by neighborhoods, — they found an instrument ready to their hands.

When the Civil War ended, the little town of Pulaski, Tennessee, welcomed home a band of young men who, though they were veterans of hard-fought fields, were for the most part no older than the mass of college students. In the general poverty, the exhaustion, the lack of heart, naturally prevalent throughout the beaten South, young men had more leisure than was good for them. A Southern country town, even in the halcyon days before the war, was not a particularly lively place; and Pulaski in 1866 was doubtless rather tame to fellows who had seen Pickett charge at Gettysburg or galloped over the country with Morgan and Wheeler. A group of them, assembled in a law office one evening in May, 1866, were discussing ways and means

of having a livelier time. Some one suggested a club or society. An organization with no very definite aims was effected; and at a second meeting, a week later, names were proposed and discussed. Some one pronounced the Greek word "Kuklos," meaning a circle. From "Kuklos" to "Ku Klux" was an easy transition, — whoever consults a glossary of college boys' slang will not find it strange, — and "Klan" followed "Ku Klux" as naturally as "dumpty" follows "humpty." That the name meant nothing whatever was a recommendation; and one can fancy what sort of badinage would have greeted a suggestion that in six years a committee of Congress would devote thirteen volumes to the history of the movement that began in a Pulaski law office, and migrated later to a deserted and half-ruined house on the outskirts of the village.

In the beginning it was, in fact, no "movement" at all. It was a scheme for having fun, more like a college secret society than anything else. Its members were not "lewd fellows of the baser sort," but young men of standing in the community, who a few years earlier would also have been men of wealth. The main source of amusement was at first the initiation of new members, but later the puzzling of outsiders. The only important clause in the oath of membership was a promise of absolute secrecy. The disguise was a white mask, a tall cardboard hat, a gown or robe that covered the whole person, and, when the Klan went mounted, a cover for the horses' bodies and some sort of muffling for their feet. The chief officers were a Grand Cyclops, or president; a Grand Magi, or vice president; a Grand Turk, or marshal; a Grand Exchequer, or treasurer; and two Lictors. While the club adhered to its original aim and character, only men of known good morals were admitted. Born of the same instinct and conditions that gave birth to the "snipe hunt" and other hazing devices of Southern country towns, it was probably as harmless and as unimportant a piece of fooling as any to be found inside or outside of colleges.

The Klan was eminently successful. It got all the notoriety it wished, and very soon the youth of neighboring communities began to organize "dens" of their own. The mysterious features of the Klan were most impressive in rural neighborhoods. It spread rapidly in country districts. Probably it would have become a permanent secret society, not unlike the better known of the unserious secret societies now existing, but for the state of Southern politics and the progress of reconstruction. These things, however, soon gave a tremendous importance to the Klan's inevitable discovery that mystery and fear have over the African mind twice the power they have over the mind of a white man. It was not the first time in history that what began in mere purposeless fooling ended in the most serious way. By the time Congress had thrown aside the gentle and kindly plan of reconstruction, which Lincoln conceived and Johnson could not carry out, the Ku Klux had taught the white men of Tennessee and neighboring states the power of secrecy over the credulous race which Congress was bent on intrusting with the most difficult tasks of citizenship. When Southern society, turned upside down, groped about for some means of righting itself, it grasped the Pulaski idea.

As it happened, Tennessee, the original home of the Klan, was the very state in which reconstruction began earliest; and though the process there was somewhat different from the experience of the cotton states, it was also the first state to find its social and governmental systems upside down. Tennessee was notable for its large Unionist population. The Unionists were strongest in the mountainous eastern half of the state, while the western half, dominant before the war, was strongly secessionist. The

first step in reconstruction was to put the east Tennesseeans into power; and the leader of the east Tennessee Unionists was "Parson" Brownlow. Except for his Unionism, Brownlow is generally conceded to have been an extremely unfit man for great public responsibilities, and when he became governor the secessionists of Tennessee had to endure much the same sort of misgovernment which in other states was attributable to carpet-bag officials. By the time it was a year old the Klan had gradually developed into a society of regulators, using its accidental machinery and its accidentally discovered power chiefly to suppress the lawlessness into which white men of Brownlow's following were sometimes led by their long-nourished grudge against their former rulers, and into which freedmen fell so inevitably that no fair-minded historian can mete out to them the full measure of censure for it. In the Union League the Klan found its natural enemy; and it is quite probably true that, during the early period of their rivalry for control, more inexcusable violence proceeded from the League than from the Klan.

However, a survivor and historian of the Klan does not deny that even thus early the abuses inseparable from secrecy existed in the order. To suppress them, and to adapt the order to its new and serious work, a convention was held at Nashville early in 1867. The Klan, up to that time bound together only by a general deference to the Grand Cyclops of the Pulaski "Den," was organized into the "Invisible Empire of the South," ruled by a Grand Wizard of the whole Empire, a Grand Dragon of each Realm, or state, a Grand Titan of each Dominion (Province), or county, a Grand Cyclops of each Den, and staff officers with names equally terrifying. The objects of the Klan, now that it had serious objects, were defined: they were to protect the people from indignities and wrongs; to succor the suffering, particularly the families of dead Confederate soldiers; to defend "the Constitution of the United States, and all laws passed in conformity thereto," and of the states also; and to aid in executing all constitutional laws, and protect the people from unlawful seizures and from trial otherwise than by jury. Acts of the Brownlow legislature reviving the alien and sedition laws were particularly held in mind.

From this time the Klan put itself more clearly in evidence, generally adhering to its original devices of mystery and silence, but not always successfully resisting the temptation to add to these violence. On the night of July 4, by well-heralded parades, it exhibited itself throughout Tennessee, and perhaps in other states, more impressively than ever before. In Pulaski, some four hundred disguised horsemen marched and countermarched silently through the streets before thousands of spectators, and not a single disguise was penetrated. The effect of mystery even on intelligent minds was well illustrated in the estimate, made by "reputable citizens," that the number was not less than three thousand. Members who lived in the town averted suspicion from themselves by appearing undisguised among the spectators. A gentleman who prided himself on knowing every horse in the county attempted to identify one by lifting its robe, and discovered that the animal and the saddle were his own!

The remaining facts in the history of the Ku Klux proper need no lengthy recital. The effectiveness of the order was shown wherever, by its original methods, it exerted itself to quiet disturbed communities. Wherever freedmen grew unruly, disguised horsemen appeared by night; and thereafter the darkies of the neighborhood inclined to stay under cover after daylight failed. But the order had grown too large, it was too widespread, the central authority was too remote from the local "dens," and the general scheme

was too easily grasped and copied, to permit of the rigid exclusion from membership of such men as would incline to use violence, or to cover with the mantle of secrecy enterprises of a doubtful or even criminal cast. In Tennessee, the Brownlow government was bitterly hostile, and in September, 1868, the legislature passed a statute, aimed entirely at the Ku Klux, which went beyond the later congressional statutes in the penalties it prescribed for every act that could possibly imply complicity in the "conspiracy," and in the extraordinary powers conferred upon officers and all others who should aid in detecting or arresting Ku Klux. The members of the order were practically outlawed, and naturally felt bound in self-defense to resort to methods which the central officers could not approve. In February, 1869, Governor Brownlow proclaimed martial law in several Tennessee counties, and the next day he ceased to be governor. The growing evils within the order, as well as the dangers which threatened it, doubtless made the wiser heads of the Klan readier to conclude that with the repeal of the alien and sedition laws and Brownlow's departure for the United States Senate its work in Tennessee was done. So, a few weeks later, by an order of the Grand Wizard, the Klan was formally disbanded, not only in Tennessee, but everywhere. It is generally understood that the Grand Wizard who issued that order was no less a person than Nathan Bedford Forrest. How many dens received the order at all, and how many of those that received it also obeyed it, will never be known, any more than it will be known how many dens there were, or how many members. However, the early spring of 1869 may be taken as the date when the Ku Klux Klan, which gave its name and its idea to the secret movement which began the undoing of reconstruction, ceased to exist as an organized body.

But the history of the original Ku Klux Klan is only a part — and perhaps not the most important part — of the movement which in the North was called the Ku Klux conspiracy, and which in the South is to this day regarded, with a truer sense of its historical importance, whatever one may think of the moral question, as comparable to that secret movement by which, under the very noses of French garrisons, Stein and Scharnhorst organized the great German struggle for liberty. Of the disguised bands which appeared and disappeared throughout the South so long as the carpet-baggers controlled the state governments, it is probable that not one half were veritable Ku Klux. Some were members of other orders, founded in imitation of the Ku Klux and using similar methods. Others were probably neighborhood affairs only. Yet others were simply bands of ruffians, operating in the night-time, and availing themselves of Ku Klux methods to attain personal ends which, whether criminal or not, were in no wise approved by the leaders in the Ku Klux and other similar organizations. How large a proportion of the violence and crime attributed to the Ku Klux should rightly be attributed to these lawless bands it is, of course, impossible to say; but it is certain that a number of those taken in disguise proved to be men of such antecedents, so clearly identified with the radical party, that they could not possibly have been members of the Ku Klux, the Knights of the White Camellia, or any other of the orders whose *raison d'être* was the revolt against radical rule.

The Knights of the White Camellia was probably the largest and most important of the orders, — larger even than the true Ku Klux Klan. It was founded at New Orleans late in 1867 or early in 1868, and spread rapidly through the states lying east and west, from Texas to the Carolinas. A constitution adopted at New Orleans in June, 1868, pro-

vided for an elaborate organization by states, counties, and smaller communities, the affairs of the whole order being committed to a supreme council at New Orleans. The recollection of members, however, is to the effect that very little authority was really exercised by the supreme council or even by the state councils, that the county organizations were reasonably well maintained, and that in most respects each circle acted independently. The constitution and the oath and ceremonial of initiation commit the order to a very clear and decided position on the chief question of the day. Only white men, eighteen years of age or older, were admitted, and the initiate promised not merely to be secret and obedient, but "to maintain and defend the social and political superiority of the white race on this continent." The charge or lecture to the initiate set forth historical evidences of the superiority of the white race, made an argument for white supremacy, and painted the horrors of miscegenation. It enjoined fairness to negroes, and the concession to them of "the fullest measure of those rights which we recognize as theirs." The association, so the charge explained, was not a political party, and had no connection with any. The constitution, moreover, restricted the order from nominating or supporting candidates for office.

The "Pale Faces," the "Constitutional Union Guards," the "White Brotherhood," were other names borne by bands of men who did Ku Klux work. The majority of the congressional committee somehow got the idea that these were the real names, at different periods, of the one order which pervaded the entire South, and that "Ku Klux" was a name foisted upon the public, so that a member, when put upon the witness stand in a law court, might deny all knowledge of the organization. But the evidence of the existence of the true Ku Klux Klan, of its priority to all similar organizations of any importance, and of the existence of other orders with different names, is now too strong to permit of any doubt. The comparative strength of the various associations; the connection, if any there was, between them; their membership; the differences in their characters, aims, and methods, — on these things it is not probable that any clear light will ever be thrown. Surviving members are themselves somewhat hazy on such questions. And indeed it is not of the first importance that they should be answered; for we have enough to show how the Ku Klux idea worked itself out, and with what results.

The working of the plan is exhibited more authoritatively than I could portray it in the memoranda of a gentle and kindly man, albeit a resolute wearer of a Confederate button, who, thirty years ago, was the absolute chief of the Knights of the White Camellia in a certain county in the heart of the Black Belt. Speaking of the county organization merely, he says: —

"The authority of the commander (this office I held) was *absolute*. All were sworn to obey his orders. There was an inner circle in each circle, to which was committed any particular work: its movements were not known to other members of the order. This was necessary, because, in our neighborhood, almost every Southern man was a member. At meetings of the full circle there was but little consideration as to work. The topic generally was law and order, and the necessity for organization. In fact, almost every meeting might have been public, so far as the discussions were concerned.

"For the methods employed: in some cases they were severe, even extreme, but I believe they were necessary, although there was much wrong done when commanders were not the right men. There was too good an opportunity for individuals to take vengeance

for personal grievance. A man, black or white, found dead in the road would furnish undisputed evidence that the Ku Klux Klan had been abroad. The officers of the law, even judges, were members; a jury could not be drawn without a majority of our men. In this county, no act of violence was committed by our circle. We operated on the terror inspired by the knowledge that we were organized. The carpet-baggers lived in constant dread of a visit, and were in great measure controlled through their fears. At one time, if one of our people threatened or abused a carpet-bagger, his house or stable would be fired that night.[1] . . . This occurred so often that it was impossible to separate the two events. Word was accordingly sent to a prominent carpet-bagger that if the thing happened again we would take him out at midday and hang him. There were no more fires.

"The negroes had meetings at some point every night, in obedience to the orders of the carpet-baggers, who kept them organized in this way. So long as their meetings were orderly we did not interfere; but when I got information that they were becoming disorderly and offensive, I ordered out a body of horsemen, who divided into squads, and stationed themselves where the negroes would pass on their way home. They were permitted to dress themselves in any fashion their fancies might dictate, but their orders were positive not to utter a word or molest a negro in any manner. I rarely had to send twice to the same neighborhood. Occasionally a large body was sent out to ride about all night, with the same instructions as to silence. While the law against illegal voting had no penalty for the offense (no doubt an intentional omission) negroes often voted more than once at the same election. They assembled in such crowds at the polls that one had almost to fight one's way to deposit a ballot. A body of our men was detailed on election day to go early and take possession, with the usual order for silence. Few negroes voted that day; none twice. No violence.

"We put up with carpet-bag rule as long as we could stand it. Then a messenger was sent to each of them — they were filling all the county offices — to tell them we had decided they must leave. This was all that was needed. They had been expecting it, they said, and they left without making any resistance. Owing to some local circumstances, the circle at —— was disbanded about the time of President Grant's proclamation, but we were not influenced by it in any degree. I think there were few cases of the disbandment of circles. The necessity for their existence expired with the exodus of the carpet-baggers."

That was the *modus operandi*, under a cautious and intelligent commander, in a neighborhood largely inhabited by men of birth and education. As it happens, the recollections of the commander are corroborated by one of the young men who obeyed his orders, now attorney general of the state, who adds that the proportion of "tomfoolery" to violence was about 1000 to 1. But even this straightforward recital of the successful performance of an apparently commendable work must make plain to any thoughtful reader the danger inseparable from the power of such an organization. In communities less intelligent, or where no such fit leader was chosen, the story was far different.

That violence was often used cannot be denied. Negroes were often whipped, and so were carpet-baggers. The incidents related in such stories as Tourgee's A Fool's Errand all have their counterparts in the testimony before

[1] Here he refers to the oiling and firing of the stables of that particular Southern household in which the boyish inquiries I have referred to made a beginning of the investigations on which this paper is based.

congressional committees and courts of law. In some cases, after repeated warnings, men were dragged from their beds and slain by persons in disguise, and the courts were unable to find or to convict the murderers. Survivors of the orders affirm that such work was done, in most cases, by persons not connected with them or acting under their authority. It is impossible to prove or to disprove their statements. When such outrages were committed, not on worthless adventurers, who had no station in Northern communities from which they came, but on cultivated persons who had gone South from genuinely philanthropic motives, — no matter how unwisely or tactlessly they went about their work, — the effect was naturally to horrify and enrage the North.

The white teachers in the negro schools were probably the class which suffered most innocently, not ordinarily from violence, but from the countless other ways in which Southern society made them aware that they were unwelcome and that their mission was disapproved. They themselves, in too many instances, disregarded the boundary lines between different social classes, as rigid and cruel in democracies as anywhere else, and by associating themselves with freedmen made it unreasonable for them to expect any kindly recognition from men and women who, under other conditions, might have been their friends. They too often not merely disregarded, but even criticised and attacked, those usages and traditions which gave to Southern life a charm and distinction not elsewhere found in America. A wiser and more candid study of the conditions under which their work must be done, an avoidance of all hostility to whatever they might leave alone without sacrifice of principle, would perhaps have tempered the bitterness of Southern resentment at their presence. We may also admit that the sort of education they at first offered the freedmen was useless, [illegible] worse than useless, — that theirs *was* a fool's errand. But they should never have been confounded with the creatures who came, not to help the negro, but to use him. The worst work the Ku Klux ever did was its opposition to negro schools, and the occasional expulsion or even violent handling of teachers. There were adventurers in the schoolhouses, and probably there were honest men in the legislatures, the courts, the executive offices; but as a class the teachers were far better than the others. The failure to discriminate in their favor doubtless did more than anything else to confirm the minds of honest and well-meaning people of the North in the belief that it was the baser elements of Southern society, and not its intelligent and responsible men, who had set to work to overthrow the carpet-bag régime.

The Ku Klux movement was not entirely underground. Sheeted horsemen riding about in the night-time were not its only forces. Secrecy and silence were indeed its main devices, but others were employed. The life of the carpet-bagger was made wretched otherwise than by dragging him from his bed and flogging him. The scorn in which he was held was made plain to him by averted faces or contemptuous glances on the street, by the obstacles he encountered in business, by the empty pews in his neighborhood when he went to church. If his children went to school, they were not asked to join in the play of other children, and must perforce fall back upon the companionship of little darkies. He himself, if he took the Southern view of "difficulties," and held himself ready to answer an insult with a blow, was sure to be accommodated whenever he felt belligerent. Probably not one in ten of his neighbors had given up the creed of the duello, though its ceremonial was not often observed. As for the "scalawag," — the Southerner who went over to the radicals, — there was re-

served for him a deeper hatred, a loftier contempt, than even the carpet-bagger got for his portion. No alien enemy, however despicable, is ever so loathed as a renegade.

But the Invisible Empire, however its sway was exercised, was everywhere a real empire. Wisely and humanely, or roughly and cruelly, the work was done. The state governments, under radical control, made little headway with their freedmen's militia against the silent representatives of the white man's will to rule. After 1870, even the blindest of the reconstruction leaders in Congress were made to see that they had built their house upon the sands. During the winter of 1870–71, Southern outrages were the subject of congressional debates and presidential messages. In March, a Senate committee presented majority and minority reports on the result of its investigations in North Carolina. The majority found that there was an unjustifiable conspiracy, of a distinctly political nature, against the laws and against colored citizens. The minority found that the misgovernment and criminal exploiting of the Southern states by radical leaders had provoked a natural resistance and led to disorder and violence. In April, the first Ku Klux bill, "to enforce the Fourteenth Amendment," was passed; the President was empowered to use the troops, and even to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*. In May, the second Ku Klux bill, "to enforce the right of citizens of the United States to vote," was passed. In October the President issued his proclamation. Troops were freely employed wherever there was an opportunity to use them, and the writ was suspended in nine counties of South Carolina. Hundreds of men were brought to trial before United States courts, under the two laws, and a number were convicted; but the leading men in the great orders were never reached. Northern writers have expressed the opinion that by the beginning of 1872 the "conspiracy" was overthrown. Nevertheless, the joint committee proceeded with its labors, and in February presented its great report on The Condition of Affairs in the Late Insurrectionary States. Majority and minority differed, as before; but the volume of reports and the twelve volumes of testimony enabled the minority to set forth with more convincing fullness the true nature of carpet-bag rule. In May, a bill extending the President's extraordinary powers over the next session of Congress passed the Senate, but was lost in the House. How much the action of Congress and the President had to do with the disappearance of the Ku Klux it is impossible to say. But after 1872 the Ku Klux did, for the most part, disappear; and so, in one state after another, did the carpet-bagger and the scalawag. The fox's skin had served its turn before it was cast aside.

Such, in brief outline, was the Ku Klux conspiracy according to the Northern view, the revolt against tyranny according to the Southern view, which was the beginning of the end of reconstruction. It was the unexpected outcome of a situation unexampled, and not even closely paralleled, in history. To many minds it seemed to nullify the war, the Emancipation Proclamation, and the constitutional amendments which were meant to seal forever the victory of the North over the South, and of liberty over slavery. To minds just as honest it seemed to reassert the great principles of the American Revolution. The majority of the congressional committee conducted their investigations after the manner of prosecuting attorneys dealing with ordinary criminals. The minority felt themselves bound to consider whether "an indictment against a whole people" would lie. To the majority "Ku Klux" meant simply outlaws; the minority thought that the first Ku Klux in history were the disguised men who, against the law, threw the tea overboard in Boston harbor.

The two views of the movement, like the movement itself and all that led up to it, are part and parcel of that division which was marked by Mason and Dixon's line. It was a division of institutions; it was a division of interests; it was and still is a division of character and habits of thought. Northern men had one idea of the strife, and Southern men an entirely different idea. The Southerners did not and could not regard themselves as rebels forced to be loyal. They knew they were beaten, and they gave up the fight; but they did not understand that they were bound to coöperate in any further plans of their conquerors. President Lincoln had made it plain that if the Union arms prevailed slavery must go, and the Southerners, in their state conventions of 1865, formally abolished it. Secession had been tried, and had failed as a policy; they declared that they would not try it again. Left for a moment to themselves, they set to work on an arrangement that would enable them to use under freedom the same sort of labor they had used under slavery, and made a place in the new order for the blacks, whom they could not reduce to slavery again, but whom they felt to be unfit for citizenship. Then Congress interfered and undid their work, and they stood passive until they could see what the congressional scheme would be like. They found it bad, oppressive, unwise, impossible. They bore it awhile in silence. Then in silence they made up their minds to resist. What form could their resistance take? It must be revolutionary, for they had formally renounced the right of secession. It could not be open war, for they were powerless to fight. So they made a secret revolution. Their rebellion could not raise its head, so it went underground.

If one asks of the movement, "Was it necessary?" this much, at least, may be answered: that no other plan of resistance would have served so well. If one asks, "Was it successful?" the answer is plain. No open revolt ever succeeded more completely. If one asks, "Was it justifiable?" the "yes" or "no" is harder to say. There must be much defining of terms, much patient separating of the accidental from the essential, much inquiry into motives. Describe the movement broadly as a secret movement, operating by terror and violence to nullify laws, and one readily condemns it. Paint all the conditions, enter into the minds and hearts of the men who lived under them, look at them through their eyes, suffer with their angry pain, and one revolts as their pride revolted. Weigh the broad rule, which is less a "light to guide" than a "rod to check," against the human impulse, and the balance trembles. One is ready to declare, not, perhaps, that the end justified the means, but that never before was an end so clearly worth fighting for made so clearly unattainable by any good means.

Nor does our hindsight much avail us. The end attained was mainly good. Southern society was righted. But the method of it survives in too many habits of the Southern mind, in too many shortcomings of Southern civilization, in too many characteristics of Southern life. The Southern whites, solidified in resistance to carpet-bag rule, have kept their solidarity unimpaired by any healthful division on public questions. Having learned a lesson, they cannot forget it. Seeing forms of law used to cloak oppression, and liberty invoked to countenance a tyranny, they learned to set men above political principles, and good government above freedom of thought. For thirty years they have continued to set one question above all others, and thus debarred themselves from full participation in the political life of the country. As they rule by fear, so by fear are they ruled. It is they themselves who are now befooled, and robbed of the nobler part of their own political birthright. They outdid their conquerors, yet they are not free.

William Garrott Brown.

THE TORY LOVER.[1]

XXVI.

While Wallingford coldly insisted that he should carry out the captain's instructions to the letter, the moment their boat touched the landing steps Dickson leaped over the side and ran up the pier. He had said, carelessly, that it was no use to risk several lives where one might serve; it was possible that they had been seen approaching, and he would go and play the scout, and select their buildings for firing. Both the lieutenants, Wallingford and Hall, took this breach of discipline angrily; there seemed to be an aggravating desire in Dickson's heart to put himself first now when it would count to his own gain. Their orders had been to leave the boat in his charge while the landing party was away; and in the next few moments, when he had disappeared into the narrow street that led up from the small pier, Wallingford grew uneasy, and went ashore himself. He climbed to the top of the pier, and then heard Dickson's voice calling at no great distance as if for help. As he started to run that way, he shouted to the men below to follow him.

His voice was lost in the noise of waves lapping and splashing about them against the pier; they heard his cry, but could not tell what it meant, or whether they should stay or go. The captain's orders had been strict that all three of the elder officers should not leave the boat at once. Young Hill, the midshipman, a fine brave fellow, now landed; but in the dim light he could see nobody, and returned. The discovery was then made that they had all their kindlings and tar in readiness, but there were no candles left in the two lanterns, and the bag of spare candles and tinder box which the midshipman had in charge was no longer to be found in the boat. It had been laid next the thwart, and in crossing some rough water might have fallen overboard, though nobody could understand the accident.

They could only wait now, in mortification and distress, for Wallingford's return, and some minutes passed in a grievous uncertainty.

The lieutenant had much resented Dickson's show of authority, and feared the ill success of his errand; although he had no liking for the man, it was no time to consider personalities; they were all on duty, and must report to their commander. It was certainly dangerous for a man to venture ashore alone, and the first distant outcry set him running at the top of his speed, expecting the landing party to follow.

Wallingford was light-footed, and as he ran he heard Dickson's voice once more plainly, and then all was silent. He hurried along, keeping close to the walls of warehouses, and came next into a street of common, poor dwellings of the seafaring folk. Then he stopped and listened, and whistled a call familiar enough to Dickson or any man of the Somersworth and Berwick neighborhoods, as if they had strayed from each other hunting in the old York woods. There was no answer, and he turned to go back; he must rejoin his men and attend to duty, and Dickson must take care of himself. There were dark alleys that led from this narrow thoroughfare to the water side; he heard footfalls, and again stood listening in the shelter of a deep doorway, when a group of half-dressed men burst out of a side lane, armed, and with a soldier or two among them. They ran down the street toward the

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[1] Copyright, 1901, by Sarah Orne Jewett.

shore, and took a short way round a corner. Wallingford heard a word or two which made him sure they had been given warning; it flashed through his brain that this was Dickson's business and plan for revenge. If their own men were still in the boat or near it, — which seemed likely, since they had not followed him, — they would be safe enough, but danger threatened them all. There was a sound of gathering voices and frightened outcries and slamming doors beyond in the town, as if the whole place were astir, and the morning light was growing fast in the sky, and making a new day in the dark little street. There was nothing for Wallingford to do but to hurry back to the boat as best he might. In some of the neighboring houses they had heard the guard go by, and sleepy heads were appearing to learn the news. The lieutenant made haste. Just as he passed the side passage whence the men had come, Dickson himself appeared through an archway just beyond, and stopped to call, "Watch! Watch! The Yankees are in the town to set it burning! *Watch! Watch!*" he was crying at the top of his lungs, instead of that faint "*Help! Help!*" which had seemed to cry for mercy in Wallingford's ears, and had enticed him into peril of his life.

With one bound Wallingford leaped upon the scoundrel and caught him in a mighty clutch. There was the look of a fiend in Dickson's face, in the dim light, as he turned and saw the man he hated most, and the two clinched in a fury. Then Dickson remembered the straight knife in his belt, and as they fought he twisted himself free enough to get it in his hand and strike; next moment Wallingford was flat on the cobblestones, heavily fallen with a deep cut in his shoulder.

There were men running their way, and Dickson fled before them. He had been badly mauled before the trick of stabbing could set him free; the breath was sobbing out of his lungs from the struggle, but he ran unhindered to the pier end, past the gaping townsfolk, and threw himself into the water, striking out for the boat, which had drawn well away from shore. There was a loud shout at his escape, but he was a good swimmer. They were watching from the boat, and when they saw that Dickson lagged, they drew nearer and dragged him in. It was all in a moment; there was firing at them now from the shore. Hall and the midshipman were at the very worst of their disappointment; they had failed in their errand; the whole thing was a fiasco, and worse.

Then Dickson, though sick and heavy from such an intake of salt water, managed to speak and tell them that Wallingford had waked the town, and had found the guardhouse at once; for the watch was out, and had even set upon himself as he returned. He had reconnoitred carefully and found all safe, when he heard a man behind him, and had to fight for his life. Then he heard Wallingford calling and beating upon the doors. They might know whether they had shipped a Tory, now! Dickson could speak no more, and sank down, as if he were spent indeed, into the bottom of the boat. He could tell already where every blow had struck him, and a faintness weakened his not too sturdy frame.

Now they could see the shipping all afire across the harbor as they drew out; the other boat's party had done their work, and it was near to broad day. Now the people were running and crying, and boats were putting out along the shore, and an alarm bell kept up an incessant ringing in the town. The Ranger's men rowed with all their might. Dickson did not even care because the captain would give the boat a rating; he had paid back old scores to the lofty young squire, his enemy and scorner; the fault of their failure would be Wallingford's. His heart was light enough; he had done his work well. If Wallingford was not already dead or bleeding to death like

a pig, back there in the street, the Whitehaven folk were like to make a pretty hanging of him before sunset. There was one pity, — he had left his knife sticking in the Tory's shoulder, and this caused a moment of sharp regret; but it was a plain sailor's knife which he had lately got by chance at Brest, and there were no witnesses to the encounter; his word was as good as Wallingford's to most men on their ship. He began to long for the moment when the captain should hear their news. "He 's none so great a hero yet," thought Dickson, and groaned with pain as the boat lurched and shifted him where he lay like ballast among the unused kindlings. Wallingford had given him a fine lasting legacy of blows.

XXVII.

The poor lieutenant was soon turned over scornfully by a musket butt and the toe of a stout Whitehaven shoe. The blood was steadily running from his shoulder, and his coat was all sodden with a sticky wetness. He had struck his head as he fell, and was at this moment happily unconscious of all his woes.

"Let him lie, the devil!" growled a second man who came along, — a citizen armed with a long cutlass, but stupid with fear, and resenting the loss of his morning sleep and all his peace of mind. They could see the light of the burning vessel on the roofs above. "Let 's get away a bit further from the shore," said he; "there may be their whole ship's company landed and ranging the town."

"This damned fellow 'll do nobody any mischief," agreed the soldier, and away they ran. But presently his companion stole back to find if there were anything for an honest man and a wronged one in this harmless officer's pockets. There were some letters in women's writing that could be of no use to any one, and some tobacco. "'T is the best American sort," said the old citizen, who had once been a sailor in the Virginia trade. He saw the knife sticking fast, and pulled it out; but finding it was a cheap thing enough, and disagreeable just now to have in hand, he tossed it carelessly aside. He found a purse of money in one pocket, and a handsome watch with a seal like some great gentleman's; but this was strangely hooked and ringed to the fob buttons, and the chain so strong that though a man pulled hard enough to break it, and even set his foot on the stranger's thigh to get a good purchase, the links would not give way. The citizen looked for the convenient knife again, but missed it under the shadow of the wall. There were people coming. He pocketed what he had got, and looked behind him anxiously; then he got up and ran away, only half content with the purse and good tobacco.

An old woman, and a girl with her, were peeping through the dirty panes of a poor, narrow house close by; and now, seeing that there was such a pretty gentleman in distress, and that the citizen, whom they knew and treasured a grudge against, had been frightened away, they came out to drag him into shelter. Just as they stepped forth together on the street, however, a squad of soldiers, coming up at double-quick, captured this easy prisoner, whose heart was beating yet. One of them put the hanging watch into his own pocket, unseen, — oddly enough, it came easily into his hand; and after some consideration of so grave a matter of military necessity, two of them lifted Wallingford, and finding him both long and heavy called a third to help, and turned back to carry him to the guard-house. By the time they reached the door a good quarter part of the townsfolk seemed to be following in procession, with angry shouts, and tearful voices of women begging to know if their husbands or lovers had been seen in danger; and there were loud threats, too, meant for the shaming of the silent figure carried by stout yeomen of the guard.

After some hours Wallingford waked, wretched with the smart of his wounds, and dazed by the first sight of his strange lodging in the town jail. There were no friends to succor him; he had not even the resource of being mistaken for a Tory and a friend of the Crown. There were at least three strutting heroes showing themselves in different quarters of the town, that evening, who claimed the honor of giving such a dangerous pirate his deathblow.

Some days passed before the officer in charge of this frightened seaport (stricken with sincere dismay, and apprehensive of still greater disaster from such stealthy neighbors on the sea) could receive the answer to his report sent to headquarters. Wallingford felt more and more the despair of his situation. The orders came at last that, as soon as he could be moved, he should be sent to join his fellow rebels in the old Mill Prison at Plymouth. The Whitehaven citizens should not risk or invite any attempt at his rescue by his stay. But, far from regretting his presence, there were even those who lamented his departure; who would have willingly bought new ribbons to their bonnets to go and see such a rogue hanged, wounded shoulder and all, on a convenient hill and proper gallows outside the town.

None of the heavy-laden barley ships or colliers dared to come or go. The fishing boats that ventured out to their business came home in a flutter at the sight of a strange sail; and presently Whitehaven was aghast at the news of the robbery of all my Lady Selkirk's plate, and the astonishing capture of his Majesty's guardship Drake out of Carrickfergus, and six merchantmen taken beside in the Irish Sea, — three of them sunk, and three of them sent down as prizes to French ports. The quicker such a prisoner left this part of the realm, the better for Whitehaven. The sheriff and a strong guard waited next morning at the door of the jail, and Wallingford, taken from his hard bed, was set on a steady horse to begin the long southward journey, and be handed on from jail to jail. The fresh air of the spring morning, after the close odors of his prison, at first revived him. Even the pain of his wound was forgotten, and he took the change gladly, not knowing whither he went or what the journey was meant to bring him.

At first they climbed long hills in sight of the sea. Notwithstanding all his impatience of the sordid jealousies and discomforts of life on board the Ranger, Roger Wallingford turned his weak and painful body more than once, trying to catch a last glimpse of the tall masts of the brave, fleet little ship. A remembrance of the good-fellowship of his friends aboard seemed to make a man forget everything else, and to put warmth in his heart, though the chill wind on the raise blew through his very bones. For the first time he had been treated as a man among men on board the Ranger. In early youth the heir of a rich man could not but be exposed to the flatteries of those who sought his father's favors, and of late his property and influence counted the Loyalists far more than any of that counsel out of his own heart for which some of them had begged obsequiously. Now he had come face to face with life as plain men knew it, and his sentiment of sympathy had grown and doubled in the hard process. He winced at the remembrance of that self-confidence he had so cherished in earlier years. He had come near to falling an easy prey to those who called him Sir Roger, and were but serving their own selfish ends; who cared little for either Old England or New, and still less for their King. There was no such thing as a neutral, either; a man was one thing or the other. And now his head grew light and dizzy, while one of those sudden visions of Mary Hamilton's face, the brave sweetness of her living eyes as if they

were close to his own, made him forget the confused thoughts of the moment before.

The quick bracing of the morning air was too much for the prisoner; he felt more and more as if he were dreaming. There was a strange longing in his heart to be back in the shelter and quiet of the jail itself; there began to be a dull roaring in his ears. Like a sharp pain there came to him the thought of home, of his mother's looks and her smile as she stood watching at the window when he came riding home. He was not riding home now: the thought of it choked his throat. He remembered his mother as he had proudly seen her once in her black satin gown and her best lace and diamonds, at the great feast for Governor Hutchinson's birthday, in the Province House, — by far the first, to his young eyes, of the fine distinguished ladies who were there. How frail and slender she stood among them! But now a wretched weakness mastered him; he was afraid to think where he might be going. They could not know how ill and helpless he was, these stout men of his guard, who sometimes watched him angrily, and then fell to talking together in low voices. The chill of the mountain cloud they were riding into seemed to have got to his heart. Again his brain failed him, and then grew frightfully clear again; then he began to fall asleep in the saddle, and to know that he slept, jolting and swaying as they began to ride faster. The horse was a steady, plodding creature, whose old sides felt warm and comfortable to the dreaming rider. He wished, ever so dimly, that if he fell they would leave him there by the road and let him sleep. He lost a stirrup now, and it struck his ankle sharply to remind him, but there was no use to try to get it again; then everything turned black.

One of the soldiers caught the horse just as the prisoner's head began to drag along the frozen road.

"His wound 's a-bleeding bad. Look-a-here!" he shouted to the others, who were riding on, their horses pressing each other close, and their cloaks held over their faces in the cold mountain wind. "Here, ahoy! our man 's dead, lads! The blood 's trailed out o' him all along the road!"

"He 's cheated justice, then, curse him!" said the officer smartly, looking down from his horse; but the old corporal who had fought at Quebec with Wolfe, and knew soldiering by heart, though he was low on the ladder of promotion by reason of an unconquerable love of brandy, — the old corporal dropped on his knees, and felt Wallingford's heart beating small and quick inside the wet, stained coat, and then took off his own ragged riding cloak to wrap him from the cold.

"Poor lad!" he said compassionately. "I think he 's fell among thieves, somehow, by t' looks of him; 't is an honest face of a young gentleman 's iver I see. There 's nowt for 't but a litter now, an' t' get some grog down his starved throat. I misdoubt he 's dead as t' stones in road ere we get to Kendal!"

"Get him ahorse again!" jeered another man. "If we had some alegar now, we mought fetch him to! Say, whaar er ye boun', ye are sae dond out in reed wescut an' lace?" and he pushed Wallingford's limp, heavy body with an impatient foot; but the prisoner made no answer.

XXVIII.

There were several low buildings to the east of Colonel Hamilton's house, where various domestic affairs were established; the last of these had the large spinning room in its second story, and stood four-square to the breezes. Here were the wool and flax wheels and the loom, with all their implements; and here Peggy reigned over her handmaidens, one warm spring afternoon, with something less than her accustomed severity. She had just been declaring, in

a general way, that the idle clack of foolish tongues distressed her ears more than the noise of the loom and wheels together.

There was an outside stairway, and the coveted seat of those maids who were sewing was on the broad doorstep at the stairhead. You could look up the wide fields to the long row of elms by General Goodwin's, and see what might pass by on the Portsmouth road; you could also command the long green lane that led downhill toward the great house, also the shipyard, and, beyond that, a long stretch of the river itself. A young man must be wary in his approach who was not descried afar by the sentinels of this pretty garrison. On a perfectly silent afternoon in May, the whole world, clouds and all, appeared to be fast asleep; but something might happen at any moment, and it behoved Hannah Neal and Phebe Hodgdon to be on the watch.

They sat side by side on the doorstep, each reluctantly top-sewing a new linen sheet; two other girls were spinning flax within the room, and old Peggy herself was at the loom, weaving with steady diligence. As she sat there, treading and reaching at her work, with quick click-clacks of the shuttle and a fine persistence of awkward energy, she could see across the river to Madam Wallingford's house, with its high elms and rows of shuttered windows. Between her heart and old Susan's there was a bond of lifelong friendship; they seldom met, owing to their respective responsibilities; they even went to different places of worship on Sunday; but they always took a vast and silent comfort in looking for each other's light at night.

It was Peggy's habit to sing softly at her work; once in a while, in her gentlest mood, she chanted aloud a snatch of some old song. There was never but one song for a day, to be repeated over and over; and the better she was pleased with her conditions, the sadder was her strain. Now and then her old voice, weak and uncertain, but still unexpectedly beautiful, came back again so clear and true that the chattering girls themselves were hushed into listening. Today the peace in her heart was such that she had been singing over and over, with plaintive cadences, a most mournful quatrain of ancient lines set to a still more ancient tune. It must have touched the chords of some inherited memory.

"O Death, rock me asleep,"

sang Peggy dolefully.

"O Death, rock me asleep,
Bring me to quiet rest;
Let pass my weary, guiltless ghost
Out of my care-full breast!"

The girls had seldom heard their old tyrant forget herself and them so completely in her singing; they gave each other a sympathetic glance as she continued; the noisy shuttle subdued itself to the time and tune, and made a rude accompaniment. One might have the same feeling in listening to a thrush at nightfall as to such a natural song as this. At last her poignancy of feeling grew too great for even the singer herself, and she drew away from the spell of the music, as if she approached too near the sad reality of its first occasion.

"My grandmother was said to have the best voice in these Piscataqua plantations, when she was young," announced Peggy, with the tone of a friend. "My mother had a pretty voice, too, but 't was a small voice, like mine. I 'm good as dumb beside either of them, but there is n't no tune I ever heard that I can't follow in my own head as true as a bird. This one was a verse my grandmother knew, — some days I think she sings right on inside of me, — but I forget the story of the song: she knew the old story of everything." Peggy was modest, but she had held her audience for once, and knew it.

She now stopped to tie a careful weaver's knot in the warp, and adjust some difficulty of her pattern. Hitty Warren,

who was spinning by the door, trilled out a gay strain, as if by way of relief to the gloom of a song which, however moving and beautiful, could not fail to make the heart grow sad.

"I have a house and lands in Kent,"

protested Hitty's light young caroling voice,

"And if you 'll love me, love me now.
Two pence ha'penny is my rent,
And I cannot come every day to woo!"

Whereupon Hannah Neal and Phebe, who sang a capital clear second, joined in with approval and alacrity to sing the chorus: —

"Two pence ha'penny is my rent,
And I cannot come every day to woo!"

They kept it going over and over, like blackbirds, and Peggy clacked her shuttle in time to this measure, but she did not offer to join them; perhaps she had felt, too, some dim foreboding, that her own song comforted. The air had suddenly grown full of springtime calls and cries, as if there were some subtle disturbance; the birds were in busy flight; and one could hear faint shouts from the old Vineyard and the neighboring falls, where men and boys were at the salmon fishing.

At last the girls were done singing; they had called no audience out of the empty green fields. They began to lag in their work, and sat whispering and chuckling a little about their own affairs. Peggy stopped the loom and regarded them angrily, but they took no notice. All four had their heads close together now over a piece of gossip; she turned on her narrow perch and faced them. Their young hands were idle in their laps.

"Go to your wheel, Hitty Warren, and to your work, the pack of you! I begretch the time you waste, and the meals you eat in laziness, you foolish hussies!" cried Peggy, with distinctness. "Look at the house so short of both sheeting and table gear since the colonel took his great boatload of what we had in use to send to the army! If it wa'n't for me having forethought to hide a couple o' heaping armfuls of our best Russian for the canopy beds, we 'd been bare enough, and had to content the gentlefolk with unbleached webs. And all our grand holland sheets, only in wear four years, and just coming to their softness, all gone now to be torn in strips for those that 's wounded; all spoilt like common workhouse stuff for those that never slept out o' their own clothes. 'T was a sad waste, but we must work hard now to plenish us," she gravely reproached them.

"Miss Mary is as bad as the colonel," insisted Hannah Neal, the more demure of the seamstresses, who had promptly fallen to work again. The handsome master of the house could do no wrong in the eyes of his admiring maids. They missed his kind and serious face, even if sometimes he did not speak or look when he passed them at their sewing or churning.

"A man knows nowt o' linen: he might think a gre't sheet like this sewed its whole long self together," said Phebe Hodgdon ruefully, as she pushed a slow needle through the hard selvages.

"To work with ye!" commanded Peggy more firmly. "My eye 's upon ye!" And Hitty sighed loud and drearily; the afternoon sun was hot in the spinning room, and the loom began its incessant noise again.

At that moment the girls on the doorstep cheerfully took notice of two manly figures that were coming quickly along the footpath of the spring pasture next above the Hamilton lands on the river side. They stooped to drink at the spring in the pasture corner, and came on together, until one of them stood still and gave a loud cry. The two sewing girls beckoned their friends of the spinning to behold this pleasing sight. Perhaps some of the lads they knew were on their way from the Upper Landing to Pound Hill farms; these river footpaths had already won some of the rights of im-

memorial usage, and many foot travelers passed by Hamilton's to the lower part of the town. A man could go on foot to Rice's Ferry through such byways across field and pasture as fast as a fleet horse could travel by the winding old Portsmouth road.

The two hurrying figures were strangers, and they came to the knoll above the shipyard. They were both waving their hats now, and shouting to the few old men at work below on the river bank.

Peggy was only aware of a daring persistence in idleness, and again began to chide, just as all the girls dropped their work and clattered down the outer stair, and left her bereft of any audience at all. She hurried to the door in time to see their petticoats flutter away, and then herself caught sight of the excited messengers. There was a noise of voices in the distance, and some workmen from the wharves and warehouses were running up the green slopes.

"There 's news come!" exclaimed Peggy, forgetting her own weaving as she stumbled over the pile of new linen on the stair landing, and hurried after the girls. News was apt to come up the river rather than down, but there was no time to consider. Some ill might have befallen Colonel Hamilton himself, — he had been long enough away; and the day before there had been rumors of great battles to the southward, in New Jersey.

The messengers stood side by side with an air of importance.

"Our side have beat the British, but there 's a mort o' men killed and taken. John Ricker 's dead, and Billy Lord 's among the missing, and young Hodgdon 's dead, the widow's son; and there 's word come to Dover that the Ranger has made awful havoc along the British coast, and sent a fortin' o' prizes back to France. There 's trouble 'mongst her crew, and young Wallingford 's deserted after he done his best to betray the ship."

The heralds recited their tale as they had told it over and over at every stopping place for miles back, prompting each other at every sentence. From unseen sources a surprising crowd of men and women had suddenly gathered about them. Some of these wept aloud now, and others shouted their eager questions louder and louder. It was like a tiny babel that had been brought together by a whirlwind out of the quiet air.

"They say Wallingford 's tried to give the Ranger into the enemy's hands, and got captured for his pains. Some thinks they 've hung him for a spy. He 's been watching his chance all along to play the traitor," said one news-bringer triumphantly, as if he had kept the best news till the last.

"'T is false!" cried a clear young voice behind them.

They turned to front the unexpected presence of Miss Hamilton.

"Who dared to say this?" She stood a little beyond the crowd, and looked with blazing eyes straight at the two flushed faces of the rustic heralds.

"Go tell your sad news, if you must," she said sternly, "but do not repeat that Roger Wallingford is a traitor to his oath. We must all know him better who have known him at all. He may have met misfortune at the hand of God, but the crime of treachery has not been his, and you should know it, — you who speak, and every man here who listens!"

There fell a silence upon the company; but when the young mistress of the house turned away, there rose a half-unwilling murmur of applause. Old Peggy hastened to her side; but Miss Hamilton waved her back, and, with drooping head and a white face, went on slowly and passed alone into the great house.

The messengers were impatient to go their ways among the Old Fields farms, and went hurrying down toward the brook and round the head of the cove, and up the hill again through the oak pasture toward the houses at Pound Hill.

They were followed along the footpath by men and boys, and women too, who were eager to see how the people there, old Widow Ricker especially, would take the news of a son's captivity or death. The very torch of war seemed to flame along the footpath, on that spring afternoon.

The makers of the linen sheets might have been the sewers of a shroud, as they came ruefully back to their places by the spinning-room door, and let the salt tears down fall upon their unwilling seams. Poor Billy Lord and Humphrey Hodgdon were old friends, and Corporal Rickĕr was a handsome man, and the gallant leader of many a corn-husking. The clack of Peggy's shuttle sounded like the ticking clock of Fate.

"My God! my God!" said the old woman who had driven the weeping maids so heartlessly to their work again. The slow tears of age were blinding her own eyes; she could not see to weave, and must fain yield herself to idleness. Those poor boys gone, and Madam's son a prisoner, or worse, in England! She looked at the house on the other side of the river, dark and sombre against the bright sky. "I'll go and send Miss Mary over; she should be there now. I'll go myself over to Susan."

"Fold up your stents; for me, I can weave no more," she said sorrowfully. "'T is like the day of a funeral." And the maids, still weeping, put their linen by, and stood the two flax wheels in their places, back against the wall.

XXIX.

That evening, in Hamilton house, Mary felt like a creature caged against its will; she was full of fears for others and reproaches for herself, and went restlessly from window to window and from room to room. There was no doubt that a great crisis had come. The May sun set among heavy clouds, and the large rooms grew dim and chilly. The house was silent, but on the river shores there were groups of men and boys gathering, and now and then strange figures appeared, as if the news had brought them hastily from a distance. Peggy had gone early across the river, and now returned late from her friendly errand, dressed in a prim bonnet and cloak that were made for Sunday wear, and gave her the look of a dignitary in humble disguise, so used to command was she, and so equipped by nature for the rule of others.

Peggy found her young mistress white and wan in the northwest parlor, and knew that she had been anxiously watching Madam Wallingford's house. She turned as the old housekeeper came in, and listened with patience as, with rare tact, this good creature avoided the immediate subject of their thoughts, and at first proceeded to blame the maids for running out and leaving the doors flying, when she had bidden them mind the house.

"The twilight lasts very late to-night, yet you have been long away," said Mary, when she had finished.

"'T is a new-moon night, and all the sky is lit," explained Peggy seriously. "'T will soon be dark enough." Then she came close to Mary, and began to whisper what she really had to say.

"'T is the only thing to do, as you told me before I went. Cæsar abased himself to row me over, and took time enough about it, I vowed him. I thought once he'd fotched himself to the door of an apoplexy, he puffed an' blowed so hard; but I quick found out what was in his piecemeal mind, an' then I heared folks talking on t' other bank. The great fightin' folks that stayed at home from the war is all ablaze against Mr. Roger; they say they won't have no such a Tory hive in the neighborhood no longer! 'Poor Madam! poor Madam!' says I in my mind, and I wrung my hands a-hearin' of it. Cæsar felt so bad when

he was tellin' of me, the tears was a-runnin' down his foolish ol' black face. He 's got proper feelings, if he is so consequential. Likes to strut better 'n to work, I tell 'em, but he 's got proper feelin's; I shan't never doubt that no more," asserted Peggy, with emphatic approval.

"Yes," assented Mary impatiently, "Cæsar is a good man, but he is only one. What shall we do now?" Her voice was full of quivering appeal; she had been very long alone with her distressful thoughts.

Peggy's cheeks looked pink as a girl's in her deep bonnet, and her old eyes glittered with excitement.

"You must go straight away and fetch Madam here," she said. "I 'd brought her back with me if it had been seemly; but when I so advised, Susan 'd hear none o' me, 'count o' fearin' to alarm her lady. 'Keep her safe an' mistaken for one hour, will ye, so 's to scare her life out later on!' says I; but Susan was never one to see things their proper size. If they do know Madam 's fled, 't will be all the better. I want to feel she 's safe here, myself; they won't damage the colonel's house, for his sake or your'n neither; they 'd know better than to come botherin' round my doors. I 'll put on my big caldron and get some water het, and treat 'em same fashion 's they did in old Indian times!" cried Peggy, in a fury. "I did hear some men say they believed she 'd gone to Porchmouth a'ready; and when they axed me if 't was true, I nodded and let 'em think so."

Mary listened silently; this excited talk made her know the truth of some fast-gathering danger. She herself had a part to play now.

"I shall go at once," she insisted. "Will you bespeak a boat?"

"Everything 's all ready, darlin'," said the good soul affectionately, as if she wished to further some girlish pleasure. "Yes, I 've done all I could out o' door. The best boat 's out an' layin' aside the gre't warehouse. Cæsar 's stopped down there to mind it, though he begun to fuss about his supper; and there 's all our own men ready to row ye over. I told 'em you was promised to the Miss Lords at the Upper Landing for a card party; I 've let on to no uneasiness. You 'll consider well your part; for me there 's enough to do, — the best chamber warmed aright for Madam, for one thing; an' Phebe 's up there now, gettin' over a good smart scoldin' I give her. I 'll make a nice gruel with raisins an' a taste o' brandy, or a glass o' port juice, an' have 'em ready; 't will keep poor Madam from a chill. You 'll both need comfort ere you sleep," she muttered to herself.

"I wonder if she will consent to come? She is a very brave woman," said Mary doubtfully.

"Darlin', listen to me: she *must* come," replied Peggy, "an' you must tell her so. You do your part, an' I 'll be waitin' here till you get back."

The large boat which was Hamilton's river coach and four in peaceful times lay waiting in the shadow of the warehouse to do its errand. The four rowers were in their places: Peggy may have had a sage desire to keep them out of mischief. They were not a vigorous crew, by reason of age; else they would have been, like other good men, with the army. With her usual sense of propriety and effect, Peggy had ordered out the best red cushions and tasseled draperies for the seats. In summer, the best boat spread a fine red and green canopy when it carried the master and mistress down to Portsmouth on the ebb tide. The old boatmen had mounted their livery, such was Peggy's insistence and unaccountable desire for display. A plainer craft, rowed by a single pair of oars, was enough for any errand at nightfall, and the old fellows grumbled and shivered ostentatiously in the spring dampness.

Old Cæsar handed Miss Hamilton into her boat with all the more deference. She was wrapped in a cloak of crimson damask, with a hood to it, which her brother loved to see her wear in their gayer days. She took her place silently in the stern, and sat erect there; the men stole a glance at her now and then, and tugged willingly enough at their oars. There were many persons watching them as they went up the stream.

"'T will be a hard pinch to land ye proper at the upper wharves," said the head boatman. "The tide 's far out, miss."

"I go to Madam Wallingford's," said Mary; and in the dusk she saw them cast sidewise glances at each other, while their oars lost stroke and fouled. They had thought it well that there should be a card party, and their young mistress out of sight and hearing, if the threats meant anything and there should be trouble that night alongshore. Miss Hamilton said nothing further, — she was usually most friendly in her speech with these old servants; but she thanked them in a gentle tone as she landed, and bade them be ready at any moment for her return. They looked at her with wonder, and swore under their breaths for mere astonishment, as she disappeared from their sight with hurrying steps, along the winding way that led up to the large house on the hill.

As Mary passed the old boathouse, and again as she came near the storehouses just beyond, she could see shadowy moving figures like ghosts, that were gone again in an instant out of sight, crouching to the ground or dodging behind the buildings as they saw her pass. Once she heard a voice close under the bank below the road; but it ceased suddenly, as if some one had given warning. Every dark corner was a hiding place, but the girl felt no fear now that there was something to be done.

There was no light in the lower story of the great house, but in Madam Wallingford's chamber the firelight was shining, and by turns it darkened and brightened the windows. For the first time Mary felt weak at heart, but there was that within her which could drive out all fear or sense of danger. As she stood on the broad doorsteps, waiting and looking riverward, she smiled to see that Peggy had lighted their own house as if for some high festival. It had a look of cheerfulness and security there beyond the elms; she gave a sigh of relief that was like a first acknowledgment of fear. She did not remember that one person might have come safely from the boat, where two could not go back.

Again she struck the heavy knocker, and this time heard Rodney's anxious voice within, whispering to ask whether she were friend or foe before he timidly unbarred the door.

"They tell me there is some danger of a mob, my child." Madam Wallingford spoke calmly, as if this were some ordinary news. Mary had found her sitting by the fire, and kissed her cheek without speaking. The room was so quiet, and its lady looked so frail and patient, unconscious that danger hemmed them in on every side.

"I fear that this house may be burnt and robbed, like the Salem houses," she said. "Poor Rodney and the women are afraid, too. I saw that they were in a great fright, and forced the truth from them. I think my troubles have robbed me of all my strength. I do not know what I must do. I feel very old, Mary, and my strength fails me," she faltered. "I need my son — I have had dreadful news" —

"I have come to take you home with me to-night, dear," answered Mary. "Come, I shall wrap you in my warm red cloak; the night is chilly. These are Peggy's orders, and we must follow them. She would not have you frighted ever so little, if there is any danger. She is making you some hot drink this very minute, and I have brought our steady

boat with the four old rowers. They are waiting for us below."

"Good Peggy!" exclaimed Madam Wallingford, who saw the bright smile that lighted Mary's face, and was rallying all her force. "She was here herself this afternoon; I wish that I had seen her. We shall not obey her this once; you see that I cannot go. If there is an attack, I must be here to meet it, — the men may hear to reason; if there is no real danger, I am safe to stay," and she cast a fond look about the room.

Mary saw it with compassion; at the same moment she heard cries outside, as if some fresh recruits were welcomed to the gathering fray.

"My safety and the safety of our house lies in my staying here," said the lady, sitting straight in her great chair. "I am not easily made afraid; it is only that my strength failed me at the first. If God sends ruin and death this night, I can but meet it. I shall not go away. You were a dear child to come; you must make my kind excuses to Peggy. Go now, my dear, and Rodney shall put you in your boat." There was a proud look on Madam Wallingford's face as she spoke.

"I shall stay with you," answered Mary. "Alas, I think it is too late for either of us to go," she added, as her quick ears were aware of strange noises without the house. There was a sharp rapping sound of stones striking the walls, and a pane of glass fell shattering into the room.

"In Salem they took an old man from his dying bed, and destroyed his habitation. He had been a judge and a good citizen. If these be our own neighbors who think me dangerous, I must follow their bidding; if they be strangers, we must be in danger. I wish that you had not come, Mary!"

Mary was already at the window; the shutters were pushed back, and the sweet night air blew through the broken pane upon her face. The heavy sliding shutter caught as she tried to stir it, and she saw that the moving crowd had come close about the house. At the sight of her figure they gave an angry roar; there were musket shots and a great racket of noise. "Come out, come out," they cried, "and take the oath!"

"So the mob has come already," said Madam Wallingford calmly, and rose from her seat. "Then I must go down. Is it a great company?"

"I could not have believed so many men were left," answered Mary bitterly. "They should be fighting other battles!" she protested, trembling with sudden rage. "Where go you, Madam?" for Madam Wallingford was hurrying from the room. As she threw open the door, all the frightened people of the household were huddled close outside; they fell upon their knees about her and burst into loud lamentations. They pressed as near their mistress as they could; it was old Rodney and Susan who had kept the others from bursting into the room.

"Silence among ye!" said Madam Wallingford. "I shall do what I can, my poor people. I am going down to speak to these foolish men."

"They have come to rob us and murder us!" wailed the women.

"Rodney, you will go before me and unbar the door!" commanded the mistress. "Susan shall stay here. Quiet this childishness! I would not have such people as these think that we lack courage."

She went down the wide staircase as if she were a queen, and Mary her maid of honor. Rodney was for hanging back from those who pounded to demand entrance, and needed an angry gesture before he took the great bar down and flung the door wide open. Then Madam Wallingford stepped forward as if to greet her guests with dignity, and Mary was only a step behind. There was a bonfire lit before the house, and all the portraits along the paneled hall seemed to

come alive in the blazing light that shone in, and to stand behind the two women like a guard.

"What do you wish to say to me?" asked Madam Wallingford.

"The oath! the oath!" they cried, "or get you hence!" and there was a shaking of firebrands, and the heads pressed closer about the door.

"You are Sons of Liberty, and yet you forbid liberty to others," said the old gentlewoman, in her clear voice. "I have wronged none of you." For very sight of her age and bravery, and because she was so great a lady, they fell silent; and then a heavy stone, thrown from the edge of the crowd, struck the lintel of the door, beside her.

"Is there no man among you whom you will choose to speak fairly with me, to tell your errand and whence you come?"

"We are some of us from Christian Shore, and some are Dover men, and some of us are men of your own town," answered a pale, elderly man, with the face of a fanatic; he had been a preacher of wild doctrines in the countryside, and was ever a disturber of peace. "We want no Royalists among us, we want no abettors of George the Third; there 's a bill now to proscribe ye and stop your luxury and pride. We want no traitors and spies, neither, to betray the cause of the oppressed. You and your son have played a deep game; he has betrayed our cause, and the penalty must fall."

There was a shout of approval; the mob was only too ready to pour into the house.

"My son has put his name to your oath, and you know that he has not broken it, if some of you are indeed men of our own town," said the mother proudly, and they all heard her speak. "I can promise that this is true. Cannot you wait to hear the truth about him, or is it only to rob us and make a night of revel you have come? Do not pay sin with sin, if you must hold those to be sinners who are Loyalists like me!"

"Burn the old nest!" cried an impatient voice. "She may be hiding some King's men, — who knows? Stop her prating, and let 's to business; we are done with their royalties," and the crowd pushed hard. They forced the two women and old Rodney back into the hall; and at the sound of heavy treading, all the women on the stair above fell to shrieking.

Mary put herself before Madam Wallingford for safety's sake, and held up her hand. "Stop, stop!" she begged them. "Let me first take my friend away. I am Mary Hamilton, and you all know my brother. I ask you in his name to let us go in peace."

Her sorrowful face and her beauty for one instant held some of them irresolute, but from the back of the crowd a great pressure urged the rest forward. There was a little hush, and one man cried, "Yes, let them go!" but the wild and lawless, who were for crowding in, would not have it so. It was a terrible moment, like the sight of coming Death. There was a crash; the women were overpowered and flung back against the wall.

Suddenly there was a new confusion, a heavier din, and some unexpected obstacle to this onset; all at once a loud, familiar voice went to Mary's heart. She was crouching with her arms close about her old friend, to shield her from bruises and rough handling as the men pushed by; in the same moment there were loud outcries of alarm without. What happened next in the hall seemed like the hand of Heaven upon their enemies. Old Major Tilly Haggens was there in the midst, with others behind him, dealing stout blows among those who would sack the house. Outside on their horses were Judge Chadbourne and General Goodwin, who had ridden straight into the mob, and with them a little troop of such authorities as could be gathered, constables and tithing men; and old Elder Shackley in his scarlet cloak, Parson

Pike and Mr. Rollins, his chief parishioner, were all there, too. They rode among the brawling men as if they were but bushes, and turned their good horses before the house. The crowd quick lost its solid look; it now had to confront those who were not defenseless.

"We are Patriots and Sons of Liberty, all of us who are here!" shouted the minister, in a fine, clear voice. "We are none of us, old or young, for the King, but we will not see a Christian gentlewoman and kind neighbor made to suffer in such wise as this. Nor shall you do vengeance upon her son until there is final proof of his guilt."

"We can beat these old parsons!" shouted an angry voice. "To it, lads! We are three to their one!" But the elderly men on horseback held their own; most of them were taught in the old school of fighting, and had their ancient swords well in hand, ready for use with all manly courage. Major Tilly Haggens still fought as a foot soldier in the hall; his famous iron fist was doing work worthy of those younger days when he was called the best boxer and wrestler in the plantations. He came forth now, sweeping the most persistent before him out of the house.

"I 'll learn ye to strike a poor lame old man like me! Ye are no honest Patriots, but a pack of thieves and blackguards! The worst pest of these colonies!" he cried, with sound blows to right and left for emphasis. He laid out one foe after another on the soft grass as on a bed, until there was no one left to vanquish, and his own scant breath had nearly left his body. The trampling horses had helped their riders' work, and were now for neighing and rearing and taking to their heels. The town constable was bawling his official threats, as he held one of the weaker assailants by the collar and pounded the poor repentant creature's back. It had suddenly turned to a scene of plain comedy, and the mob was nothing but a rabble of men and boys, all running for shelter, such as could still run, and disappearing down toward the river shore.

The old judge got stiffly from his tall Narragansett pacer, and came into the hall.

"Madam Wallingford's friends stop here to-night," he told the old servant, who appeared from some dark corner. Poor Rodney was changed to such an ashen color that he looked very strange, and as if he had rubbed phosphorus to his frightened eyes. "You may tell your mistress and Miss Hamilton that there is no more danger for the present," added the judge. "I shall set a watch about the house till daylight."

Major Haggens was panting for breath, and leaned his great weight heavily against the wainscoting. "I am near an apoplexy," he groaned faintly. "Rodney, I hope I killed some of those divils! You may bring me a little water, and qualify it with some of Madam's French brandy of the paler sort. Stay; you must help me get to the dining parlor myself, and I 'll consider the spirit-case. Too violent a portion would be my death; 't would make a poor angel of me, Rodney!"

Early in the morning, Judge Chadbourne and his neighbor Squire Hill, a wise and prudent man, went out to take the morning air before the house. They were presently summoned by Madam Wallingford, and spoke with her in her chamber. The broken glass of the window still glistened on the floor; even at sunrise the day was so mild that there was no chill, but the guests were struck by something desolate in the room, even before they caught sight of their lady's face.

"I must go away, my good friends," she declared quietly, after she had thanked them for their service. "I must not put my friends in peril," she added, "but I am sure of your kind advice in my sad situation."

"We wait upon you to say that it would be best, Madam," said the judge plainly. "I hear that New Hampshire as well as Massachusetts has an act of great severity in consideration against the presence or return of Loyalists, and I fear that you would run too much risk by staying here. If you should be proscribed and your estates confiscated, as I fear may be done in any case, you are putting your son's welfare in peril as well as your own. If he still be living now, though misfortunes have overtaken him, and he has kept faith, as we who know him must still believe, these estates which you hold for him in trust are not in danger; if the facts are otherwise" — and the old justice looked at her, but could not find it in his heart to go on.

Madam Wallingford sat pondering, with her eyes fixed upon his face, and was for some time lost in the gravest thoughts.

"What is this oath?" she asked at last, and her cheeks whitened as she put the question.

The judge turned to Mr. Hill, and, without speaking, that gentleman took a folded paper from among some documents which he wore in his pocket, and rose to hand it to the lady.

"Will you read it to me?" she asked again; and he read the familiar oath of allegiance in a steady voice, and not without approval in his tone: —

"I do acknowledge the United States of America to be free, independent and sovereign states, and declare that the people thereof owe no allegiance or obedience to George the Third, King of Great Britain; and I renounce, refuse and abjure any allegiance or obedience to him; and I do swear that I will, to the utmost of my power, support, maintain and defend the said United States against the said King George the Third, his heirs and successors, and his or their abettors, assistants and adherents, and will serve the said United States in the office . . . which I now hold, with fidelity, according to the best of my skill and understanding."

As he finished he looked at the listener for assent, as was his habit, and Judge Chadbourne half rose, in his eagerness; everything was so simple and so easy if she would take the oath. She was but a woman, — the oath was made for men; but she was a great landholder, and all the country looked to her. She was the almoner of her own wealth and her husband's, and 't were better she stood here in her lot and place.

"I cannot sign this," she said abruptly. "Is that the oath that Roger, my son, has taken?"

"The same, Madam," answered Mr. Hill, with a disappointed look upon his face, and there was silence in the room.

"I must make me ready to go," said Madam Wallingford at last, and the tears stood deep in her eyes. "But if my son gave his word, he will keep his word. I shall leave my trust and all his fortunes in your hands, and you may choose some worthy gentlemen from this side the river to stand with you. The papers must be drawn in Portsmouth. I shall send a rider down at once with a message, and by night I shall be ready to go myself to town. I must ask if you and your colleagues will meet me there at my house. . . . You must both carry my kind farewells to my Barvick friends. As for me," — and her voice broke for the first time, — "I am but a poor remainder of the past that cannot stand against a mighty current of change. I knew last night that it would come to this. I am an old woman to be turned out of my home, and yet I tell you the truth, that I go gladly, since the only thing I can hope for now is to find my son. You see I am grown frail and old, but there is something in my heart that makes me hope. . . . I have no trace of my son, but he was left near to death, and must now be among enemies by reason of having been upon the ship. No, no, I shall not sign your oath; take it

away with you, good friends!" she cried bitterly. Then she put out her weak hands to them, and a pathetic, broken look came upon her face.

"'T was most brotherly, what you did for me last night, dear friends. You must thank the other gentlemen who were with you. I ask your affectionate remembrance in the sad days that come; you shall never fail of my prayers."

And so they left her standing in the early sunshine of her chamber, and went away sorrowful.

An hour later Mary Hamilton came in, bright and young. She was dressed and ready to go home, and came to stand by her old friend, who was already at her business, with many papers spread about.

"Mary, my child," said Madam Wallingford, taking her hand and trembling a little, "I am going away. There is new trouble, and I have no choice. You must stay with me this last day and help me; I have no one to look to but you."

"But you can look to me, dear lady." Mary spoke cheerfully, not understanding to the full, yet being sure that she should fail in no service. There was a noble pride of courage in her heart, a gratitude because they were both safe and well, and the spring sun shining, after such a night. God gives nothing better than the power to serve those whom we love; the bitterest pain is to be useless, to know that we fail to carry to their lives what their dear presence brings to our own. Mary laid her hand on her friend's shoulder. "Can I write for you just now?" she asked.

"I am going to England," explained Madam Wallingford quietly. "Judge Chadbourne and Mr. Hill both told me that I must go away. I shall speak only of Halifax to my household, but my heart is full of the thought of England, where I must find my poor son. I should die of even a month's waiting and uncertainty; it seems a lifetime since the news came yesterday. I must go to find Roger!"

All the bright, determined eagerness forsook Mary Hamilton's face. It was not that the thought of exile was new or strange, but this poor wistful figure before her, with its frayed thread of vitality and thin shoulders bent down as if with a weight of sorrow, seemed to forbid even the hard risks of seafaring. The girl gave a cry of protest, as if she felt the sharp pain of a sudden blow.

"I have always been well enough on the sea. I do not dread the voyage so much. I am a good sailor," insisted Madam Wallingford, with a smile, as if she must comfort a weaker heart than her own. "My plans are easily made, as it happens; one of my own vessels was about to sail for West Indian ports. It is thought a useless venture by many, but the captain is an impatient soul, and an excellent seaman. He shall take us to Halifax, Susan and me. I thought at first to go alone; but Susan has been long with me, and can be of great use when we are once ashore. She is in sad estate on the ocean, poor creature, and when we went to England last I thought never to distress her so much again."

There was a shining light on the girl's face as she listened.

"I shall go with you, not Susan," she said. "Even with her it would be like letting you go alone. I am strong, and a good sailor. We must leave her here to take care of your house, as I shall leave Peggy."

Madam Wallingford looked at Mary Hamilton with deep love, but she lifted her hand forbiddingly.

"No, no, dear child," she whispered, "I shall not think of it."

"There may be better news," said Mary hopefully.

"There will be no news, and I grudge every hour that is wasted," said the mother, with strange fretfulness. "I have friends in England, as you know. If I once reach an English port, the way will

be easy. When prison doors shut they do not open of themselves, in these days, but I have some friends in mind who would have power to help me. I shall take passage from Halifax for Bristol, if I can; if no better vessel offers, I shall push on in the Golden Dolphin rather than court delay."

Mary stood smiling into her face.

"No, no, my dear," said Madam Wallingford again, and drew the girl closer. "I cannot let you think of such a thing. 'T is your young heart that speaks, and not your wise reflection. For your brother's sake I could not let you go, still less for your own; 't would make you seem a traitor to your cause. You must stand in your own place."

"My brother is away with his troop. He begged me to leave everything here, and go farther up the country. The burning of Falmouth made him uneasy, and ever since he does not like my staying alone in our house," insisted Mary.

"There is knowledge enough of the riches of this river, among seamen of the English ports," acknowledged Madam Wallingford. "In Portsmouth there are many friends of England who will not be molested, though all our leaders are gone. Still I know that an attack upon our region has long been feared," she ended wistfully.

"I told my brother that I should not leave home until there was really such danger; we should always have warning if the enemy came on the coast. If they burnt our house or plundered it, then I should go farther up the country. I told Jack," continued Mary, with flushing cheeks, "that I did not mean to leave you; and he knew I meant it, but he was impatient, too. 'I have well-grown timber that will build a dozen houses,' he answered me, — and was rough-spoken as to the house, much as he loves it, — 'but I shall not have one moment's peace while I think you are here alone. Yes, you must always look to Madam Wallingford,' he said more than once."

"Go now, my dear child; send me Susan, who is no doubt dallying in the kitchen!" commanded the mistress abruptly. "I must not lose a minute of this day. You must do as your brother bade you; but as for doing the thing which would vex him above everything else, — I cannot listen to more words. I see that you are for going home this morning; can you soon return to me, when you have ordered your affairs? You can help me in many small matters, and we shall be together to the last. I could not take you with me, darling," she said affectionately. "'T was my love for you — no, I ought to say 't was my own poor selfishness — that tempted my heart for the moment. Now we must think of it no more, either of us. You have no fellowship with those to whom I go; you are no Loyalist," and she even laughed as she spoke. "God bless you for such dear kindness, Mary. I think I love you far too much to let you go with me."

Mary's face was turned away, and she made no answer; then she left her friend's side, wondering at the firm decision and strong authority which had returned in this time of sorrow and danger. It frightened her, this flaring up of what had seemed such a failing light of life. It was perhaps wasting to no purpose the little strength that remained.

She stood at the window to look down the river, and saw the trampled ground below; it seemed as if the last night's peril were but the peril of a dream. The fruit trees were coming into bloom: a young cherry tree, not far away, was white like a little bride, and the pear trees were ready to follow; their buds were big, and the white petals showing. It was high water; the tide had just turned toward the ebb, and there were boats going down the river to Portsmouth, in the usual fashion, to return with the flood. There was a large gundelow among them, with its tall lateen sail curved to the morning breeze. Of

late the river had sometimes looked forsaken, so many men were gone to war, and this year the fields would again be half tilled at best, by boys and women. To country eyes, there was a piteous lack of the pleasant hopefulness of new-ploughed land on the river farms.

"There are many boats going down to-day," reported Mary, in her usual tone; "they will be for telling the news of last night at the wharves in Portsmouth. There will be a fine, busy crowd on the Parade."

Then she sighed heavily; she was in the valley of decision; she felt as if she were near to tearing herself from this dear landscape and from home, — that she was on the brink of a great change. She could not but shrink from such a change and loss.

She returned from her outlook to Madam Wallingford's side.

"I must not interrupt your business. I will not press you, either, against your will. I shall soon come back, and then you will let me help you and stay with you, as you said. When will your brig be ready?"

"She is ready to sail now, and only waits her clearing papers; the captain was here yesterday morning. She is the Golden Dolphin, as I have already told you, and has often lain here at our river wharves; a very good, clean vessel, with two lodgings for passengers. I have sent word that I shall come on board to-morrow; she waits in the stream by Badger's Island."

"And you must go from here" —

"To-night. I have already ordered my provision for the voyage. Rodney went down on the gundelow before you were awake, and he will know very well what to do; this afternoon I shall send down many other things by boat."

"I was awake," said Mary softly, "but I hoped that you were resting" —

"If the seas are calm, as may happen, I shall not go to Halifax," confessed the other; "I shall push on for Bristol. Our cousin Davis is there, and the Russells, and many other friends. The brig is timber-laden; if we should be captured" —

"By which side?" laughed Mary, and a sad gleam of answering humor flitted over Madam Wallingford's face.

"Oh, we forget that my poor child may be dead already!" she cried, with sharp agony, next moment. "I think and think of his hurting wounds. No pity will be shown a man whom they take to be a spy!" and she was shaken by a most piteous outburst of tears.

Then Mary, as if the heart in her own young breast were made of love alone, tried to comfort Madam Wallingford. It was neither the first time nor the last.

XXX.

The bright day had clouded over, and come to a wet and windy spring night. It was past eight o'clock; the darkness had early fallen. There was a sense of comfort in a dry roof and warm shelter, as if it were winter weather, and Master Sullivan and old Margery had drawn close to their warm fireplace. The master was in a gay mood and talkative, and his wife was at her usual business of spinning, stepping to and fro at a large whirring wheel. To spin soft wool was a better trade for evening than the clacking insistence of the little wheel with its more demanding flax. Margery was in her best mood, and made a most receptive and admiring audience.

"Well, may God keep us!" she exclaimed at the end of a story. "'T was as big a row as when the galleries fell in Smock Alley theatre. I often heard of that from my poor father."

Master Sullivan was pleased by his success; Margery was not always so easy to amuse, but he was in no mind for a conflict. Something had made his heart ache that day, and now her love and approval easily rescued him from

his own thought; so he went on, as if his fortunes depended upon Margery's favor and frankly expressed amusement:

"One night there was a long-legged apprintice boy to a French upholsterer: this was in London, and I a lad myself stolen over there from Paris with a message for Charles Radcliffe. He had great leanings toward the stage, this poor boy, and for the pride of his heart got the chance to play the ghost in Hamlet at Covent Garden. Well, 't was then indeed you might see him at the heighth of life and paradin' in his pasteboard armor. 'Mark me!' says he, with a voice as if you 'd thump the sides of a cask. '*I 'll mark you!*' cries his master from the pit, and he le'pt on the stage and was after the boy to kill him; and all the lads were there le'pt after him to take his part; and they held off the master, and set the ghost in his place again, the poor fellow; and they said he did his part fine, and creeped every skin that was there. He 'd a great night; never mind the beating that fell to him afterward!"

The delighted listener shook with silent laughter.

"'T was like the time poor Denny Delane was in Dublin. I was there but the one winter myself," continued the master. "He came of a fine family, but got stage-struck, and left Trinity College behind him like a bird's nest. Every woman in Dublin, old and young, was crazy after him. There were plays bespoke, and the fashion there every night, all sparked with diamonds, and every officer in his fine uniform. There was great dressing with the men as you 'd never see them now: my Lord Howth got a fancy he 'd dress like a coachman, wig and all; and Lord Trimlestown was always in scarlet when he went abroad, and my Lord Gormanstown in blue. Oh, but they were the pictures coming in their coaches! You would n't see any officer out of his uniform, or a doctor wanting his lace ruffles! 'T was my foolish young self borrowed all the lace from my poor mother that she 'd lend me, and I but a boy; and then I 'd go help myself out of her boxes, when she 'd gone to mass. She 'd a great deal of beautiful lace, and knew every thread of it by heart. I 've a little piece yet that was sewed under a waistcoat. Go get it now, and we 'll look at it; 't is laid safe in that second book from the end of the shelf. You may give it to the little lady, when I 'm gone, for a remembrance; 't is the only — ah, well; I 've nothing else in the world but my own poor self that was ever belonging to my dear mother!"

The old master's voice grew very sad, and all his gayety was gone.

"'Deed, then, Miss Mary Hamilton 'll get none of it, and you having a daughter of your own!" scolded Margery, instantly grown as fierce as he was sad. Sometimes the only way to cure the master of his dark sorrows was to make him soothe her own anger. But this night he did not laugh at her, though she quarreled with fine determination.

"Oh me!" groaned the master. "Oh me, the fool I was!" and he struck his knee with a hopeless hand, as he sat before the fire.

"God be good to us!" mourned old Margery, "and I a lone child sent to a strange country without a friend to look to me, and yourself taking notice of me on the ship; 't was the King I thought you were, and you 'd rob me now of all that. Well, I was no fit wife for a great gentleman; I always said it, too. I loved you as I don't know how to love my God, but I must ask for nothing!"

The evening's pleasure was broken; the master could bear anything better than her poor whimpering voice.

"There, don't look at a poor man as if he were the front of a cathedral," he begged her, trying again to be merry. But at this moment they were both startled into silence; they both heard the heavy tread of horses before the house.

"Come in, come in, whoever you are!" shouted Master Sullivan, as he threw open the outer door. "Are ye lost on the road, that ye seek light and lodging here?"

The horses would not stand; the night was dark as a dungeon; the heavy rain blew in the old man's face. His heart beat fast at the sound of a woman's voice.

"By great Jupiter, and all the gods! what has brought you here, Mary Hamilton, my dear child?" he cried. "Is there some attack upon the coast? 'T is the hand of war or death has struck you!"

The firelight shone upon Mary's face as she entered, but the wind and rain had left no color there; it was a wan face, that masked some high resolve, and forbade either comment or contradiction. She took the chair to which the master led her, and drew a long breath, as if to assure herself of some steadiness of speech.

A moment later, her faithful friend, Mr. John Lord, opened the door softly, and came in also. His eyes looked troubled, but he said nothing as he stood a little way behind the others in the low room; the rain dropped heavily from his long coat to the floor. The Sullivans stood at either side the fireplace watching the pale lady who was their guest. John Sullivan himself it was who unclasped her wet riding cloak and threw it back upon the chair; within she wore a pretty gown of soft crimson silk with a golden thread in it, that had come home in one of her brother's ships from Holland. The rain had stained the breast of it where the riding cloak had blown apart; the strange living dyes of the East were brightened by the wet. The two old people started back, as if they believed that she had sought them because she was hurt to death. She lifted her hand forbiddingly; her face grew like a child's that was striving against tears.

"Dear friends, it is not so bad as you think; it is because I was so full of hope that I must come to you," she said to the anxious, kind old faces. There was such a sweetness in the girl's voice, and her beautiful dress was so familiar, so belonging to the old quiet times and happy hospitalities, that the two men felt a sharp pain of pity, and because there was nothing else to do they came nearer to her side. Master Sullivan looked questioningly at young Mr. Lord, but old Margery found instinctive relief in a low, droning sort of moan, which sometimes lifted into that Irish keening which is the voice of fear and sorrow. She was piling all her evening fagots at once upon the fire.

"Speak now!" said the master. "If my old heart knows the worst, it can begin to hope the best. What is it that could not wait for the morning of such a night as this?"

"There is bad news," replied Mary; "there are letters come from the Ranger. They have attacked a large seaport town on the coast of England, and spread great alarm, though their chief projects were balked. They have fought with an English frigate in the Irish Sea, and taken her captive with some rich prizes. Roger Wallingford was left ashore in Whitehaven. They believe on the ship that he tried to betray his companions and warned the town; but he was badly wounded ashore, and thrown into prison. There is a great rising of the Patriots against Madam Wallingford, who is warned to leave the country. They threatened her very life last night." Mary was standing now, and the bright firelight, sprung afresh, made her look like a red flame. The master made a strange outcry, like a call for hidden help, and looked hastily at the walls of the room about him, as if he sought some old familiar weapons.

"I am going away with her for a time," said Mary, speaking now without any strain or quiver in her voice. "My brother does not need me, since he is with the army, and Mr. Lord knows our

business here, if any be left. Peggy can stand bravely for me in the house. Dear master!" and she came close to the old man's side; her young slender body was almost as tall as his; she put her arm about his neck and drew down his head so that he must look into her upturned face. "Dear master," she said, in a low voice, "you told me once that you still had friends in England, if the worst should come to Roger, and I think now that the worst has come."

"You may bring the horses at once," said the master, turning quickly to Mr. Lord. "Stay, Margery; you must light your old lantern and give it him; and I would wrap you and hold it for him to rub them off with a wisp of thatch, and let them have a mouthful of corn to satisfy their minds."

Mary felt for that one moment as if Hope were like an old frail friend with eyes of living fire; she had known no other father than the master, when all was said. He put her hand gently away from her unconscious clinging hold of his shoulder, and, with a woman's care, took the wet cloak, as he placed her again in his own chair, and spread its dry inner folds to the fire, so that they might warm a little.

Then, without speaking, he went to the shelf of books, and took from one of them a thin packet of papers.

"I am an old man," he said gently. "I have been fearful of all this, and I made ready these things, since it might some day please God to let me die. I heard of the fray last night. You will find letters here that will serve you. Come, warm you now by the fire, and put them in the bosom of your gown. I think you will find them something worth; but if you keep their words in your heart or near it, 't will be far the best. And burn them quick if there is need; but you shall read them first, and send their messages by word of mouth, if need be. Listen to me now; there are a few things left for me to say."

Mary's face was full of a sweet relief; she did not thank him, save with one long look, and put the packet where he had bidden her. She looked into the fire as she listened to his counsels, and suddenly was afraid of tears, the errand being safely done. So she sprang to her feet.

"Forgive me, sir, for this new trouble!"

She spoke with a different impulse and recognition from any she had known before, and looked brave as a young soldier. This was a friend who knew indeed the world whither she was going.

"Why should you not come to me?" asked the master. "'Men were born for the aid and succor of men,'" he added, with a smile. "You have not learned your Rabelais, my little lady."

The horses had come up; they trod the ground outside impatiently. She knelt before the old man humbly, and he blessed her, and when she rose she kissed him like a child, and looked long in his face, and he in hers; then she put on her heavy cloak again, and went out into the rainy night.

Next day, in Portsmouth, Madam Wallingford, pale and stately, and Susan, resolute enough, but strangely apathetic, put off into the harbor from Langdon's wharf. They were accompanied to the shore by many friends, whose hearts were moved at so piteous a sight. When the mistress and maid were safe on the deck of the Golden Dolphin, Mary Hamilton stood there before them; the beauty of her young face was like some heavenly creature's.

"I know that you said last night, when I was for bidding you farewell, that you should see me again. I have been thinking all this morning that you were prevented," whispered Madam Wallingford tenderly. They were long in each other's arms. "I have a few things left to say; it is impossible to remember all proper messages, at such short warning.

Let them keep the boat for Miss Hamilton, until the last moment before we sail," she said to the captain.

"They are heaving up the anchor now," the captain answered. "I do not like to lose this breeze to get us out of the river."

Mary was impatient to speak; she cast a smiling glance at Susan, who wore a timid look, not being used to plots, or to taking instructions from any but her mistress.

"Dear friend," cried Mary then, "you must let me have my way! I could not let you go alone. I tried to think as you bade me, but I could not. I am going with you wherever you may go: I think it is my right. You have short time now to give Susan your last charges, as I have given mine to Peggy. I stay with you, and Susan goes ashore. Please God, some short weeks or months may see us sailing home again up the river, with our errand well done!"

"I could not stand against them, Madam," and Susan looked more apprehensive than triumphant, though she was grateful to Heaven to be spared a voyage at sea. Her mistress was not one to have her own plans set aside. "I listened well, Madam, to all you said to Rodney and the maids. They are good girls, but they need a head over them. And I could do nothing against Miss Mary; for Peggy, that has a love for great ploys to be going on, and the world turned upside down, has backed her from the first."

Sarah Orne Jewett.

(*To be continued.*)

AN AGE OF INK.

Of all the ages ever known,
Of Brass or Bronze, of Brick or Stone,
The blackest and the worst, I think,
Is this pestiferous Age of Ink.
In volume vast the torrent pours,
Its volumes blocking all outdoors;
And fed and fattened as it flows
With verses scanned and potted prose,
Though all would dam it, — and some do, —
The Deluge still is *après nous.*
Lured to the brink women and men
A moment pause — then dip a pen.
If, deep of keel and broad of beam,
Some mighty monster stem the stream,
Green paths and pastures boys forsake
To founder in the Kipling wake.
And girls! — not gunners nor marines
So swift could flood the magazines.
Through many-storied novelettes
Their hero strides, in pantalets,
Haughty of mien, pallid of brow,
And would be bad — if he knew how.

Pity they 've not a special pen, —
That women must line up with men;
In the same field they harrow so, —
She with her Rake, he with his Hoe;
And wonder wakes with every screed,
If all are writing, who 's to read?
"And *you!*" I hear some scribbler say.
Oh yes, I 'm there, — exhibit A.
But one must live; small is my store;
A wolf stands darkening the door:
He must be driven to his den,
And so I prod him with my pen.
When children for new grammars cry,
Can parents stand unheeding by?
Nay; my pluperfect babes I kiss,
Then dash off verses much like this.
If any are my special pride,
Excursion tickets I provide, —
That if none else the moral see,
At least it will come home to me.
But my envelopes, as their crest,
Bear never the "return request,"
That in detail superfluous gives
The street whereon the Poet lives.
The door outside of which, elate,
His Muse a minuet treads in state,
With broidered skirt and lifted head —
Inside a cake walk does for bread.
Though few may know where Sappho sung,
Or Ossian once his wild harp hung,
And Homer's birthplace be in doubt,
My sins and songs soon find me out,
And with a promptness none would guess
Turn up, and at the right address.
If this do not, I 'll say and think
There 's one redeeming thing in Ink.

Charles Henry Webb.

MOOSILAUKE.

When a man sets forth on an out-of-door pleasure trip, his prayer is for good weather. If he is going to the mountains, he may well double his urgency. In the mountains, if nowhere else, weather is three fifths of life.

My first run to New Hampshire the present season (I say "first" by way of encouraging in myself the hope that this early visit may not prove to be the only one) was made under smooth, high clouds, which left the distance clear, so that the mountains stood up grandly beyond the lake as we ran along its western shore.

Not a drop of rain fell till I stepped off the car at Warren. At that moment the world grew suddenly dark, and before I could get into the open carriage the clouds burst, and with a rattling of thunderbolts a deluge of rain and hail fell upon us. There was no contending with such an enemy, though a good woman across the way, seeing our plight, came to the door with offers of an umbrella. I retreated to the station, while the driver hastened down the street to put his team under shelter. So a half hour passed. Then we tried again, and half frozen, in spite of a winter overcoat and everything that goes with it (the date was May 17), I reached my destination, five miles away, at the foot of Moosilauke.

All this would hardly be worth recounting, perhaps (the story of travelers' discomforts being mostly matter for skipping), only that it was the beginning of a cold, rainy "spell" that hung upon us for four days. Four sunless days out of seven seems an unrighteous proportion. The more I consider it, the truer seems the equation just now stated, that mountain weather is three fifths of life. For those four days I did not even see Moosilauke, though I knew by hearsay that the summit house was visible from our back doorstep.

My first brief walk before supper should reasonably have been in the clearer valley country; but if reason spoke I did not hear it, and my feet — which seem to feel that they are old enough by this time to know their master's business — took of their own motion an opposite course, straight toward the mountain forest, up through the cattle pasture, in which, under a pile of logs, the snow lay deep. The woods, from the inside, had the appearance of early March: only the merest sprinkling of new life, — clintonia leaves especially, with here and there a round-leaved violet, both leaves and flowers, — upon a ground still all defaced by the hand of Winter. Dead leaves make an agreeable carpet, as they rustle cheerfully-sadly under one's feet in autumn; but there was no rustle here; the snow had pressed every leaf flat and left it sodden. One thing was evident: I had not arrived too late. The "bud-crowned spring" was yet to "go forth."

The next morning it was not enough to say that *it* was cloudy. That impersonal expression, as I believe this mode of speech is called, would have been quite inadequate. *We* were cloudy. In short, the cloud was literally around us and upon us. As I went out of doors, a rose-breasted grosbeak was singing in one direction, and a white-throated sparrow in another, both far away in the mist. It was strange that they should sing, thus wrapped in darkness, I was ready to say. But I bethought myself that their case was no different from my own. It was comparatively clear just about me, while the fog shut down like a curtain a rod or two away, leaving the rest of the world dark. So every bird stood in a ring of light, and sang to think himself so much better off than all his fellows!

This time I took the downward road, turning to the left, and found myself at once in pleasant woods, with hospitable openings and bypaths; a birdy spot, or I was no prophet, though just now but few voices were to be heard, and those of the commonest. Here stood new-blown anemones, bellworts, and white violets, an early flock, with one painted trillium lording it over them; a small specimen of its kind, but big enough to be king (or shepherd) in such company. A brook, or perhaps two, with the few birds, sang about me, invisible. I knew not whither I was going, and the all-embracing cloud deepened the mystery. Soon the road took a sudden dip, and a louder noise filled my ears. I was coming to a river? Yes, I was presently on the bridge, with a raging mountain torrent, eighty feet, perhaps, underneath, foaming against the boulders; a bare, perpendicular cliff on one side, and perpendicular spruces and hemlocks draping a similar cliff on

the other side. It was Baker's River, I was told afterward, — the same that I had looked at here and there from the car window. It was good to see it so young and exuberant; but even a young river need not have been in such haste, I thought. It would get to the sawmills soon enough, and by and by would learn, too late, that it is only a short course to the sea.

Once over the bridge, the road climbed quickly out of the narrow gorge, and at the first turn brought me in sight of a small painted house, with a small orchard of thrifty-looking small trees behind it. Here a venerable collie came running forth to bark at the stranger, but yielded readily to the usual blandishments, and after sniffing again and again at my heels, just to make sure of knowing me the next time, went back, contented, to lie down in his old place before the windows. He was the only person that spoke to me — the only one I met — during the forenoon, though I spent the whole of it on the highway.

Another patch of woods, where a distant Canadian nuthatch is calling (strange how I love that nasal, penetrating voice, whose quality my reasoning taste condemns), and I see before me another house, standing in broad acres of cleared land. This one is not painted, and, as I presently make out, is uninhabited, its old tenant gone, dead or discouraged, and no new one looked for; an "abandoned farm," such as one grows used to seeing in our northern country. It is beautiful for situation, one of those sightly places which the city-worn passer-by in a mountain wagon pitches upon at once as just the place he should like to buy and retire to — *some* day; in that autumn of golden leisure of which, now and then,

> "When all his active powers are still,"

he has a pleasing vision. Oh yes, he means to do something of that kind — some day; and even while he talks of it he knows that "some day" is "next day after never."

A few happy barn swallows go skimming over the grass, and a pair of robins and a pair of bluebirds seem to be at home in the orchard; which they like none the worse, we may be sure, — the bluebirds, at least, — because, along with the house and the barn, it is falling into decay. What are apple trees for, but to grow old and become usefully hollow? Otherwise they would be no better than so many beeches or butternuts. It is impossible but that every creature should look at the world through its own eyes; and no bluebird ever ate an apple. A purple finch warbles ecstatically, a white-throated sparrow whistles in the distance, and now and then, from far down the slope, I catch the notes of a hermit thrush.

A man grows thoughtful, not to say sentimental, in such a place, surrounded by fields on which so many years of human labor have been spent, so much ploughing and harrowing, planting and reaping, now given up again to nature. Here was the garden patch, its outlines still traceable. Here was the well. Long lines of stone wall still separate the mowing land from the pasturage; and scattered over the fields are heaps of boulders, thrown together thus to get them out of the grass's way. About the edges of every pile, and sometimes through the midst of it, have sprung up a few shrubs, — shadbushes, cherries, willows, and the like. Here they escape the scythe, as we are all trying to do. "Give us room that we may dwell!" — so these children of Zion cry. It is the great want of seeds, so many millions of which go to waste annually in every acre, — a place in which to take root and (harder yet) to keep it. And the birds, too, find the boulder heaps a convenience. I watch a savanna sparrow as he flits from one to another, stopping to sing a strain or two from each. Even this humble, almost voiceless artist needs a

stage or platform. The lowliest sparrow ever hatched has some rudiments of a histrionic faculty; and it is hard to do one's best without posing a little.

What further uses these humble stone heaps may serve I do not know; no doubt they shelter many insects; but it is encouraging to think how few things a farmer can do that will not be of benefit to others beside himself. Surely the man who piled these boulders for the advantage of his hay crop never expected them to serve as a text for preaching.

The cloud drops again, and is at its old tricks of exaggeration. A bird that I take for a robin turns out to be a sparrow. Did it look larger because it seemed to be farther away? Or is it seen now as it really is, my vision not being deceived, but rather corrected of an habitual error? The fog makes for me a newer and stranger world, at any rate; I am farther from home because of it; another day's travel would scarcely have done more for me. And for all that, I am not sorry when it rises again, and the hills come out. How beautiful they are! They will hardly be more so, I think, when the June foliage replaces the square miles of bare boughs which now give them a blue-purple tint, interrupted here and there by patches of new yellow-green poplar leaves — a veritable illumination, sun-bright even in this sunless weather — or a few sombre evergreens.

I am going nowhere, although I have discovered by this time that the road, if it were followed far enough, would take me over Mount Cushman to North Woodstock. Cumbered with wet-weather garments as I am, that would be too long a jaunt. I shall walk till I turn back, and am contented to have it so. As I get away from the farm, the mountain woods on either side of me seem to be filled with something like a chorus of rose-breasted grosbeaks. Except for a few days at Highlands, North Carolina, some years ago, I have never seen so many together. A grand migratory wave of them must have broken on the mountains within a night or two. As far as music is concerned, they have the field mostly to themselves, though a grouse beats his drum at short intervals, and now and then a white-throat whistles. There is no bird's voice to which a fog is more becoming, I say to myself, with a pleasing sense of having said something new. To my thinking, the white-throat should always be a good distance away (perhaps because in the mountains one grows accustomed to hearing him so); and the fog puts him there, with no damage to the fullness of his tone.

Looking at the flowers along the wayside, — a few yellow violets and a patch of spring-beauties, and little else, — I notice what seems to be a miniature forest of curious tiny plants growing in the gutter. At first I see only the upright, whitish stalks, an inch or two in height, each bearing at the top a globular brown knob. Afterward I discover that the stalks, which, examined more closely, have a crystalline, glassy appearance, spring from a leaf-like or lichen-like growth, lying prostrate upon the wet soil. The plant is a liverwort, or scale-moss, of some kind, I suppose (but this is guesswork), and may be a *Pellia*, to judge from the plate in Gray's Manual. Whatever it is, it is growing here by the mile. How few are the things we see! And of those we see, how few there are concerning which we have any real knowledge, — enough, even, to use words about them! (When a man can do that concerning any class of natural objects, no matter what they are or what he says about them, he passes with the crowd for a scholar, or at the very least for a "close observer.") But to tell the shameful truth, my mood just now is not inquisitive. I should like to know? Yes; but I can get on without knowing. There are worse things than ignorance. Let this plant be what it will. I should be little the wiser for being able to name

it. I have no body of facts to which to attach this new one; and unrelated knowledge is almost the same as no knowledge at all. At best it is quickly forgotten. So my indolence excuses itself.

The road begins to climb rather sharply. Unless I am going to the top and beyond, I have gone far enough. So I turn my back upon the mountain; and behold, the cloud having lifted again, there, straight before me down the road and across the valley, is the house from which I set out, almost or quite the only one in sight. After all, I have gone but a little way, though I have been long about it; for I have hardly begun my return before I find myself again approaching the abandoned farm. Downhill miles are short. Here a light shower comes on, and I raise my umbrella. Then follows a grand excitement among a flock of sheep, whose day, perhaps, needs enlivening as badly as my own. They gaze at the umbrella, start away upon the gallop, stop again to look ("There are forty looking like one," I say to myself, smiling at my propensity for quoting Wordsworth), and are again struck with panic. This time they scamper down the field out of sight. Another danger escaped! Shepherds, it is evident, are not so effeminate as to carry umbrellas. Probably they do not wear spectacles, — happy men, — and so are not in danger of being blinded by a few drops of moisture.

Two heifers are of a more confiding disposition, coming close to look at the stranger as he sits on the doorsill of the old barn. Their curiosity concerning me is perhaps about as lively as mine was touching the supposed liverworts. Like me they stand and consider, but betray no unmannerly eagerness. "Who is he, I wonder?" they might be saying. "I never saw him before." But their jaws still move mechanically, and their beautiful eyes are full of a peaceful satisfaction. A cud must be a great alleviation to the temper. With such a perennial sedative, how could any one ever be fretted into nervous prostration? As a matter of fact, I believe that cows never suffer from that most distressing malady. The secret of health and happiness is to be always employed, but never hurried. I have seen chewers of gum who seemed to have learned the cows' lesson.

While the heifers are still making up their minds about me I turn to examine a couple of white-crowned sparrows, male and female, — I wonder if they really are a couple? — feeding before the house. I hope the species is to prove common here. Three birds were behind the hotel before breakfast, and one of them sang. The quaint little medley, sparrow song and warbler song in one, is still something of an event with me, I have heard it so seldom and like it so well; and whether the birds sing or not, they are musical to look at.

When I approach the painted house, on my way homeward, the fat old collie comes running out again, barking. This time, however, he takes but one sniff. He has made a mistake, and realizes it at once. "Oh, excuse me," he says quite plainly. "I did n't recognize you. You 're the same old codger. I ought to have known." And he is so confused and ashamed that he runs away without waiting to make up.

It is a great mortification to a gentlemanly dog to find himself at fault in this way. I remember another collie, much younger than this one, with whom I once had a minute or two of friendly intercourse. Then, months afterward, I went again by the house where he lived, and he came dashing out with all fierceness, as if he would rend me in pieces. I let him come (there was nothing else to do, or nothing else worth doing), but the instant his nose struck me he saw his error. Then, in a flash, he dropped flat on the ground, and literally licked my shoes. There was no at-

titude abject enough to express the depth of his humiliation. And then, like the dog of this morning, he jumped up, and ran with all speed back to his doorstep.

Another descent into the gorge of Baker's River, and another stop on the bridge (how gloriously the water comes down!), and I am again in the pretty, broken woods below the hotel. Here my attention is attracted by an almost prostrate but still vigorous yellow birch, like the one that stood for so many years by the road below the Profile House, in the Franconia Notch. Somehow the tree got a strong slant in its youth, and has always kept it, while the branches have all grown straight upward, at right angles with the parent trunk, as if each were trying to be a tree on its own account. The Franconia Notch specimen became a landmark, and was really of no small service; a convenience to the hotel proprietors, and a means of health to idle boarders, who needed an incentive to exercise. "Come, let's walk down to the bent tree," one would say to another. The average American cannot stroll; he has never learned; if he puts his legs in motion, he must go to some fixed point, though it be only a milestone or a huckleberry bush. The infirmity is most likely congenital, a taint in the blood. The fathers worked, — all honor to them, — having to earn their bread under hard conditions; and the children, though they may dress like the descendants of princes, cannot help turning even their amusements into a stint.

And the sapient critic? Well, instead of carrying a fishing rod or walking to a bent tree, he had come out with an opera glass, and had made of his morning jaunt a bird-cataloguing expedition. Considered in that light, the trip had not been a brilliant success. In my whole forenoon I had seen and heard but twenty-eight species. If I had stayed in my low-country village, and walked half as far, I should have seen twice as many. But I should not have enjoyed myself one quarter as well.

The next day and the next were rainy, with Moosilauke still invisible. Then came a morning of sunshine and clear atmosphere. So far it was ideal mountain weather; but the cold wind was so strong at our level that it was certain to be nothing less than a hurricane at the top. I waited, therefore, twenty-four hours longer. Then, at quarter before seven on the morning of May 23, I set out. I am as careful of my dates, it seems, as if I had been starting for the North Pole. And why not? The importance of an expedition depends upon the spirit in which it is undertaken. Nothing is of serious consequence in this world except as subjective considerations make it so. Even the North Pole is only an imaginary point, the end of an imaginary line, as old geographies used to inform us, pleonastically, — as if "position without dimensions," a something without length, breadth, or thickness, could be other than imaginary. I started, then, at quarter before seven. Many years ago I had been taken up the mountain road in a carriage; now I would travel it on foot, spending at least an hour upon each of its five miles, and so see something of the mountain itself, as well as of the prospect from the summit.

The miles, some longer, some shorter, as I thought (a not unpleasant variety, though the fourth stage was excessively spun out, it seemed to me, perhaps to make it end at the spring), are marked off by guideboards, so that the newcomer need not fall into the usual disheartening mistake of supposing himself almost at the top before he has gone halfway. As for the first mile, which must measure near a mile and a half, and which ends just above the "second brook" (every mountain path has its natural waymarks), I had been over it twice within the last few days, so that the edge of my curiosity was dulled; but,

with one excuse and another, I managed easily enough to give it its full hour. For one thing, a hairy woodpecker detained me five or ten minutes, putting such tremendous vigor into his hammering that I was positively certain (with a shade of uncertainty, nevertheless, such as all "observers" will understand; there is nothing so true as a paradox) that he must be a *pileatus*, till at last he showed himself. "Well, well," said I, "guessing is a poor business." It was well I had stayed by. The forest was so nearly deserted, so little animated, that I felt under obligation to the fellow for every stroke of his mallet. Though a man goes to the wood for silence, his ear craves some natural noises, — enough, at least, to make the stillness audible.

The second mile is of steeper grade than the first, and toward the close brought me suddenly to a place unlike anything that had gone before. I named it at once the Flower Garden. For an acre, or, more likely, for two or three acres, the ground — a steep, sunny exposure — was covered with plants in bloom: Dutchman's-breeches (*Dicentra cucullaria*), — bunches of heart-shaped, cream-white flowers with yellow facings, looking for all the world as if they had been planted there; round-leaved violets in profusion; white violets (*blanda*); spring-beauties; adder's-tongue (dog's-tooth violet); and painted trillium. A pretty show; pretty in itself, and a thousand times prettier for being come upon thus unexpectedly, after two hours of woods that were almost as dead as winter.

Only a little way above this point were the first beds of snow; and henceforward till I came out upon the ridge, two miles above, the woods were mostly filled with it, though there was little in the road. About this time, also, I began to notice a deer's track. He had descended the road within a few hours, as I judged, or since the last rainfall, and might have been a two-legged, or even a one-legged animal, so far as his footsteps showed. I should rather have seen *him*, but the hoofprints were much better than nothing; and undoubtedly I saw them much longer than I could possibly have seen the maker of them, and so got out of them more of companionship. They were with me for two hours, — clean up to the ridge, and part way across it.

Somewhere between the third and fourth mileboards I stopped short with an exclamation. There, straight before me, over the long eastern shoulder of Moosilauke, beyond the big Jobildunk Ravine, loomed or floated a shining snow-white mountain top. Nothing could have been more beautiful. It was the crest of Mount Washington, I assumed, though even with the aid of a glass I could make out no sign of buildings, which must have been matted with new-fallen snow. I took its identity for granted, I say. The truth is, I became badly confused about it afterward, such parts of the range as came into view having an unfamiliar aspect; but later still, on arriving at the summit, found that my first idea had been correct.

That sudden, heavenly apparition gave me one of those minutes that are good as years. Once, indeed, in early October, I had seen Mount Washington when it was more resplendent: freshly snow-covered throughout, and then, as the sun went down, lighted up before my eyes with a rosy glow, brighter and brighter, till the mountain seemed all on fire within. But even that unforgettable spectacle had less of unearthly beauty, was less a work of pure enchantment, I thought, than this detached, fleecy-looking piece of aerial whiteness, cloud stuff or dream stuff, yet whiter than any cloud, lying at rest yonder, almost at my own level, against the deep blue of the forenoon sky.

All this while, the birds, which had been few from the start, — black-throated greens and blues, Blackburnians, ovenbirds, a bay-breast, blue yellow-backs, sis-

kins, Swainson thrushes, a blue-headed vireo, winter wrens, rose-breasted grosbeaks, chickadees, grouse, and snowbirds, — had grown fewer and fewer, till at last, among these stunted, low-branched spruces, with the snow under them, there was little else but an occasional myrtle warbler ("The brave myrtle," I kept saying to myself), with its musical, soft trill, so out of place, — the voice of peaceful green valleys rather than of stormy mountain tops, — yet so welcome. Once a gray-cheeked thrush called just above me. These impenetrable upper woods are the gray-cheeks' summer home, — a good one; but I heard nothing of their wild music, and doubted whether they had yet arrived in full summer force.

It was past eleven o'clock when I came out at the clearing by the woodpile, with half the world before me. From this point it was but a little way to the bare ridge connecting the South Peak — up the shoulder of which I had been trudging all the forenoon — and the main summit. This, with its little hotel, which looked as if it were in danger of sliding off the mountain northward, was straight before me across the ravine, a long but easy mile away.

On the ridge I found myself all at once in something like a gale of ice-cold wind. Who could have believed it? It was well I had brought a sweater; and my next move must be to put it on. A lucky clump of low evergreens not far ahead offered me shelter. There, squatting behind the trees, I took off my hat, my coat, and my spectacles (the last with special precautions, having broken my only spare ones two days before), and wormed my way into the most comfortable of all garments for such a place, — as good, at least, as two overcoats. Now let the wind whistle, especially as it was at my back, and was bearing me triumphantly up the slope. So I thought, bravely enough, till the trail took a sudden shift, and the gale caught me on another tack. Then I sang out of the other corner of my mouth, as I used to hear country people say. I no longer boasted, but saved my breath for better use.

Wind or no wind, it is an exhilaration to walk here above the world. Once a bird chirps to me timidly from the knee-wood close by. I answer him, and out peeps a white-throat. "*You* here!" he says. "So early!" At my feet is plenty of Greenland sandwort, — faded, winter-worn, gray-green tufts, packed among the small boulders. Whatever lives here must sit low and hang on. And with it is the shiny-leaved mountain cranberry, — *Vaccinium Vitis-Idœa.* Let me never omit that pretty name. Neither cranberry nor sandwort shows any sign of blossom or bud as yet; but it is good to know that they will both be ready when the clock strikes. I can see them now, pink and white, just as they will look in July, — nay, just as they will look a thousand years hence.

Again my course alters, and the wind lets me lean back upon it as it lifts me forward. Who says we are growing old? The years, as they pass, may turn and look at us meaningly, as if to say, "You have lived long enough;" yet even to us the climbing of a mountain road (though by this time it must *be* a road, or something like it) is still only the putting of one foot before the other.

So I come at last to the top, and make haste to get into the lee of the house, which is tightly barred, of course, just as its owners left it seven or eight months ago. The wind chases me round the corners, one after another; but by searching I discover a nook where it can hit me no more than half the time. Here I sit and look at the mountains, — a glorious company: Mount Washington and its fellows, with all their higher parts white; the sombre mass of the Twins on this side of them; and, nearer still, the long, sharp, purple crest of dear old Lafayette and his southern neighbors. So many I can name. The rest are moun-

tains only; a wilderness of heaped-up, forest-covered land; a prospect to dilate the soul.

My expectation has been to stay here for two hours or more; but the wind is merciless, and after going out over the broad, bare, boulder-sprinkled summit till I can see down into Franconia (which looks pretty low and pretty far off, though I make out certain of the buildings clearly enough), I begin to feel that I shall enjoy the sight of my eyes better from some sheltered position on the upper part of the road. Even on the ridge, however, I take advantage of every tuft of spruces to stand still for a bit, looking especially at the mountain itself, so big, so bare, and so solid: East Peak, South Peak, and *the* Peak, as they are called, although neither of them is in the slightest degree peaked, with the great gulf of Jobildunk — in which Baker's River rises — wedged between them. If the word Moosilauke means a "bald place," as it is said to do, then we have here another proof of the North American Indian's genius for fitting words to things.[1]

Even to-day, windy and cold as it is, a butterfly passes over now and then (mostly red admirals), and smaller insects flit carelessly about. Insects are capable mountaineers, as I have often noticed. The only time I was ever on the sharp point of Mount Adams, where my companion and I had barely room to stand together, the air about our heads was black with insects of all sorts and sizes, a veritable cloud; and when we unscrewed the Appalachian Club's brass bottle to sign the roll of visitors, we found that the signers before us, after putting down a date and their names, had added, "Plenty of bugs." And surely I was never pestered worse by black flies than once, years ago, on this very summit of Moosilauke. All the hours of a long, breathless, tropical July day they made life miserable for me. Better a thousand times such a frosty, man-compelling wind as I am now fleeing from.

Once off the ridge, I can loosen my hat and sit down in comfort. The sun is good. How incredible it seems that the air is so furiously in motion only fifty rods back! Here it is like Elysium. And almost I believe that this limited prospect is better than the grander sweep from the summit itself, — less distracting and more restful. So half a loaf may be better than a whole one, if a man cannot be contented without trying to eat the whole one. A white-throat and a myrtle warbler sing to me as I nibble my sandwich. They are the loftiest spirits, it seems. I take off my hat to them.

Already I am down far enough to hear the sound of running water; and every rod brings a new mountain into view from behind the long East Peak. One of the best of them all is cone-shaped Kearsarge, topped with its house. Now the white crest of Washington rises upon me, — snow with the sun on it; and here, by the fourth mileboard, are a few pale-bright spring-beauties, — five or six blossoms only. They have found a bit of earth from which the snow melted early, and here they are, true to their name, with the world about them all a wintry desolation. If it is time for myrtle warblers, why not for them? Now I see not only Washington, but the mountains with it, all strangely foreshortened, so as to give the highest peak a most surprising preëminence. No wonder I was in doubt what to call it. In days past I have walked that whole ridge, from Clinton to Adams; and glad I am to remember it. A man should do such things while he can, letting his heart cheer him.

A turn in the road, and straight below

[1] And if New Hampshire people will call the mountain "Moose Hillock," as, alas, they will, then we have here another proof of the degeneracy which follows the white man's addiction to the punning habit.

me lies my deserted farmhouse. Another turn, and I lose it. In ascending a mountain we face the path; in descending we face the world. I say this because at this moment I am looking down a charming vista, — forest-covered mountains, row beyond row. But for the gravel under my feet I might be a thousand miles from any human habitation. Presently a Swainson thrush whistles. By that token I am getting away from the summit, though the world is still all wintry, with no sign of bud or blossom.

And look! What is that far below me, facing up the road? A four-footed animal of some kind. A bear? No; I raise my glass, and see a porcupine. He has his mobile, sensitive nose to the ground, and continues to smell, and perhaps to feed, as I draw nearer and nearer. By and by, being very near, and still unworthy of the creature's notice, I roll a stone toward him. At this he shows a gleam of interest. He sits up, folds his hands, — or puts his fore paws together over his breast, — looks at me, and then waddles a few steps toward the upper side of the road. "I must be getting out of this," he seems to think. But he reconsiders his purpose, comes back, sits on end again and folds his hands; and then, the reconnoissance being satisfactory, falls to smelling the ground as before. I can see the tips of his nostrils twitching. There must be something good under them. Meantime, with my glass up, I come closer and closer, till I am right upon him. If porcupines can shoot, I must be in danger of a quill. Another step or two, and he waddles to the lower side of the road. He is a vacillating body, however; and once more he turns to sit up and fold his hands. This time I hear him rattling his teeth, but not very fiercely, — nothing to compare with the sound of an angry woodchuck; and at last, when I cluck to him, he hastens his steps a little, as much, perhaps, as a porcupine can, and disappears in the brush, dragging his ridiculous, sloping, straw-thatched hinder parts — a combination of lean-to and L — after him. He has never cultivated speed or decision of character, having a better defense. So far as appearances go, he is certainly an odd one.

There are no blossoms yet, nor any promise of any, but once in a while a bright Atalanta (red admiral) butterfly flits before me. I wonder if I could capture one by the old schoolboy method? I am moved to try; but my best effort — not very determined, it must be confessed — ends in failure. The creature gets away without difficulty, though she drops no golden apples.

At last I come to a few adder's-tongues, the first flowers since the five or six spring-beauties a mile and a half back. I am approaching the Flower Garden, it appears. Here is a most lovely bank of yellow violets, a hundred or two together, a real bed of them. Nobody ever saw anything prettier. Here, also, is the showy purple trillium, not so badly overgrown as it sometimes is, in addition to all the flowers that I noticed on the ascent. A garden indeed. I pull up a root of Dutchman's-breeches, and sit down to examine the cluster of rice-like pink kernels at the base of the stem. Excellent fodder they must make for animals of some kind. "Squirrel-corn" is an apt name, I think, though I believe it is applied, not to this species, but to its relative, *Dicentra Canadensis.*

The whole plant is uncommonly clean-looking and pretty, with its pale, finely cut leaves and its delicate, waxy bloom; but looking at it, and then at a bank of round-leaved violets opposite, I say once more, "Those are *my* flowers." Something in the shade of color is most exactly to my taste. The very sight of them gladdens me like sunshine. But before I get out of the garden, as I am in no haste to do (if it was attractive this morning, it is doubly so now, after those miles of snow banks), I am near to

changing my mind; for suddenly, as my eye follows the border of the road, it falls upon a small blue violet, the first one of that color that I have seen since my arrival at Moosilauke. It must be my long-desired *Selkirkii*, I say to myself, and down I go to look at it. Yes, it is not leafy-stemmed, the petals are not bearded, and the leaves are unlike any I have ever seen. I take it up, root and all, and search carefully till I find one more. If it *is* Selkirkii, as I feel sure it is,[1] then I am happy. This is the one species of our eastern North American violets that I have never picked. It completes my set. And it is especially good to find it here, where I was not in the least expecting it. With the two specimens in my pocket I trudge the remaining two miles in high spirits. The violets are no newer to me than the liverwort specimens on Mount Cushman were, but they have the incomparable advantage of things long looked for, — things for the lack of which, so to speak, a pigeonhole in the mind has stood vacant. Blessed are they who want something, for when they get it they will be glad.

The weather below had been warm and still, a touch of real summer. So said the people at the hotel; and I knew it already; for, as I came through the cattle pasture, I saw below me a new, strange-looking, brightly illuminated grove of young birches. "Were those trees there this morning?" I thought. A single day had covered them with sunny, yellow-green leaves, till the change was like a miracle. Indeed, it *was* a miracle. May the spring never come when I shall fail to feel it so. Then I looked back at the summit. Was it there, no farther away than that, that so icy a wind chased me about? — or had I been in Greenland?

Bradford Torrey.

MANDELL CREIGHTON, BISHOP OF LONDON.

In heroic times, when a monarch was about to make a solemn adventure into strange dominions, he chose one of the wisest and noblest of his subjects, and sent him forward as a herald. Those who indulge such fancies may have seen a mysterious revival of this custom in the fate which removed the admirable Bishop of London exactly eight days before his Queen was called upon to take the same dread journey. If ceremonial had demanded, at the approach of such an event, a sacrifice of the most honored, the most valued, the most indispensable, many alternatives would have occurred to those on whom the wretched duty of choice would have fallen, but it is certain that among the first half dozen of such precious names would have been found that of a churchman, Mandell Creighton. His wholesome virtues, his indefatigable vigor, the breadth of his sympathy, the strenuous activity of his intellect, pointed him out as the man who more than any other seemed destined to justify the ways of the national church in the eyes of modern thought, the ecclesiastic who more than any other would continue to conciliate the best and keenest secular opinion.

In Creighton, in short, a real prince of the Church seemed to be approaching the ripeness of his strength. He seemed preparing to spend the next quarter of a century in leading a huge and motley flock more or less safely into tolerably green pastures. Here,

[1] And so it was; for though I felt sure, I wanted to *be* sure, and submitted it to an expert.

then, we thought we had found, what we so rarely see in England, a political prelate of the first rank. With all this were combined gifts of a literary and philosophical order, a lambent wit, a nature than which few have been known more generous or affectionate, and a constitution which seemed to defy the years. No wonder, then, if Creighton had begun to take his place as one of the most secure and precious of contemporary institutions. In the fullness of his force, at the height of his intellectual meridian, he has suddenly dropped out of the sky. And with all the sorrow that we feel is mingled the homely poignancy of a keen disappointment.

I.

Mandell Creighton was the son of Robert Creighton, timber merchant of Carlisle, and of Sarah Mandell, his wife. On both sides he came of sound Cumberland stock. He was born at Carlisle, on the 5th of July, 1843. He went to school at Durham, and in 1862 he was elected "postmaster" of Merton College, Oxford; that is to say, a scholar supported on the foundation. He spent the next thirteen years at the university; and this period forms one of the most important of the sharply marked stages into which Creighton's life was divided. Oxford, Embleton, Cambridge, Peterborough, London, — it is very seldom that the career of a modern man is subdivided by such clean sword cuts through the texture of his personal habits. But it was the earliest of these stages which really decided the order and character of the others. It is easy to think of a Creighton who was never Bishop of Peterborough; it is already becoming difficult to recollect at all clearly the one who was Dixie Professor at Cambridge. But to think of Creighton and not think of Oxford is impossible. From the beginning of his career to the close of it he exhaled the spirit of that university.

Those who knew Creighton as Bishop of London may feel that they knew him as a young tutor at Oxford. Those whose friendship with him goes back further than mine tell me that as quite a young undergraduate he had exactly the same manner that we became accustomed to later. He never changed in the least essential matter; he grew in knowledge and experience, indeed, but the character was strongly sketched in him from the very first. Boys are quick in their instinctive observation, and almost as a freshman Creighton was dubbed "the Professor." At Merton they were fond of nicknames, and they liked them short; it followed that the future Bishop of London, during his undergraduate days, was known among his intimates as "the P." He wore glasses, and they gleamed already with something of the flash that was to become so famous. In those earliest days, when other boys were largely playing the fool, Creighton was instinctively practicing to play the teacher. Already, indeed, he was scholastic in the habit of his mind, although never, I think, what could, with even an undergraduate's exaggeration, be styled "priggish." I have heard of the zeal with which, at a very early age, quite secretly and unobtrusively, he would help lame (and presumably idle) dogs over educational stiles. He was not a cricketer, but he took plenty of strenuous exercise in the form of walking and rowing. He sought glory in the Merton boat, and it is still remembered that he was an ornament to a certain nautical club, composed of graduates, and called the Ancient Mariners. But the maniacal lovers of athletic exercise can never quote Creighton as one of their examples.

When he became a don — fellow and tutor of his college — the real life of Creighton began. The chrysalis broke, and the academic butterfly appeared. With a certain small class of men at Merton he was, I believe, for a very short time, unpopular. It was a college

illustrious for the self-abandonment of high spirits, and Creighton had a genius for discipline. But he was very soon respected, and his influence over each of his particular pupils was tremendous. It is interesting to note that while everybody speaks of Creighton's "influence" over himself or others, no one ever seems to recall any "influence" from without acting upon Creighton. As to the undergraduates brought under his care from 1866 onwards, there is probably not one surviving who does not recollect the young tutor with respect, and few who do not look back upon him with affection. As a disciplinarian he was quick and firm; he was no martinet, but the men under his charge soon understood that they must work hard and behave themselves. From each he would see that he got the best there was to give.

He had great courage; it was always one of his qualities. One of the most remarkable exhibitions of it, I think, was his custom — while he was a fellow at Merton, and afterwards when he was professor at Cambridge — of holding informal meeting in his rooms, at which he allowed any species of historical conundrum to be put to him, and enforced himself to give a reasonable answer to it. The boys would try to pose him, of course; would grub up out-of-the-way bits of historical erudition. Creighton was always willing "to face the music," and I have never heard of his being drawn into any absurd position. Few pundits of a science would be ready to undergo such a searching test of combined learning and common sense.

Of Creighton's particular pupils, in those early days, two at least were destined to hold positions of great prominence. In none of the obituary notices of the Bishop of London, so far as I saw, were his interesting relations with Lord Randolph Churchill so much as mentioned. A few months after Creighton was placed on the governing body of Merton, Lord Randolph made his appearance there as an undergraduate. He was conspicuous, in those days, as an unpromising type of the rowdy nobleman. Nobody, not even his own family, believed in a respectable future for him; but Creighton, with that singular perspicacity which was one of his more remarkable characteristics, divined better things in Lord Randolph at once. A friend was once walking with the tutor of Merton, when down the street came swaggering and strutting, with a big nosegay at his buttonhole and a mustache curled skywards, Lord Randolph Churchill, dressed, as they say, "to kill." The friend could not resist a gesture of disdain. but Creighton said: "You are like everybody else: you think he is an awful ass! You are wrong: he is n't. You will see that he will have a brilliant future, and what 's more definite, a brilliant political future. See whether my prophecy does n't turn out true." All through the period of Lord Randolph Churchill's amazing harvest of wild oats Creighton continued to believe in him. I recollect challenging his faith in 1880, when Lord Randolph was covering himself, after his second election for Woodstock, with ridicule. He replied: "You think all this preposterous conduct is mere folly? You are wrong: it is only the fermentation of a very remarkable talent." Of course he was right; and as he lived to rejoice in the rush of his meteor heavenwards, he lived to lament the earthward tumble of all the sparks and sticks. Another undergraduate of eminence, to whose care Creighton was specially appointed, was the Queen's youngest son, Leopold, Duke of Albany, to whom he gave private lessons in history and literature, and over whose mind he exercised a highly beneficial influence. It was Prince Leopold who first introduced Creighton's name to the Queen, and started her interest in his ecclesiastical career.

It was not until he became a don at

Merton, in 1866, that Creighton really formed a group of intimate friends. Then, immediately, his talents and his conversation opened to him the whole circle of the best minds of Oxford. No one could be more attractive in such a society. His affectionate nature and his very fresh and vigorous intellect made him the most delightful of companions, and he was preserved by a certain inherent magnanimity from the pettiness which sometimes afflicts university coteries. From the very first it was understood that he would be an historian (although, by the irony of examinations, he had gained only a "second-class" in modern history), but it was not clearly seen how this obvious native bent would be made to serve a profession. Suddenly, to everybody's great surprise, in 1870 he was ordained deacon, and priest in 1873. The reasons which led him to take so unexpected a step have been frequently the subject of conjecture. I shall presently, in endeavoring to form a portrait of his character, return to a consideration of this most interesting and important question.

He was now, at the age of thirty, one of the most individual types which Oxford, then abounding in men of character, could offer to the observation of a visitor. He was already one of the features of the society; he was, perhaps, more frequently and freely discussed than any other Oxonian of his years. He was too strong a man to be universally approved of: the dull thought him paradoxical, the solemn thought him flippant; already there was the whisper abroad that he was "not a spiritually minded man." But the wise and the good, if they sometimes may have doubted his gravity, never doubted his sincerity; nor would there be many ready to denounce their own appreciation of good company by declaring his conversation anything but most attractive.

It was soon after he became a priest — it was in the early summer of 1874 — that I first met Creighton. I was on a visit to Walter Pater and his sisters, who were then residing in the suburbs of Oxford, in Bradmore Road. To luncheon on Sunday came a little party of distinguished guests, — Henry Smith and his sister, Max Müller, Bonamy Price (I think), and lastly Mr. and Mrs. Creighton; for he had married two years before this. Much the youngest person present, I kept an interested silence; most of the talk, indeed, being fitted for local consumption, and, to one who knew little of Oxford, scarcely intelligible. During the course of the meal, at which Creighton scintillated with easy mastery, I caught his hawk's eye fall upon me once or twice; and when it was over, and the ladies had left us, he quitted his own friends, and coming over to me proposed a walk in the garden. I cannot say that this brilliant clergyman, of doubtful age and intimidating reputation, was quite the companion I should have ventured to choose. But we descended on to the greensward; and as, through that long golden afternoon, we walked up and down the oblong garden, I gave myself more and more unreservedly to the charm of my magnetic companion, to his serious wit and whimsical wisdom, to the directness of his sympathy, and to the firmness of his grasp of the cord of life. I was conscious of an irresistible intuition that this was one of the best as well as one of the most remarkable men whom I was ever likely to meet; and our friendship began in that hour.

II.

From the first it seemed inevitable to count Creighton among men of letters, and yet the outward evidence of his literary life was very scanty to the close of his Oxford period. In all his spare time he was preparing for his future work, and perhaps he was already publishing anonymously some of his papers; but the fact remains that his

name did not appear on a title-page until he was leaving Oxford, in 1875. I fancy that the difficulty he found in concentrating his attention on literature was one of several reasons which so suddenly took him to Northumberland in that year. He had already begun to plan his *magnum opus*, The History of the Papacy, but he was struck with the impossibility of combining the proper composition of such a work with the incessant duties of a college tutor. Hence, to most people's intense surprise, it was one day abruptly announced that Creighton had accepted the remote vicarage of Embleton. He had given no one an opportunity of advising him against the step, but it was known that he had strengthened his determination by taking counsel with Henry Smith. That wisest of men had urged upon him the necessity, if he was to enlarge his sphere of activity, and to rise to a really commanding position in the Church, of his seeing the other side of clerical life, the parochial. With the academic side Creighton was sufficiently familiar; what he needed now was the practically pastoral. Those who lamented that he should be snatched from the gardens and classrooms of Oxford, and from their peripatetic ingenuities, had to realize that their charming friend was a very strong man, predestined to do big things, and that the time had come when solitude and fixity were needful for his spiritual development.

So Creighton went off to Embleton; and one remembers the impression among his friends that it was something worse for them, in the way of exile, than Tomi could have been for the companions of Ovid. But there was a great deal to mitigate the horrors of exile. In the first place, Embleton was the best of all the livings in the gift of Merton College, and in many respects delightful, socially as well as physically. The vicarage was a very pleasant house, nested in tall trees, which were all the more precious because of the general bareness and bleakness of the gray Northumbrian landscape. A mile away to the east, broadly ribboned by rolling lion-colored sands, is the sea, — the troubled Euxine of those parts, — with a splendid ruin, the keep of Dunstanborough Castle, crouching on a green crag. To the west, dreary flat lands are bounded, toward evening and on clear mornings, by the far-away jags of the Cheviot Hills. On the whole, it is a bright, hard, tonical country, lacking the voluptuous beauties of the south, but full of attraction to a strong and rapid man. It is a land but little praised, although it has had one ardent lover in Mr. Swinburne, that "flower of bright Northumberland," that "sea bird of the loud sea strand," who sings the strenuous Tale of Balm. It always seemed to me that this landscape, this bleak and austere Northumbrian vigor, exactly suited the genius of Creighton. It made a background to him, at all events; and if I paint his full-length portrait in my mind's eye, it is always with the tawny sands and dark gray waters of Embleton Bay against that falcon's head of his.

The social attractions of the Northumbrian parish were singularly many. Creighton found himself in the centre of a bouquet of county families, not a few of which preserved in the present the fine traditions of a long hospitable past. The county called, of course, on the new vicar, and was not slow to discover that he was a man of power and charm. But there were two of the acquaintances so formed which ripened rapidly into friendships of great importance to the Oxford historian. Some five miles south of Embleton vicarage lay Howick, the home of that veteran Whig statesman, the third Earl Grey, who survived until long after Creighton left Northumberland, and who died, at the age of ninety-two, in 1894. Much nearer and within his own parish, he had as neighbor Sir George Grey of Falloden, Lord John Russell's Home Secre-

tary, and father of the present Sir Edward Grey; he died in 1882. With these two aged politicians, of high character and long experience, Creighton contrived to form relations which in the case of the Falloden family became positively intimate. The old Lord Grey, although he welcomed the vicar and delighted in his conversation, lived somewhat above the scope of practical mortal friendship; but his nephew, the present earl, — then the hope of politicians, and known as Mr. Albert Grey, — was one of the most frequent visitors at the vicarage.

At Oxford Creighton had found it impossible to devote himself to sustained literary work. The life of the tutor of a college is so incessantly disturbed, so minutely subdivided, that it is difficult indeed for him to produce the least example of a work of "long breath." In Northumberland, it was not that time was unoccupied, — wherever Creighton was, there occupation instantly abounded, — but it was at least not frittered and crumbled away with hourly change of duty. Hence, directly we find him at Embleton his literary work begins; and it is during those nine Northumbrian years that he appeals to us preëminently as a man of letters. He began with several little books, of the kind then much advocated by the historians with whom he had thrown in his lot, such as Freeman and Green. It was, in fact, for a series edited by Green that Creighton wrote his earliest published work, a little History of Rome, in 1875. The next year saw the publication of no fewer than three of his productions, two at least of which, The Age of Elizabeth and The Life of Simon de Montfort, remain highly characteristic specimens of his manner. Meanwhile he was writing anonymously, but largely, in various periodicals, such as the Saturday Review and the Athenæum, to the last of which he was for twelve years a steady contributor. In a variety of ways he was laboring to secure the recognition of the new science of history as he had accepted it from the hands of Stubbs and Freeman.

His own magnum opus was all the time making steady progress, and in 1882 were published the first two volumes of The History of the Papacy during the Period of the Reformation. Of this book the fifth and last volume was sent from Peterborough in 1894. It is a massive monument of learning; it is the work by which Creighton, as a pure man of letters, will longest be remembered; it is such a solid contribution to literature as few scholars are fortunate enough to find time and strength to make. The scope of the book was laid down by himself: it was "to bring together materials for a judgment of the change which came over Europe in the sixteenth century, to which the name of 'the Reformation' is loosely given." He passed, in his five volumes, from the great schism in the Papacy to the dissolution of the Council of Trent. It cannot be said that Creighton's History of the Papacy is a very amusing work. It was not intended to entertain. It seems to leave out, of set purpose, whatever would be interesting, and it tells at length whatever is dull. It was Creighton's theory, especially at this early period, that history should be crude and unadorned; not in any sense a product of literary art, but a sober presentation of the naked truth. Yet even the naked truth about what happened (let us say) under Pope John XXII. should, one would have supposed, have been amusing. But Creighton was determined not to stoop to the blandishments of anecdote or the siren lure of style.

At no time of his life were the mental and moral faculties of Creighton more wholesomely exercised than during the latter part of his residence in Embleton. In after years he pressed too much into his life: he was always "on the go" at Cambridge, always rushing about at Peterborough, while in London he simply lost control of the brake altogether,

and leaped headlong toward the inevitable smash. At Embleton, with his parish and his extra-parochial work, his private pupils and his books, his Oxford connection as public examiner and select preacher, and all the rest of his intense and concentrated activity, the machine, though already going at a perilous rate, had not begun to threaten to get beyond the power of the strong and spirited rider to stop at will. I was lucky enough, at this very moment of his career, to have an opportunity of studying closely the character and habits of my friend. In 1882 one of my children was ordered to a bracing climate, and Creighton suggested that nothing could possibly brace more tightly than the bright Northumbrian shore. He found us lodgings in the village of Embleton, and we sojourned at the door of his vicarage through the closing summer and the autumn of that year. Thus, without presenting the embarrassment of guests, who have to be "considered," we saw something of our fierce, rapid, alert, and affectionate vicar every day, and could study his character and mind at ease. We could share his rounds, romp with his children and our own, and engage at nights in the formidable discipline of whist.

Of all my memories of those days, — bright, hard, hot autumn days, with Creighton in the centre of the visual foreground, — the clearest are those which gather about tremendous walks. He was in his element when he could tear himself away from his complicated parochial duties, and start off, with his mile-devouring stride, full of high cheerfulness, and primed for endless discussion of religion and poetry and our friends. He was a really pitiless pedestrian, quite without mercy. I remember one breathless afternoon, after hours upon the march, throwing myself on the heather on the edge of Alnwick Moor, and gasping for a respite. Silhouetted high up against the sky, Creighton shouted: "Come on! Come on!" And it was then that anguish wrung from me a gibe which was always thereafter a joke between us. "You ought to be a caryatid," I cried, "and support some public building! It 's the only thing you 're fit for!"

He was particularly fond of driving or taking the railway to a remote point, and making a vast round on foot, preferably along some river bed. Thus have we ascended the Aln, and thus descended the more distant Blackadder in Berwickshire, and thus have we skirted the infinite serpentings of the Till from Chillingham to Fowberry Towers. But of all the wild and wine-colored Northumbrian streams, it was the enchanting Coquet which Creighton loved the best. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft reminds me of an occasion when he was staying with me at Embleton, and Creighton took us for a whole day's tramp up the Coquet to Brinkburn Priory. The river rolls and coils itself as it approaches the sea, and, to shorten our course, the future bishop commanded us to take off our shoes and stockings, and ford the waters. There was a ridge of sharp stones from bank to bank, with depth of slightly flooded river on either side. He strode ahead like a St. Christopher, with strong legs naked from the knee, but he did not offer to take us on his back. On strained and wounded feet we arrived at last at the opposite shore, only to be peremptorily told that we need not trouble to put on our shoes and stockings, since we should have to ford the river again, after just a mile of stubble. Gentle reader, have you ever walked a mile barefoot in stubble? When we reached the foaming Coquet again, the ridged stones of the ford seemed paradise in comparison. Truly the caryatid of Embleton was forged in iron.

III.

The call to leave the moors and sandhills of Northumberland came abruptly and in an unexpected form. A remote benefactor of the University of Cam-

bridge, and of Emmanuel College in particular, Sir Wolstan Dixie, of Christ's Hospital, had left a considerable sum of money, which it was now determined to use by founding a chair of ecclesiastical history. In 1884 this chair was finally established, and all that remained was to discover the best possible first professor. A board of electors, which contained Lightfoot, Seeley, Mr. S. R. Gardiner, and Mr. Bryce, very carefully considered the claims of all the pretendants, and at last determined to do an unusual thing, namely, to go outside the university itself, and elect the man who at that moment seemed to be, beyond question, the most eminent church historian in England. That this should be Creighton offers interesting evidence of the steady way in which his literary and scholastic gifts had been making themselves felt. He was not the Cambridge candidate, but Cambridge accepted him with a very good grace. Accordingly he returned to academic life, and at the same time enjoyed the advantage of becoming familiar with the routine of a university other than that in which he was brought up. But while he was a professor at Cambridge for seven years, and was all that time entirely loyal to his surroundings, Creighton was too deeply impressed by an earlier stamp ever to be other than an Oxford man translated to the banks of the Cam.

At the very same time that Creighton became Dixie Professor, the present writer was elected to a post at Cambridge, and for five years we were colleagues in the university. Creighton's position included the advantages of a senior fellow at Emmanuel College, and he had rooms there, which, however, he very rarely occupied. He took a house for his family about a mile out of Cambridge, in the Trumpington direction, and he did his best, by multiplying occasions of walking out and in, to keep up his habits of exercise. But he certainly missed the great pedestrian activities of Embleton. His lectures were delivered in the hall of Emmanuel College, and I believe that they were fairly well attended, as lectures go at Cambridge, by young persons of both sexes who were struggling with those cruel monsters, the History Tripos and the Theology Tripos. But this formed, I must not say an unimportant, but I will say an inconspicuous part of Creighton's daily life, which, in a few months, became complicated with all sorts of duties. The year after he came to Cambridge, he rose a step on the ladder of clerical promotion by receiving from the Queen a canonry at Worcester Cathedral. After this, like the villains in melodrama, he lived "a double life," half in Cambridge, half in Worcester.

The year 1886 was one of marked expansion in the fame and force of Creighton. In the first place, Emmanuel College nominated him to represent her at the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harvard College, and on this occasion he paid his first visit to America. This was an event of prime importance to so shrewd and sympathetic an observer. I remember that he expressed but one disappointment, when he returned, namely, that he had not been able to go out West. He was charmed with the hospitality and the culture of the East, but, as an historian and a student of men, he wanted to see the bed rock of the country. One rather superfine ornament of Massachusetts society lamented to him that he must find America "so crude." "My dear sir," said Creighton, in his uncompromising way, "not half so crude as I want to find it. We don't travel over the Atlantic for the mere fun of seeing a washed-out copy of Europe." I recollect observing with interest that what Creighton talked of, in connection with America, when he returned, were almost entirely social and industrial peculiarities, neither blaming nor approving, but noting them in his extremely penetrating way.

It was in 1886, too, that he began the

work by which he became best known to the ordinary cultivated reader, namely, the foundation and editorship of the English Historical Review, which he carried on for five years with marked success. Perhaps no single book has done so much as this periodical did, in Creighton's capable hands, to familiarize the public with the principles of our newer school of scientific historians. At the same time he was writing incessantly in other quarters. To the Cambridge period belonged the third and fourth volumes of The History of the Papacy (1887), as well as the Cardinal Wolsey (1888), and several volumes of a more ephemeral character. Already, in the last preface to the Papacy, there comes an ominous note: "The final revision of the sheets has been unfortunately hurried, owing to unexpected engagements." Of the rush of "unexpected engagements" his friends were now beginning to be rather seriously conscious. Whatever was to be done, as of old, Creighton seemed to be man-of-all-work to do it. One finds among his letters of this period the constant cry of interruption. He has been on the point of finishing this or that piece of work, and it is not done. "I had a bad day again yesterday," he writes from Worcester, "as I was chartered to lionize the British Association over the Cathedral. Why do all 'associations' resolve themselves mainly into ugly women with spectacles?" I see that some of his friends think that the Cambridge-Worcester period was a restful one; I cannot say that this is how it struck me at the time.

It closed, at all events, in 1891. Magee, the famous Bishop of Peterborough, was made Archbishop of York in January, and about the same time Creighton received from the Queen a canonry at Windsor. He left Worcester in consequence, but he never resided at Windsor, since, before he could settle in there, he was called to fill the vacant see of Peterborough. Here, then, at last, he had started upon the episcopal career which was to carry his fame so far. He did not accept the great change in haste, although he must long have been prepared for it. We have been told, on hysterical authority, that Creighton spent a day "in great grief, trying hard to find reasons which would justify him in refusing Peterborough." This, of course, is sheer nonsense; this is the sort of conventional sentiment which was particularly loathsome to Creighton. There was no question of "grief" with him, no ultimate doubt that he must one day be a bishop; but there was cause for very careful consideration whether this was the particular time, and Peterborough the particular place, or not. As a matter of fact, the appointment rather awkwardly coincided with the earliest intimation he had had that his iron constitution was not absolutely impermeable to exhaustion and decay. It was in April, 1891, that he was first known to declare that he was "rather feeble from overwork," and before he entered upon his new duties he spent some time of absolute rest and seclusion at Lower Grayswood, the Haslemere home of his lifelong friend, Mrs. Humphry Ward.

He entered upon his episcopal duties, in fact, in no very high spirits. He took a dark view of this as, he supposed, the turning point in, or rather the sword cut which should end, his literary career. The first time that I saw him after his settling in to his new work, — it was in the dim, straggling garden of his palace, late one autumn afternoon, — almost the first thing I said to him was, "And how about The History of the Papacy?" "There 's a volume nearly ready for press," he replied, "but how am I to finish it? Do you happen to know a respectable German drudge who would buy the lease of it for a trifle?" "But surely you will, you must bring this book of yours to a close, after so many years! Your holidays, your odds and ends of time" — "I have no odds and ends, —

I ought to be at this minute arranging something with somebody ; and as to my holidays, I shall want every hour of them to do nothing at all in. Do you know," he said, gripping my arm, and glancing round with that glittering aquiline gleam of his, "do you know that it is very easy not to be a bishop, but that, if you are one, you can't be anything else ? Sometimes I ask myself whether it would not have been wiser to stay where I was ; but I think, on the whole, it was right to come here. One is swept on by one's fate, in a way ; but one thing I do clearly see, — that it is an end of me as a human being. I have cut myself off. My friends must go on writing to me, but I shan't answer their letters. I shall get their books, but I shan't read 'em. I shall talk about writing books myself, but I shan't write 'em. It is my friends I miss ; in future my whole life will be spent on railway platforms, and the only chance I shall have of talking to you will be between the arrival of a train and its departure."

These words proved to be only in part applicable to Peterborough. For the first year, his time seemed to be indeed squandered in incessant journeyings through the three counties of his diocese. But after the summer of 1892 he became less migratory, and indeed for long periods stationary in his palace. He had resigned the editorship of the English Historical Review into the hands of Dr. S. R. Gardiner as soon as he was made bishop ; and for some years it seemed as though all literary work had come to a stop. But by degrees he grew used to the routine of his episcopal duties, and his thoughts came back to printer's ink. The fifth volume of the Papacy got itself published without the help of any "German drudge ;" in 1894 appeared the Hulsean lectures on Persecution and Toleration ; and in 1896 he published the most popular and the most pleasingly written of all his books, his charming monograph on Queen Elizabeth. Then came London, and swallowed up the historian in the active, practical prelate.

So far as the general public is concerned, the celebrity of Creighton began with his translation to the see of London, on the promotion of Dr. Temple to the primacy, in January, 1897. It was in the subsequent four years that he contrived to set the stamp of his personality on the greatest city of the world, and to impress a whole nation with his force of character. The obituary notices which filled every journal at the time of his death abounded in tributes to his ability as Bishop of London, and in anecdotes of his conversation and his methods in that capacity. He arrived in his monstrous diocese at a time of disturbance and revolt ; he followed a prelate who had not troubled himself much about ritual. Creighton set two aims before him, in attempting to regulate his tempestuous clergy : he wished to secure "a recognizable type of the Anglican services," and "a clear understanding about the limits of permissible variation." How he carried out these purposes, and how far he proceeded in the realization of his very definite dreams, are matters which a thousand pens can speak of with more authority than mine.

But he attempted the physically impossible, and he flung his life away in a vain effort to be everywhere, to do everything, and to act for every one. No wonder that Lord Salisbury described Creighton as "the hardest-worked man in England." His energy knew no respite. There should have been some one sent to tell him, as the Bishop of Ostia told St. Francis of Assisi, that his duty to God was to show some compassion to his own body. An iron constitution is a dangerous gift, and the Bishop of London thought his could never fail him. But all through 1899, in his ceaseless public appearances, at services, meetings, dinners, installations, and the like, one noticed a more and more hun-

gry look coming in the hollow cheeks and glowing eyes. In the summer of 1900 he collapsed, a complete wreck in health, and, after a very painful illness, he died on the 14th of January, 1901. The sorrow with which the news of his decease was received was national, and the most illustrious of the thousands who sent messages of sympathy was Queen Victoria, who, only eight days later, was to follow the great bishop whose career she had watched with so deep an interest.

IV.

The character and temperament of Dr. Creighton were remarkable in many respects, and were often the subject of discussion among those who knew him little or knew him ill. There is a danger that, in the magnificence of the closing scenes of his life, something of his real nature may be obscured; that he may be presented to us as such a model of sanctity and holy pomp as to lose the sympathy which human qualities provoke. There is another danger: that, in reaction against this conventionally clerical aspect, the real excellence of his heart may be done less than justice to. I would, therefore, so far as it lies in my power, draw the man as I saw him during a friendship of six-and-twenty years, without permitting myself to be dazzled or repelled by the dignity which the crosier confers. To do this, I must go back to the original *crux* in the career of Creighton, — his taking of orders as a young man at Oxford.

To comprehend the position, one must first of all recollect how very "churchy" Oxford was between 1860 and 1870. At that time, it will be remembered, there was scarcely any scope for the energies of a resident don unless he was a clergyman. It must be admitted, I think, that Creighton's nature was not so "serious" at that time as it steadily became as years went on. I am prepared to believe that he took orders to a great extent for college reasons. He had an instinctive love of training and teaching, and these were things for which a priest had more scope than a layman at Oxford. There is no use in minimizing the fact that his going into the Church caused the greatest surprise among his friends, nor in pretending that at that time he seemed to have any particular vocation for the holy life. He was just a liberal — one would have said almost anti-clerical — don, of the type which had developed at Oxford toward the close of the sixties as a protest against academic conservatism. I remember that Pater, discussing Creighton about 1875, said, "I still think, no doubt that he would have made a better lawyer, or even soldier, than priest."

Those who judged him thus overlooked certain features in his character which, even at this early period, should have emphasized Creighton's calling for the sacerdotal life. His intense interest in mankind, his patient and scrupulous observation of others, not out of curiosity so much as out of a desire to understand their fate, and then to ameliorate it, — this pointed him out as a doctor of souls. And his extreme unselfishness and affectionateness, — no sketch of his character can be worth a rush which does not insist upon these. He was always hurrying to be kind to some one, combining the *bonitas* with *celeritas*. Love for others, and a lively, healthy, humorous interest in their affairs, was really, I should say, the mainspring of Creighton's actions. Voltaire says somewhere, "Il faut aimer, c'est ce qui nous soutient, car sans aimer il est triste d'être homme;" and Creighton, who combined something of Voltaire with something of St. John the Evangelist, would have said the same. And it was on the love of his fellow men that he built up the unique fabric of his ecclesiastical life.

And this brings us to the everlasting question, which never failed on the lips of critics of Creighton, — Was he, as they say, "a spiritually minded man"?

This, too, I think we may afford to face with courage. In the presence of his lambent wit, his keenness of repartee, a certain undeniable flightiness in his attitude to many subjects which are conventionally treated with solemnity, a general jauntiness and gusto in relation to mundane things, it must be conceded that the epithet which suited him was hardly this. He lacked unction; he was not in any sense a mystic; we cannot imagine him snatched up in an ecstasy of saintly vision. Creighton's feet were always planted firmly on the earth. But if I resign the epithet "spiritually minded," it is only that I may insist upon saying that he was "spiritually souled." He set conduct above doctrine: there is no doubt of that. The external parts of the religious life interested him very much. He had an inborn delicacy which made it painful to him to seem to check the individuality of others, and this often kept him from intruding his innermost convictions upon others. But no one can have known him well who did not perceive, underlying all his external qualities, — his energy, his eagerness, his practical wisdom, his very "flippancy," if you will, — a strenuous enthusiasm and purity of soul.

As a preacher, Creighton improved after he became a bishop. In earlier days, he had been dull and dry in the pulpit; of all exercises of his talent, I used to think this the one in which he shone the least. But he was an interesting lecturer, an uncertain although occasionally felicitous orator, and an unrivaled after-dinner speaker. To the end, his talent in the last-mentioned capacity was advancing, and on the very latest occasion upon which he spoke in public, — at the banquet given last summer by the Lord Mayor on the occasion of the completion of the Dictionary of National Biography, — although his face looked drawn and wasted, he was as fascinating as ever. His voice had a peculiar sharpness of tone, very agreeable to the ear, and remarkably useful in punctuating the speaker's wit. On all ceremonial and processional occasions Creighton rose to the event. He could so hold himself as to be the most dignified figure in England; and this was so generally recognized that when, in 1896, the archbishops had to select a representative of the English Church to attend the coronation of the Czar, their choice instantly fell upon the Bishop of Peterborough. Accordingly he proceeded, in great splendor, to Moscow, and he did honor to the Church of England by being a principal feature of the show. He was not merely one of the most learned as well as perhaps the most striking of the foreign bishops present, but he was unquestionably the most appreciative. He made great friends with the great prelates, and he was treated with exceptional favor. The actual chapel where the coronation took place was very exiguous, and the topmost potentates alone could find room in it. It was not characteristic of Creighton, however, to be left out of anything, and the other foreign representatives, to their expressed chagrin, saw the Bishop of Peterborough march into the holy of holies without them, between two of the officiating archimandrites.

To those who never saw Dr. Creighton, some picture of his outward appearance may not be unwelcome. He was noticeably tall, lean, square-shouldered. All through his youth and early middle age his frame was sinewy, like that of a man accustomed to athletic exercises, although he played no games. His head was held erect, the cold blue-gray eyes ever on the alert. His hair was red, and he wore a bushy beard, which was lately beginning to turn grizzled. The clearness of his pink complexion and the fineness and smoothness of his skin were noticeable quite late on in his life. The most remarkable feature of his face, without doubt, was his curious mouth, sensitive and mobile, yet constantly clos-

ing with a snap in the act of will. Nothing was more notable and pleasing than the way in which his severe, keen face, braced by the aquiline nose to a disciplinarian austerity, lightened up and softened with this incessantly recurrent smile. Such, in outward guise, was one of the strangest and the most original and the most poignantly regrettable men whom England has possessed and lost in the last years of the nineteenth century.

Edmund Gosse.

AMERICAN PROSE STYLE.

I.

American literature, excellent as it is by way of its poetry, is excellent much more by way of its prose. Received opinion, however, stands for the converse. Conscious that in emotion, invention, and inspiration poetry naturally is higher than prose, the professional critics exalt American poetry. America, they say, has produced excellent poetry. America, they admit, has produced also good prose. But America, they insist, has not produced, æsthetically viewed, a first-rate prose "style." The instructors in our American schools and colleges echo the opinions of the professional critics, either explicitly, or implicitly by confining, on the whole, critical appreciation of American literature to its poetry. Yet, despite professional and academic tradition, the right of American literature to an honorable place in the literature of the world is gained for it by way of its prose. American poetry is unoriginal, imitative, desultory, occasional; except in theme, it has contributed to the poetry of the world nothing distinctly American. At its best, American poetry, too, ranks only somewhat higher than third-class. The poetry of Bryant, Poe, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, and Whittier falls below that of Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, and Browning, which in turn falls below that of Milton and Shakespeare. American prose, on the contrary, is in many respects definitively original. In the development of the modern ideal of prose style American prose writers certainly have had a share. They have sustained the ideal of staid and temperate thought and feeling in the form and substance of prose; they have added to prose style the peculiar quality and temper of the American mood or spirit, — a quality which is the expression of vivid faith and splendid cheer, and for which I have no better name than "manliness."

Hitherto, such criticism as has been directed upon American prose has followed the conventional method applied to the criticism of poetry. It has aimed primarily at appreciation of the structural qualities of American prose style, — the niceties or peculiarities of its form, diction, and idiom, — or at appreciation of its emotional and moral values. It has worked as if style truly were structural, a matter of adroit management of diction, idiom, logic, and emotion, on the part of an individual who must, at all hazards, express his personal selfhood, and not rather, or at least as much, the characteristic utterance — through an individual as spokesman — of a people. Scientific criticism, on the other hand, — criticism historical and comparative, — will discover that American prose, from Franklin to Lowell, has many qualities which rank on a somewhat equal footing with the best prose of England and of France; and that it has many expressive qualities which are unsurpassed by

the prose of England, or of France, or of Germany. The diction, for example, of American prose, although plain, is pure; its idiom is wholly modern; its sentence structure is simple, direct, coherent. American prose, again, even in its characteristic humor at its best, has a high seriousness; it is rich in ideas, devoid of mere visions and mysticism; it has sometimes grace and ease, sometimes dignity and noble simplicity, sometimes sonority and exaltation; it has self-reliance and a natural cheerfulness. American prose, in short, is thoroughly sane, human, social. In this respect, if it does not surpass the prose of England, of France, and of Germany, it is itself unsurpassed. But, indeed, just criticism will discover that in one quality American prose surpasses the prose of England, of France, and of Germany; a quality it is that appeals most to the sort of temper which it best expresses, — the temper, namely, for which, as I have said, I have no better name than "manliness." What invites us, then, most of all to an historical and comparative criticism of American prose style is the fact that in its prose rather than in its poetry the spirit of the American people, as a peculiar people, has expressed itself most originally and most characteristically.

II.

We shall the better appreciate the genius of American prose style if we apply to it Pater's distinction regarding style in general. The difference between "good" and "great" art, especially literary art, as the freest, most comprehensive, and most intimate instrument of expression, is, according to Pater, a difference due to the psychological faculties active or dominant in creating art, — a difference in quality corresponding to the difference between "mind" and "soul." American prose style has not in an eminent degree the qualities of *mind:* it is not a highly intellectualized product, elaborate and finished in structure; it does not intimate always, in the choice of a word, in the turn of a phrase, in the rhythm and harmony of a period, that an artist has been consciously at work; it does not, by conscious æsthetic elaboration of the materials of style, deliberately aim, by thus obtrusively striking the personal note, to give only to the elect choice sensation. But while American prose at its best does not seek overæsthetic elaboration, yet the prose of Irving, Poe, and Hawthorne especially, and of Longfellow, and of Lowell, is somewhat æsthetically elaborated, — sometimes in structure, sometimes in music and color; and the prose of Franklin, Irving, Poe, Hawthorne, Thoreau (later style), Emerson, Holmes, Lowell (later style), Parkman, and Lincoln is sane and well ordered. American prose, however, has eminently the qualities of *soul*, or the qualities which, to use Arnold's phrase, spring from a "noble and profound application of ideas to life," — high-mindedness, cheerfulness, courage, faith, and tenacity of intuition, — all those qualities which fitted American prose to utter, as it did, the life of the common people, to enlarge that life and to sustain it.

But while we may apply to American prose Pater's distinction, we have only half completed our description, and have as yet explained nothing. For the qualities of soul which belong to American prose belong also to the prose of England and of Germany, if not to that of France; and while, indeed, a peculiar soul quality preëminently distinguishes American prose, we are not interested so much in describing this quality as in discovering its source and origin. Just criticism, therefore, will not merely note and describe the characteristic quality of American prose style, but also will seek the cause of it and explain it.

A prose writer who cares exceedingly for the æsthetic elaboration of style, either in respect to form in general or in respect to special effects by way of diction and phraseology, necessarily strikes the

personal "note," and appeals only to the cultivated few. His art, too, is greatly in danger of developing into æstheticism, a cult of art for art's sake; or, if imagination and passion be lacking, into a craft which aims to secure, at the expense of all else, perfection in the mechanism of style. In either case, the art of prose style, becoming thus too highly intellectualized, specialized, and personal, becomes artificial, wayward, irresponsible, unsocial. But, on the other hand, the prose writer who cares exceedingly for the qualities of art which touch the heart, fire the imagination, and move the will may strike in another way the personal note — appeal only to the few, or to none — either through a too mystical romanticism which misses the value of the real, or through a too earthly realism which misses the value of the ideal. His utterance, in short, may stand for either an unreal optimism or an equally unreal pessimism, — for acquiescence or for despair, both of which are unnatural, irresponsible, unsocial.

Now, American prose has in it preeminently those very soul qualities which tend to develop into mere preaching or into mere dreaming, into a forlorn and negative criticism of life or into empty transcendentalism. Yet in virtue of the American national mood — incarnate, if anywhere, in America's prose writers — American prose remained sane and effective. That supreme quality which it possesses as does no other prose style — the quality of manliness — springs naturally from men who, as Arnold said of Sophocles, saw life steadily and saw it whole; or who, to put it colloquially, could not be humbugged either by the real or by the ideal; and whose utterance had its origin, not in a cult or a craft, but in a common inward consciousness, first, of a right to speak, and secondly, of a duty and a privilege to speak, as if "called" by time and circumstance to guide and sustain the common life of the American people. The distinctly American prose writers, from Franklin to Whitman, were not — in fact, could not be — men of letters as such. They were not first and primarily authors, and secondarily citizens. They were, on the contrary, primarily citizens of a more or less real commonwealth, called by virtue of gift and importunity to the business of authorship. They were fundamentally "citizen-authors;" in them citizenship and authorship possessed for the first time, at least in the history of modern literature, a real identity. So that from these American citizen-authors springs naturally a citizen-literature, — a literature in which, at all hazards, a message must be conveyed to the assembly of the people, but conveyed, if possible, in such form as to be clearly heard, profoundly felt, and well received. These citizen-authors, in fine, created the effectiveness and enduring quality of the distinctly American prose style, — a style of which the "note" is highly impersonal, but responsible, human, and social.

III.

In order to complete our description and explanation of American prose style, we must discover the deeper social causes that created the citizen-authors of America and their literature. If, admittedly, the distinctly American prose writers are not men of letters as such, or "stylists" in the narrow æsthetic sense of the term, this is not to be explained, as it so often is, either by submitting that American prose writers have been too much influenced by the English prose stylists of the eighteenth century, or by asserting that the development of American literature in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries has had the same general social causes as the development of British literature in these same centuries. The first alternative has the ready plausibility of a half truth; the second alternative is wholly untrue to history. For what just criticism is called upon to explain is, first, the fact that American

prose style has its own peculiar quality or temper over and above the quality which is easily apparent in the imitation of the mechanism of the eighteenth-century style, and which mere imitation of mechanism could not bring about; and secondly, the fact that the Americans have turned to prose rather than to poetry for an instrument of adequate and characteristic expression. The slightest reflection will show that the alleged causes are not the real ones.

Of the best distinctly American prose writers, which one, either in the content or in the form of his writings, has held slavishly to the English prosaists of the eighteenth century, adding nothing out of his own individuality? Certainly not Franklin, with whom American prose as such really begins. Certainly not Irving, despite the fact that some of his themes are English, and that his style and spirit are like the style of Addison and the spirit of Goldsmith. Irving's charm and power were, in his own day, fresh in literature. Certainly not Emerson, whose American Scholar was, as Holmes happily says, the American "intellectual declaration of independence," and whose thought and method of composition were utterly unlike those of the eighteenth century. Certainly, too, not Poe, Hawthorne, and Longfellow: all three are in spirit romantic, and the first two care somewhat greatly for æsthetic elaboration of diction and structure. And certainly not Thoreau, Holmes, and Lowell: the first has the simplicity, plainness, and abruptness of one who is very near to Nature's heart; Holmes writes as if conversing; while Lowell is so full of exuberant life and so broadly cultured as to care more for vigor and nobility of thought than for simple grace and ease.

The influence of the eighteenth-century English prose style on American prose style, we may not forget, is, as we shall see, accidental, and, although permanent, is superficial. The matter of American prose could not, indeed, be essentially English; American life and its environment — highly un-English — would not permit it. And as for the structure of American prose, for style as such, American imitation of English models was confined merely to the simple *mechanism* of style. As regards diction and idiom, for example, American prose at its best is, on the whole, English only in purity and modernness, not in characteristic plainness and simplicity; not, as Franklin said in the first instance of his grandfather's poetry, — not in "decent plainness and manly freedom." Except when the mighty issues involved necessarily create exaltation of style, as in the case of Webster, or when the thought as such, the message itself, literally weighs down upon the form of the thought, as in the case of Emerson "enamored of moral perfection," American prose writers, evidently with an eye on the plain truth and the value of their own utterance, are simply prudent enough to adopt a style which is clear, vigorous, and expressive, rather than elegant. That American prose writers "adopted" rather than "imitated" — except in its merest mechanism — the eighteenth-century ideal of English prose style, the ideal of staid and temperate thought and feeling, is too plain to need elaboration. Political and social antecedents, both in England and America, did not favor the invention of an original prose style. Political and social development in America demanded the readiest use of the most available and most flexible — as it were the "democratic" — instrument of expression. And finally, when in America such an instrument was first (or most) in demand, in England, fortunately for American thought and life, a good prose style had been perfected. In American life and thought, in short, there was no necessity for inventing a new prose style, and there was every necessity for adopting a style ready to hand, a style — as,

fortunately, it happened in the case of mechanism of the English prose style of the eighteenth century — facile, direct, simple, unsentimental, anti-mystical.

To explain why the distinctly American prose writers adopted or imitated the mechanism of the eighteenth-century English prose style, we have but to realize that from its very beginning the needs of American life, which were religious, political, and social, and not æsthetic as such, and which were immediately pressing, called for the ready use of the most available style. The style wanted actually existed; and although it may seem fantastical to put it thus, there can be no doubt that, had it not existed when wanted, American prose writers would have invented a style suited to plain and vigorous expression. That American prose writers adopted the mechanism of the eighteenth-century English prose style must, from this point of view, appear wholly as an accidental matter.

There remains still unexplained the problem why prose rather than poetry is the natural or characteristic American medium of expression, and why American prose, from Franklin to Lowell, in quality or temper, is, as English prose from the death of Dryden to that of Arnold is not, highly impersonal, but responsible, human, and social. The explanation of these facts comes as an answer to the question, What state of society in general naturally creates, or assists in creating, prose rather than poetry, and what state of society — what political, social, and spiritual aspiration in particular — demands in what is written sanity, vivid faith, cheerfulness, courage, or manliness?

Poetry is the work of the few and the gifted, — of those whose heart and imagination have fed on abstract ideals, on visionary gleams of nature and of life. Its office is to sing of life and love, of joy and sorrow, of noble passions and deeds, of "the mighty hopes which make us men;" to awaken in the heart of man a longing for the priceless goods of the spirit; to bequeath to men ideals of ineffable experience. Coming from the few and the gifted, the appeal of poetry, even if enthusiastic, is still special and exclusive. Poetry is winged, and flies far in advance of the ideals it bequeaths. Poetry, indeed, can only bequeath ideals; in due season men of the world may realize them. But both the existence of the poet, gifted as he is, and the making of poetry, imply freedom from the struggle for existence and from the practical conduct of life, — "leisure," as Plato and Aristotle have it, in order that the poet may thereby be able to turn from the real and present to contemplate and brood on the ideal and remote; in order that he may sing out his passion for the ideal. But the state of American society from its very beginning was eminently such as to express itself in a passion for deeds; the fit poetry of American life was the unimaginative poetry of action. So far, indeed, metaphor aside, as poetry was produced in America, either it was based on an accident of fortune which rendered it very poor in kind, or, if it were excellent, it was based on the necessary freedom and leisure which in the process of time had come to the gifted in America. But withal poetry could not be the natural and characteristic utterance of the American people; leisure and freedom were never the characteristic mode of American life.

Prose, on the other hand, may easily become the natural mode of utterance of the many. So far as the mechanism of prose style is concerned, prose differs from conversation only in having a more orderly and formal, a more logical structure. Prose, too, is pedestrian in its movement, walks the earth, and is easily adapted to the practical conduct of life and its concrete ideals. For the writing of prose, if æsthetic demands are not in sight, special gift is not needed; all that is required is fine good sense, or homely taste, in revising or reconstruct-

ing thought and feeling in terms of plainness or simplicity, coherency, and directness. But prose, like every other form of creation, must have an adequate incentive. In American life there was an adequate incentive, namely, a common, immediate, and vivid interest, amongst men of good average intelligence, in a social ideal.

Both poetry and prose equally may be the natural literature of social idealism. That prose rather than poetry became the natural and characteristic American mode of utterance was determined wholly by the quality of American idealism. From colonial days to the third quarter (inclusive) of the nineteenth century idealism was always in the religious, political, and social atmosphere of America; but it was an idealism wholly unlike that which in England and France, in the nineteenth century, was but irresponsible and wild-eyed enthusiasm. American idealism, occupied as it was with the present and with what was to be done immediately, was a very masculine idealism, — pedestrian, serious, but happy. American idealism, indeed, was based on a common and clear-headed apprehension of the opportunities in American life, on a tenacious faith in the possibility of realizing these opportunities, and on splendid cheer in actually doing so. This sort of spirit, — thoroughly human and social, but cheerful, self-reliant, and responsible, — seeking an instrument of adequate expression, simply as an *instrument* of ready, intimate, vigorous, but temperate speech, and not as an *art* form, naturally turned to prose. For prose, as the most common, impersonal, flexible, concrete, intimate, pedestrian, and weighty instrument of expression, is the natural art form of social democracy.

IV.

What caused prose rather than poetry to become the natural and characteristic American mode of utterance, and what gave to American prose its peculiar quality of manliness, was, as we have said, a common, immediate, and vivid interest, amongst men of fine good sense, — who saw life steadily and saw it whole, — in a very concrete social ideal. That ideal, as we may readily read from Lowell's later political essays, was, what it still remains, one of equality of being and opportunity. In the history of American life, the form or outward phase of this ideal changed three times, but evolved clearly at last into what it meant to be, thoroughgoing social (and spiritual) democracy. It was an ideal latent in the Puritanism of England, and on reaching America became, as Lowell says in his powerful essay on the Independent in Politics, as it were by "gift of the sky and of the forest," a very concrete ideal of freedom and humane equality in men's relations to God, that through this religious democracy men might have equal freedom and humanity in their political, social, and spiritual relations to one another.

The outward form of the American ideal changed, as we have said, three times. It began in New England as real religious freedom and equality: all men were, as the Puritans insisted, really "citizens" of the kingdom of God; and on earth such religious citizenship implied political and social citizenship. That which was in England still a very remote and wayward ideal was in New England an ideal real and present, — spiritual and social liberty, fraternity, and equality *in actu*. The idealism which in England, after the French Revolution, spent itself in very ineffective and irresponsible poetry, and in France in equally ineffective and irresponsible action, had been and remained in America, from colonial days, very real, concrete, and practical. The second phase of the American social ideal appeared during the Revolutionary struggle, when the early religious ideal with its social implications took on definitively the form of political freedom and equality, with, of course,

added social implications. The "Anglo-American" citizen became, under that struggle, almost the "American" citizen as such. Yet we have not complete social democracy. The American social ideal must take on a new phase before it becomes thoroughgoing democracy. In the third and last stage of its evolution, under the struggle of the Civil War, the ideal of religious freedom and equality, which had passed into the ideal of political freedom, now passed into the embodied ideal of social freedom and equality. In America, where the very sky and forest proclaimed the ideal of freedom and humanity, there could be no privileged classes. Whatever we may regard as the conscious aim of the Civil War in America, its unconscious end was to make, as it did at least in possibility, all, white and black, really "citizens" of a single republic, — of an "America" which, as Emerson felt, really should mean social and spiritual equality of being and opportunity.

The American mood or temper was wholly different from the English mood in the eighteenth century, on the one hand, and from the English and the French mood in the nineteenth century, on the other hand. The difference in spirit showed itself everywhere, but conspicuously in literature. The age of Addison and Swift, as Miss Scudder has so excellently brought out in her Social Ideals in English Letters, was an age of respectability, of conventionality, of finality; it aimed primarily at sanity, and repressed all idealism and enthusiasm. And further, as Miss Scudder again has pointed out, we may only understand Swift's social satire if we realize that his bitterness and sarcasm spring out of a consciousness that he writes in an age of acquiescence and self-satisfied optimism on the part of the English people in general, but for himself, as it appears, an age of despair. Social and political criticism, therefore, appeared abundantly in the England of the eighteenth century; but it was criticism either acquiescent, self-complacent, or cynical, despairing, inhuman. Social and political criticism appeared also in the America of the eighteenth century; but, based as it was on sane, self-reliant, and responsible idealism, it was always practical, courageous, cheerful though serious, and thoroughly kindly and human. The England and France of the nineteenth century, on the other hand, were, to be sure, idealistic in the extreme; in England idealism appeared as but poetic frenzy, while in France it passed into a real madness in life. But American idealism remained as it was born, "clear-headed and well-ordered aspiration." The passion in American life was a passion for deeds; the thought and aspiration of the American people centred in realizing concrete possibilities of being and opportunity. This passion for deeds on the part of the intelligent, self-reliant, and cheerful commonalty in America, expressing itself in literature, turned to prose primarily as an instrument for promoting high and noble deeds. For prose, indeed, rather than poetry, is the most available and powerful literary instrument in furthering sane, responsible social democracy.

It is, then, first of all, because this ideal of human equality of being and opportunity was in some form or other always controlling and assisting American life and thought that prose itself — the pedestrian, but free, flexible, and ready instrument of the common man in expressing effectively his ideas on matters of common welfare — was adopted by the American citizen as his characteristic mode of utterance. It is, too, in the second place, because this same ideal expressed itself in literature sanely, responsibly, effectively, that the distinctly American prose style is clear, sane, vigorous, but temperate; that its mood is always strenuous; that its temper is always manly. The ideal of political, social, and spiritual citizenship, vividly

realized, and in splendid cheer sought after, inevitably created in America a prose literature somewhat unæsthetic in charm, but still, by way of its real substance and generous spirit, powerful over the heart and imagination of "the plain people." And if I were asked, In the style of which of the distinctly American prose writers does the quality of "manliness in art" most appear? I should answer, In the prose of the one American who is most typical of clear-headed, sane, and effective aspiration, — in the prose of Lincoln. As was the man himself, plain, responsible, human, so he spoke and wrote. His Gettysburg Address, for example, to my mind, must remain the American ideal of prose style, — simple thought thoroughly socialized by decent plainness and manly freedom.

J. D. Logan.

THE DISTINCTION OF OUR POETRY.

For many years the susceptible American has alternately chafed and laughed at the cheerful ignorance of his Continental, and particularly his British cousins, in regard to the dimensions and civilization of his native land. From their distant point of view, Buffalo and New Orleans are one, Boston and San Francisco the matter of a few hours' ride. Only within a few years has it dawned on the British mind that the United States contains many inhabitants who are neither tight-lipped Puritans, nor cutthroat miners, nor Southern planters; that thousands of our citizens have never tracked the buffalo to his native lair, nor escaped the relentless tomahawk of the red man; that most of us rely upon fiction and the drama for our impressions of the cowboy.

But though the older countries have at length relinquished in great measure their deep-seated faith in what they consider the "characteristic features" of our civilization, they yet retain one unfortunate and *a priori* conception of our literature. Their persistent search for the characteristic, their determination to extract a local flavor from a more or less colonial product, have resulted in their overlooking much that to the critical American represents the literary hope of the country.

In their eagerness for original, highly colored, boldly treated "local" material, they are perfectly willing to dispense with style, and with it its thousand implications of delicacy, reserve, precision, — all, in a word, that has marked the classics of every nation. Bret Harte's vicious, gaudy miners, Mary Wilkins's starved, colorless spinsters, Fenimore Cooper's grandiloquent, bloodthirsty chiefs, represent most satisfactorily to them the West, that Jack Hamlin would hardly know to-day; the East, which indignantly repudiates Miss Wilkins's angular types; the region of the Great Lakes, where the unfortunate and filthy descendant of Uncas and Chingachgook has long since slunk away.

Now it is perfectly certain that Bret Harte's enduring literary work has been determined, not by the fact that he was fortunate enough to encounter a picturesque condition of society, and clever enough to photograph it, but by his consistent and very respectably effective English style, and the distinctly original addition that he has made to our gallery of lovable villains. Jack Hamlin is a type of the universal rascal; his setting is for all essentially literary purposes incidental. If Miss Wilkins's studies are to retain a permanent and desirable place in the history of American litera-

ture, it will not be because of the heart-rending accuracy of a narrow, unlovely, and, fortunately, unenduring sectional type; but she will earn her position among her country's classics by the success with which she interprets to us the terrible possibilities of anguish, tragedy, and soul hunger in the humblest, most provincial life. These possibilities have never been confined to New England; and it was the growing conviction that the eloquent and melodramatic red man of Cooper's romances was the exclusive and highly idealized product of the Great Lake region that went far toward checking that author's popularity in this country.

The fact that our critics have classed together, with an apparent lack of discrimination, those of our authors who grasp, beneath their local mediums of expression, the elemental types, and those who merely amuse the foreign reader with thumb-nail portraits of an unfamiliar society, seems to indicate that it is the latter sort from which they derive the greatest pleasure. This unfortunate point of view has always rendered by far the greater part of their criticisms worse than useless to us: as one who remorselessly disciplines his own boys and girls often finds a piquant amusement in the fresh *naïveté*, the crude good sense, the clever impertinence, of a less cultivated neighbor's children, so the keepers of the English tongue in its greatest purity have deprived us of our kindest because our sternest and ablest critics.

And this attitude has affected our poetry quite as much as our prose. Joaquin Miller in earlier times, Walt Whitman at a later day, Stephen Crane latest of all, have pleased our mother country in greater or less degree, — have seemed to her to represent us most ably; it is the purpose of this essay to decide how justly.

Great stress has been laid on the English point of view, because the standard of American poetry is necessarily set by the English. Even the most blatantly independent American would not refuse the tutelage of the race that produced Shakespeare, Milton, and Keats. Our poets of to-day, like those of the older school, are formed, for the most part, on the classics of their own inheritance; and when this education is wanting, either through misfortune or a willful indifference, the result has invariably been a lack of symmetry, a force out of proportion to its means of expression, or else a scope so limited as to preclude utterly any title to greatness.

What are the fundamental characteristics of this English poetry in which, however effectively differentiated, our own is necessarily rooted? In the first place, it is an eminently cultured poetry: the great poets of England have been, with a few notable exceptions, highly educated gentlemen, many of them great scholars. A carefully graded social system, abundant and long-established material prosperity, have given the leisure class that freedom from harassing strain, that opportunity for calm and symmetrical development, which have been abundantly proved indispensable to any successful flowering of the arts.

This culture has been based for generations on the study of the classics; and however great the claims of a modern utilitarian education, which would replace these by a smattering of many sciences and a traveling acquaintance with half a dozen modern tongues, there can be no doubt that a fairly thorough knowledge of what is left to us of the Greek and Latin literatures is a peculiarly formative discipline, a deep-seated and controlling influence. There goes with such a culture a serenity, a spiritual poise, a certain happy mental balance, that even if it allow of narrowness, occasionally of dogmatism, has resulted in stamping the finest of English literature, like the finest of English gentlemen, with a mark never quite equaled elsewhere.

When we add to these influences that of the English scenery and climate, we have, passing by the deep religious feeling which is so obviously a factor in English poetry, the final explanation of its form and temperament. That minutely cultivated land, the gracious parks, the clean-clipped hedges, the old abbeys, the solid, green-lawned houses, where domesticity and hospitality have risen through the generations to an art, the evidences everywhere of Nature enriched, controlled, enjoyed to the full, the short and lovely distances, — hill and level field, tower and pasture, cliff and beach, and, never too far away, the sea, — these, with the soft, moist air, the ever veiling clouds that protect the eye from the strain of too distant reaches, and frame most perfectly the green and growing England of all her poets since Chaucer, have penetrated and moulded the English verse.

Perhaps the most perfect exponent of a thoughtful a priori conception of the logical characteristics of English poetry is that eminent type, Matthew Arnold. His grave and finished style, — that combination of masculine force with exquisite delicacy, — his thoroughly Anglo-Saxon temperament informed and irradiated by the very essence and spirit of the Greek, together with that haunting strain of Celtic pathos that no great English poet has ever lacked, rank him with Milton, and above even Tennyson, in the essentially national quality of his art.

Now, in the theoretical derivation of American from English poetry, what development could one confidently anticipate?

In the first place, the enormous and vital change in conditions, the exigences of mere physical struggle in a new land, the peculiarly unstable and tentative social character of an experimental democracy, above all the immense output of vitality required for establishing the requisite political, commercial, and agricultural basis, at once deprive the very material from which the characteristic personality would first evolve itself of all that continuous, hereditary culture, that beneficial protection of leisure and the preceding generations, in which the English poetry is grounded.

And when the American culture begins to take definite shape, and dispense with the temporary adjustment of the English system under which our older school of poets were trained, we see at once that, like that of all republics, the new country's educational ideal is scientific, utilitarian, inventional; sacrificing depth to breadth, preferring definite information to intellectual atmosphere. In a word, the classic ideal, in anything like the English sense, disappears.

Finally, under this clear and brilliant sky, in this dry, keen, relentless air, with an endless coast line, the open frontage of the two great oceans of the world, with mighty miles of forest, sudden descents of cliff and gorge, wide, rolling prairie, tremendous lakes and giant waterfalls, the inspiration everywhere of immense, untamed, almost indomitable natural forces, the last great restraining influence is gone. The young nation, intoxicated with the power of independent, constructive authority, already shaping new ideals, confronts a new nature, of an enormous and almost recklessly prodigal beauty. The result of these influences, so instantly differentiated from those of the mother country, may be anticipated immediately: their concrete sum, *unmodified from within or without*, closely approximates that very class of work which the English have persistently considered our ultimate height, — passionate original force, a scorn of technique, wonderful flashes of spiritual illumination, grand and amazing frankness, democracy apotheosized.

But, fortunately for the future of American poetry, this sum of influences has not been unmodified. An entirely original factor, a new and indigenous

element working from within, gave the developing art its one spiritual restraint, — an odd and apparently inartistic factor, but one with which the essential fibre of American literary expression is indissolubly bound up, — the national sense of humor. By this cathartic element, the flowering of our unique national quality of hard, keen common sense, our literary, and particularly our poetic sense of form has been continually purged and renewed. For the classic ideals, on the whole the most perfect corrective for the art of any nation, we have substituted our innate and final standard, our peculiar national touchstone. Whether or not this substitution can ever result in an art product of the greatest absolute value is another question; that it is and always must be reckoned with, in any consideration of our poetic make-up is certain.

To this modification from within must be added the great and long-continued influence of our older school of poets. Those to whom Evangeline and Barbara Frietchie are yet the classics of their country resent bitterly the statement that, judged by modern poetic standards, compared absolutely with the notable poetry of the world, the really suggestive, original, and enduring work of Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, and Holmes, together, would fill but a small volume. But modern criticism, at once more tolerant and more exacting, sees in this realization no reason for lessening one whit our love and admiration for these gentle preceptors of an unformed art; recognizes perfectly the incalculable debt we shall always owe to that offshoot of the English school whose members, our types of scholarship and culture, transmitted to us the forms, the conventions, the allusions, the graces, the literary good breeding, of the English tongue. If a wider literary experience and a growing artistic perception have taught us that our popular singers have not reached the poetic heights that a more provincial attitude had allowed us to believe; if, considered merely as English literature, the great mass of their work seems less assured of immortality than we had once thought, we see, on the other hand, to-day as never before, the immense educative influence, the humanizing, cultivating, steady progress toward sweetness and light, that they will represent to the future critics of a distinct national school of poetry, which is to-day only in its infancy, and for which these men, always in this sense American classics, prepared the way.

In what specific regards do they fail, first of the modern, and secondly of the national standard with which this paper is henceforth to concern itself? For I suppose it unnecessary to analyze their failure to take rank with the elder and unquestionable classics of the Anglo-Saxons.

The first is best explained by analogy. The great revolution in modern painting since when Nature herself has never seemed the same to us; the simple but illuminating conviction that it is the artist's duty and privilege to paint what he sees, not what previous analysis has convinced him that he ought to see, has slowly but surely tinctured and modified even the work of those who condemn the method so dubiously interpreted as "impressionistic." Its direct concord of poignant impression with adequate expression; its method apparently so formless and vague, which yet strikes in the soul of the observer just that chord that quivered in the artist when first he felt the spell of the vision; its utter lack of preamble, of definition, of appeal to the logical faculties, all find their counterparts in the temperament, aims, and methods of modern poetry. The great geniuses of any period whatever in the world's history are utterly unaffected by such classification, because this atmosphere, this inevitable and direct touch, are equally modern in the phrase of Homer, the songs of Shake-

speare, the odes of Milton. To bring this quality of what, for a better word, we may call "atmosphere" to concrete illustration: it is what Keats possessed in perhaps the greatest proportionate quantity; it is what the minor English poets — to choose such modern and widely differing examples as Dobson and Henley — have always to such a striking degree exhibited; it is what Longfellow attained, not in Hiawatha, nor Miles Standish, nor the Psalm of Life, but in a few sonnets, a verse and a refrain from poems like My Lost Youth, a handful of verses from the Saga of King Olaf; it is what, very recently, and in this country, Bliss Carman and Louise Imogen Guiney have displayed in such gratifying measure.

But why do these poets of the older school fail to fulfill the a priori conception of our nationally characteristic poetry? Because, as has been before indicated, they are, so far as temper and style are concerned, distinctly an offshoot of English or even of British colonial literature. They stood somewhere between the great American personality and the great English traditions: they disseminated culture; they did not embody, in their poetry at least, the distinctively American temper and potentiality. For we look for something more than American *material:* narratives of colonial settlers and Indians; poetic embodiment of national issues, even from the national point of view; American wild flowers, even American rivers and mountains, may, though treated with eminent grace of form and genuine patriotic feeling, yet fail of that intangible quality, that subtle distinctive note, which must, at some stage in the artistic growth of any nation, definitely mark it off, in temper, essence, and treatment, from its forbears, however closely connected by blood. What should this distinction be in the case under consideration? Along what lines should we progress? In what regards should we gain sufficiently in personality to make up for what we have lost in our inevitable differentiation from the English stock?

We shall expect a new and vigorous motive power, an independent habit of mind, an art which with few but telling strokes should express the soul that finds itself alone with its God in a great and virgin Nature, unsoiled by the wars and shames of old cities and civilizations, unweighted by leaden traditions, unvowed to ancient ruts of indirection and patched-up failure.

And does this spirit seek out for itself new mediums of expression? Does it reject the artistic results of the generations, and plunge off at a tangent in a chaotic formlessness commensurate with its vitality? Emphatically not. The moral, political, and governmental attitude of those earliest New England settlers was from the first an attitude of restraint, of law and order, of definite and desired standards of control; an insistent shaping of the new spirit by inherited forms already tried and approved. There was no struggle from savagery and barbarism for this people; theirs was no slowly and unconsciously acquired national spirit. A perfectly understood and intentional ideal, the product of a race already well advanced in the sense of form, inspired them. These early builders of a spiritual republic were far from seeking to tear down and uproot from its foundations the structure of their civilization, in order that they might demonstrate their ability to invent new and striking architectural laws, or, worse yet, dispense with architecture as an art. It was their more grateful and creditable labor to infuse into the old forms a new spirit, to turn the old tools to new uses, to subject their new and precious vitality to what is at once the test and the tuition of the old, tried canons of experience.

And this temper should emphatically characterize their art products. We are to seek rather a subtle than any obvious

and exterior change; we are to expect a grave, an almost studied, though intensely simple formality. We must remember that the simplicity of early American life was not wholly involuntary and of necessity. It was not stupidity or inability to appreciate a less austere and frugal life that made their own what seems to modern luxury so barren. Any one who fails to recognize in those deliberate deprivations, that rigorously moderated existence, a definitely artistic and conscious element is blind to one of the strongest factors of the true American temperament. With the pure-blooded American, luxury is acquired only, prodigality essentially exotic. That simplicity which is not penury, but a keenly passionate preference; that accurate and delicate adjustment of means to end; that relentless insistence upon the essential, the elemental, most fittingly and stupendously conveyed through a medium absolutely shorn of external solicitation, when adequately applied to art production gives us a result in its own line beyond the criticism of our own or any other time.

To reduce this somewhat abstract and general anticipation to more technical terms: we shall expect to find American verse, as soon as it has sufficiently realized its original native system of culture, grave and controlled in style, extremely delicate, almost reserved, in treatment; presenting great and deeply felt experiences in simple words; employing preferably short and almost primitive metres; undistracted by the million complicated precedents, issues, and allusions of a more fatigued and socially complex civilization; calm, alike from the immense and resourceful stretches of its physical natural vision, and the moral confidence that admits no middleman to disturb its elected communion with what it has unwaveringly believed a justifying God. Such a temperament has no need to fortify its distinct personality by the selection of historic themes; it does not turn to narrative most naturally, nor, in the nature of the rapidly changing elements and temper of the civilization around it, to the technical epic: it is essentially lyric and philosophic in tendency. Delicate, with the moral sensitiveness alike of youth and the consciousness of an intentionally ethical foundation, it is yet strong with the vigorous, unsapped strength of a new organism, — the delicacy and strength of its native arbutus. If its austerity, the intellectual vigor born of its keen gales, its clear, inspiring sky, its swift, pure air, has seemed bloodless and ascetic to more sensuously blunted organizations, such misapprehension is impossible to those who know that this is a very passion of purity; an intoxication as vivid, as æsthetic, as intense, as the more tropical ardor of nations otherwise founded and developed. It is not a starved, unwholesome asceticism; it is healthy, wind-swept, rain-washed, — a vital delight.

Has this peculiar temperament waited until a very recent date, then, for its notable illustration? We shall expect, and very reasonably, some striking example of it early in the artistic life of the nation; a type perhaps too strong for perfect symmetry, susceptible to the mellowing and broadening influence of the later culture, but, from the very fact that in the hands of its descendants it would be subjected to modification and dilution, clearer and more definitely national than perhaps any later and more complex type can ever be. And can we show, by some anticipation of perfection, an instinctively beautiful form, a technical ease, a maturity of grace, with which artists all through the world's history have continually surprised a later generation, which profits by this happy foreglimpse of its own latter-day skill? It seems that we can, and that in Ralph Waldo Emerson and Thomas Bailey Aldrich America has seen all her potential force of national spirit and charm of national grace.

If, in the one, philosophy slipped into mysticism, inspired brevity into curtness, intensity of conviction into dogmatism; if his exquisite facility has sometimes led the other into work more remarkable for that quality than for inspiration, they yet remain the most perfect types, the most valuable examples, and the safest criterions of the American genius; and it is their influence on our most notable recent verse, direct or implied, that subsequent illustration, unaided by much analysis or comment, may be trusted to bring out.

But if it is a question of native force and original spirit, why not present that more strikingly vigorous personality, Walt Whitman?

Simply because that titanic force, that sweeping annihilation of all accepted canons, that unregulated if colossal genius, is manifestly unrelated, and voluntarily so, to any school or characteristic system. It is a law unto itself, and to stretch it further, to allow it to cover the crudities and vulgarities, the vagueness and incoherence, the cheap sentimentality and meaningless cosmopolitanism, into which an unrestrained imitation of it would surely degenerate, would bring a condition of things for which the most unqualified admirer of his work would surely hesitate to be made responsible.

At his best, the poet of "When lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed" is inimitable; if not to be claimed as typically American, at least to be cherished as one of the great universal brotherhood who have risen most adequately to the expression of a deep and lofty feeling; at his worst, however, he falls to a level which is precisely the level reserved for the American of genius in his most unfortunate lapses. Walt Whitman is more akin to us in our failures than in our legitimate and characteristic successes. To illustrate this: —

> "On the horizon the peaks assembled;
> And as I looked,
> The march of the mountains began.
> As they marched they sang,
> Aye! we come! we come!"

Now, in its repression, its strength, its atmosphere so perfectly adequate to the conception, the telling quality of every word, this is equal to almost the best of Emerson. In its large, sympathetic, bold treatment of an unusual theme Whitman should not have scorned it. And yet the young man who can catch so perfectly the temper and instant impression of a row of shouldering peaks, and in such a brief flash of poetic insight set them before us, in the next breath is capable of this: —

> "'Think as I think,' said a man,
> 'Or you are abominably wicked.
> You are a toad.'
> And after I had thought of it,
> I said, 'I will, then, be a toad.'"

Whatever heights of philosophical achievement this may have represented to Stephen Crane, it certainly is not poetry. Thus far Emerson could never drop; the most sententious of his aphorisms has a certain grave dignity, a pleasing and aristocratic quality of phrase, that, if it does not intoxicate or illumine, at least does not insult the muse. Yet compared with some of the amazing combinations of Walt Whitman, it is classic.

Consider this: —

> "The ocean said to me once,
> 'Look!
> Yonder on the shore
> Is a woman weeping.
> I have watched her:
> Go you and tell her this, —
> Her love I have laid
> In cool green hall.
> There is wealth of golden sand
> And pillars, coral-red;
> Two white fish stand guard at his bier.
>
> "'Tell her this
> And more, —
> That the king of the seas
> Weeps, too, old, helpless man.
> The bustling fates
> Heap his hands with corpses
> Until he stands like a child
> With surplus of toys.'"

This might almost be a literal translation from Heine; and yet there is a subtle note, a clean, abstract, universal pathos in it, that the self-centred German could not have given us.

Compare this with the well-known Daughters of Time, the Hypocritic Days: —

"I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes,
Hastily took a few herbs and apples;
And the day turned,
And departed silent.
I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn."

This unwarrantable breaking of Emerson's metre softens immensely the difference between the classic and romantic atmospheres of the two poems, and brings out more obviously their common temper. It is not merely a question of broken metres in any two chance poems: it is the American spirit; subtle, limited if you like, but more intense and distinct in these three than in a thousand Tales of a Wayside Inn.

But these are not examples of that simple, regular, but exquisite form that has been predicted for the modern American poetry. Let us illustrate by this one of Miss Guiney's recent poems: —

"A man said unto his angel:
'My spirits are fallen thro',
And I cannot carry this battle.
O brother! what shall I do?'
. . . . . .
"Then said to the man his angel:
'Thou wavering, foolish soul,
Back to the ranks! What matter
To win or to lose the whole,

"'As judged by the little judges
Who hearken not well, nor see?
Not thus by the outer issue
The Wise shall interpret thee.

"'Thy will is the very, the only,
The solemn event of things;
The weakest of hearts defying
Is stronger than all these Kings.

"'While Kings of eternal evil
Yet darken the hills about,
Thy part is with broken sabre
To win on the last redoubt;

"'To fear not sensible failure,
Nor covet the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
Die, driven against the wall!'"

I have quoted this at such length because it is at once so entirely of the latest modern movement, — not so far from Kipling, — and yet of such a form and matter alike that the third and fourth stanzas are quite worthy of Emerson.

It must be steadily borne in mind that this Emersonian standard is by no means offered as the final one for all English poetry, but merely as the characteristic one for the American school; the attempt being to link together constantly both the typical best and worst of this poetry.

It is to be regretted that the thirteen little poems collected under the title Alexandriana — which alone are sufficient to insure Louise Imogen Guiney's place in any Anglo-Saxon anthology — cannot be inserted here in full. The following two have been selected with a view to the elucidation of that universal quality, that grandeur of conception, expressed by the most exquisite perfection of form, in the simplest of words and metres, that has been offered previously as a matter of theory.

"Jaffa ended, Cos begun
Thee Aristeus; thou wert one
Fit to trample out the sun:
Who shall think thine ardors are
But a cinder in a jar?"

This is worthy of Landor, as is the next, but would Landor have hazarded that daring metaphor? Yet it would have been perfectly possible to Emerson.

"Me, deep-tresséd meadows, take to your loyal keeping,
Hard by the swish of sickles ever in Aulon sleeping,
Philophron, old and tired, and glad to be done with reaping!"

This is a classicism Emerson never achieved: it is one of the modern en-

richments. But it is an added grace, not a generic quality.

More directly derived from the early type, and offering an almost perfect instance of the modern lyric, exquisitely rhythmical, not too long to be comprehended in the space of an emotional breath, utterly simple in form and word, yet profoundly suggestive and atmospheric in treatment and implication, is this, one of the best of Miss Guiney's and of the new school alike: —

THE VIGIL-AT-ARMS.

Keep holy watch with silence, prayer, and fasting
Till morning break, and all the bugles play;
Unto the One aware from everlasting
Dear are the winners; thou art more than they.

Forth from this place on manhood's way thou goest,
Flushed with resolve, and radiant in mail;
Blessing supreme for men unborn thou sowest,
O knight elect! O soul ordained to fail!

That the spirit of this poem is complex rather than simple, moral rather than religious, intellectual rather than emotional, does not prevent it from being the essential modern and national equivalent of Tennyson's St. Agnes' Eve and Sir Galahad, though admittedly without their claim to greatness.

Now take these two stanzas: —

"Not his the feaster's wine,
Nor land, nor gold, nor power;
By want and pain God screeneth him
Till his elected hour.

"Go, speed the stars of thought
On to their shining goals: —
The sower scatters broad his seed,
The wheat thou strew'st be souls."

This description of Genius might easily be Miss Guiney's; it might almost be Emily Dickinson's, if she could have widened her scope a little — but it is Emerson's.

Only less notably illustrative than Miss Guiney's, of the theory of American poetry previously developed in this paper, is the work of Lizette Woodworth Reese, whose Celtic Maying Song, quoted below, evidences not only her own style and wonderfully developed atmosphere, but the American contribution to the recent Celtic revival for which Miss Guiney has done so much: —

"Seven candles burn at my love's head,
Seven candles at his feet;
He lies as he were carved of stone
Under the winding sheet.

"The Mayers troop into the town
Each with a branch of May,
But when they come to my love's house
Not one word do they say.

"But when they come to my love's house
Silent they stand before;
Out steps a lad with one white bough,
And lays it at the door."

This differs from the verse of Fiona McCleod, for example, or Dora Sigerson; it is the Celtic filtered through the American temperament; its note comes to us with even more refinement of pathos for being less localized and less strongly accentuated.

The first stanzas of her poem Growth might well be mistaken by Emily Dickinson for her own: —

"I climb that was a clod;
I run whose steps were slow;
I reap the very wheat of God
That once had none to sow."

And though Emerson would not have written just that verse, it is not too much to state broadly that without Emerson, or better, what Emerson stands for, the verse could not have been written. For neither Longfellow nor Lowell has struck just this note; it lay in their forefathers' temperaments, however, and their descendants have begun to interpret it. It has the wonderful correspondence of form and spirit that alone nationalizes any art.

The form we need not consider further; the spirit, — how and where did we make it ours?

Long before Chaucer sang, Celt and

Saxon were at weave upon the web we have inherited, to embroider in our turn, with here and there a touch we hope may outlast our day. Upon that changeless old-time warp, as much our own as our cousins' across the sea, we may lay our woof: keen crimsons from our wonderful autumn, the impenetrable blue of our crystal skies, the sweet austerity of our unmatched Quaker gray. But however our diverse and strangely welded nation may blend the dyes, we must remember that the warp is beyond our changing. Our blood has been widely diluted since first we began to add to the art products of the world, but even the elements that may have given us a greater variety and scope have not yet so modified the essential trend of our most representative work as to turn it from its two great natural themes, — the soul musing upon God and Nature. The quantitively slight material of this sort offered for appreciation is none the less distinctly fine and characteristic because it is slight; and where there is, here and anywhere, the gleam, there may one day be found the steady glow.

We look for one on whom, because of greater national maturity, the national spirit shall have descended with a potency yet unknown, because he will be in no sense a pioneer, and his inheritance of characteristic force will be cumulative. And his taste will have become so trained that the crudities, hitherto almost always inseparable from the strongest poetic material of the country, will be as impossible for him in the treatment of the elemental conceptions as they have been for Aldrich in his treatment of those most exquisite cameos of verse.

Nor must it be understood that the Concord philosopher is to be considered for one moment as an example for the painstaking imitation of the American poetry of the future. Its essential kinship with his wonderful combination of temperament and style — displayed, for that matter, fully as clearly in his prose as in his verse — will be indicated through verse forms more varied, an emotional range far wider, than his; the correspondence will be, as it has been in the illustrations offered, more subtle than any imitation could produce. But that poetry will be, like his, the flowering of an intuition, exquisitely exact, of the distinctive national consciousness.

It is entirely possible to conceive of America's producing a future Swinburne; it is more than probable that the learning, the psychological temper, the wide and many-sided interests, and the poetic genius of Browning will find their great worthy inheritor in this country, in the progress of our intellectual and artistic development; but it would be absolutely impossible for anything but ten generations of English life and influence to produce a Matthew Arnold, — and this, not that he is greater, necessarily, but that he is more perfectly characteristic. In precisely the same way, no cathedral town, however grave and religious; no Australian or Canadian scenery, however vast and impressive; no possible future democracy, however politically perfect, can produce in just such mingled temperament the type that Emerson has, on the whole, most clearly fixed and epitomized for the curious and loving analyst of literary and poetic America.

Josephine Dodge Daskam.

MR. HAPGOOD'S GOSPEL.

I.

THE door between Hapgood's own den and the outer office was slightly ajar. Hapgood sat in his shirt sleeves, his big shoulders rounded over the desk. Now and then, in absent-minded impatience, he lifted his left arm and mopped his perspiring brow with the red-and-blue-checked sleeve of his shirt. Again he put up a heavy hand and gave a hard twist to the close-cut brown mustache in which there were a few lines of gray.

Abruptly he straightened up in his chair. His large, powerful eyes turned to the door with a stare. The new, gay sound of voices in the outer room was perfectly audible. Occasionally he caught a word. One voice was that of his wife. Another was Teddy Fairchild's. He waited in a pleasurable expectancy, which gradually faded into a kind of stubborn bitterness. Apparently Marion was not looking for him. He turned to the work; but his mind fumbled aimlessly over it. In his pained helplessness, he knew by the sound of the voices that the ladies were going out. An impulse to step forth, to intercept her, surged strongly forward within him; but he only dulled his eyes a little.

"Well, then I shall look for you, Teddy."

That was Marion; and that was the click of the outer door closing behind her. Hapgood had a poignant sense of desertion, and he stared dully back at his work. What was this strange, new enemy which he was called upon to fight? In the turmoil and suffering there was still an underconsciousness in which he remotely asked himself whether it was not the inevitable price a man must pay for having a beautiful wife, and loving her — more than was quite reasonable, perhaps. The six months of his married life had been so fine; but recently —

The mere shape of some figures he had made on the sheet of paper obtruded. The sheer, blind will within him began fighting grimly up, and exerting its slow, stubborn strength. He went on with his figures. Presently he touched an electric button.

When Teddy appeared at the door, Hapgood looked up with a face perfectly clear and composed. He took a certain personal note of the younger man, — a tall, slender figure, with an effect of distinction in the clothes which was beyond Hapgood's simple sartorial imagining.

"Here 's business for you, Ted," he said cheerily.

He saw that the young man's eyes were downcast, that they steadily avoided his own, and that pained him. Hapgood's glance was frank, his voice cool and good-humored, as who would say: "Look up, my boy; here is all free light and air."

II.

Driving over from the station, Teddy had a view of the golf links nearly the whole way. He kept looking furtively for that one figure, and when he identified it he quickly averted his eyes, lest she should see and hail him. But why had he come? Surely this house was the last place.

He was aware that she had discovered his approach, and when he alighted before the broad porch Mrs. Hapgood was coming across the lawn. They walked down the porch to a cluster of willow chairs. An upland, very still and spacious under the lowering, ardent September sun, spread before them. There was the golf club house in the left foreground of the picture, in the middle

distance a farm and clump of trees, and a haze over the low wooded hills at the further side. Mrs. Hapgood wore a wide, jaunty straw hat and a red jacket. Her dark eyes danced at him. The dimple came in her white, firm left cheek, and her small, even teeth gleamed when she smiled. Yes; it was precisely the scenery, the setting of that dim, rich land of the future, spacious, serene, charming, into which he had been ever about to step.

"We miss things by so little!" He brushed the long hair out of his eyes, and looked around at her with an odd, mournful, whimsical smile. "It's all there, you know. The garden is right before you, — bulbul and the rose, saki, the twilight glow, everything. You can hear the bird and smell the flower. Saki is pulling the corks with a mellow sound. But just when you might step in, the man at the gate has been called away. You have left the ticket in your other clothes. You miss it by a mere inadvertence. But — you miss it."

He drew a tremulous breath. You miss it! The words echoed ominously in his mind. The dreadful sickness at his heart, which her presence had a little charmed away, grew up again. Why had he come here, of all places? The poetic glow faded. The very pillars of the porch stood out in a kind of brutish, uncompromising reality. His mind began again sickly turning around and around in that helpless coil: the speculation — how well it had promised! — the excitement — the taking of those certain certificates out of Hapgood's tin box. There was the slight, stiff creaking of the hinges of the box, the dusty smudge on his thumb; there was his own raging apprehension, not over the theft, but lest somebody should come in and interrupt him, — lest he should be prevented. Why had he done that? It seemed incredible that the thing should be so irrevocable; that he could not some way slip back and undo it, and face to-morrow with a smile. How many to-morrows he had lived up to and through, — just days, days, days, bright or dreary. Surely it was not possible that this one to-morrow should be so dreadfully different from all its predecessors.

But such tension could not last. Little overwhelmed bubbles of hope floated up in his mind. After all, he might not be the loser. Hapgood might have lost the speculation, after all. Only this morning the newspaper had cast a sinister glance at a nameless "steel magnate," who was said to be "involved."

"Fancy the newspaper saying John would fail!"

The man quailed at the touch; but his dry lips managed to say, "Well, stranger things than that have happened."

"What! Stranger than that! Oh no! Of course, I don't know any of the details; but, you see, I know John!" She nodded it at him sagely. In a moment she bent forward a little, confidentially, and added, "You see, it's come to that, Teddy!" so that at once he felt anew their singular intimacy, coming of their almost lifelong propinquity, of their relationship, even of that indefinite something which had been between them when they got of that age, — a "something" the issues of which might be found in the fact that now she liked to call him Teddy, while he called her neither Marion, as of old, nor Mrs. Hapgood, as, all things considered, he should.

"It is n't your garden, perhaps," she was going on; "but a big, strong house, with plenty of room in it, where you can come and go as you please, and you feel it will always be the same for you, — open, unchangeable, secure. That's John!"

"Yes," Teddy murmured. The air of that strong house seemed to blow upon him and to wither him. He felt again Hapgood's powerful effect, and he could not tell just how it blent into a

knowledge of his physical approach. He did know of the physical approach a long second before Hapgood's voice sounded from the roadway. The voice itself was like a summons. In a moment's ecstasy of fear and pain he clutched Marion's hand, staring at her with a twisted face. It may have been to confess, to tell her everything. It may have been a kind of agony of farewell. There was no definable thought in his mind. It was simply a wild, panicky impulse, and it was so strong that he held her hand, staring strickenly at her, during the fraction of a minute that it took Hapgood to run up the steps and come upon the porch.

Hapgood, seeing the hand clasp, paused a mere instant, nodded at them; then called, "Hello, Marion!" as he turned to the house. When he emerged a moment later, Teddy was descending the steps, and he did not look back, although the master of the house again paused.

Mrs. Hapgood was bending across the arm of her chair, awaiting him, and Hapgood went over to her. He took the seat which Teddy had vacated.

"John," she began eagerly, "tell me about this stock affair."

Hapgood looked at her with a kind of slowness. "Well," he said absently, "I 've got 'em laid out cold."

"You mean — you 've won?"

"Yes," he said, in the same absent way.

"But — how much do you make?"

Her husband looked at her an instant, as though the question perplexed him. "I suppose a couple of hundred thousand," he answered.

"But are n't you glad?" she demanded, with a touch of indignation.

He pulled himself together. "Why, yes, of course," he assented, as though he meant it. He smiled at her with good humor. "Of course it 's bully to win a good fight!" He laughed easily. His strong eyes were shining at her. "It was a good fight. I was pretty hard up with taking over that West Side mill. Harding and Dent and their clique knew it, too, when they started in to oust me. Money was tight, and when they began throwing the stock on the market it looked as though they stood about an even chance to win. Well, I found the money, and took the stock as fast as they sold, and now they 're in a corner. I was n't looking for it. They made the game and made me play it — and — well, naturally I hope I 've given 'em all they wanted of it."

"I knew you 'd win!" Mrs. Hapgood declared. "But even Teddy" — She stopped.

Hapgood looked into his lap. "Teddy was n't sure, eh?" he suggested.

"Well, you know, Teddy is such a dreadful pessimist."

"Is he?" Hapgood asked, his eyes downcast. He rose, and stood for an instant looking sombrely down at his feet. "I believe I 'll take a turn in the stables," he said.

III.

When Teddy returned to the porch, Mrs. Hapgood, from the hall, called gayly to him, "You were wrong!"

He opened the screen door and stepped inside.

"Probably," he said; "but what about?"

"Why, about John. He 's won. All the people that sold his stock are — are laid out cold!"

Teddy got over to the bench. Mrs. Hapgood sat beside him, and elaborated what her husband had said of the stock market affair. He leaned against the wall, watching her in a singular sort of abeyant idleness. He scarcely minded what she said. His faculties were absorbed in remembering that the line of her chin and throat had always been just like that; that this nose, these eyebrows, were precisely the same, — as though, in some queer way, he was taking out the

pieces of his heart and looking at them, and admiring the niceness with which they fitted one another.

"So the men who sold this stock must lose," she said, with a sense of the inevitable punishment of the wicked.

"Precisely; and I 'm one of those men," said he.

"You! Why, Ted! *You!*" she exclaimed.

"You see, Marion, I 'd never done anything all my life worth speaking of," he explained. "And — well" — his whimsical smile flickered wanly up — "I guess I 've done it now. Yes, I sold the stock. I even helped myself to some securities in your husband's box, — embezzlement, I believe they call it."

He had a poor little instant of pride in his cynicism. Then he saw her straighten away from him, staring at him with all her eyes.

"Oh! Oh!" she wailed, and the suspiration of her breath caught with a little gasping sob. All the sweetness and sex of her voice were in that little sobbing sound. He bowed his head and covered his face with his hands.

"Oh, Teddy! Teddy! How could you!"

His eyes burned, and there was a hot lump at the base of his throat.

"Oh, Teddy, how could you!" She flung her arm across his bowed shoulders and drew him toward her. "It 's too bad, Ted! It 's too bad, dear!" Again there was the little sobbing catch in her voice. The man's shoulders shook; tears ran from his eyes.

Hapgood, returning and mounting the steps, his eyes sombrely on the ground, crossed the porch, stood at the hall door, and saw the figures on the bench, — barely saw them; then whirled around and took a dozen steps up the porch, swiftly, as though he were fleeing from something, — as though a monster that had been lurking dimly in the caves of his mind, long fought back and fought back, had at last suddenly sprung out and confronted him. His mouth was open; his eyes were staring; his faculties were jarred and shaken together. He felt it at last face to face with him.

But he took only a dozen steps; then stopped. The ends of his fingers clutched into his palms. Endless detestable and bloody thoughts, which his mind had not engendered, seemed to roll over him. But there was something in the turmoil that he was holding to with all his force. He turned around and went back, his chin up, his face composed, his eyes straight ahead. He was marching; and he marched through the door into the hall. His wife looked up.

"Oh, John! Teddy 's in dreadful trouble!" she cried out. "He 's made an awful mistake."

What Hapgood saw was that there was not a shadow of self-consciousness on her face; that, with her arm over the man's bowed shoulders, she was trying to pull him to his feet.

Teddy stood up, his head bent, his hands fallen to his side.

"I 've stolen some of your certificates. I was in this stock market," he muttered, with a sort of fierceness.

"But I 'm sure he did n't mean to, John!" Marion cut in, with a kind of storminess.

"Why, I 'm sure it was a mistake, Ted," said Hapgood quietly and gently. "Don't worry. I 'll see you through for Marion's sake, anyway."

"I knew you would, John!" The storminess broke out again. She flung herself against her husband's breast. "I knew you would, for he 's good, anyway!" A little burst of weeping choked her voice.

Hapgood put his arm over his wife's shoulders. "We 'll talk it over, Ted, and see what 's to be done," Hapgood went on steadily.

"Oh! some other time!" Teddy cried, and with a wide gesture he bolted from the room.

"I knew you 'd do it, John!" Mrs.

Hapgood exclaimed, struggling with her tears, and in that tender storminess. "But how *could* he! How *could* he have done it!" she wailed. "It was all that wretched stock business. I wish you 'd never been in any stock business. But it was splendid of you, John! I knew you 'd do it, but I did n't know you 'd do it so finely. I was never so proud of you. You deserve to win, John!"

"Do I? Do I deserve to win?" he demanded eagerly. He caught both her hands and stooped, his face shining down at her. "Because I have won!" he declared. "I have won!" Abruptly he threw up his head and laughed.

"Why, John!" she protested, in astonishment.

"I can't help laughing, because I 've won, you see!" he crowed. He laughed again. "See here, Marion — it 's silly, I know. I always did know it was silly; but that did n't seem to help it any. I could n't half like Teddy. Oh, I know no man ever had less real cause, so far as you are concerned. But, you see, you 'd known him so long, and in so many ways he was so much more of your sort than I was, that sometimes he seemed nearer to you than I was. And I liked you so much, my girl, that — well, sometimes the devil himself got into me."

"Me — and Teddy!" she gasped.

"Oh, I know it was foolish, but to save my soul I could n't just help it. And it might have turned out bad, for me, you see. But now — what is it the Bible says about everything else shall be added unto you?"

"Well, I 'm sure it 's nothing about this," said Mrs. Hapgood vaguely.

"Yes, it is," he insisted, "exactly about this, — or it ought to be. Don't it say, if you have faith, all things shall be added unto you, everything shall come your way?"

"But that 's quite different," she expostulated.

"No, it is n't," he declared eagerly. "Or, if it means a different sort, it might just as well mean this sort, — faith in general, I mean. You see, it 's just this: if you have faith; if you set your face right straight ahead, and won't be turned aside, and won't doubt, and won't have any suspicions, why, everything — that is, you 'll win out, sure!"

Mrs. Hapgood gave a contented sigh. "It is n't at all good gospel, John," she said. "But I love you because you 're that sort of a man."

Will Payne.

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH.

English literature sprang at the outset from the impulse felt by an untutored Yorkshire peasant, in the seventh century of our era, to express in the vernacular his sense of the power and goodness of God, as manifested in the work of creation. His disposition and ability thus to employ his native speech were immediately utilized by the abbess and philanthropic scholars of a neighboring monastery in the rendering of Scriptural narrative and homiletic reflections into Northumbrian alliterative verse, having in view the moral improvement of the common people, to whom Latin was an unknown tongue. Throughout the Old English period — say to the Norman Conquest — this effort to popularize the treasures of Christian learning, which otherwise must have remained the exclusive property of the scholarly few, is accountable for the chief part of the literature produced. The clergy were ordered to repeat the Creed and the Lord's

Prayer in English; homilies were composed in it; Bede's church history, Pope Gregory's Pastoral Care, and Boethius' Consolations of Philosophy were translated by Alfred, or under his supervision; the lives of saints and Biblical personages were written in prose or paraphrased in verse: the poor, in all ways, had the gospel preached to them. On the other hand, the tribal kings compiled codes of customary law, embodying the legal practices which prevailed among an unsophisticated folk, and comprehending the few and simple relations which the members of a tribe or province sustained to one another. Add the first annalistic jottings of historical occurrences, and the poems dealing with the exploits of popular heroes, and you have all, and more than all, that can fairly be termed *belles-lettres* down to near the period of the Norman Conquest. It was a literature of the people and for the people, and at least to some extent, as in the case of Cædmon, by the people.

Centuries passed, and the institutions which had once represented enlightenment and advancement were now either become corrupt, or seemed likely to oppose further progress. Reform was inevitable, and reform at length arrived.

What we call the Reformation was an uprising of the people against the privileged classes, — against the degenerate monastic orders and the rule of Rome, but also, as the sequel showed, against absolute monarchy and feudal oppression. Rome professed to be exercising only her immemorial rights; monarchy and feudalism insisted that they were the very institutions by which England had always been governed. Appeal was made against both to English antiquity, to the literature of the pre-Norman period; and thus it happened that in the wreck of the monastic houses, when the Reformers were reforming so much out of existence, it was precisely the Old English manuscripts which stood the best chance of preservation, and which — though many were doubtless lost — were collected and treasured up by Leland, Archbishop Parker, Joscelin, and their assistants. Lambarde published the Old English laws, Parker the life of Alfred written by Asser, Parker and Fox the Old English translation of the Gospels, Parker and Joscelin Ælfric's Paschal Homily and other writings bearing on the question of transubstantiation, and Hakluyt the voyage of Ohthere in a translation from the account by King Alfred, — all before the year 1600. English scholarship — by which I here mean scholarship having reference to the English language and literature — had thus made a definite beginning between the birth of Shakespeare and the death of Elizabeth. As Old English literature was of and for the people, so English scholarship originated in obedience to the democratic instinct, and was the creation of a popular want. It was evoked to overthrow sacerdotalism and to undermine prescriptive rule of every sort, and it is not surprising that its influence has been in the main, though not without marked exceptions, to this effect.

Being thus democratic in origin, it is but natural that the systematic study and teaching of English have had to contend with the indifference or opposition of the Roman Church, the aristocracy, and the supporters of the ancient classics. Thus, notwithstanding the fact that a great body of mediæval English literature is monastic or ecclesiastical in character, we do not find that many distinguished Roman Catholic scholars have been engaged in editing or expounding it.[1] In like manner, the teaching of English prevails much more widely in America than in England, the contrast being no doubt in some measure due to the aristocratic traditions which cling to the ancient seats of learning in that country. And, with exceptions here and there,

[1] An interesting exception in this country was Brother Azarias.

the representatives of the classics have ignored, depreciated, or opposed the progress and extension of English study. The reason is plain: these classes of persons have been the representatives of prescription and authority, and have therefore felt in the advance of English the approaching triumph of a natural foe.

On the other hand, the allies of English have been democracy and individualism, the spirit of nationality, the methods of physical science, and the sensational and utilitarian philosophy, to which may be added the growing influence of woman, and, in part as the cause of this influence, the pervasive and vitalizing effect of essential Christianity.

To illustrate these points briefly. Locke, the founder of modern sensational philosophy, thus writes in his Thoughts concerning Education (1693): "Since 't is English that an English gentleman will have constant use of, that is the language he should chiefly cultivate, and wherein most care should be taken to polish and perfect his style. . . . Whatever foreign languages a young man meddles with, — and the more he knows, the better, — that which he should critically study, and labor to get a facility, clearness, and elegancy to express himself in, should be his own."

Franklin learned his English from the Spectator, and he was the founder and most persistent supporter, in the face of much discouragement, of an English high school in the city of Philadelphia. For this school he elaborated a plan of English teaching which can still be pondered with profit by students of pedagogy. Jefferson, who espoused the cause of the people against the spirit of caste, established a chair of Anglo-Saxon in 1825 at his newly founded University of Virginia.

The names of these three men, — Locke, Franklin, and Jefferson, — who, in the three successive centuries following the rediscovery of the ancient tongue, zealously advocated the study of English, are deeply significant. They were apostles of a sensational philosophy, of physical science in its application to homely uses, of toleration, of the rights and needs of the common man. They represented prose, common sense, materialism; so that it is by the exquisite irony of overruling circumstance that they have aided in bringing poetry, religion, and philosophical idealisms home to the smug and benighted Philistine. For our schools teach Ruskin rather than Locke, Shakespeare rather than Poor Richard's Almanac, Burke rather than Jefferson; they speak, like Balaam, far other words than as they were commanded at the first.

This ennoblement and etherealization of the subject of English teaching, and to some extent of its method, is primarily due to two causes, — the influence of Christianity, and the consequent influence of woman. To begin with the larger of these two factors: the belief in the value of the individual is the basis of democracy, and this belief came into the world with Christianity. It was the Puritans who overthrew the despotism of the Stuarts, and it was their success that emboldened and informed the prophets of the French Revolution. Rousseau promulgated the gospel of individualism in a form adapted to his age and country, yet not more truly nor effectively than did Wesley in England; and Rousseau himself, however unwittingly or unwillingly, was but the mouthpiece of the Christian consciousness which for centuries had been protesting against the vassalage of man to any power lower than the divine. The return to nature, the return to poetry, was a return to the indefeasible instincts and needs of the individual human soul. The social contract was supposed to rest upon free consent, like the association of individuals in the primitive Christian church.

The lyric cry of Romanticism was an echo of the chants that resounded from the church and cloister of the Middle Ages. Like them, it was a passionate

outpouring of the heart, in joy, in grief, in aspiration; and, like them, it uttered itself in freer and more spontaneous forms than those inherited from classical antiquity. At that cry the doors of an almost forgotten sepulchre opened, and there stumbled forth into the light a figure wrapped in cerements, at whose appearance some stood aghast, while others exulted with the pulse of a new life. As the graveclothes have been slowly unwrapped, we have beheld a visage marred more than any man, and its form more than the sons of men; but we have also seen a radiance streaming from the resuscitated members, and have felt a mysterious potency animating our own; for we have assisted at the resurrection of the buried Christianity of the Middle Ages, with its likeness to the Crucified, with its yearnings over the poor and them that have no helper, with its eager pressing on to the realization of the kingdom of God. And thus it has come to pass that the great literature of the nineteenth century is either Christian or humanitarian; and if humanitarian, then necessarily Christian, though it may be unconsciously or in its own despite. And what is true of the literature is true also, in its degree, of the ideals of our English teaching.

In this revolution woman has been at once a gainer and an actor. Whatever releases and strengthens the individual soul clothes her with might. Christianity, and the religion out of which Christianity sprang, first gave womanhood, as distinguished from single notable women, its potential dignity, influence, and fullest charm. What wonder that she has been instinctively repelled from those of the ancient classics, and of their modern imitations, in which she has seen herself degraded and vilified? What wonder that she has been drawn toward a literature of sympathy and palpitant emotion, — a literature which places the virgin and the mother upon the throne of earth and heaven, while it makes her a minister in the abode of poverty and at the couch of feebleness and pain? And so it results that much of the teaching of English is done by women, and it is they who strive forward, quite as eagerly as the men, to gain the advanced instruction in English of our higher institutions.

The deeper causes of the increasing study of English are thus seen to lie in the onward sweep of certain irresistible forces which are not yet spent, and which are likely to continue in operation for an indefinite period. The initial impulse came from that Protestantism which had been nourished in the lap of the Middle Ages; then utilitarianism spoke its word, and advocated a study which came home to the business and bosoms of all men; the spirit of nationality glorified the vernacular speech; the spirit of individuality emancipated men from bondage to pseudo-classicism; science inculcated fearlessness in exploration, and a recognition of value only where, and in so far as, value really existed; a reviving Christianity insisted on deference to its own literary as well as ethical precepts; and at length woman has begun to assume the full royalty to which her claim had so long lain in abeyance, and to exercise it in behalf of those species and aspects of literature to which her nature inclines.

We may now turn to consider the specific progress effected in the last decade or so, though a fixed limit of time will not be easy to observe.

In the course of rather more than a generation in America, democracy has outgrown its institutions of higher learning. Not in the sense that it has appropriated and utilized all that its colleges and academies had to offer, and that, having transcended all this learning and culture, it has mildly requested more. No, it is rather in the material sense that it has outgrown them: it has filled to repletion the dormitories, classrooms, and laboratories, in at least one instance reciting in large tents pitched upon college grounds. The teeth of dragons

had been scattered over a favorable soil, and immediately there sprang up impetuous hosts, rushing upon the domains of culture like the hordes of Attila upon the plains of fertile Italy. They were armed, so none could resist them; and they were rude, so that what they clamored for was less the garnered wisdom precious to the ripe scholar than such enginery of science as would empower them to extort riches from the soil and the mine, or assist them in levying tribute upon the labor of others, together with such smattering of letters as would enable them to communicate with precision and brevity their wishes and commands, or would embellish the rare social hour with some suggestions of artistic refinement. Training in the older sense they cared not for. Those who devoted themselves to physical science endured so much of intellectual discipline as they considered indispensable for the attainment of their ends, but were impatient of more. Those who were less serious or less specific in their application were willing to practice the easier forms of writing, but in the pursuit of literature insisted upon being entertained, and then in being provided with abundance of the small coin of information and opinion, which they might utter in conversation or dispense in speech-making. If they were to have culture, it was culture made easy that they desired; and, on the whole, they preferred to have it rather than otherwise. But to what purpose were they to turn their backs upon Greek and Latin, if they were to be required to pursue exact methods, and make solid acquisitions, in their native tongue?

Here was the opportunity, the problem, and the pitfall of English. There were all the students that the most grasping partisan of the subject could ask for. How should they be employed? How should they be satisfied? And how, if possible, should they be educated? The first two of these questions were more readily answered than the third.

The problem first beset the colleges, and especially the larger of them. It was they that were the first to be overcrowded, because of their prestige. The academies and high schools had enough to do with the preparation of their students in the stock subjects required for admission to college, in giving a little special attention to those who were to attend scientific schools, and in providing commercial courses; their turn was to come later. In the colleges there continued to be, as before, those who had inherited scholarly traditions, and who had come from refined homes, — men who could be depended upon to profit by the best facilities provided for them. But side by side with these there were not only the children of poverty and obscurity, — such there had always been, and from this class had arisen some of the most eminent of Americans, — but a numerous body of students from families wealthy without inherited ideals, or prominent without distinction. These persons were ready to allege their riches as a warrior might allege his arms; it was a reason for doing nothing contrary to their inclination, and especially for nonchalant perseverance in the crudities of Philistinism.

Two possibilities presented themselves as contributory to the solution of the overwhelming problem. Training implied small classes; so training was not to be thought of. What, then, could be done with students in large masses? They could have frequent practice in writing about subjects with which they were presumably already conversant; and they could listen to lectures on English literature. In the one way, they could, if not form a style, at least learn to avoid the most vulgar errors; in the other, they could acquire a tincture of information concerning authors and their works, and learn to speak with decision about books which they perhaps had never read, and on which they had certainly never reflected.

In the smaller colleges matters were not so bad, at least as respects the size of the classes. There was therefore an opportunity to do good teaching, and in many instances good teaching was done. But two forces militated against excellence. The one was the influence of the larger colleges, exerted through their graduates and through public discussion; and this, as we have seen, was unavoidably in the direction of superficiality. The other was the uncertainty respecting the best methods of instruction, due in part to the recent enrollment of English among the favored topics of the curriculum, in part to the variety of related subjects which might be comprehended under the term, and in part to the peculiar nature of English itself. To some it was clear that, since English was a language like Latin or Greek, with words and syntax, it could be taught like Latin or Greek, largely through etymological and grammatical exercitations or notes, with some assistance from the explanation of historical allusions and the citation of parallel passages. To others it was equally clear that, since English was our native tongue, it stood in no need of learned commentary, and that nothing was necessary but to read it, — read it rapidly, extensively, and with interest. Some, who had studied in Germany, were for carrying every word back to what they called Anglo-Saxon; others had not so much as heard whether there were any Anglo-Saxon, but at all events were positive that it had no connection with modern English. Some loved poetry and æsthetics, and would none of Dryasdust "philology;" others believed in applying the scientific method to literature, and eschewing impressionism and the musical glasses. All of us, I suppose, have done the best we knew how; it has not been our fault if we have insisted upon our personal predilections, or taken up with other people's fads; the truth of it is that while Greek and Latin were taught according to a system and a method, good or bad, we had none upon which we were agreed, and, from the very nature of the case, could have none. Among the rhetorical teachers it was nearly or quite as bad as among the professors of literature. There were those who depended upon negative precepts, — "Don't" writ large over many things reprehensible by literary convention or the individual preceptor; those whose main reliance was upon constant practice in writing, with a minimum of precept; those who followed the rhetoric of the eighteenth century, rewritten to date at the behest of enterprising publishers; and those who believed that students would never mend till the English they spoke and wrote was regarded as the common concern of all departments of instruction, and not relegated to one or a very few instructors, who in this way were made the scapegoats or whipping-boys not only for the sins of the whole student body, but also for the negligence of their other teachers. Here, again, we may not censure, and must certainly find much to admire. But if personal initiative is pardonable — nay, even praiseworthy — in those who have to sustain the first onset of an unexpected attack, and if we marvel at the pluck with which one clubs his weapon and another flings a stone, it is not therefore to be doubted that the manual of arms is, on the whole, an excellent book and worthy to be studied, nor that conduct and harmony of action are what an army chiefly needs.

While the colleges were thus struggling with their difficulties, how was it faring with the schools? In the lower schools training had been largely abandoned. "Reading without tears" was the watchword. The pupil must at all hazards be kept interested; that is to say, amused and distracted. "Language lessons" took the place of grammar, and the "word method" of spelling. Spelling and grammar, therefore, became as obsolete as the mediæval *trivium* and

quadrivium, and were reckoned among the lost arts. Instead of a few things well learned, there were many things badly taught. Now to know many things badly has from of old been regarded as a poor equipment for facing the stern "Stand and deliver!" of life.

It was thus the high school and the academy that were to be caught between the upper and the nether millstone. For the colleges, finding an illiteracy confirmed by the habits of half a generation too deeply rooted to be eradicated within a reasonable time, at least with the means at their disposal, began to consider whether this inveteracy were not, on the whole, a thing to be deplored; and eventually opined that it was. They then began to frame entrance requirements in English, designed to remove the more ignominious phases of this illiteracy before college years, either through some acquaintance with English literature, or through practice in writing, or both. The requirements were of varying degrees of severity; but that mattered little, since they were seldom enforced, and never with the rigor which a decent regard to the opinions of enlightened humanity would have exacted. When the high schools were remonstrated with for the ignorance and slovenliness which they permitted, they alleged the prescriptive requirements of the colleges on the one hand, and on the other the inexorable demands of a public which expected them to teach bookkeeping, physics, chemistry, physiology, botany, geology, civics, and political economy, to say nothing of manual training and the preparation for actual life. How, then, could they take up English in addition? "English, forsooth! — but yet if our pupils are minded to read certain books at home, and report the fact at school, we will see what can be done. Still, it is a crying injustice that we should be expected to retrieve all the deficiencies remaining through the negligence or incapacity of the lower schools."

The pressure thus exerted by the colleges upon the preparatory schools has in many instances been transmitted by them to the grammar schools, with the result that the worst evils are in course of being remedied; and certain high schools have courses in English extending over four years, and with four or five exercises a week, conducted by enthusiastic, winning, and competent teachers. Unfortunately, there is a premature movement on the part of a few high schools to emancipate themselves from all dependence upon college requirements, — or, as their representatives would say, an unreasonable obstinacy on the part of the colleges in holding to their requirements, — a movement which, unless carefully watched, will go far to nullify the progress which has been made, since it is only through the harmonious coöperation of all parts of our educational system that the indispensable results can be attained.

Though there is still much to be desired, there is considerable ground for encouragement. A few of the gains of recent years may be briefly enumerated.

Through the agency of various bodies, chief of which is perhaps the Conference on Uniform Entrance Requirements in English, the chasm which yawned between the colleges and the preparatory schools is in process of being bridged over. This Conference, composed of representatives from all sections of the country east of the Rocky Mountains, — California has its own excellent system of local coöperation, — and from colleges and preparatory schools alike, has set up a standard not merely of college requirements, but also of high school attainment, which is fairly satisfactory to the whole country; thus measurably harmonizing the views of both classes of institutions, as well as of the East, the West, and the South. But in this effort it has not stood alone. The National Educational Association, and its committee of ten; the Association of Colleges

and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland; the Commission of Colleges in New England; the New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools; the North Central Association of Teachers of English; the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Southern States; the Regents of the State of New York; and the Schoolmasters' Association of New York City, — these, and other similar bodies, besides numerous individuals whose names it would be invidious to mention, have contributed to the same end.

With a better understanding of what the secondary schools are expected to accomplish, there has come more pride in the work; a spirit of emulation among the more aspiring of the schools; a growing sense of professionalism among the teachers of English; and a demand for special instruction, suited to the needs of such teachers, on the part of the larger colleges and universities. In many cases, as already observed, excellent courses of instruction have been formulated within the individual school, or by bodies like the Connecticut Association of Classical and High School Teachers; and in some schools such programmes are in successful operation. Then, too, rival publishing houses, finding that it would be remunerative to focus their attention upon the books set for the entrance examinations, have competed with one another in the issue of well-edited and attractive texts. The interest in school-directed home reading is sure to follow; canny publishers will reap a harvest, and the public will be immensely benefited.

With all allowance for deficiencies and blunders, then, we may fairly say that these results have been accomplished. The pride and interest of Americans in England's literature and that of our own country; the craving for culture in a form which promises so much return for so little expenditure of effort; the admiration for our speech, because it is our own, because of its wide diffusion and sway, and because of the great works by which it has been illustrated; and the need and desire to employ the language as a means of communication, of persuasion, and of artistic achievement, — these, seconded by the whole democratic and scientific trend of the century, by the interest of other races in their own vernaculars, and by the necessity of unifying our heterogeneous population on the basis of a common speech and common sentiments, have not only multiplied magazines and newspapers, and cheapened books, but have introduced courses in English into schools and colleges of every grade, and taxed the energies and resources of every teacher of the subject. Beginning sporadically, and at first proceeding unevenly, the movement, as it has gathered volume, has tended to absorb the currents of individual opinion, and to render them all unconsciously tributary to a distant and perhaps as yet dimly perceived end. From the chaos and welter of divergent opinion, certain conclusions have at least so far emerged that we can now fairly say what the country in general seeks as a requisite in English for admission to college. This requirement is helping to fix and direct the courses in English of the secondary schools; and these, in turn, cannot fail to exercise a profound influence upon the ideals and efforts of the grammar and primary schools. In some degree, this establishment of a common standard of entrance proficiency in English tends to unify the college work, in so far as it eliminates certain tasks from the college curriculum which have hitherto found a place there because it was necessary that they should be done somewhere. Further progress in the organization of college teaching is to be expected through reflection upon the failures due to misdirected endeavor; through the natural efforts of rival institutions to equal or transcend one an-

other's successes; through the lessons taught by scientific pedagogy; and especially, it may be, from graduate study of the subject, leading to wider views and more philosophical generalizations.

It being assumed that important changes in the conception of English teaching are now in progress, and that we may confidently look for a more general agreement with respect to the precise nature of its purposes and processes, we may ask ourselves whether current practice and discussions will enable us to forecast what the next steps will be, and how far they will leave us short of a reasonable goal. In attempting to find an answer, we must bear in mind that if there are definable currents, there are also counter-currents; and that what is true of one institution or one section of the country is not necessarily true, at the same moment, somewhere else. Were there not this confusion, and even apparent contrariety of effort, it would be far easier to outline the situation; but this condition would imply that the gain had been achieved, and that henceforth we were to be content. Now it is the sense of unrealized possibilities, and the field that they offer to hope and young ambition, for which the teacher of English is most profoundly grateful, and which at times inspire him with the sentiments of a Columbus or a Magellan, if not of a Cortez or an Alexander.

If we look at the situation largely, this, I think, may fairly be said at the moment: that the emphasis is upon quantity rather than quality, upon phenomena rather than principles, upon practice rather than theory, or upon the science rather than the philosophy of the subject. In this respect English does not stand absolutely alone, but the tendency is here more accentuated because English is such a late comer into the sisterhood of disciplines, and has yet so much to learn. Colleges pride themselves on the number of their English courses, their extent and their variety; we have had the daily theme, perhaps with the addition of the weekly, the biweekly, or the monthly essay; grammar has been extensively repudiated; and the "old rhetoric," which I take to be a statement of principles with the necessary illustrations, has been supplanted by a newer rhetoric, which tends, at least in one of its phases, to become a collection of illustrative excerpts from literature, with a minimum of elucidative theory.

In some quarters, the spirit of science, cautious and inductive, is supplanting an older cocksure dogmatism. The processes of the investigator's laboratory are attempted in the classroom. The student is brought face to face with facts, and encouraged to draw his own inferences. He then becomes conscious of a world of phenomena which he cannot hope to master in a limited time, but which is infinitely attractive by reason of its complexity and vitality. Who would not hesitate to criticise a mode of teaching which is the scholar's mode of learning? The method of science, from the days of Bacon onward, has given man an ever increasing power over nature; why should it not be applicable to language and literature, and if adopted in the study, why should it not be practicable in the school? It is; it must be. And yet we hesitate to stop with a simple assent. Science is content with advances which may be slow as the unspeeding precession of the equinoxes, if only they be sure; while to the individual student, whether life be short or not, pupilage needs must be. Moreover, literature belongs to the sphere of the emotions and the will, at least as much as to that of the pure intellect. And again, the novice may be in a position to draw proximate inferences, while incapable of forming by himself those ultimate conceptions which are regulative of the whole nature, and which are as readily attained through the medium of literature as through any branch of secular study. Besides, it is a fact that the student hungers for the

voice of authority; he can repose only in certitude, — a certitude which he finds it impracticable to attain by his own efforts, yet without which he cannot act with the freedom and power which the possession of truth alone confers. In other words, the necessary complement of science is philosophy. Philosophy recognizes only a few great constitutive principles, which it attains by including many phenomena under one law, and many subordinate laws under one more comprehensive. With a philosophy of literature one may approximately comprehend its great manifestations; with the science alone one has the pleasure of always learning, but the disadvantage of never being able to come to the knowledge of the truth.

The still easier way — to pursue only infinite and uncoördinated, or at best loosely coördinated detail — is to sacrifice strength, grasp, direction, to the charm of waywardness, the delights of endless straying. Yet it must be confessed that to many minds the delight of endless straying is unconquerable. They love variety and easy appreciation; they care not for a perception of unity and law which must be bought with arduous labor. The appeal of literature to them is, "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may." And are they to be blamed for yielding to the seductive proffer?

These considerations lead us to what is perhaps the fundamental problem in the teaching of English literature, — how to combine discipline with delight. Given a certain temperament in the speaker, and it is easy to interest or amuse classes or audiences with English literature. It is not so easy for persons of the like temperament, or of any temperament whatever, to train others, or themselves, by means of English literature. A certain training is always secured in the acquisition of a foreign or ancient language. This, it is sometimes said, must be missed by the student of his own: his memory and judgment are not exercised in the same way, and he is not called upon to make the effort necessary for comprehending alien modes of thought. Must English literature, then, leave people where it finds them, save for the pleasure it affords, the fund of information it yields, and a certain vague and unconscious effect in the refinement of taste? There are always those who will reply: "What more could you ask? Is not this enough?" There are never lacking those who say: "English literature cannot be taught. The art of writing cannot be taught. English literature can be read, and grammar can be taught. All subjects whatever can be talked about, facts can be memorized, examinations can be held, but literature and the art of writing cannot be taught."

Perhaps the dispute is one about words. Suppose we change the terms, and ask, not whether literature can be taught, but whether people can be taught by means of literature. Antiquity evidently thought so. Let us hear the testimony of Professor Jebb: "The study of the poets in schools is described in Plato's Protagoras. . . . The purpose was not only to form the boy's literary taste, or to give him the traditional lore; it was especially a moral purpose, having regard to the precepts in the poets, and to the praises of great men of old, — 'in order that the boy may emulate their examples, and may strive to become such as they.' From this point of view, Homer was regarded as the best and greatest of educators. In Xenophon's Symposium one of the guests says: 'My father, anxious that I should become a good man, made me learn all the poems of Homer; and now I could say the whole Iliad and Odyssey by heart.' . . . Especially, as Isocrates says, Homer was looked upon as the embodiment of national Hellenic sentiment. No one else was so well fitted to keep the edge of Hellenic feeling keen and bright against the barbarian." This is instructive in more than one way. Note (1) that it is poetry that is studied;

(2) that the study is intimate and prolonged; (3) that it does not range over a boundless field; (4) that it has a direct and practical bearing upon life; (5) that it is a study of character and sentiments, not primarily of words and technique. And not otherwise is Horace's conception of the usefulness of Homer in the Second Epistle of the First Book, or Plutarch's in his treatise on How a Young Man should study Literature.

Turning from antiquity to modern times, we may ask ourselves what Milton — one of the wisest men who have ever written on the training of youth — thought about education as sought through the recorded speech of the past. Remember that he wrote a Latin grammar, and made extensive collections for a Latin dictionary, and then listen to his assertion in the treatise On Education: "Though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet if he have not studied the solid things in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only." On the premature practice of composition he has to observe: "And that which casts our proficiency therein so much behind" — he is speaking of Latin and Greek, but he would have held the same respecting English — "is our time lost, . . . partly in a preposterous exaction, forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses, and orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment, and the final work of a head filled by long reading and observing, with elegant maxims and copious invention. These are not matters to be wrung from poor striplings, like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit." Leaving the criticism of existing practices, Milton next proceeds to develop his own plan. He resumes: "For their studies, first they should begin with the chief and necessary rules of some good grammar; . . . and while this is doing, their speech is to be fashioned to a distinct and clear pronunciation." When it comes to their reading, he is of opinion that "the main skill and groundwork will be to temper them such lectures and explanations, upon every opportunity, as may lead and draw them in willing obedience, inflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue, stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God and famous to all ages." After much time spent upon the useful arts and the best authors, he would introduce his pupils to logic and the theory of poetry. "This," he says, "would make them soon perceive . . . what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things." And here comes the conclusion of the whole matter, so far as the practice of writing is concerned: "From hence, and not till now, will be the right season of forming them to be able writers and composers in every excellent matter, when they shall be thus fraught with an universal insight into things." Such was not only Milton's theory, but such had already been his practice. As is well known, he spent five years at Horton, after leaving the university, in the perusal of the classics. And what was the effect of this reading upon Milton as a man and as a poet? I will take the answer from a recent writer upon Milton: "To Milton an extension of his reading was an extension of his own life, with all its experience, sympathies, and understanding, into the life and times of which he read. . . . It is a commonplace that travel enlarges a man's nature. For the high and sensitive mind books do the same, and in the case of Milton the quality of wide range in his poetic utterance was a direct consequence of the range of his own mind, which his reading had done much to extend." In another place the same writer says: "In attempting to ex-

plain Milton's power over his material, one word suggests itself. . . . It is his clearness of vision. With the detailed scrutiny of the Renaissance added to the exalted faith of the Middle Ages and the clearness and intellectuality of true classicism, he looked upon the world with a more perfect comprehension of its meaning and of the right purpose in life. Throughout his poems there is passionate but steady contemplation of things which men of his time either failed to see, or saw but faintly and apart from life itself. They are the eternal truths which lie around and above this life, and through which all things act in coöperation, not in contradiction, as it appears to the worldly man."

Here, then, we come back to our theme. Whether or not literature can be taught, at least the lesson of it can be learned. It was learned by Dante, sitting at the feet of Virgil, and Aristotle, and the authors of Scripture; by Chaucer, sitting at the feet of Ovid, and Petrarch, and Guillaume de Lorris; by Spenser, sitting at the feet of Chaucer and Tasso; by Burke, sitting at the feet of Cicero and Milton; by Tennyson, sitting at the feet of Homer, and Virgil, and Dante, and Keats, and Wordsworth. The great learners always learn meanings and values. Incidentally, they may learn facts and phrases and artifices; they may learn to imitate; they may learn to appropriate; they may even learn to surpass: but the supreme thing they learn is meanings and values, — the meanings of life, the relative values of the various possibilities that life offers. These things literature can teach us, if we will learn; and these things it is important that we, and our children, should know. The great authors must know them; not alone the authors of permanent literature, but the authors of permanent freedom, permanent empire, permanent civilization. Authors, and all artists, are shapers; and in America every one is called upon to be a shaper, — to shape his own destiny, the destiny of his country, the destiny, in some sense, of the world. If he does not know the meanings and values of things, what shapes will he produce? And in all our education, what shall teach him these meanings and values, if not literature?

It has been pertinently asked: "Why has all this teaching of English, in the last twenty years, produced so little good literature? What is there to show for all the effort, for all the hue and cry? Men like Lowell, bred up under the ancient classics, and advocating them to the end, are among the foremost in American letters. Their successors, fed, without labor of their own, on the accumulated stores of England and America, — where are they? who are they? what have they produced?" Well, perhaps the fault is not alone in the teaching of English. The matter is by no means so simple as that. But certainly the supreme justification for devoting so much space to the subject of English would be found in the production of authors, the production of men, the production of statesmen and patriots, who should equal — no, that would not be sufficient; who should surpass — the authors, the men, the statesmen, and the patriots reared under the tutelage of the ancient classics and the Bible. We have all the advantage, for we have the ancient classics and the Bible too, in addition to the treasures of our own literature. The English teacher may teach Plato and Dante, Goethe and Molière, if he so choose, as well as Shakespeare and Browning. Nay, if he is to teach meanings and values, he must teach them, at least by implication; for his own sense of meanings and values will be most imperfect if he do not himself know the best literature of all the world, and constantly use it as the touchstone by which to try the authors with whom he is dealing.

Fortunately, there are signs which point that safe and happy way. The

validity of rhetorical practice and precept is being tested by an examination of the underlying psychology. Here and there classes in poetical theory are endeavoring to ascertain what qualities insure the permanence and enduring charm of literature. Scholarship in English, through the agency of our better graduate schools, is deepening as well as widening, is growing more refined and less mechanical. There is hope that the quantitative test will be gradually supplanted by the qualitative; that we shall forget to ask, "How much?" and begin to ask, "How well?" But to attain this result implies something more than harmonious effort from the primary school to the university: it implies that in every grade the attention shall be steadfastly fixed, not upon the demands of the next higher grade, but upon the best things, — the things eternally best in their own nature, the things which most surely conduce to the fullness and perfection of individual and national life.

Albert S. Cook.

THE LOST TRAIL.

While the drizzle falls on the slimy pavement, swelling
The yellow gutters' flow,
And the ways are dense with the hosts of buying, selling,
And hurrying to and fro,
I know that out in the North the winds are crying
Round the willowed shores of the long white lakes outlying,
And the black pine woods where my old lost friends are dwelling,
And the splendor of the snow.

I know that mysterious land of wood and river,
Where the half-breed hunters range;
The snow wraiths dancing upon the hill slopes ever,
The gray sun, low and strange;
The bull moose skulking through windrow and through hollow,
The creak and crunch of raquettes where the trackers follow;
The dark spruce shades where the forest dreams forever,
But never dreams of change.

A snowshoe track leads up from the swamp and over,
Where the otter trappers passed,
To the drifted winter hut in the hemlock cover
That shields it from the blast.
Are you there, Pierre, Gaultier, as when we together,
Free in the face of the grim Canadian weather,
Learned the changeless spell of the North to hold and love her,
And turn to her at the last?

The snowstorm blindly drives through the woods to smother
The ancient trail I knew;
The track we blazed is lost, and never other
Has marked that blind way through;
But the same great roar through the leagues of branches sweeping
Wakes the desire of a homesick heart that has long been sleeping.
O dark North woods, wild love and ruthless mother,
I call, I cry to you!

Frank Lillie Pollock.

THE PROFESSOR'S CHANCE.

THE professor seated himself at the breakfast table, with the listless air of a man who has abstracted several hours from his sleep to little purpose. He turned over his mail carelessly. It consisted chiefly of two book catalogues with German postmarks, a publishers' circular, a letter from a former student asking for help in his efforts to secure a position, and the usual handful of advertisements.

"I don't see why they keep sending us all these advertisements of *robes et manteaux*, pianos, etchings, trips to Norway, and other little luxuries!" the professor exclaimed pettishly, pushing the letters toward his wife. "Don't they know by this time that professors never have a dollar to throw away?"

The professor's wife gathered up the rejected advertisements, and glanced at them sympathetically.

"They 're better than nothing," she answered, as she saved Madame Renoir's card from the grasping hand of a small child.

"I have n't ordered a book from old Schmid in two years," the professor continued, turning over the egg on his plate critically.

"And I never ordered a gown from Renoir; and what is more, I never shall order one, I suppose," she added gayly.

"A liberal profession!" the professor commented, rejecting finally the egg.

"Was n't there something else?" she asked hopefully.

"Only this business letter. Something from the shop, I suppose."

The professor opened the typewritten letter and spread it out on the rumpled tablecloth before him. There were three sheets, and the professor's interest seemed to increase as his eye fell down the pages. At the end of the third page he turned back, and re-read the whole more slowly. When he had finished he said, "This is very important!"

"What is it, James?" his wife asked briskly.

It was already after nine o'clock, and all the fresh things would be gone at Stein's if she did not go to market at once. And this delay at breakfast always put the maid in a rebellious mood.

"It is something very important," the professor repeated impressively, handing the letter to his wife.

While she was reading it he rose from the table and walked nervously about the room. He glanced out of the window, where he could see the neighbors' children climbing the fence into his back yard. He noticed also that the rear porch needed painting badly, and he speculated how it would be possible to make the agent see the propriety of painting it.

"Well, Jim," his wife exclaimed at last, "the chance has come!"

"It is n't a permanent position," the professor protested.

"Something else will turn up when you have finished there."

"I don't know about that. You can't get back into a university place every day in the week."

"But you won't want to get back! Mr. Prome says that such positions always lead to other things."

"If you have good luck. The teacher's salary is sure, such as it is. A man with a family" —

"You always said, if the chance came" —

"I don't know whether this *is* the chance."

"You will never find anything more assured. Just think how uncertain business is. Jack has changed his business four times."

"I must see the president."

"I don't see why!"

"This is very important."

"But it 's *your* affair, James! The president is n't going to decide it! I thought" —

"I must talk it over with the president," the professor reiterated more feebly. "It is a very important step, and I do not wish to act precipitately."

"I 'd go out and telegraph Mr. Prome! I would n't lose a minute!" the professor's wife exhorted warmly. "You know your own mind, my dear. You have said many and many a time that teaching tended to dry a man up, and that the salary was too small, and you did n't like being shut off here in this little town. And when Bert Prome offers you the chance to get out into the world, and to measure yourself with the rest, you talk about seeing the president, as if he would know what you want to do!"

She sternly took the muffin dish from the small boy, who at once protested.

"I thought you liked Eureka," the professor suggested hesitatingly. "You would n't know any one in Washington, and four thousand there would n't go much farther than eighteen hundred does here, I guess."

"Of course I like Eureka! I never wanted to leave it! But what difference does that make? To hear you go over all these things" —

She started to leave the room, with an abruptness that was a distinct reproof.

"This demands consideration," the professor repeated, following her into the little room behind the parlor, which he used for a study. "It is n't a light matter to change your profession, when you have started well and are becoming an influence in the university. There 's my book, too."

She waved these hesitations aside. Then she remarked resignedly: "Of course you must consider everything. I thought you had."

He was about to resent the tone of irony in his wife's voice, when the door opened, and one of his colleagues appeared. The professor greeted him heartily. The interruption was opportune.

"I came in on my way to my ten-o'clock," the newcomer said hastily, with a rapid, birdlike enunciation. "I wanted to make sure that you would be at faculty this afternoon. Those science fellows will try to push through their new schedule of hours."

The two professors discussed the matter of hours and other faculty questions for the next twenty minutes, while the professor's wife watched them, a smile of alien feeling creeping over her face at times. She had listened to many similar conferences before or after the weekly meeting of the faculty, and she had a well-deserved reputation for discretion. She knew all about the different cliques in the faculty; for three years she had heard the admission requirement question debated in all its aspects. She knew the president's attitude on this matter and many others as well as that potentate did himself, — perhaps better.

It had occurred to her to wonder, as she did this morning, that so many brilliant men of mature years could find these little questions of college administration and the nothings of institutional gossip vital and ever absorbing. Yet she was proud of the fact that her husband was one of the most energetic younger members of the faculty.

"I think I 'll see the president this morning about that point," her husband was saying to Professor Gray. "We can't have Dodge riding over us like that. And I have another matter to see him about. I 'd like your opinion on it, too." He cleared his throat, and went on deprecatingly, as if the subject were of trivial importance: "They want me to take the secretaryship of the new educational commission. I should have to throw up my position here, I 'm afraid; it would take all my time, and we should have to live in Washington. It is rather upsetting, just as I have got settled here, — taken root, so to speak."

Gray looked at him shrewdly, and then turned away his head.

"You were always a lucky dog!" he murmured. He wanted to ask Drake how the position had happened to come his way. Drake knew what was in his colleague's mind, but preferred to act as if offers like this were events of common occurrence.

"You would think well of it, then?" the professor asked.

"Oh! For myself I can't say; I am very comfortably placed here. As Bump grows old I have things pretty much my own way. And I like college work, you know, — the faculty and all. The university is growing very fast, and I prefer the scholar's life" —

"So do I," the professor said hastily. His friend's speech had contrived to arouse various tender sensibilities. Gray was a junior professor, like himself, but the department of political science was much less crowded than the department of sociology. It was said about the place that Gray was working for the headship of his department, on Bump's retirement.

The professor's wife, who had been listening eagerly to this discussion, finally broke in: —

"It seems as if it were the very thing that James has been looking for, — a chance to get out of the rut of teaching boys" —

"If that is the way he feels" — Professor Gray interposed, rather ruffled.

The professor frowned at his wife. It was one of her rare indiscretions, and he trembled as he thought of the metamorphosis those simple words would suffer at Mrs. Gray's hands. It determined him to go at once and see the president, before any story could reach that official's ear.

"I think I will step over to the library for a book," he said.

Gray smiled at the subterfuge, and turned to talk with Mrs. Drake while her husband was putting on his boots.

"We shall miss you two!" he observed tentatively.

"I hope so," she replied simply. "I like Eureka so much. I am very sorry at the thought of leaving it."

"You speak as if you had already decided the matter," he said quickly.

"James will have to decide it. But I don't see how he can hesitate. Of course he will have anxiety about the future, — all men have that more or less, — and he will have time to look around for something to take the place of the secretaryship. There are lots of things he could do. He likes mixing with people and seeing the world. I don't think he ever was exactly suited for the restrictions of a college life. He does n't like to live in a small way."

"Few do," Gray added whimsically. "I hope he 'll succeed. It is a good deal of a risk."

"'Nothing venture,'" she quoted merrily. "I 'd rather see him fail than never dare!"

"You are plucky!" he exclaimed ad-

miringly, thinking of the three small Drakes.

At this point Drake returned with his hat. He looked at his watch and frowned. It was nearly ten o'clock; he had to verify some references and revise his notes before the afternoon lectures. This business of the secretaryship was time-wasting.

The two men went off, and Mrs. Drake hurried out to the kitchen, and then to the market, where she met Mrs. Gray, who was hunting for a bargain. She did not like Mrs. Gray, but in the present crisis she was glad to talk to some one. When that inquisitive lady asked if the Drakes were to keep their house another year, she was so extremely vague that her neighbor at once began to imagine important events. Then, on Mrs. Drake's asking certain things about housekeeping in the South, — Washington, for example, — Mrs. Gray, who was a Southern woman, made up her mind forthwith, and went her way to spread the news. Several of the instructors who had late morning classes had the story.

At the League for Social Reform, that afternoon, there were two versions of the affair: that the Drakes had been called to a Southern college, and that they would be obliged to leave Eureka on account of disagreements in the department. It was further rumored that Drake's courses had not been going well this year, but on that point there was no certain report. It was merely the rumor which was started on every occasion of departmental disturbance.

Meantime the two professors walked to the university, chatting intimately of college affairs, and not alluding to the subject which was uppermost in their minds. At the library steps Drake said casually: —

"Oh, about that matter of the offer to me, I had a little rather you would not say anything. It very likely won't go any farther, you know, and it is n't one of the things to get around; looks as if a man were restless, and makes a bad impression. I feel that Eureka is my home."

"I shall not say anything," the other professor replied cordially, "and I am glad that you are not thinking seriously of it. It 's a bad thing to change horses in the middle of the stream, you know."

Drake was afraid, afterwards, that he had given Gray too strongly the impression that he was not considering the offer: when he had read the letter, he had felt there could hardly be any doubt about his action. He was going to see the president merely as a matter of courtesy, — to let him know his plans at the earliest moment.

A student in his advanced course accosted him in the library, and asked for help. They went into the stack together to look up some pamphlets, and it was nearly half an hour before the professor could get away from the importunate seeker for knowledge. The delay annoyed him: he had really done nothing with his morning. And yet he liked the student, felt flattered by his deferential bearing, and was pleased with the ready manner in which he had been able to turn at once to the right materials for the problem. He had always felt that his best work was with the advanced students, who knew the difference between journalism and learning.

The anteroom of the president's office was well filled with waiting petitioners of one sort or another. There were several students who had special favors to obtain from the head of the institution, or had been summoned for one of the president's famous confidential talks. These sat in a corner by themselves, whispering nonchalantly. There were also two or three young assistants, who looked like careworn students. They were probably there on the difficult mission of getting their salaries increased. Drake pitied them sincerely; he remembered certain unpleasant hours that he had

passed in a similar suspense. Payson, he thought, was a married man, — married on five hundred dollars a year, and what he could pick up outside the college. How could the man have been so rash! But he remembered that he himself was getting only eight hundred when he had married, bravely confident that two devoted souls could make that sum go twice as far as a single soul. And they had managed it somehow, — he scarcely knew how, — until the first rise in rank, with its accompanying few hundreds of dollars' increase in pay, had come. There had been dire need of every additional rise; it made him blush to think how anxiously he had looked for these petty additions to his income. He realized how much of the last six years had been occupied by thoughts of ways and means, instead of by the traditional Arcadian musings incident to "plain living and high thinking." The new job would give him some relief for the present from that debasing hunger after an additional two or three hundred dollars.

The door into the inner office opened a little way, and for a moment every one was breathlessly alert. Drake could feel his heart beating a little faster, and he despised himself for his perturbation. It was Payson's turn. From time to time a secretary appeared, crossed the anteroom, looked about with an air of command, and returned to his desk. To Drake, the secretary had an unpleasant air of intelligence, as if he had assisted at many little dramas of this kind, and could tell stories that would make Eureka buzz, if he would. The professor grew increasingly restive; his morning had almost gone, and he should be obliged to meet his two-o'clock class without looking over his notes. He felt more sure than ever what his decision would be. There would always be more or less of this waiting at the doors of the great, but he thought it would be more tolerable if the game were larger.

Finally his turn came. Young Payson passed him as he entered the inner office; the assistant's pale face was relaxed. Evidently he had found some comfort, — promises of help, at least.

"I am glad you dropped in," the president said cordially, preserving the fiction that the younger professors were in the habit of "dropping in." "I think you are the man to represent us at the Manwan Conference. I want to send some one there who will give them a good talk, and who will make an agreeable impression. You can get it in?"

The president threw himself back in his deep chair, and turned his distinguished profile to the light. He had the air of offering an honor to one in whom he had confidence. The professor felt flattered, and yet he was uneasily conscious that the president had a deft habit of disarming you if he suspected that your visit might embarrass him. They discussed the Manwan Conference for a few minutes; then the president suggested several departmental and faculty matters upon which he seemed anxious to get the professor's views. When the president settled forward in his chair, as if he were waiting for the next case, the professor summoned up his courage, and hesitatingly broached his news. At the first words the president seemed to withdraw himself defensively, and eyed the stammering man opposite him a little coldly. He had the air of a man of the larger world dealing tolerantly with a person of provincial experience. His wide intercourse with men of affairs gave him this advantage over his professors, — much the same advantage that a business man has over women. He knew their weaknesses pretty well, and they knew his only approximately. Moreover, he had the consciousness of final power within his domain, small as that might be; and this advantage he was convinced he exerted for the best good of the men and of the institution which he was responsible for.

He had been over this ground many

times before: it was one of his chief duties to soothe the restlessness of his men, to keep them content with their very modest stipends, to suggest hopes without committing the corporation too far. It was a delicate art, and one in which he had been especially successful. Yet he held the men who approached him in the manner of Drake rather cheap. If they had made up their minds to leave Eureka, it was useless to see him unless they wished to be persuaded into remaining. In other words, they were trying to "hold him up." Of course, both men, in these delicate interviews, were too dignified to call things by such vulgar names, but that was what it amounted to. So his attitude to the professor was kindly, but distant. The new chill in the atmosphere did not help Drake to express himself to the best advantage. As the professor talked, he felt more and more that it was all very silly: he either wanted to go, or he did not. And he thought he wanted to go; he had always thought he should when the time came, unless his position improved. He closed his lame remarks by saying: —

"I am not clear about what is the best thing for me to do, but it seems a great opportunity, — a rare chance to combine something of the scholar's life with a more active life. I have always felt rather stifled in college work."

"It is near the close of the term," the president observed, with a smile. "Your vacation is coming on. These long vacations are one of the boons of our profession."

"I know, I know," the professor hastened to say. "And there are other great attractions in our profession."

In the talk that followed, many idealistic terms floated about, — "service to the world," "disinterestedness," "love of learning," "scholarly leisure," "devotion to science," etc. The tone of the interview rose to unexpected heights. The president disclosed confidentially the story of certain sacrifices he had made in his youth, beside which the professor's personal ambition was indeed sordid. There was no direct reference to the secretaryship. The president refrained from giving advice; he seemed to suggest merely the considerations that should have weight with a high-minded man. In the light of these considerations the secretaryship appeared utterly trivial.

When the professor rose, his soul was in a glow of lofty feeling. The thing that had disturbed him so powerfully all the morning had disappeared like fog before the sun. The faces of the two men reflected the generous ideas in which they had been indulging, and they shook hands with real enthusiasm. Drake hurried through the anteroom, scarcely noticing the restless, bored faces of the men. The number had increased while he had been with the president, and they scowled at him for keeping them waiting. Outside the hall, the campus appeared to him to be more beautiful than he had ever thought it. At this hour — it was past twelve — a few students were lounging and smoking in the shade of one of the buildings. Their indolent pose recalled his own student days, not so far away that the charm of the life had utterly faded. He was rather ashamed that he had been so ready to forswear all the warm dreams of his youth at the first wile of the material world. There was something more than salary and fame in life, and, as the president had said, the country needed, more than anything else, men who had the character to renounce the cheap ideals of success.

He turned into the college club for luncheon. At the long table in the centre of the dining room, a number of the younger men were disposing of the rather meagre meal the club provided. Gray was there, — it was said that Gray arranged his hours in such a way that he was never called upon to lunch at home, — and Dexter, who lived across

the river, in the little city of Ultonia, where he had a large house and kept horses. Drake took the vacant seat between them. He had scarcely unfolded the damp napkin, before the talk, that had subsided on his entrance, broke out afresh, and rippled up and down the table.

"The text to-day was, 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt'" —

"What is it? The presidency of Exonia?" another colleague asked.

Exonia had been without a president nearly as often as the Grays had been without a servant.

"You did n't give any other man a chance," Dexter put in affably. "I wanted to see his Highness about Moltman's case. The university council is going to vote to give him his doctor's degree. His thesis was disgraceful, — showed he could n't write an English sentence."

"Prettyman says Moltman is n't up to a first-class senior," Saunders observed.

The talk went on about the graduate students, the higher degrees, the real purpose of university graduate instruction. Dexter, who had some reputation as a man in fashionable society, denounced "degree-getting business," the "Ph. D. mill," and the poor quality of the graduate work, with the air of a gentleman who was interested primarily in culture. Drake found something to say on the other side. He had always rather disliked Dexter; suspected him of holding aloof from the poor beggars in Eureka, and priding himself on his worldly connections.

Dexter knew how to dress, however, and his well-made, well-pressed clothes quite shamed the ill-fitting, ready-made suits of the other professors. As the discussion waxed, Drake found himself looking closely at Dexter's clothes, especially at his neat, carefully-laundered shirt and soft, fresh tie. It was all so subtly different from his own respectable, clean, indifferently-fitting garments. He had heard Dexter once say that a teacher should dress like a gentleman, as an example to the slovenly boys in his classes. He was inclined to agree with him to-day.

After luncheon, Dexter joined him on the way to the recitation hall. He was still growling about Moltman's case.

"American universities are getting to be normal schools, teachers' institutes, — anything but institutions for the promotion of learning and cultivation. These fellows come here to get a certificate, a tag, to show that they know enough to teach in some beggarly high school or small college. Why, all that Moltman knows is just enough of his little trivial subject to get a degree! And he is an unkempt, half-fed" —

"Yes, yes," Drake responded. "There is a danger there: it 's been the rage, this graduate school business. But we shall have to depend upon our own A. B.'s for better stuff. I feel that the undergraduate courses are the important ones. In them we are making men."

He was conscious that this view was not precisely in harmony with one he had taken in the morning, but Dexter's society was a great solvent of opinions. They parted very cordially at the door of Drake's lecture room.

The professor ran over his notes for the day's lecture while the class assembled. The notes for this course were three years old. Each year he had intended to prepare a new set, but had contented himself with revising the old ones here and there. He had been doing a good deal of hack work for a firm of publishers, and what time he could get for himself had gone into reading for his book.

As he cleared his throat and began the familiar sentences of his manuscript, he reproached himself for not having taken the time to prepare fresh material. This lecture seemed especially stale, and he could not summon his usual enthusiasm to enliven it. The sentences sounded rhetorical and young. The

students were listless ; they paid the half-hearted attention that the much-lectured-at college boy so quickly falls into when the teacher offers him nothing personally enticing. Drake realized how unformed they were in face and figure, how young. Every year it would be worse, as the gulf between their experience and his widened. There were only two ways of bridging that gulf : sympathy with youth, or an enkindling love of scholarship. He was afraid he lacked the first, and he had not yet attained the second. The hour dragged, and finally he dismissed the class five minutes before the electric bell tinkled. One or two students lingered to ask him some simple questions, which he answered shortly.

Usually, on this day of the week, he went into the library of the department to get some books and to see any students who wished to consult with him. He had a much-praised reputation for helping earnest students. The president had often referred to that element of his success as a teacher.

To-day he wandered back to the club-rooms to spend the hour before his four-o'clock seminar. The library was empty, and he stood for some minutes examining an oil portrait of one of the Eureka worthies, — John Wakem, formerly professor of history. The shrewd, white-haired old gentleman beamed from the wall in kindly fashion. Once in his freshman year Drake had heard the famous scholar lecture. There was a professor for you, — deeply cultivated, rarely witty, widely known, — traveled, learned, — a gentleman ! The vision of Wakem's career had always brightened the dark spots of his routine, had made him believe in the glory of the humanities.

Wakem belonged to another generation, when statesmen, jurists, and poets entered proudly the academic profession ; when teaching was not onerous, and the word " research " was not heard in the land.

With a sigh the professor turned to a photograph that had been recently hung in the library. It was the portrait of a young assistant in the university, who had enlisted as a private, and had died before Santiago. He wore his gown and doctor's hood, but these peaceful symbols hung about a broad-shouldered, athletic form. The alert eyes glanced out almost fiercely ; small wonder that he had gone ! The big world called him, and he had responded buoyantly. Drake envied him that thrill of joyous will. of effort in the world of men.

The seminar went off better than the lecture. The subject under discussion related indirectly to the material he was preparing for his book, and the student who had sought his help in the library had carried out his suggestions intelligently. He found his enthusiasm rising, and it was not until long after the bell had rung that he noticed the restlessness of his listeners, who were anxious to get out into the May afternoon.

Most of the instructors had left the lecture hall by this time. Even the assistants in the laboratories were drifting across the green campus in the direction of the club. The tennis courts adjoining the clubhouse were filled with the younger men taking their afternoon exercise. Others were looking over the magazines in the reading room, or talking in little groups. A committee on the dates for examinations was holding a meeting on the veranda. It was the most charming hour at Eureka, when the sun played around the brick buildings, and crisscrossed softly the lawns. There was an air of leisure, of gentle indolence, of unexacting tasks that would get themselves fulfilled sometime.

Dexter was smoking a cigarette and glancing over a review. Smoking was an uncommon indulgence in the Eureka faculty, and cigarettes were a defiant vice. When Drake came in, Dexter removed his cigarette nonchalantly, and asked him to " run over to the Ultonia

Country Club Friday morning and have a round of golf."

"You 'll have to practice your golf, if you 're going to Washington. They all play there," Dexter added pleasantly.

"What 's this about Washington ? " a voice called out from a corner of the room. Helfredge's pudgy little face appeared from behind a newspaper. He strolled over to the two men, talking all the time.

"Saunders was saying something about it. Is it true ? "

"Oh, I guess I shan't accept," Drake answered lightly. "Eureka will stand me a little longer."

Dexter extricated himself quietly from the conversation. Helfredge, assistant professor of biology, was of the new style of university professors, the type that Dexter refused to associate with. Helfredge sank into Dexter's chair, and began a serious cross-examination to extract all the facts of the case. He got them at first unwillingly, but later abundantly, as Drake, in the need of his harassed soul, poured out his day's embarrassments.

"So you don't know what you want," the man in biology remarked bluntly, at the close. "That 's a disease I 've noticed to be prevalent among members of our profession. They rarely know just what they want."

Helfredge was given to social and moral diagnosis.

"That 's about it ! " Drake smiled. "I 've been weighing the matter all day. It 's all so very attractive here, rather seductive when one takes it up in detail, and our work — purely scientific work — is a great thing."

Helfredge grunted at the assumption that anything outside of biology could be called scientific.

"Sometimes I feel that I 'd like to see a bit of the world, to meet a different lot of people. One gets pretty stale in college work," Drake said, feeling the necessity of defending his longings.

"That ain't what a man is here for," Helfredge snapped, relapsing into his native idiom, "to trot around in society."

"No, not society, such as Dexter goes in for. But do you remember Strethson ? He 's just got out a book that 's making a good deal of a stir."

"Little Jew ! " Helfredge grunted.

"Jew or Gentile, he could play around *us*. He knew something besides his subject."

"What he wants is *publicity*," the biologist sneered.

"Well," Drake retorted, flushing, "the worst thing in the world is n't publicity."

"You 'd better try it ; your mind seems made up."

"Oh no ; I was just considering it sympathetically. I don't think I shall take it."

Helfredge looked at his companion critically, and then took up the newspaper. "You 've got it bad, old man ! You need rest."

"I must think of my wife and children. I want to give them the best opportunities," Drake suggested, eyeing his dusty boots critically and pulling down his cuffs. "Academic success is n't likely to do much for them, and now I 've got this chance " —

"Are you sure ? " the biologist asked keenly.

Drake did not answer. The implications in the remark puzzled him.

The men came in from tennis. The younger ones, who were unmarried, dined at the club, and the odors of their dinner rose from the basement kitchen. Stralparo, professor of Germanic philology, passed the club, his odd little bag stuffed with books for the long hours of night work. He was reported to be a veritable mountain of learning. His sallow face and shrunken form seemed to prove it. The least possible time for meals and sleep, the longest possible hours for the library, — the incessant unwearied labor of the brain ! Drake followed his

halting gait up the street. That was a type of university career that did not attract him. On the other hand, Dexter, who lived more humanly and jovially, was always pronounced superficial. And Gray, who was a fair scholar, a fair teacher, and an active man on committees and boards of administration, was neither one thing nor the other. Gray was the kind of professor he should be, if he remained, — active, useful, undistinguished. He could not be a Stralparo if he wanted to be. The easy, unconfined life, with liberal margins of indolent half hours, had eaten into his resolution. In any other life he should miss that more than anything, — the power to waste bits of his days, if he felt like it.

So he carried his indecision home with him, as he frequently did. The two older children were playing in the little open grass plot in front of the house. They were neither very shabby nor very neat. Mrs. Drake struggled hard to keep them dressed at the mean of propriety. It would be a greater struggle later; he ought to try to better their fortunes. . . .

At dinner his wife looked at him in eager anticipation, but refrained from broaching the subject before the children. After the meal he went back to his study, lit his pipe, and, settling with infinite comfort into his lounging chair, took up volume one of Strethson's new work, which he found to be a brilliant book, but unsound. Strethson's rash generalizations and easy errors gave the professor a pleasant feeling of superiority. He began to think of his own book, which would touch on the same topics, in a surer way. He was quite happy when, an hour later, his wife came into the room.

"Well?" she said timidly.

"What is it?" Drake asked, uneasily conscious of the interruption.

"Did you send the telegram?"

"What telegram?"

"Why, Mr. Prome said to telegraph your decision, — to let him know if he should send your name in!"

"Oh, Prome always gets excited!" After a few moments, he added: "I shall write him a letter. That will do better."

Mrs. Drake got up and stood near his chair, her hand falling gently on his shoulder.

"I hope you 'll never regret it, dear."

"Regret what?" he replied evasively. "I thought you did n't want to change," he added.

"Oh, you know I always liked Eureka, and we 've got on somehow."

"Regret what?" her husband repeated, remembering Helfredge's enigmatic phrase.

"Regret the chance," she murmured, giving him another caress.

Robert Herrick.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

On Going a-Maying.

If, as says that prince of tramps, Robert Louis Stevenson, "a walking tour should be gone upon alone," with a visit to the spring woods it is otherwise. The joy of the forest is never full till it is shared. And yet beware with whom you share it! For it is not every one who is qualified to go a-Maying.

The unregenerate worldling shivers lonesome in the April woods. The bare, unfriendly stretch of dead leaves and mummied boughs depresses him. The stillness makes him nervous. Unkindly drafts creep round him and chill his soul. Spiteful branches flick his eyes; gnarled roots entangle his toes; quaggy ground sucks off his overshoes; briers

sting his ankles; and all manner of disreputable tramp burs attach themselves to his garments. He is an abused man. All Nature is in conspiracy against him. Nor is he less unfriendly to himself. He tears his clothes on treacherous barbed wire; slivers his palms on gone-to-seed fence rails; strains his back grubbing after dwarfish wild flowers; does a hard day's work, and carries home a pitiful handful of disconsolate blooms, a consuming thirst, and a disillusioned soul.

Hear what the poet Hovey says of the springtime: —

> "I said in my heart, 'I am sick of four walls and a ceiling.
> I have need of the sky.
> I have business with the grass.'"

The above-described worldling has *no business* with the grass, no right in the woods, no part in the sky. He belongs to the great army of the Unqualified.

Now, to go a-Maying with an unqualified person is to become for the time being unqualified yourself. The light shivers out of the sky, the color out of the landscape, under the baleful influence of an unbelieving eye. The selection of a fit companion becomes, therefore, a matter of no light moment.

As a rule, it is safest not to choose a scientist. Of course, there is all the difference between a mere botanist and a student of plant ways that there is between a psychologist and a student of human nature. But the hard literalness of the prying scientific spirit is fatal to the mystery of the woods. Neither should I select an inveterate literary man, eternally on the outlook for "material." No celebrity was ever more shy of the notebook than is Dame Nature. She even turns a cold shoulder on the luckless companion of him who "gathers some of Nature's gold and mints it." No more should I elect to go a-Maying with a cooing sentimentalist. To pull the violets up and call them "dear" is to taint the fine aroma of the woods. Least of all should I choose a confirmed pedestrian, his pedometer in his pocket, his soul in his muscles, his eye on his watch. For to enjoy the woods you must have literally all the time there is.

What, then, are the requisites for an ideal companion? First, an untraditional mind, a soul prepared for swift whims and sudden flights, for unreasoned changes of unreasoned purpose. For it must not be supposed that Maying can be set about in cold blood. It will not do to say, "On Thursday next, Deo volente, I purpose to go a-Maying." As well say, "At sixteen minutes after five, to-morrow afternoon, I propose to write a sonnet." Maying is an art, and, like all other arts, must wait on inspiration. When the "old spring fret is on you" you must go, and go at once. If duty thunders "No!" so much the better; for there is no fun in doing nothing when you have nothing else to do. The true son of the woods has a patent detachable conscience. He is past master of the fine art of truancy.

Then he must know how to taste to the full the bliss of anticipation. There are more unsearchable thrills in a steamer rug than in the length and breadth of Europe. So half the ecstasy of the woods is to be found on the way thither. Woodsward bound, the accomplished "Mayer" (if I may be allowed the expression) indulges in mild delirium. What matter that his fellow passengers regard him as an escaped lunatic? He feels like an escaped lunatic!

> "Spring, like a huntsman's boy,
> Halloos along the hillsides and unhoods
> The falcon in his will."

Beyond this mad freakishness, he must have the genius of hope; for truly to see the spring woods one must seek them while yet it is winter. The most impossible month to go a-Maying in is May. To wait until the leaves are out and the woods flushed with the coarser exuberance of bloom is to miss the fine spiritual essence of spring. Therefore

the inspired woodsman has the ability to delight in the abundance of things hoped for, the prophecy of things to come. Nature's modest first offerings he accepts as a delicious surprise.

Then he is prepared to take time for the experience. Fresh from the world of musty ledgers and foaming steins, he does not expect to find himself in tune with Nature all at once. He is content to bathe his mind in the infinite quiet of the forest, and wait for his eyes to be opened that he may see. He knows how to be silent; how to lie full length in placid torpidity, breathed on by small faint airs, soothed by the lisp of leaves, sharing "all the lassitude of happy things."

Sensitive though he be to Nature in her towering moods, he must feel no less the subtle beauty of her humbler handiwork. The tender contours of knoll and hollow, the intricate weaving of slender black boughs against a luminous sky, the soft red-browns and old yellows of dried meadow grasses, the flash of a scarlet lichen, the thrill of a bluebird's liquid note, the startling purity of the hepatica's creams and pinks and azures, the whisk of a silver squirrel, the downy coil of a baby fern, — all these touch a chord as responsive as that which thrills to the glory of cloud mass and mountain majesty.

Then the ideal woods comrade is the soul of unpracticality and sweet irresponsibility. He has no schedule for the return trip. The lightest impulse sways his will. An unreasoning acquisitiveness keeps him slaving for hours at the accumulation of things he does n't want; for, having slipped the leash of common sense, he appreciates the transcendent value of the unessential.

But perhaps his most distinctive characteristic is an uncanonical glee at getting into mud and mischief. The true woodsman has no dignity. He knows the awful joy of having liberties taken with his sacred person. Obstacles raise his spirits. There is nothing he enjoys so much as missing a train. And if he is forced to go home with hands unsoiled and clothes unrent, his cup is something less than full.

Such is the paragon of companions for the woods. And if, perchance, you have searched out such a miracle of nicely balanced whims and sentiments and sympathies, hold him fast! The gods cannot be trusted to confer that boon a second time.

The Advantages of Trucking.

"Now, there is Tracey, the truckman," suggested the Talker. "I suppose Tracey has done more for this town than any young doctor, lawyer, or minister in it. Why, before Tracey went into the furniture and piano moving business, you could n't get a bureau moved across the street without having all the casters knocked off. And as for pianos, no one ever thought of playing one after moving. Now, when you want anything moved, — from one end of the town to the other, or over to the next county, — just at the appointed minute up drives Tracey's big yellow van; and your piano or sofa or cooking stove is handed out as carefully as if it were the Queen of England; and off it goes, safe under cover, with no disreputable legs or stuffing exposed to a heartless public. Tracey has been in the business five years. When he was through high school, his father wanted him to go to college. But he did n't care much for books; he was a big, strapping fellow, fond of horses and outdoor life. He told his father he would rather have the college money to set him up in the moving business. So the old gentleman gave in finally, and bought him a good pair of draught horses and a big wagon with fancy lettering. He did the thing up in good shape. I suspect that it was young Tracey, though, that put him up to the ring trimmings on the harnesses. But that truck wagon, I tell you, when they got it going, was an object lesson to the

town. Of course everybody laughed, and said all that style would n't last long; it was too fine for business. But I noticed that everybody hired him. It was the novelty first; and after that wore off, folks had found it was rather pleasant, after a moving, not to have to wander around the house with a splinter, trying to fit it in for a leg or an arm or a back to something. So they kept on hiring him. He has six pair of horses, and as many wagons. They send for him for miles around to do any fancy moving. Makes money? Yes, it looks like it. Of course there are other truckmen; but they have to keep their teams better, and treat your furniture a little less like cord wood. All the work horses in town are better cared for than they were five years ago. It may be Tracey, and it may be the climate. It does you good to see him come driving along, beaming down on everybody out of that big yellow ark. He has found his niche in life, if ever a man did. Stranahan was saying the other day: 'What a pity Tracey never had a college education! With his ability, he might easily have been a college professor.' Now, as I see it, Tracey has enough in him to make half a dozen average professors, and have something left over for trimmings. I should hate terribly to see all that good stuff sitting around in a professor's chair, or waiting on a footstool for the present incumbent to die, — my piano, meanwhile, bumping down the front steps. Well, what I was getting at is, that if half the young fellows whose fathers are wasting capital on them could be set up in some business they really like, it would be a good deal more comfortable for them and for the rest of us. It is respectable enough to buy your boy a ranch off in Texas or some remote corner. Why not a trucking business right here in town? I look to see young Tracey do more for this town in the next twenty-five years than all the college graduates that come into it, — by just minding his own business."

"Yes, it 's all very well to talk. But how would you like your boy, if you had one, to be a workingman?"

"My boy?" responded the Talker. "Why, if I had a boy, young man, I 'd be almost willing to work myself, don't you know?"

A Japanese Book-Lover.

I KEEP them all on my desk, that little reception hall of polished oak, — or rather, that shrine where I, my hair rumpled, in my threadbare working coat, in slippers, and if clean, rugged as any mendicant, present myself to the muse; where I beg her to be friendly to me for a few hours every day, so that, when the Emma-o, that Autocrat of the Shadow World, would call me, I, Adachi Kinnosuké, might give some sort of account for the life that I had here below.

Well, they look quite as poverty-stricken as I do, these paper-covered books, — quite as rugged, abused, torn, worn, and shining with the light that is not of the Phidian marble; quite as ready to give up the forlorn struggle of keeping themselves together, and threatening all the while to fly into pieces, as I. And no wonder! I have read them twenty, fifty, a hundred times, and some of them I have handled every living day for these five years since I came to know, by an amazingly sad and slow process, what was good in letters.

By no means could you call it a disreputable company, this torn assembly of paper-covered books. The names they bear upon their backs — that is, those of them which still retain a certain shape of a back, whereupon you can fill your lazy hours in puzzling out the names of authors — are known in every corner of this world where literary art is held to be a somewhat better thing than a turnip or a hunk of bleeding flesh: Alphonse Daudet, Pierre Loti, Anatole France, Cervantes, Thackeray, Æschylus, — and if I add Shakespeare and Homer, it is not for a finishing touch of the snobbish style of a bookworm. Resting upon the shoul-

ders of the books which bear the names that I have just mentioned, in fraternal communion with them, and in the most Bohemian brotherhood, reclines many a Nihonese volume, bearing such names as are not known to you, — names which some of you would like much to know, I have not the slightest doubt, — Basho, Bakin, Samma, Chikamatsu, Ikkyu; but why should I puzzle you with a knotty string of meaningless names?

It is Sunday. Outside, the sky is sad and gray. It has been raining, and after the rain the atmosphere has in it that something which would have you to understand that autumn is now beginning to think seriously of winter. Beside me, in a jovial fireplace, laughing every time the gust loses its temper, careless flames are dancing light-heartedly, inviting you to look into them and see therein all sorts of things, scenes, and faces you have seen or dreamed; in short, the kaleidoscope of your memory.

And I sit down in front of the blaze with one of the paper-covered books in my hand, and so forget the world. When I fear that I am sinking too deep in the intoxication of my books, as a certain Nihonese poet used to do in that of his *saké* cup, then I turn from the printed charms to read the flaming hieroglyphics behind the fender of the fireplace; in truth, the burning pages, they are, of the romance of the Soul, whose author is the Great Unknown.

And I am perfectly happy.

Modern Astrology and Palmistry.

PHILOSOPHERS tell us that man's great advantage over the beasts of the field depends upon his power to transmit the teachings of experience to his children and successors; and they draw a cheerful picture of a race ever increasing in wisdom. Blessed be languages and books, they say.

It was only the other day that I picked up in a fine lady's drawing-room one of these blessed books. It was a treatise on astrology, written, printed, and sold by thousands, in this the first year of the twentieth century. It was no shabby, ill-printed brochure, but a neat volume, fat and prosperous-looking. Very likely the brochure might have been found in the kitchen. It is certain that the fine lady, at any rate, felt that the stars foretold her destinies.

There are treatises on palmistry galore, and believers in them from the fine lady to the housemaid. Watch them inspecting "the line of life"! It is long, — they will live to eighty; it is unbroken, — their years will pass peacefully; here is a disease, there a sorrow. Perhaps it is short; alas, they have but a year to live. Logic is wasted on them. Let us try an argument based on money, which they both can understand. Has either of them stopped to reflect that a salary of five hundred thousand dollars a year is waiting for her at the office of any one of the great life insurance companies? If all the accidents of flood and field, all perils, and the outcome of all diseases are integrated in this one line of life, why do the doctors waste time on the stethoscope?

It is not so certain that languages and books are unmixed blessings, after all. They certainly transmit the delusions of our fathers along with their wisdom. Lord Monboddo declared that language was originally invented by a congress of learned men assembled for the purpose. While they were about it, they might have devised a touchstone for truth, a litmus that would turn red in the presence of a lie. In default of this, we must fall back on the criteria of common sense. It is a little discouraging, meanwhile, to find judicial astrology, palmistry, and quackeries of the sort still flourishing among us in fat and prosperous books, and especially to discover such books and beliefs in the most unexpected places.

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TRUSTS AND PUBLIC POLICY.

I.

Although twenty years have passed since the first monopolistic combinations made their appearance in our manufacturing industries, and notwithstanding that discussion of the trust problem has been rife during the greater part of this period, it cannot be said that much progress has been made in the development of an intelligent public opinion upon this subject, or in the formulation of successful measures of legal repression or control. It is true that the owners and managers of these colossal enterprises have not wearied in singing the praises of the trust, and that radical opponents of the movement have not withheld their sweeping condemnations; while some of our courts and many of our legislatures have invoked the aid of the law against contracts and combinations in restraint of trade. But the work of industrial consolidation has steadily progressed, with a serene disregard of hostile opinion and legal restraints, and the average citizen has waited, helplessly or apathetically, for the question to settle itself, or, failing in this, to assume such a shape that the formation of a correct opinion would become a matter of comparative ease. Under such conditions, we have drifted to a point where the careful student must approach the trust problem with a full recognition of the following established facts.

He must understand, at the outset, that the policy of consolidation has gained at least a temporary control of the field of manufacturing industry, so that most staple products of the factory are now in the hands of the so-called trusts. Then it must be recognized that the important railways of the country have been brought under the control of five or six leading combinations, which are to be managed in complete harmony, and under the general direction of the same men who are the dominating spirits in the mining and manufacturing industries. It is evident, also, that such municipal industries as gas, electric lighting, and street railways are certain to be conducted as monopolistic undertakings, public or private; and that, where private ownership is permitted, there is a marked tendency toward the consolidation of plants situated in different localities under the control of large syndicates, upon the directorates of which we find many of the same capitalists who figure in the manufacturing and railroad consolidations. Finally, in the world of banking the process of centralization has begun; so that even now, in New York, Chicago, and perhaps Boston and other cities, there has been effected a union of financial interests sufficiently large to exert a material influence upon the bank statements, the supply of loanable capital, the rate of discount, and possibly the prices of stocks. It is almost needless to add that these financial consolidations have been brought about by the same capital that controls the manufacturing and transportation interests of the coun-

try. At the present moment, therefore, the student must reckon with the fact that industrial consolidation has reached a stage of development beyond the wildest dreams ever entertained a few years ago, and that a small group of capitalists wields a power such as has never fallen to the lot of captains of industry in any other age.

Turning now from the existing facts of industry to the present state of opinion among professional economists and others who have made a study of the question, the student finds that, so far as railroads and municipal monopolies are concerned, there is a general agreement that competition is both impossible and undesirable, and that monopoly is the order of the day. The only questions that may be considered open to debate are, whether the monopoly should be public or private, and whether, in case private ownership is permitted, the extent of the control exercised by public authority should be greater or less than at present. Combinations in the world of banking are of such recent growth that they have received but little attention up to the present time; but concerning the trusts that control our manufacturing industries, a dozen years of debate have not produced anything that approaches substantial agreement of opinion. While this essay will be confined to a consideration of consolidation in the field of manufactures, the facts adduced in the previous paragraph will suffice to remind us that this particular question cannot be separated entirely from the problem of consolidation in other parts of the industrial world.

If differences of opinion exist upon other points, it is certain that disinterested students agree nearly unanimously that the trusts almost always attempt to secure a monopoly within their respective fields, and have actually secured monopolistic powers to a great degree. Prospectuses issued by promoters, and the admissions of a number of trust officials, show that the desire to secure control of the supply in order to regulate prices is one of the chief motives that have caused consolidation, while a study of price statistics proves that increased charges have certainly been exacted from the public. One still meets the reckless assertion that the trusts have not advanced prices; but the simple fact is that, in almost every case investigated, combination has been followed by an advance in charges.[1] Economists are agreed also that, in order to secure a monopoly, it is not necessary to obtain control of the entire supply. For this purpose, control of a decided majority of the factories — enough, for instance, to bring from seventy to ninety per cent of the product into the hands of the combination — is as good as mastery of the entire output. Indeed, in many cases it may be better; for the presence of a few smaller companies outside of the trust, which exist, perhaps, by mere tolerance and on condition that they shall not reduce prices, aids materially in throwing dust into the eyes of the public. We may therefore accept it as an established fact that the trust movement means, for the present, at any rate, the establishment of monopolistic power to control supply and fix prices at the point of highest net returns.

More than this, whenever trusts have been formed, prospective monopoly profits have been capitalized at very high figures. The Industrial Commission tells us that the issue of securities up to two

[1] It must be remembered that the only safe basis for a conclusion upon this point is a comparison of the margin between the cost of materials and the price of the finished product. Thus, while the prices of refined oil and sugar have shown a downward tendency, the margin of profit over the price of crude oil or sugar has shown a tendency to increase whenever market conditions have made this possible. See Report of Industrial Commission, i. 39–57; Bulletin of the Department of Labor, No. 29, pp. 708–765; Jenks, The Trust Problem, 130–170.

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or three times the actual cash value of the assets has been considered a "fairly conservative" basis of capitalization, and that this proportion has been exceeded in not a few instances. It would be a very considerable understatement of the truth to say that, in general, over one half of the capitalization of these combinations represents nothing more substantial than water. In most cases the preferred stock has equaled or exceeded the value of all tangible assets, and the common stock represents no actual investment of capital. Thus it is evident that the future has been heavily discounted; the more so, in fact, since the valuations at which the constituent plants have been turned over to the combinations have, in recent years, been based upon earnings realized in times of unusual prosperity. This is something that investors are likely to appreciate more keenly when the trusts come to the lean years which are sure to follow the speculative activity of recent times.

Concerning the permanence of these overcapitalized companies that are now grasping for monopoly gains, opinions have differed most materially; but one fact may be regarded as established. If the persistent growth of competitors or the approach of industrial depression ever results in financial embarrassments, it is not likely that the corporate existence of the trusts will terminate, and the constituent plants resume independent operations. Receiverships or eventual reorganizations are more likely to be the accepted forms of procedure, so that the enterprises now consolidated will probably remain under unified managements. Moreover, it must not be overlooked that the utter collapse of any considerable number of the combinations would shake the entire industrial structure to the utmost, producing a far-reaching series of disasters. In some form or other, in the shape of permanent monopolies or of organizations shorn of monopolistic power, the trusts are likely to remain with us, either as monuments of organizing talent, or as fatuous efforts to overreach the possible limits of capitalistic enterprise.

II.

Not a few of the advocates of industrial consolidation have told us that the trusts present a purely practical question, toward the solution of which the "theorist" and the "doctrinaire" can contribute nothing. But this distrust of theory has, obviously enough, been confined to reasonings based upon traditional economic principles, because these same writers have manifested little hesitation in advancing a number of new theories favorable to the principle of combination. We may proceed, therefore, to review some of these recent theories that are designed to allay popular discontent and gain a verdict favorable to the trusts.

In the first place, we are told that, under modern conditions, competition has become a "wasteful," "irrational," and "self-destructive" process. It is said that whenever an industry requires the investment of large amounts of fixed capital, it becomes impossible to decrease production if prices ever fall below a profitable level, since such a course would entail the sacrifice of enormously expensive plants. Under such conditions, it is argued, the only possible remedy is to combine the various establishments under a single management which can "adjust production to consumption" in a rational and scientific manner. Without doubt, some of the trusts have originated in periods of business depression caused by excessive investments in the industries in question; and the whiskey, sugar, and tin-plate combinations are the stock illustrations employed to enforce this point. But when the facts are examined more closely, one finds that the depressed conditions out of which these trusts developed cannot be attributed fairly to the workings of ordinary competition. In each case the overinvest-

ment of capital of which writers complain was due to governmental interference, and not to the ordinary vicissitudes of business. The whiskey trust was formed because the federal duties on distilled spirits had been so manipulated and administered that enormous amounts of capital had been called into this industry,[1] producing conditions for which mere competition was in no wise responsible. And the same thing is true of the sugar and tin-plate industries. Here our protective duties had given an undue stimulus to investments, so that Mr. Havemeyer was entirely correct in calling the tariff the mother of trusts, so far, at least, as his own industry was concerned. In our iron and steel industries, it is possible to trace with special clearness the influence of governmental interference in producing those periodic fluctuations of which the advocates of trusts complain. In times of rising prices and increasing demand, our tariff serves to throw upon domestic producers nearly the whole task of supplying the expanding market. This may be the precise condition which the protectionist desires, but it produces effects which are not contemplated in the philosophy of protectionism. Since new plants cannot be erected promptly, prices rise very high, and stimulate new investments to a degree which the permanent needs of the market could never warrant. Then, when normal conditions return, it is found that there has been an excessive investment of new capital, and, the supply remaining unduly large, prices fall to an unremunerative figure. All of this would be avoided if the government did not interfere to prevent foreign producers from furnishing a portion of the supply needed to meet conditions of expanding demand; and we may insist that in such cases it is not competition, but the restriction which we place upon it, that is chiefly responsible for the depressed conditions that trusts are designed to remedy. Economists have long been aware that competition is not a perfect process, and have reckoned with the losses as well as the benefits that flow from its action. But until we give it a chance to demonstrate what its normal workings would be, it is premature to conclude that competition is either "irrational" or "self-destructive," and that monopoly is to be preferred to our traditional method of business rivalry.

A second theory is that a monopoly, producing upon the largest possible scale, can supply the market more cheaply than a number of independent concerns. An adequate discussion of this argument is impossible within the limits of the present essay, and attention can be called to only a few of the most important considerations. Advocates of the trusts have had no difficulty in showing that a modern combination can produce goods more cheaply than the *small* enterprises that used to control the field of manufacturing industry. But the trusts have, for the most part, substituted a single consolidated company for separate business undertakings that were already conducting their enterprises *upon a large scale;* and the question at issue is whether a combination can supply its product more cheaply than these *large* individual concerns could have continued to do. This is not an easy problem, and there is reason, doubtless, for considerable difference of opinion. In the matter of advertising and effecting sales, there is probably room for no little saving through the formation of a combination. But the opportunity for economy at this point does not always exist, and its extent is often exaggerated. Not all advertising is mere waste, because demand for

[1] When the duties were first imposed, lax enforcement enabled those distillers who evaded the exciseman to realize a profit of almost one thousand per cent. Later, the rate of taxation was repeatedly raised, without making the increased duties applicable to stocks on hand. This resulted in enormous profits to many distillers.

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commodities is aroused and stimulated by this means; and some of the trusts that at the outset discharged many salesmen and reduced the outlay for advertising have been obliged to increase their expenditures for such purposes, because it was found that sales fell off under the other policy. Moreover, whenever new rivals appear to dispute the possession of the field by the monopoly, it is necessary for the trust to make extraordinary efforts to retain its trade. In the mere work of producing the commodity at the factory, there is much less reason to believe that a monopoly is superior to independent enterprises of a sufficiently large size. It is tolerably certain that there is not to-day a single trust that can make a satisfactory profit by selling at prices that are so low as to make competition hopeless; and until some of the combinations are able to defeat all rival concerns in this the only legitimate way, we may continue to believe that a company that controls a factory or a few factories of reasonable size, under the supervision of an able manager, is not an inferior agent of production. If the trusts ever reduce their cost of production to a point that makes it hopeless for independent concerns to enter the field, all students must then agree that the case in favor of combination has been fully established; but so long as it is necessary to employ questionable tactics in order to stifle competition, we may safely conclude that the business world has not accepted the theory of the advocates of consolidation.

A third theory should be considered in connection with the two lines of argument already discussed. Whenever the critic urges that a monopoly possesses dangerous power of oppressing consumers with higher charges, the advocates of combination reply that all such objections will settle themselves, because the trusts will be restrained by the force of potential competition. Now the economist who believes that competition is not, under normal conditions, "irrational" and "self-destructive," and holds that a trust cannot produce goods more cheaply than independent concerns of a large size, can very properly argue that the present effort of combinations to exact monopoly prices will ultimately be defeated by competition, both potential and actual. But the advocate of trusts cannot, without manifest absurdity, endeavor to allay discontent by an appeal to competition. He has already demonstrated to his own satisfaction that competition is irrational, wasteful, and self-destructive; and we must insist that he shall not point to such an agency as this when pressed for remedies for the evils of monopoly. In the railroad industry and the field of municipal monopolies, we have come to recognize that competition is indeed an undesirable and illusory regulator of monopolistic power, and are now proceeding to develop methods of public control. This is precisely what must be done with the trusts if competition has now become a thing of the past. The advocates of trusts have further argued that a combination can produce its goods more cheaply than separate concerns. If this be true, the conclusion follows that it is useless to expect that competition in any form can oblige the trust to divide its savings with the public. If the price at which rival concerns can supply the product is one dollar, and the trust can produce for less, say eighty cents, — and this is precisely what these arguments go to prove, — then the combination will run no risk of competition if it places the price at ninety-nine and nine tenths cents. Thus the whole of the alleged economies of consolidation will accrue to the benefit of the trust. Manifestly, if competition is self-destructive, the evils of monopoly cannot be held in check by a force that annihilates itself; and if rival concerns cannot hope to produce at as low a cost as the trust, capitalists will soon learn not to meddle with enterprises that are

foredoomed to failure. There can be no *potential* competition when *actual* competition is hopeless; and the last vestiges of the competitive régime must disappear from the industries controlled by trusts, if the advocates of combination can establish the truth of their theories. If the critic of trusts is to be told that his theories can contribute nothing to the solution of the question, which is a problem of a purely practical character, he may at least suggest that if the advocates of combination undertake to theorize, they should devote some attention to the logical connection of the theories which they advance.

A fourth theory which is supposed to add materially to the sum total of human contentment is found in the law of substitution. If the monopolist raises the price of his commodity unduly, the consumer may seek for substitutes, and may be able oftentimes to find them. It is certainly true that the exactions of the "coal barons" who control the output of the anthracite regions have increased the use of bituminous coal, or of such substitutes as oil, crushed coke, and fuel gas. It is well known that high duties upon wool have increased the use of cotton fabrics, that cotton-seed oil competes with linseed, and that the high charges fixed by the trust that controls writing paper have led to experiments with the pulp of the palmetto tree and the hull of the cotton seed. This is not a new principle, but is found in almost all of the discussions of the law of monopoly price. But what is it worth as a sedative for popular unrest or scientific skepticism? Comparatively little, we fear. First of all, even if the quest for substitutes were always easy and certain of success, it would not alter the fact that the monopolist may deprive the consumer of the opportunity of securing the precise article desired, at a reasonable price. This may be a short-sighted act on his part, but it is irritating, nevertheless. Then, as a matter of fact, it is not always easy to find an acceptable substitute, and monopoly charges must often be borne for a considerable time before relief can be secured. Moreover, since the range of monopolized industries is now so wide, and the tendency to exact monopoly prices so general, the law of substitution becomes little more than an invitation to consumers to devote an enormous amount of energy to the search for commodities which would be needless but for the presence of the trust. And, finally, would not the monopolist watch this process with serene confidence that, after a substitute should be discovered, he could find the capital and the persuasive arguments and the precise means needed to demonstrate that the march of industrial progress makes it desirable and more economical for him to take the newly established industry into his own hands? If combination is superior to competition, and therefore inevitable, is it not apparent that both substitutes and original products must be brought under the same control?

Another comforting theory is that the injurious results of monopoly may be avoided by bringing all people into the scheme of industrial combination. Let farmers and laborers and professional people adopt the same methods now introduced into manufactures, so that the power of the present trusts may be limited by the "universalization of the tendency to monopoly." All producers may thus be placed in a position to control the supply of their respective products, fix prices at the point of highest net returns, and enjoy the resulting monopoly profits. Then consumers may invest in the securities of all combinations, and receive back in the form of dividends what is taken from them in the shape of higher prices. In criticism of this theory three suggestions may be made. First, the power of all these combinations would not be the same. A monopoly based upon the

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ownership of mines or a few large factories would possess greater stability than a union of laborers or agricultural producers, so that monopolistic earnings would not be distributed with even proximate equality. Moreover, a trust that controlled an article of necessary use would make greater profits than one that monopolized the supply of a luxury. In the second place, the prospective monopoly earnings of our existing trusts have already been capitalized at very high figures, so that the lion's share of the advantage has been secured by the promoters and original owners, while subsequent purchasers can hope to receive only average returns. Finally, the whole scheme, if not entirely chimerical, is based upon the doctrine of universal scarcity. Monopoly means limitation of supply, as a necessary condition of obtaining higher prices and larger profits. By such devices a few trusts in selected industries can enrich their owners and managers; but this is done at the expense of society, which receives a smaller supply of commodities than would be produced under other conditions. If such a method could become universal, it would mean a lessened production in all branches of industry, and a general régime of scarcity, by which all members of society would lose. Scarcity is the necessary implication of monopoly; universal monopoly would, of necessity, connote universalized scarcity. In comparison with such a programme, Socialism would offer an attractive alternative. The competitive régime possesses the merit of making it advantageous for producers to furnish the largest possible supply of commodities that can be sold at prices sufficient to cover the costs of production. Socialism, also, would make an abundant production of commodities the ideal of social effort, even though it should weaken the industrial motive in the individual members of society. But universalized monopoly, — only a Bastiat could do justice to such an economic ideal.

A final theory must receive its share of attention. It is argued that the trusts will prove a remedy for the depressions which have constantly beset the path of modern industry. This theory is based upon the belief that a combination, controlling practically the entire supply, can adjust production to consumption, and avoid the mistakes which in former times caused periods of temporary overproduction and consequent business depression. This is a claim which probably cannot be definitely settled until we have had further experience both with trusts and with the inevitable reaction from the recent "flush times." If trusts can repress competition, and do not, by their high prices, call too much capital into their respective fields, it is conceivable that something may be done in the way of decreasing the severity of the next period of depression. Yet it must be remembered that a trust can decrease production only by methods that lessen industrial activity and react upon other trades, while it is not certain that outside capital will cease permanently from interfering with the fields now controlled by the combinations. In Germany, where industry is regulated to a considerable degree by various syndicates and agreements among producers, a somewhat prolonged period of gradual depression has not been avoided, and the end is not yet in sight. One other point should not be overlooked. If the consolidation of banking interests has proceeded, or shall yet proceed, far enough to establish a considerable degree of concerted action in our leading financial centres, it is conceivable that something may be done to avoid that acute monetary stringency which has played such an important part in previous periods of depression. Our system of independent banks has lacked that stability which a central, unifying agency might be able to supply in times of panic; and the issue of clearing-house certificates has served to mitigate disastrous effects ra-

ther than guard against approaching dangers. In this direction, we shall have, before the expiration of many years, an opportunity to test the workings of financial consolidation.

III.

If, now, a critic professes inability to accept many of the theories that are current among the advocates of trusts, it is natural to inquire what suggestions he can offer in place of the views that he is compelled to reject. And it must be confessed that, with this problem, criticism is far easier than the formulation of positive opinions. But it can be suggested, also, that a critical attitude is much better than the uncritical acceptance of views that seem to require material qualification or radical modification in many particulars. Perhaps, too, such criticism may be a necessary condition for the development of more adequate and consistent theories.

As a preliminary consideration of great importance, it can be urged that grave dangers may attend the present attitude of many economists who counsel a policy of delay, and would postpone serious action until we have had time to gain fuller knowledge and greater experience. Existing trusts possess sufficient power to make the danger of ultraradical action decidedly small, while there is always a possibility that our final remedies may be postponed until they come too late. And even if one is optimistic concerning the ultimate outcome, there remains what Mr. Dooley has called "the annoyance of the meantime," and this is sufficient to make one dissatisfied with the policy of delay. It must not be forgotten that one important factor in recent consolidations has been the concentration of enormous wealth and power in the hands of a few men; and while the discussion of remedies continues, monopoly profits are flowing into the coffers of these same persons. When the Standard Oil Company can earn annual dividends that exceed thirty per cent, it is evident that a few years of further debate are almost as much as the monopolist could desire. It seems dangerous, therefore, to adopt an opportunist or a temporizing attitude.

In so far as our present trusts depend upon public or private privileges and favors, there can certainly be no excuse for delay. If the largest of all trusts is exacting monopoly charges from domestic consumers, and selling its products in foreign markets at lower rates, — and who can doubt that this is the case? — we have only ourselves to blame if we fail to apply the simple remedy of placing iron and steel upon the free list. And this trust is only one of many, the powers of which could be curbed by this course of action. If railroad rates are so manipulated that they sometimes favor the localities in which the plants owned by trusts are situated, — and what disinterested student can deny this? — why should we hesitate, in season and out of season, to agitate the question of the control of the national highways? If patent laws are another reliance of the trusts, why should we hesitate to throw open to general use, in return for a reasonable compensation, every patent that is employed hereafter for monopolistic ends? These remedies would at least moderate the exactions of many of the trusts, and no further experience or greater knowledge ought to be needed to demonstrate the wisdom of employing all such means that stand so near at hand.

Then it is evident that our corporation laws are in need of serious attention. Without the grant of a limited liability and unlimited control, by the directors, of the property of all the stockholders, the consolidations of recent years would have been an impossibility. Without the privilege of issuing watered stock, promoters and financiers might have found no profit in the work of consolidation, and the trust movement would not

have assumed its present gigantic proportions. It is not to be expected that the states that now find it profitable to encourage the incorporation of these companies will change their policy in any future that we have a right to contemplate; nor can we hope that rational and uniform corporation laws can be secured soon in all of our various commonwealths. A national law, applicable to all companies doing business outside the state in which they are chartered, is almost certainly our only hope of securing an effectual control of corporate enterprise. Such a measure, to be sure, would be a step in the direction of political centralization; but the only alternative is irresponsible industrial centralization, and there should be no doubt as to which policy is preferable. For a dozen years or more we have been sowing the wind, and we have now reaped what might have been expected. We have thrown many of our manufacturing interests into a mad vortex of speculation, and have danced attendance upon a game in which entire industries have been the counters, and the rights of consumers or small investors the last consideration. Why should we longer delay concerted efforts to secure a national corporation law?

The simple fact is that existing laws relating to tariff duties, railroads, patents, and business corporations have offered every conceivable inducement to consolidation, and have complicated the existing situation to such an extent that we are often unable to distinguish the results of permanent economic principles or forces from the effects of our own unwise legislation. Until we remove the abuses caused by laws of our own making, we shall probably secure no general agreement upon the economic principles involved; but our doubts upon many of the economic aspects of the question should not serve as an excuse for delay in removing the evils caused by forces that are in our own control. These evils present practical issues that may well serve as a basis for immediate action; the decision of the complicated economic principles involved in the trust problem may then be reserved more safely for a time when we shall have greater experience and a clearer vision.

And the friend of private property and individual enterprise should not forget that awaiting the outcome of our dealings with the trust stands — Socialism. The "Billion Dollar Trust" seems to furnish a practical demonstration of the possibility of organizing the largest industries upon a national scale, and the Socialist applauds the efforts of Mr. Morgan and his associates. The concentration of all the railroads into a few groups, controlled by a single set of interests, is a brilliant triumph for the policy of centralization; and for this, too, Mr. Morgan has the gratitude of every Socialist. The popular discontent caused by the monopolization of one necessary of life after another prepares the soil in a manner ideally perfect for the sowing of socialistic seed; and it is a significant fact that American Socialism has first become an appreciable force in this era of trusts and combinations. When the people once gained an appreciation of the fact that monopoly is inevitable in the field of municipal service industries, the question immediately arose, Shall this monopoly be public or private? And the last ten years have witnessed a remarkable growth, among conservative people, of an opinion favorable to public ownership. The same question will certainly arise if thinking men ever become convinced that in manufacturing and other industries competition is impossible, and monopoly inevitable. Only two possible alternatives will then present themselves, — public or private monopoly; and those who are now occupied with the formation or justification of trusts will be the persons chiefly responsible in case the balance finally swings in the direction of Socialism.

Charles J. Bullock.

AUDREY.[1]

IV.

THE ROAD TO WILLIAMSBURGH.

APRIL had gone out in rain, and though the sun now shone brightly from a cloudless sky, the streams were swollen and the road was heavy. The ponderous coach and the four black horses made slow progress. The creeping pace, the languid warmth of the afternoon, the scent of the flowering trees, the ceaseless singing of redbird, catbird, robin, and thrush, made it drowsy in the forest. In the midst of an agreeable dissertation upon May-Day sports of more ancient times the Colonel paused to smother a yawn; and when he had done with the clown, the piper, and the hobby-horse, he yawned again, this time outright.

"What with Ludwell's Burgundy, hazard, and the French peace, we sat late last night. My eyes are as heavy as the road. Have you noticed, my dear, how bland and dreamy is the air? On such an afternoon one is content to be in Virginia, and out of the world. It is a very land of the Lotophagi, — a lazy clime that Ulysses touched at, my love."

The equipage slowly climbed an easy ascent, and as slowly descended to the level again. The road was narrow, and now and then a wild cherry tree struck the coach with a white arm, or a grapevine swung through the window a fragrant trailer. The woods on either hand were pale green and silver gray, save where they were starred with dogwood, or where rose the pink mist of the Judas tree. At the foot of the hill the road skirted a mantled pond, choked with broad green leaves and the half-submerged trunks of fallen trees. Upon these logs, basking in the sunlight, lay small black turtles by the score. A snake glided across the road in front of the horses, and from a bit of muddy ground rose a cloud of yellow butterflies.

The Colonel yawned for the third time, looked at his watch, sighed, lifted his finely arched brows with a whimsical smile for his own somnolence; then, with an "I beg your pardon, my love," took out a lace handkerchief, spread it over his face and head, and, crossing his legs, sunk back into the capacious corner of the coach. In three minutes the placid rise and fall of his ruffles bore witness that he slept.

The horseman, who, riding beside the lowered glass, had at intervals conversed with the occupants of the coach, now glanced from the sleeping gentleman to the lady, in whose dark, almond-shaped eyes lurked no sign of drowsiness. The pond had been passed, and before them, between low banks crowned with ferns and overshadowed by beech trees, lay a long stretch of shady road.

Haward drew rein, dismounted, and motioned to the coachman to check the horses. When the coach had come to a standstill, he opened the door with as little creaking as might be, and held out a petitionary hand. "Will you not walk with me a little way, Evelyn?" he asked, speaking in a low voice that he might not wake the sleeper. "It is much pleasanter out here, with the birds and the flowers."

His eyes and the smile upon his lips added, "and with me." From what he had been upon a hilltop, one moonlight night eleven years before, he had become a somewhat silent, handsome gentleman, composed in manner, experienced, not unkindly, looking abroad from his ap-

[1] Copyright, 1901, by MARY JOHNSTON.

portioned mountain crag and solitary fortress upon men, and the busy ways of men, with a tolerant gaze. That to certain of his London acquaintance he was simply the well-bred philosopher and man of letters; that in the minds of others he was associated with the peacock plumage of the world of fashion, with the flare of candles, the hot breath of gamesters, the ring of gold upon the tables; that one clique had tales to tell of a magnanimous spirit and a generous hand, while yet another grew red at mention of his name, and put to his credit much that was not creditable, was perhaps not strange. He, like his neighbors, had many selves, and each in its turn — the scholar, the man of pleasure, the indolent, kindly, reflective self, the self of pride and cool assurance and stubborn will — took its place behind the mask, and went through its allotted part. His self of all selves, the quiet, remote, crowned, and inscrutable *I*, sat apart, alike curious and indifferent, watched the others, and knew how little worth the while was the stir in the ant-hill.

But on a May Day, in the sunshine and the blossoming woods and the company of Mistress Evelyn Byrd, it seemed, for the moment, worth the while. At his invitation she had taken his hand and descended from the coach. The great, painted thing moved slowly forward, bearing the unconscious Colonel, and the two pedestrians walked behind it: he with his horse's reins over his arm and his hat in his hand; she lifting her silken skirts from contact with the ground, and looking, not at her companion, but at the greening boughs, and at the sunlight striking upon smooth, pale beech trunks and the leaf-strewn earth beneath. Out of the woods came a sudden medley of bird notes, clear, sweet, and inexpressibly joyous.

"That is a mocking bird," said Haward. "I once heard one of a moonlight night, beside a still water" —

He broke off, and they listened in silence. The bird flew away, and they came to a brook traversing the road, and flowing in wide meanders through the forest. There were stepping-stones, and Haward, crossing first, turned and held out his hand to the lady. When she was upon his side of the streamlet, and before he released the slender fingers, he bent and kissed them; then, as there was no answering smile or blush, but only a quiet withdrawal of the hand and a remark about the crystal clearness of the brook, looked at her, with interrogation in his smile.

"What is that crested bird upon yonder bough," she asked, — "the one that gave the piercing cry?"

"A kingfisher," he answered, "and cousin to the halcyon of the ancients. If, when next you go to sea, you take its feathers with you, you need have no fear of storms."

A tree, leafless, but purplish pink with bloom, leaned from the bank above them. He broke a branch and gave it to her. "It is the Judas tree," he told her. "Iscariot hanged himself thereon."

Around the trunk of a beech a lizard ran like a green flame, and they heard the distant barking of a fox. Large white butterflies went past them, and a humming bird whirred into the heart of a wild honeysuckle that had hasted to bloom. "How different from the English forests!" she said. "I could love these best. What are all those broad-leaved plants with the white, waxen flowers?"

"May apples. Some call them mandrakes, but they do not rise shrieking, nor kill the wight that plucks them. Will you have me gather them for you?"

"I will not trouble you," she answered, and presently turned aside to pull them for herself.

He looked at the graceful, bending figure and lifted his brows; then, quickening his pace until he was up with the coach, he spoke to the negro upon the box. "Tyre, drive on to that big pine,

and wait there for your mistress and me. Sidon," — to the footman, — "get down and take my horse. If your master wakes, tell him that Mistress Evelyn tired of the coach, and that I am picking her a nosegay."

Tyre and Sidon, Haward's steed, the four black coach horses, the vermilion-and-cream coach, and the slumbering Colonel, all made a progress of an hundred yards to the pine tree, where the cortége came to a halt. Mistress Evelyn looked up from the flower-gathering to find the road bare before her, and Haward, sitting upon a log, watching her with something between a smile and a frown.

"You think that I, also, weigh true love by the weight of the purse," he said. "I do not care overmuch for your gold, Evelyn."

She did not answer at once, but stood with her head slightly bent, fingering the waxen flowers with a delicate, lingering touch. Now that there was no longer the noise of the wheels and the horses' hoofs, the forest stillness, which is composed of sound, made itself felt. The call of birds, the whir of insects, the murmur of the wind in the treetops, low, grave, incessant, and eternal as the sound of the sea, joined themselves to the slow waves of fragrance, the stretch of road whereon nothing moved, the sunlight lying on the earth, and made a spacious quiet.

"I think that there is nothing for which you care overmuch," she said at last. "Not for gold or the lack of it, not for friends or for enemies, not even for yourself."

"I have known you for ten years," he answered. "I have watched you grow from a child into a gracious and beautiful woman. Do you not think that I care for you, Evelyn?"

Near where he sat so many violets were blooming that they made a purple carpet for the ground. Going over to them, she knelt and began to pluck them. "If any danger threatened me," she began, in her clear, low voice, "I believe that you would step between me and it, though at the peril of your life. I believe that you take some pleasure in what you are pleased to style my beauty, some pride in a mind that you have largely formed. If I died early, it would grieve you for a little while. I call you my friend."

"I would be called your lover," he said.

She laid her fan upon the ground, heaped it with violets, and turned again to her reaping. "How might that be," she asked, "when you do not love me? I know that you would marry me. What do the French call it, — *mariage de convenance?*"

Her voice was even, and her head was bent so that he could not see her face. In the pause that followed her words treetop whispered to treetop, but the sunshine lay very still and bright upon the road and upon the flowers by the wayside.

"There are worse marriages," Haward said at last. Rising from the log, he moved to the side of the kneeling figure. "Let the violets rest, Evelyn, while we reason together. You are too clear-eyed. Since they offend you, I will drop the idle compliments, the pretty phrases, in which neither of us believes. What if this tinted dream of love does not exist for us? What if we are only friends — dear and old friends" —

He stooped, and, taking her by the busy hands, made her stand up beside him. "Cannot we marry and still be friends?" he demanded, with something like laughter in his eyes. "My dear, I would strive to make you happy; and happiness is as often found in that temperate land where we would dwell as in Love's flaming climate." He smiled and tried to find her eyes, downcast and hidden in the shadow of her hat. "This is no flowery wooing such as women love," he said; "but then you are like no other

woman. Always the truth was best with you."

Upon her wrenching her hands from his, and suddenly and proudly raising her head, he was amazed to find her white to the lips.

"The truth!" she said slowly. "Always the truth was best! Well, then, take the truth, and afterwards and forever and ever leave me alone! You have been frank; why should not I, who, you say, am like no other woman, be so, too? I will not marry you, because — because" — The crimson flowed over her face and neck; then ebbed, leaving her whiter than before. She put her hands, that still held the wild flowers, to her breast, and her eyes, dark with pain, met his. "Had you loved me," she said proudly and quietly, "I had been happy."

Haward stepped backwards until there lay between them a strip of sunny earth. The murmur of the wind went on and the birds were singing, and yet the forest seemed more quiet than death. "I could not guess," he said, speaking slowly and with his eyes upon the ground. "I have spoken like a brute. I beg your pardon."

"You might have known! you might have guessed!" she cried, with passion. "But you walk an even way; you choose nor high nor low; you look deep into your mind, but your heart you keep cool and vacant. Oh, a very temperate land! I think that others less wise than you may also be less blind. Never speak to me of this day! Let it die as these blooms are dying in this hot sunshine! Now let us walk to the coach and waken my father. I have gathered flowers enough."

Side by side, but without speaking, they moved from shadow to sunlight, and from sunlight to shadow, down the road to the great pine tree. The white and purple flowers lay in her hand and along her bended arm; from the folds of her dress, of some rich and silken stuff, chameleon-like in its changing colors, breathed the subtle fragrance of the perfume then most in fashion; over the thin lawn that half revealed, half concealed, neck and bosom was drawn a long and glossy curl, carefully let to escape from the waved and banded hair beneath the gypsy hat. Exquisite from head to foot, the figure had no place in the unpruned, untrained, savage, and primeval beauty of those woods. Smooth sward, with jets of water and carven nymphs embowered in clipped box or yew, should have been its setting, and not this wild and tangled growth, this license of bird and beast and growing things. And yet the incongruous riot, the contrast of profuse, untended beauty, enhanced the value of the picture, gave it piquancy and a completer charm.

When they were within a few feet of the coach and horses and negroes, all drowsing in the sunny road, Haward made as if to speak, but she stopped him with her lifted hand. "Spare me," she begged. "It is bad enough as it is, but words would make it worse. If ever a day might come — I do not think that I am unlovely; I even rate myself so highly as to think that I am worthy of your love. If ever the day shall come when you can say to me, 'Now I see that love is no tinted dream; now I ask you to be my wife indeed,' then, upon that day — But until then ask not of me what you asked back there among the violets. I, too, am proud" — Her voice broke.

"Evelyn!" he cried. "Poor child — poor friend" —

She turned her face upon him. "Don't!" she said, and her lips were smiling, though her eyes were full of tears. "We have forgot that it is May Day, and that we must be light of heart. Look how white is that dogwood tree! Break me a bough for my chimney-piece at Williamsburgh."

He brought her a branch of the starry blossoms. "Did you notice," she asked, "that the girl who ran — Audrey —

wore dogwood in her hair? You could see her heart beat with very love of living. She was of the woods, like a dryad. Had the prizes been of my choosing, she should have had a gift more poetical than a guinea."

Haward opened the coach door, and stood gravely aside while she entered the vehicle and took her seat, depositing her flowers upon the cushions beside her. The Colonel stirred, uncrossed his legs, yawned, pulled the handkerchief from his face, and opened his eyes.

"Faith!" he exclaimed, straightening himself, and taking up his radiant humor where, upon falling asleep, he had let it drop. "The way must have suddenly become smooth as a road in Venice, for I 've felt no jolting this half hour. Flowers, Evelyn? and Haward afoot? You 've been on a woodland saunter, then, while I enacted Solomon's sluggard!" The worthy parent's eyes began to twinkle. "What flowers did you find? They have strange blooms here, and yet I warrant that even in these woods one might come across London pride and none-so-pretty and forget-me-not" —

His daughter smiled, and asked him some idle question about the May apple and the Judas tree. The master of Westover was a treasure house of sprightly lore. Within ten minutes he had visited Palestine, paid his compliments to the ancient herbalists, and landed again in his own coach, to find in his late audience a somewhat *distraite* daughter and a friend in a brown study. The coach was lumbering on toward Williamsburgh, and Haward, with level gaze and hand closed tightly upon his horse's reins, rode by the window, while the lady, sitting in her corner with downcast eyes, fingered the dogwood blooms that were not paler than her face.

The Colonel's wits were keen. One glance, a lift of his arched brows, the merest ghost of a smile at the corners of his lips, and, dragging the younger man with him, he plunged into politics. Invective against a refractory House of Burgesses brought them a quarter of a mile upon their way; the necessity for an act to encourage adventurers in iron works carried them past a milldam; and frauds in the customs enabled them to reach a crossroads tavern, where the Colonel ordered a halt, and called for a tankard of ale. A slipshod, blue-eyed Cherry brought it, and spoke her thanks in broad Scotch for the shilling which the gay Colonel flung tinkling into the measure.

That versatile and considerate gentleman, having had his draught, cried to the coachman to go on, and was beginning upon the question of the militia, when Haward, who had dismounted, appeared at the coach door. "I do not think that I will go on to Williamsburgh with you, sir," he said. "There 's some troublesome business with my overseer that ought not to wait. If I take this road and the planter's pace, I shall reach Fair View by sunset. You do not return to Westover this week? Then I shall see you at Williamsburgh within a day or two. Evelyn, good-day."

Her hand lay upon the cushion nearest him. He would have taken it in his own, as for years he had done when he bade her good-by; but though she smiled and gave him "Good-day" in her usual voice, she drew the hand away. The Colonel's eyebrows went up another fraction of an inch, but he was a discreet gentleman who had bought experience. Skillfully unobservant, his parting words were at once cordial and few in number; and after Haward had mounted and had turned his horse's head down the side road, he put his handsome, periwigged head out of the coach window and called to him some advice about the transplanting of tobacco. This done, and the horseman out of sight, and the coach once more upon its leisurely way to Williamsburgh, the model father pulled out of his pocket a small book, and, after affection-

ately advising his daughter to close her eyes and sleep out the miles to Williamsburgh, himself retired with Horace to the Sabine farm.

V.

THE STOREKEEPER.

It was now late afternoon, the sun's rays coming slantingly into the forest, and the warmth of the day past and gone. To Haward, riding at a gallop down the road that was scarce more than a bridle path, the rush of the cool air was grateful; the sharp striking of protruding twigs, the violent brushing aside of hanging vines, not unwelcome.

It was of the man that the uppermost feeling in his mind was one of disgust at his late infelicity of speech, and at the blindness which had prompted it. That he had not divined, that he had been so dull as to assume that as he felt, or did not feel, so must she, annoyed him like the jar of rude noises or like sand blowing into face and eyes. It was of him, too, that the annoyance was purely with himself; for her, when at last he came to think of her, he found only the old, placid affection, as far removed from love as from hate. If he knew himself, it would always be as far removed from love as from hate.

All the days of her youth he had come and gone, a welcome guest at her father's house in London. He had grown to be her friend, watching the crescent beauty of face and mind with something of the pride and tenderness which a man might feel for a young and favorite sister; and then, at last, when some turn of affairs sent them all home to Virginia to take lot and part there, he had thought of marriage.

His mind had turned, not unwillingly, from the town and its apples of Sodom to his Virginia plantation that he had not seen for more than ten years. It was his birthplace, and there he had spent his boyhood. Sometimes, in heated rooms, when the candles in the sconces were guttering down, and the dawn looked palely in upon gaming tables and heaped gold, and seamed faces, haggardly triumphant, haggardly despairing, determinedly indifferent, there had come to him visions of cool dawns upon the river, wide, misty expanses of marsh and forest, indistinct and cold and pure. The lonely "great house," too, — the house which his father had built with so much love and pains, that his son and his son's sons should have a worthy home, — appealed to him, and the garden, and the fishing boats, and the old slaves in the quarters. He told himself that he was glad to go back.

Had men called him ambitious, he would have smiled, and felt truly that they had bungled in the word. Such and such things were simply his appurtenances · in London, the regard due to a gentleman who to a certain distinction in his manner of amusing himself added the achievement of a successful comedy, three lampoons quoted at all London tea tables, and a piece of Whig invective, so able, stern, and sustained that many cried that the Dean had met his match; in Virginia, the deferential esteem of the colony at large, a place in the Council, and a great estate. An alliance with the master of Westover was in itself a desirable thing, advantageous to purse and to credit; his house must have a mistress, and that mistress must please at every point his fastidious taste.

What better to do than to give it for mistress Evelyn Byrd? Evelyn, who had had for all her suitors only a slow smile and shake of the head; Evelyn, who was older than her years; Evelyn, who was his friend as he was hers. Love! He had left that land behind, and she had never touched its shores; the geography of the poets to the contrary, it did not lie in the course of all who passed through life. He made his suit, and now he had his answer.

If he did not take trouble to wonder at her confession, or to modestly ask himself how he had deserved her love, neither did he insult her with pity or with any lightness of thought. Nor was he ready to believe that his rejection was final. Apparently indifferent as he was, it was yet his way to move steadily and relentlessly, if very quietly, toward what goal he desired to reach. He thought that Fair View might yet call Evelyn Byrd its mistress.

Since turning into the crossroad that, running south and east, would take him back to the banks of the James and to his own house, he had not slackened speed, but now, as he saw through the trees before him a long zigzag of rail fence, he drew rein. The road turned, and a gate barred his way. When he had opened it and passed through, he was upon his own land.

He had ridden off his irritation, and could now calmly tell himself that the blunder was made and over with, and that it was the duty of the philosopher to remember it only in so far as it must shape his future course. His house of cards had toppled over; but the profound indifferentism of his nature enabled him to view the ruins with composure. After a while he would strive to build the selfsame house again. The image of Evelyn, as she had stood, dark-eyed and pale, with the flowers pressed to her bosom, he put from him. He knew her strength of soul; and with the curious hardness of the strong toward the strong, and also not without the delicacy which, upon occasion, he could both feel and exhibit, he shut the door upon that tragedy. Who knew? Perhaps, after all, it might turn into a comedy; but until then he would not look. Of course they must meet, and that often. Well, there were masks enough to choose from; doubtless the one that most closely resembled the old, real face would be best.

He had left the woods, and was now riding through a field of newly planted tobacco. It and the tobacco house in the midst of it were silent, deserted, bathed in the late sunshine. The ground rose slightly, and when he had mounted with it he saw below him the huddle of cabins which formed the ridge quarter, and winding down to it a string of negroes. One turned his head, and saw the solitary horseman upon the summit of the slope behind him; another looked, and another, until each man in line had his head over his shoulder. They knew that the horseman was their master. Some had been upon the plantation when he was a boy; others were more recent acquisitions, who knew not his face; but alike they grinned and ducked. The white man walking beside the line took off his hat and pulled a forelock. Haward raised his hand that they might know he saw, and rode on.

Another piece of woods where a great number of felled trees cumbered the ground, more tobacco, and then, in worn fields where the tobacco had been, knee-deep wheat rippling in the evening breeze. The wheat ran down to a marsh, and to a wide, slow creek that, save in the shadow of its reedy banks, was blue as the sky above. Haward, riding slowly beside his green fields and still waters, noted with quiet, half-regretful pleasure this or that remembered feature of the landscape. There had been little change. Here, where he remembered deep woods, tobacco was planted; there, where the tobacco had been, were now fields of wheat or corn, or wild tangles of vine-rid saplings and brushwood: but for this, it might have been yesterday that he had last ridden that way.

Presently he saw the river, and then the marshes with brown dots that were his cattle straying over them, and beyond these the home landing and the masts of the Golden Rose. The sun was near its setting; the men had left the fields; over all things were the stillness and peace, the encroaching shadows, the dwindling light, so golden in its qual-

ity, of late afternoon. When he crossed the bridge over the creek, the hollow sound that the boards gave forth beneath his horse's hoofs had the depth and resonance of drumbeats, and the cry of a solitary heron in the marsh seemed louder than its wont. He passed the rolling-house and drew near to the river, riding again through tobacco. These plants were Orenoko; the mild sweet-scented took the higher ground. Along the river bank grew a row of tall and stately trees: passing beneath them, he saw the shining water between brown columns or through a veil of slight, unfolding leaves. Soon the trees fell away, and he came to a stretch of bank, — here naked earth, there clad in grass and dewberry vines. Near by was a small landing, with two or three boats fastened to its piles; and at a little distance beyond it, shadowed by a locust tree, a strongly built, two-roomed wooden house, with the earth around it trodden hard and bare, and with two or three benches before its open door. Haward recognized the store which his father — after the manner of his kind, merchant and trader as well as planter and maker of laws — had built, and which, through his agent in Virginia, he had maintained.

Before one of the benches a man was kneeling, with his back to Haward, who could only see that his garb was that of a servant, and that his hands were busily moving certain small objects this way and that upon the board. At the edge of the space of bare earth were a horse block and a hitching post. Haward rode up to them, dismounted, and fastened his horse, then walked over to the man at the bench.

So intent was the latter upon his employment that he heard neither horse nor rider. He had some shells, a few bits of turf, and a double handful of sand, and he was arranging these trifles upon the rough, unpainted boards in a curious and intricate pattern. He was a tall man, with hair that was more red than brown, and he was dressed in a shirt of dowlas, leather breeches, and coarse plantation-made shoes and stockings.

"What are you doing?" asked Haward, after a moment's silent watching of the busy fingers and intent countenance.

There was no start of awakened consciousness upon the other's part. "Why," he said, as if he had asked the question of himself, "with this sand I have traced the shores of Loch-na-Keal. This turf is green Ulva, and this is Gometra, and the shell is Little Colonsay. With this wet sand I have moulded Ben Grieg, and this higher pile is Ben More. If I had but a sprig of heather, now, or a pebble from the shore of Scridain!"

The voice, while harsh, was not disagreeably so, and neither the words nor the manner of using them smacked of the rustic.

"And where are Loch-na-Keal and Ulva and Scridain?" demanded Haward. "Somewhere in North Britain, I presume?"

The second question broke the spell. The man glanced over his shoulder, saw that he was not alone, and with one sweep of his hand blotting loch and island and mountain out of existence, rose to his feet, and opposed to Haward's gaze a tall, muscular frame, high features slightly pockmarked, and keen dark blue eyes.

"I was dreaming, and did not hear you," he said, civilly enough. "It 's not often that any one comes to the store at this time of day. What d' ye lack?"

As he spoke he moved toward the doorway, through which showed shelves and tables piled with the extraordinary variety of goods which were deemed essential to the colonial trade. "Are you the storekeeper?" asked Haward, keeping pace with the other's long stride.

"It 's the name they call me by," answered the man curtly; then, as he chanced to turn his eyes upon the landing, his tone changed, and a smile irradiated his countenance. "Here comes a

customer," he remarked, "that 'll make you bide your turn."

A canoe, rowed by a young boy and carrying a woman, had slipped out of the creek, and along the river bank to the steps of the landing. When they were reached, the boy sat still, the oars resting across his knees, and his face upturned to a palace beautiful of pearl and saffron cloud; but the woman mounted the steps, and, crossing the boards, came up to the door and the men beside it. Her dress was gray and unadorned, and she was young and of a quiet loveliness.

"Mistress Truelove Taberer," said the storekeeper, "what can you choose, this May Day, that 's so fair as yourself?"

A pair of gray eyes were lifted for the sixth part of a second, and a voice that had learned of the doves in the forest proceeded to rebuke the flatterer. "Thee is idle in thy speech, Angus MacLean," it declared. "I am not fair; nor, if I were, should thee tell me of it. Also, friend, it is idle and tendeth toward idolatry to speak of the first day of the fifth month as May Day. My mother sent me for a paper of Whitechapel needles, and two of manikin pins. Has thee them in thy store of goods?"

"Come you in and look for yourself," said the storekeeper "There 's woman's gear enough, but it were easier for me to recount all the names of all the children of Gillean-ni-Tuiodh than to remember how you call the things you wear."

So saying he entered the store. The Quakeress followed, and Haward, tired of his own thoughts, and in the mood to be amused by trifles, trod in their footsteps.

Door and window faced the west, and the glow from the sinking sun illumined the thousand and one features of the place. Here was the glint of tools and weapons; there pewter shone like silver, and brass dazzled the eyes. Bales of red cotton, blue linen, flowered Kidderminster, scarlet serge, gold and silver drugget, all sorts of woven stuffs from lockram to brocade, made bright the shelves. Pendent skins of buck and doe showed like brown satin, while looking-glasses upon the wall reflected green trees and painted clouds. In one dark corner lurked kegs of powder and of shot; another was the haunt of aqua vitæ and right Jamaica. Playing cards, snuffboxes, and fringed gloves elbowed a shelf of books, and a full-bottomed wig ogled a lady's headdress of ribbon and malines. Knives and hatchets and duffel blankets for the Indian trade were not wanting.

Haward, leaning against a table laden with so singular a miscellany that a fine saddle with crimson velvet holsters took the head of the board, while the foot was set with blue and white china, watched the sometime moulder of peak and islet draw out a case filled with such small and womanish articles as pins and needles, tape and thread, and place it before his customer. She made her choice, and the storekeeper brought a great book, and entered against the head of the house of Taberer so many pounds of tobacco; then, as the maiden turned to depart, heaved a sigh so piteous and profound that no tender saint in gray could do less than pause, half turn her head, and lift two compassionate eyes.

"Mistress Truelove, I have read the good book that you gave me, and I cannot deny that I am much beholden to you," and her debtor sighed like a furnace.

The girl's quiet face flushed to the pink of a seashell, and her eyes grew eager.

"Then does thee not see the error of thy ways, Angus MacLean? If it should be given me to pluck thee as a brand from the burning! Thee will not again brag of war and revenge, nor sing vain and ruthless songs, nor use dice or cards, nor will thee swear any more?"

The voice was persuasion's own. "May I be set overtide on the Lady's Rock, or spare a false Campbell when I meet him, or throw up my cap for the damned

Hogan Mogan that sits in Jamie's place, if I am not entirely convert!" cried the neophyte. "Oh, the devil! what have I said? Mistress Truelove — Truelove" —

But Truelove was gone, — not in anger or in haste, for that would have been unseemly, but quietly and steadily, with no looking back. The storekeeper, leaping over a keg of nails that stood in the way, made for the door, and together with Haward, who was already there, watched her go. The path to the landing and the boat was short; she had taken her seat, and the boy had bent to the oars, while the unlucky Scot was yet alternately calling out protestations of amendment and muttering maledictions upon his unguarded tongue. The canoe slipped from the rosy, unshadowed water into the darkness beneath the overhanging trees, reached the mouth of the creek, and in a moment disappeared from sight.

VI.

MASTER AND MAN.

The two men, left alone, turned each toward the interior of the store, and their eyes met. Alike in gray eyes and in dark blue there was laughter. "Kittle folk, the Quakers," said the storekeeper, with a shrug, and went to put away his case of pins and needles. Haward, going to the end of the store, found a row of dusty bottles, and breaking the neck of one with a report like that of a pistol set the Madeira to his lips, and therewith quenched his thirst. The wine cellar abutted upon the library. Taking off his riding glove he ran his finger along the bindings, and plucking forth The History of a Coy Lady looked at the first page, read the last paragraph, and finally thrust the thin brown and gilt volume into his pocket. Turning, he found himself face to face with the storekeeper.

"I have not the honor of knowing your name, sir," remarked the latter dryly. "Do you buy at this store, and upon whose account?"

Haward shook his head, and applied himself to the remainder of the Madeira.

"Then you carry with you coin of the realm with which to settle?" continued the other. "The wine is two shillings; the book you may have for twelvepence."

"Here I need not pay, good fellow," said Haward negligently, his eyes upon a row of dangling objects. "Fetch me down yonder cane; 't is as delicately tapered and clouded as any at the Exchange."

"Pay me first for the wine and the book," answered the man composedly. "It 's a dirty business enough, God knows, for a gentleman to put finger to; but since needs must when the devil drives, and he has driven me here, why, I, Angus MacLean, who have no concerns of my own, must e'en be faithful to the concerns of another. Wherefore put down the silver you owe the Sassenach whose wine you have drunken and whose book you have taken."

"And if I do not choose to pay?" asked Haward, with a smile.

"Then you must e'en choose to fight," was the cool reply. "And as I observe that you wear neither sword nor pistols, and as jack boots and a fine tight-buttoned riding coat are not the easiest clothes to wrestle in, it appears just possible that I might win the cause."

"And when you 've thrown me, what then?"

"Oh, I would just draw a rope around you and yonder cask of Jamaica, and leave you to read your stolen book in peace until Saunderson (that 's the overseer, and he 's none so bad if he was born in Fife) shall come. You can have it out with him; or maybe he 'll hale you before the man that owns the store. I hear they expect him home."

Haward laughed, and abstracting another bottle from the shelf broke its

neck. "Hand me yonder cup," he said easily, "and we 'll drink to his homecoming. Good fellow, I am Mr. Marmaduke Haward, and I am glad to find so honest a man in a place of no small trust. Long absence and somewhat too complaisant a reference of all my Virginian affairs to my agent have kept me much in ignorance of the economy of my plantation. How long have you been my storekeeper?"

Neither cup for the wine nor answer to the question being forthcoming, Haward looked up from his broken bottle. The man was standing with his body bent forward and his hand pressed against the wood of a great cask behind him until the finger nails showed white. His head was high, his face dark red and angry, his brows drawn down until the gleaming eyes beneath were like pin points.

So sudden and so sinister was the change that Haward was startled. The hour was late, the place deserted; as the man had discovered, he had no weapons, nor, strong, active, and practiced as he was, did he flatter himself that he could withstand the length of brawn and sinew before him. Involuntarily, he stepped backward until there was a space between them, casting at the same moment a glance toward the wall where hung axe and knife and hatchet.

The man intercepted the look, and broke into a laugh. The sound was harsh and gibing, but not menacing. "You need not be afraid," he said. "I do not want the feel of a rope around my neck, — though God knows why I should care! Here is no clansman of mine, and no cursed Campbell either, to see my end!"

"I am not afraid," Haward answered calmly. Walking to the shelf that held an array of drinking vessels, he took two cups, filled them with wine, and, going back to his former station, set one upon the cask beside the storekeeper. "The wine is good," he said. "Will you drink?"

The other loosened the clasp of his hand upon the wood and drew himself upright. "I eat the bread and drink the water which you give your servants," he answered, speaking with the thickness of hardly restrained passion. "The wine cup goes from equal to equal."

As he spoke he took up the peace offering, eyed it for a moment with a bitter smile, then flung it with force over his shoulder. The earthen floor drank the wine; the china shivered into a thousand fragments. "I have neither silver nor tobacco with which to pay for my pleasure," continued the still smiling storekeeper. "When I am come to the end of my term, then, an it please you, I will serve out the damage."

Haward sat down upon a keg of powder, crossed his knees, and, with his chin upon his hand, looked from between the curled lengths of his periwig at the figure opposite. "I am glad to find that in Virginia, at least, there is honesty," he said dryly. "I will try to remember the cost of the cup and the wine against the expiry of your indenture. In the meantime, I am curious to know why you are angry with me whom you have never seen before to-day."

With the dashing of the wine to earth the other's passion had apparently spent itself. The red slowly left his face, and he leaned at ease against the cask, drumming upon its head with his fingers. The sunlight, shrinking from floor and wall, had left but a single line of gold. In the half light strange and sombre shapes possessed the room; through the stillness, beneath the sound of the tattoo upon the cask head, the river made itself heard.

"For ten years and more you have been my — master," said the storekeeper. "It is a word for which I have an invincible distaste. It is not well — having neither love nor friendship to put in its place — to let hatred die. When I came first to this slavery, I hated all Campbells, all Whigs, Forster that

betrayed us at Preston, and Ewin Mor Mackinnon. But the years have come and the years have gone, and I am older than I was at twenty-five. The Campbells I can never reach: they walk secure, overseas, through Lorn and Argyle, couching in the tall heather above Etive, tracking the red deer in the Forest of Dalness. Forster is dead. Ewin Mackinnon is dead, I know; for five years ago come Martinmas night I saw his perjured soul on its way to hell. All the world is turning Whig. A man may hate the world, it is true, but he needs a single foe."

"And in that capacity you have adopted me?" demanded Haward.

MacLean let his gaze travel over the man opposite him, from the looped hat and the face between the waves of hair to the gilt spurs upon the great boots; then turned his eyes upon his own hand and coarsely clad arm stretched across the cask. "I, too, am a gentleman, the brother of a chieftain," he declared. "I am not without schooling. I have seen something of life, and of countries more polite than the land where I was born, though not so dear. I have been free, and have loved my freedom. Do you find it so strange that I should hate you?"

There was a silence; then, "Upon my soul, I do not know that I do," said Haward slowly. "And yet, until this day I did not know of your existence."

"But I knew of yours," answered the storekeeper. "Your agent hath an annoying trick of speech, and the overseers have caught it from him. 'Your master' this, and 'your master' that; in short, for ten years it hath been, 'Work, you dog, that your master may play!' Well, I have worked; it was that, or killing myself, or going mad. I have worked for you in the fields, in the smithy, in this close room. But when you bought my body, you could not buy my soul. Day after day, and night after night, I sent it away; I would not let it bide in these dull levels, in this cursed land of heat and stagnant waters. At first it went home to its own country, — to its friends and its foes, to the torrent and the mountain and the music of the pipes; but at last the pain outweighed the pleasure, and I sent it there no more. And then it began to follow you."

"To follow me!" involuntarily exclaimed Haward.

"I have been in London," went on the other, without heeding the interruption. "I know the life of men of quality, and where they most resort. I early learned from your other servants, and from the chance words of those who had your affairs in charge, that you were young, well-looking, a man of pleasure. At first when I thought of you the blood came into my cheek, but at last I thought of you constantly, and I felt for you a constant hatred. It began when I knew that Ewin Mackinnon was dead. I had no need of love; I had need of hate. Day after day, my body slaving here, my mind has dogged your footsteps. Up and down, to and fro, in business and in pleasure, in whatever place I have imagined you to be, there have I been also. Did you never, when there seemed none by, look over your shoulder, feeling another presence than your own?"

He ceased to speak, and the hand upon the cask was still. The sunshine was clean gone from the room, and outside the wind in the locust tree answered the voice of the river. Haward rose from his seat, but made no further motion toward departing. "You have been frank," he said quietly. "Had you it in mind, all this while, so to speak to me when we should meet?"

"No," answered the other. "I thought not of words, but of" —

"But of deeds," Haward finished for him. "Rather, I imagine, of one deed."

Composed as ever in voice and manner, he drew out his watch, and held it aslant that the light might strike upon the dial. "'T is after six," he remarked

as he put it away, "and I am yet a mile from the house." The wine that he had poured for himself had been standing, untouched, upon the keg beside him. He took it up and drank it off; then wiped his lips with his handkerchief, and, passing the storekeeper with a slight inclination of his head, walked toward the door. A yard beyond the man who had so coolly shown his side of the shield was a rude table, on which were displayed hatchets and hunting knives. Haward passed the gleaming steel; then, a foot beyond it, stood still, his face to the open door, and his back to the storekeeper and the table with its sinister lading.

"You do wrong to allow so much dust and disorder," he said sharply. "I could write my name in that mirror, and there is a piece of brocade fallen to the floor. Look to it that you keep the place more neat."

There was dead silence for a moment; then MacLean spoke in an even voice: "Now a fool might call you as brave as Hector. For myself, I only give you credit for some knowledge of men. You are right. It is not my way to strike in the back an unarmed man. When you are gone, I will wipe off the mirror and pick up the brocade."

He followed Haward outside. "It 's a brave evening for riding," he remarked, "and you have a bonny bit of horseflesh there. You 'll get to the house before candlelight."

Beside one of the benches Haward made another pause. "You are a Highlander and a Jacobite," he said. "From your reference to Forster, I gather that you were among the prisoners taken at Preston and transported to Virginia."

"In the Elizabeth and Anne of Liverpool, *alias* a bit of hell afloat; the master, Captain Edward Trafford, *alias* Satan's first mate," quoth the other grimly.

He stooped to the bench where lay the débris of the coast and mountains he had been lately building, and picked up a small, deep shell. "My story is short," he began. "It could be packed into this. I was born in the island of Mull, of my father a chieftain, and my mother a lady. Some schooling I got in Aberdeen, some pleasure in Edinburgh and London, and some service abroad. In my twenty-third year — being at home at that time — I was asked to a hunting match at Braemar, and went. No great while afterwards I was bidden to supper at an Edinburgh tavern, and again I accepted the invitation. There was a small entertainment to follow the supper, — just the taking of Edinburgh Castle. But the wine was good, and we waited to powder our hair, and the entertainment could hardly be called a success. Hard upon that convivial evening, I, with many others, was asked across the Border to join a number of gentlemen who drank to the King after our fashion, and had a like fancy for oak boughs and white roses. The weather was pleasant, the company of the best, the roads very noble after our Highland sheep tracks. Together with our English friends, and enlivened by much good claret and by music of bagpipe and drum, we strolled on through a fine, populous country until we came to a town called Preston, where we thought we would tarry for a day or two. However, circumstances arose which detained us somewhat longer. (I dare say you have heard the story?) When finally we took our leave, some of us went to heaven, some to hell, and some to Barbadoes and Virginia. I was among those dispatched to Virginia, and to all intents and purposes I died the day I landed. There, the shell is full!"

He tossed it from him, and going to the hitching post loosed Haward's horse. Haward took the reins from his hand. "It hath been ten years and more since Virginia got her share of the rebels taken at Preston. If I remember aright, their indentures were to be made for

seven years. Why, then, are you yet in my service?"

MacLean laughed. "I ran away," he replied pleasantly, "and when I was caught I made off a second time. I wonder that you planters do not have a Society for the Encouragement of Runaways. Seeing that they are nearly always retaken, and that their escapades so lengthen their term of service, it would surely be to your advantage! There are yet several years in which I am to call you master."

He laughed again, but the sound was mirthless, and the eyes beneath the half-closed lids were harder than steel. Haward mounted his horse and gathered up the reins. "I am not responsible for the laws of the realm," he said calmly, "nor for rebellions and insurrections, nor for the practice of transporting overseas those to whom have been given the ugly names of 'rebel' and 'traitor.' Destiny that set you there put me here. We are alike pawns; what the player means we have no way of telling. Curse Fate and the gods, if you choose, — and find that your cursing does small good, — but regard me with indifference, as one neither more nor less the slave of circumstances than yourself. It has been long since I went this way. Is there yet the path by the river?"

"Ay," answered the other. "It is your shortest way."

"Then I will be going," said Haward. "It grows late, and I am not looked for before to-morrow. Good-night."

As he spoke he raised his hat and bowed to the gentleman from whom he was parting. That rebel to King George gave a great start; then turned very red, and shot a piercing glance at the man on horseback. The latter's mien was composed as ever, and, with his hat held beneath his arm and his body slightly inclined, he was evidently awaiting a like ceremony of leave-taking on the storekeeper's part. MacLean drew a long breath, stepped back a pace or two, and bowed to his equal. A second "Good-night," and one gentleman rode off in the direction of the great house, while the other went thoughtfully back to the store, got a cloth and wiped the dust from the mirror.

It was pleasant riding by the river in the cool evening wind, with the colors of the sunset yet gay in sky and water. Haward went slowly, glancing now at the great, bright stream, now at the wide, calm fields and the rim of woodland, dark and distant, bounding his possessions. The smell of salt marshes, of ploughed ground, of leagues of flowering forests, was in his nostrils. Behind him was the crescent moon; before him were terraces crowned with lofty trees. Within the ring of foliage was the house; even as he looked a light sprang up in a high window, and shone like a star through the gathering dusk. Below the hill the home landing ran its gaunt black length far out into the carmine of the river; upon the Golden Rose lights burned like lower stars; from a thicket to the left of the bridle path sounded the call of a whippoorwill. A gust of wind blowing from the bay made to waver the lanterns of the Golden Rose, broke and darkened the coral peace of the river, and pushed rudely against the master of those parts. Haward laid his hand upon his horse that he loved. "This is better than the Ring, is n't it, Mirza?" he asked genially, and the horse whinnied under his touch.

The land was quite gray, the river pearl-colored, and the fireflies beginning to sparkle, when he rode through the home gates. From the uppermost of its three low, broad terraces, in the dusk of the world and the deeper shadow of the surrounding trees, his house looked grimly down upon him. The light had been at the side; all the front was stark and black with shuttered windows. He rode to the back of the house and hallooed to the slaves in the home quarter, where

were lights and noisy laughter, and one deep voice singing in an unknown tongue.

It was but a stone's throw to the nearest cabin, and Haward's call made itself heard above the babel. The noise suddenly lessened, and two or three negroes, starting up from the doorstep, hurried across the grass to horse and rider. Quickly as they came, some one within the house was beforehand with them. The door swung open; there was the flare of a lighted candle, and a voice cried out to know what was wanted.

"Wanted!" exclaimed Haward. "Ingress into my own house is wanted! Where is Juba?"

One of the negroes pressed forward. "Heah I is, Marse Duke! House all ready for you, but you done sont word" —

"I know, — I know," answered Haward impatiently. "I changed my mind. Is that you, Saunderson, with the light? Or is it Hide?"

The candle moved to one side, and there was disclosed a large white face atop of a shambling figure dressed in some coarse, dark stuff. "Neither, sir," said an expressionless voice. "Will it please your Honor to dismount?"

Haward swung himself out of the saddle, tossed the reins to a negro, and, with Juba at his heels, climbed the five low stone steps and entered the wide hall running through the house, and broken only by the broad, winding stairway. Save for the glimmer of the solitary candle all was in darkness; the bare floor, the paneled walls, echoed to his tread. On either hand squares of blackness proclaimed the open doors of large, empty rooms, and down the stair came a wind that bent the weak flame. The negro took the light from the hand of the man who had opened the door, and, pressing past his master, lit three candles in a sconce upon the wall.

"Yo' room 's all ready, Marse Duke," he declared. "Dere 's candles enough, an' de fire am laid an' yo' bed aired. Ef you wan' some supper, I kin get you bread an' meat, an' de wine was put in yesterday."

Haward nodded, and taking the candle began to mount the stairs. Halfway up he found that the man in the sad-colored raiment was following him. He raised his brows, but being in a taciturn humor, and having, moreover, to shield the flame from the wind that drove down the stair, he said nothing, going on in silence to the landing, and to the great eastward-facing room that had been his father's, and which now he meant to make his own. There were candles on the table, the dresser, and the mantelshelf. He lit them all, and the room changed from a place of shadows and monstrous shapes to a gentleman's bedchamber, — somewhat sparsely furnished, but of a comfortable and cheerful aspect. A cloth lay upon the floor, the windows were curtained, and the bed had fresh hangings of green-and-white Kidderminster. Over the mantel hung a painting of Haward and his mother, done when he was six years old. Beneath the laughing child and the smiling lady, young and flower-crowned, were crossed two ancient swords. In the middle of the room stood a heavy table, and pushed back, as though some one had lately risen from it, was an armchair of Russian leather. Books lay upon the table; one of them open, with a horn snuffbox keeping down the leaf.

Haward seated himself in the great chair, and looked around him with a thoughtful and melancholy smile. He could not clearly remember his mother. The rings upon her fingers and her silvery laughter were all that dwelt in his mind, and now only the sound of that merriment floated back to him and lingered in the room. But his father had died upon that bed, and beside the dead man, between the candles at the head and the candles at the foot, he had sat the night through. The curtains were half drawn, and in their shadow his ima-

gination laid again that cold, inanimate form. Twelve years ago! How young he had been that night, and how old he had thought himself as he watched beside the dead, chilled by the cold of the crossed hands, awed by the silence, half frighted by the shadows on the wall; now filled with natural grief, now with surreptitious and shamefaced thoughts of his changed estate, — yesterday son and dependent, to-day heir and master! Twelve years! The sigh and the smile were not for the dead father, but for his own dead youth, for the unjaded freshness of the morning, for the world that had been, once upon a time.

Turning in his seat, his eyes fell upon the man who had followed him, and who was now standing between the table and the door. "Well, friend?" he demanded.

The man came a step or two nearer. His hat was in his hand, and his body was obsequiously bent, but there was no discomposure in his lifeless voice and manner. "I stayed to explain my presence in the house, sir," he said. "I am a lover of reading, and, knowing my weakness, your overseer, who keeps the keys of the house, has been so good as to let me, from time to time, come here to this room to mingle in more delectable company than I can choose without these walls. Your Honor doubtless remembers yonder goodly assemblage?" He motioned with his hand toward a half-opened door, showing a closet lined with well-filled bookshelves.

"I remember," replied Haward dryly. "So you come to my room alone at night, and occupy yourself in reading? And when you are wearied you refresh yourself with my wine?" As he spoke he clinked together the bottle and glass that stood beside the books.

"I plead guilty to the wine," answered the intruder, as lifelessly as ever, "but it is my only theft. I found the bottle below, and did not think it would be missed. I trust that your Honor does not grudge it to a poor devil who tastes Burgundy somewhat seldomer than does your Worship. And my being in the house is pure innocence. Your overseer knew that I would neither make nor meddle with aught but the books, or he would not have given me the key to the little door, which I now restore to your Honor's keeping." He advanced, and deposited upon the table a large key.

"What is your name?" demanded Haward, leaning back in his chair.

"Bartholomew Paris, sir. I keep the school down by the swamp, where I impart to fifteen or twenty of the youth of these parts the rudiments of the ancient and modern tongues, mathematics, geography, fortifications, navigation, philosophy" —

Haward yawned, and the schoolmaster broke the thread of his discourse. "I weary you, sir," he said. "I will, with your permission, take my departure. May I make so bold as to beg your Honor that you will not mention to the gentlemen hereabouts the small matter of this bottle of wine? I would wish not to be prejudiced in the eyes of my patrons and scholars."

"I will think of it," Haward replied. "Come and take your snuffbox — if it be yours — from the book where you have left it."

"It is mine," said the man. "A present from the godly minister of this parish."

As he spoke he put out his hand to take the snuffbox. Haward leaned forward, seized the hand, and, bending back the fingers, exposed the palm to the light of the candles upon the table.

"The other, if you please," he commanded.

For a second — no longer — a wicked soul looked blackly out of the face to which he had raised his eyes. Then the window shut, and the wall was blank again. Without any change in his listless demeanor, the schoolmaster laid his left hand, palm out, beside his right.

"Humph!" exclaimed Haward. "So you have stolen before to-night? The marks are old. When were you branded, and where?"

"In Bristol, fifteen years ago," answered the man unblushingly. "It was all a mistake. I was as innocent as a newborn babe" —

"But unfortunately could not prove it," interrupted Haward. "That is of course. Go on."

"I was transported to South Carolina, and there served out my term. The climate did not suit me, and I liked not the society, nor — being of a peaceful disposition — the constant alarms of pirates and buccaneers. So when I was once more my own man I traveled north to Virginia with a party of traders. In my youth I had been an Oxford servitor, and schoolmasters are in demand in Virginia. Weighed in the scales with a knowledge of the humanities and some skill in imparting them, what matters a little mishap with hot irons? My patrons are willing to let bygones be bygones. My school flourishes like a green bay tree, and the minister of this parish will speak for the probity and sobriety of my conduct. Now I will go, sir."

He made an awkward but deep and obsequious reverence, turned and went out of the door, passing Juba, who was entering with a salver laden with bread and meat and a couple of bottles. "Put down the food, Juba," said Haward, "and see this gentleman out of the house."

An hour later the master dismissed the slave, and sat down beside the table to finish the wine and compose himself for the night. The overseer had come hurrying to the great house, to be sent home again by a message from the owner thereof that to-morrow would do for business; the negro women who had been called to make the bed were gone; the noises from the quarter had long ceased, and the house was very still. In his rich, figured Indian nightgown and his silken nightcap, Haward sat and drank his wine, slowly, with long pauses between the emptying and the filling of the slender, tall-stemmed glass. A window was open, and the wind blowing in made the candles to flicker. With the wind came a murmur of leaves and the wash of the river, — stealthy and mournful sounds that sorted not with the lighted room, the cheerful homeliness of the flowered hangings, the gleeful lady and child above the mantelshelf. Haward felt the incongruity: a slow sea voyage, and a week in that Virginia which, settled one hundred and twenty years before, was yet largely forest and stream, had weaned him, he thought, from sounds of the street, and yet to-night he missed them, and would have had the town again. When an owl hooted in the walnut tree outside his window, and in the distance, as far away as the creek quarter, a dog howled, and the silence closed in again, he rose, and began to walk to and fro, slowly, thinking of the past and the future. The past had its ghosts, — not many; what spectres the future might raise only itself could tell. So far as mortal vision went, it was a rose-colored future; but on such a night of silence that was not silence, of loneliness that was filled with still, small voices, of heavy darkness without, of lights burning in an empty house, it was rather of ashes of roses that one thought.

Haward went to the open window, and with one knee upon the window seat looked out into the windy, starlit night. This was the eastern face of the house, and, beyond the waving trees, there were visible both the river and the second and narrower creek which on this side bounded the plantation. The voice with which the waters swept to the sea came strongly to him. A large white moth sailed out of the darkness to the lit window, but his face scared it away.

Looking through the walnut branches, he could see a light that burned steadily, like a candle set in a window. For a

moment he wondered whence it shone; then he remembered that the glebe lands lay in that direction. The parish was building a house for its new minister, when he left Virginia, eleven years before. Suddenly he recalled that the minister — who had seemed to him a bluff, downright, honest fellow — had told him of a little room looking out upon an orchard, and had said that it should be the child's.

It was possible that the star which pierced the darkness might mark that room. He knit his brows in an effort to remember when, before this day, he had last thought of a child whom he had held in his arms and comforted, one splendid dawn, upon a hilltop, in a mountainous region. He came to the conclusion that he must have forgotten her quite six years ago. Well, she would seem to have thriven under his neglect, — and he saw again the girl who had run for the golden guinea. It was true that when he had put her there where that light was shining, it was with some shadowy idea of giving her gentle breeding, of making a lady of her. But man's purposes are fleeting, and often gone with the morrow. He had forgotten his purpose; and perhaps it was best this way, — perhaps it was best this way.

For a little longer he looked at the light and listened to the voice of the river; then he rose from the window seat, drew the curtains, and began thoughtfully to prepare for bed.

Mary Johnston.

(*To be continued.*)

THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE SMALL COLLEGE.

The opinion that small colleges are doomed is rapidly hardening into an axiom. The prevailing megalomania of the twentieth century is to sweep them away with its other victims. In the great evolutionary movement of the world's social forces, so we are confidently told, there will soon be no room for anything that is not organized on the grand scale. The future economy of civilization will tolerate neither small states nor small businesses. (There are certain small states, by the way, which have need to crave pardon for the unconscionable time they take a-dying.) All the newspapers of a nation or of an empire — why not of the whole globe, while one is about it? — are to shriek to the tuning of one editor. Amid these revolutions, how is it possible for the small college to escape? Education is not a more sacred thing than civil government or the influence of the press; it must pay tribute, like everything else, to the new Laws of Nature. That the small college is impossible anywhere in an up-to-date universe, and especially in that uppermost-to-date section called America, is being asserted so often that people are beginning to believe it must be true. There are indications that the hubbub of these protestations is stirring the small colleges themselves into doubts whether they have a right to be alive. They are beginning to ask what they must do to be saved, and some of them are attempting to answer their own question by making themselves look as much like large colleges as their size permits. If they are "to compete with the universities," said a professor the other day, they must do this, that, and the other thing that the universities do. Since the frog attempted to compete

with the ox, there has been no such misconception of opportunity. The fable of the hare and the tortoise shows a better way.

This trouble, like so many others, springs from carelessness in definition. A more exact use of words would soon assuage the incipient panic. As long as the functions of the college are not distinguished from those of the university and of the technical school, we can expect no relief from the present discontents. There are several machines at work in the educational factory, and each of them has its own processes, for which it was definitely constructed. There can be nothing but dislocation and confusion when a machine built for a certain purpose attempts to "compete with" one that is intended to deal with the material at a different stage.

The word "university" has a very elastic signification, but it always denotes something of wider scope than the college. In England, it is generally used of an institution which holds the same relations to a number of colleges as are sustained by the federal government of this republic to the various state governments. In America, the example of Johns Hopkins has made the word familiar in the sense of an institution which, on its scholastic side, aims not so much at general culture as at the production of specialists, and which, moreover, seeks directly to promote investigation and research. The ideal university, according to this interpretation, must afford facilities for instruction in every branch of human knowledge that is capable of scientific treatment. Its equipment is imperfect as long as it cannot offer expert guidance to students in all departments of learning, from the decipherment of Hittite inscriptions to the examination of the ooze dredged from the floor of the ocean. It is evident that such an institution requires immense revenues, both to pay the salaries of its large staff of professors, and to meet the cost of its laboratories, museums, libraries, and other expensive apparatus. This necessity alone makes impossible any competition on the part of the small college, however inflated. You cannot perch a Lick telescope on every hilltop: there are not enough millionaires to go round.

The technical school is organized for a different purpose, namely, the training of a man for the definite bread-earning occupation which is to employ the energies of his adult life. Accordingly, there may be as many varieties of it as there are professions and trades in the directory. A theological seminary, a normal college, a correspondence school of journalism, a school of typewriting and shorthand, a dental institute, a medical college, a school of engineering, — all these are included in the category. Their object is to enable the beginner to profit by the accumulated skill and experience of the profession he is entering, that he may be saved from the blunders which would be inevitable if he were compelled to rely upon his own observation and experiment. Incidentally, of course, a technical school may have a high educational value, especially in certain subjects. It is possible, for instance, to teach law and medicine in such a way as to develop the mental powers of the student. But culture is not the primary aim of the curriculum of the technical school. Its purpose is the training, not of the man, but of the clergyman, the teacher, the physician, the engineer.

Both the research of the university and the professional instruction of the technical school require, as a necessary condition of their efficient working, the broader education which it is the province of the college to give. The specialist whose investigations are not based upon the foundation of a liberal culture will easily become a pedant. Poring over his own subject in his own corner, he will soon suffer from intellectual

myopia. He will exaggerate out of all proportion the importance of the pursuit which absorbs him, and will not understand what place it occupies in the whole encyclopædia of knowledge. In like manner, the student in the technical school needs the preliminary of a liberal education to preserve him from narrowness and professionalism. Again, both for specialism and for technical training, the mental discipline given by a college course is in the highest degree helpful in communicating the power to master intellectual problems of any kind. To have gained the habit of attention; to have learned how to read and to think; to have acquired an undeviating respect for thoroughness and accuracy, — all this is half the battle when some unfamiliar subject has to be attacked. The ancient languages may seem to have little bearing upon modern life; but, other things being equal, the man who can write a good piece of Latin prose will soon distance his uneducated companions, if set to learn cookery or the management of a railroad. President Stryker has well expressed the distinction in this respect between the function of college education and that of technical training and postgraduate research: "The one process should make iron into steel, and the other makes steel into tools. Specialization which is not based upon a liberal culture attempts to put an edge on pot iron."

In thus emphasizing the preparatory functions of the college, I do not overlook the fact that it serves a larger purpose still. It is necessary to lay stress upon the value of its intellectual discipline as an equipment for subsequent study, in order to make clear in what relation it stands to the two other institutions with which it is so often confused. But a liberal culture is worth a great deal more than what is gained by economizing time and energy for later specialism. In itself, it brings an enrichment of the life and a multiplication of the sources of the highest pleasures, of such a kind that no one who has any knowledge of its significance grudges the labor spent to secure it. It does not always mean wisdom, or learning, or even scholarship; but it is nevertheless forever true of it that its price is above rubies.

The pertinent question to-day is, Can this higher culture be given in a small college? Has the college of a thousand students, with a corresponding staff, income, apparatus, etc., such an advantage in this respect over the college of a hundred or a hundred and fifty that the smaller must be crushed out of existence by the pressure of the larger? I must avow the unfashionable belief that the balance of advantage turns the other way, and that the small college approximates more nearly than the large to the true type of a place of liberal culture. It may even be that in less than fifty years the larger colleges (and such universities as mainly perform college functions) will be constrained, in self-preservation, either to reduce their numbers, or to fashion themselves anew into a collection of small colleges.

The most obvious supremacy of the large college is in the number of its professorial staff, and, consequently, in the range of subjects in which instruction can be given. It is here, apparently, that its present popularity lies. Here, too, is hidden the flaw that will by and by make a reaction inevitable. In the case of a university of the Johns Hopkins type, the institution of every new chair, the addition of every new option to the list of studies, is a real gain. What we are now considering, however, is, not specialism, but a liberal education; and it is a mistake to suppose that the college which has the most widely extended curriculum will necessarily give the broadest culture. It is well established that certain studies pursued in a certain way have certain results; the experiments are yet to be performed that will

fix the place of others. We are still in the dark as to the educational value of a course in Japanese music.[1] But there is many an undergraduate who will not be loath to offer himself as a *corpus vile* on which to test the worth of so fascinating a subject. He will twang merrily away at samisen and koto, content that his devotion to Oriental art is piling up for him an accumulation of merit against the day of his degree. Nor will such an easy-going young man trouble greatly about the correlation of his studies. He is quite willing to arrange his educational menu according to that fundamental principle of American diet which so amazes visitors, namely, that whatever dishes may be eaten successively may with equal propriety be eaten simultaneously. But indiscriminate blending is no more wholesome for the intellectual than for the physical digestion. Of course, what I have just said has no bearing upon the case of colleges where, with a great variety of programme, the choice of the student is so safeguarded that, in any case, he will pass through a planned and ordered curriculum, and will not escape the necessity of sometimes working hard at subjects for which he has little taste. A brief glance at the catalogues of a considerable number of colleges is enough to show, however, that these limitations are by no means universally observed. In some there is practically no plan of campaign; the student simply runs amuck. How surprised Dickens would have been if he had been told that the system by which Mr. Samuel Weller, senior, trained his son would be the ideal toward which the expert educational opinion of the twentieth century would approximate! "I took a good deal o' pains with his eddication, sir; let him run in the streets when he was very young, and shift for hisself. It is the only way to make a boy sharp, sir." It is a desire for the exhilaration of this free-lance career that chiefly impels the present demand for the extension of the curriculum of the small colleges. Now, it cannot be denied that older systems laid too great stress upon discipline, to the undervaluing of other aims of education; but it is equally certain that an education that is mainly discipline is better worth having than one in which discipline is ignored. The complaints we are constantly hearing of the increased luxury and laxity of college life are indications of a grave danger. Is education a thing apart from the rest of a man's career, a pleasant vacation between submission to the authority of the home and the constant toil of a business or a profession? If it is intended to be a preparation for life, it must somehow communicate the power to undertake drudgery with faithfulness and cheerfulness, and to put conscientious and persevering effort into tasks that are not congenial. If an undergraduate has not learned this while at college, he will pay the price of his neglect either in failure or in bitter humiliation; for it will not take him long to discover that the world at large is not run on the elective system.

The advantage, then, which the large college is supposed to possess in the variety of its studies is to a great extent illusory. Indeed, it needs care to prevent this breadth of opportunity from becoming a snare. After all, not even a liberal culture can be gained without entering a strait gate and walking a narrow way. Except with a few richly endowed minds, dissipation of effort inevitably leads to shallowness. The compactness and thoroughness of such a

[1] I am unable to quote a case in which this subject actually forms part of a college curriculum; but as, on opening a catalogue at random, I find an announcement of instruction in "dramatic expression," it appears more likely than not that, if I pursued my search further, I should somewhere come across the offer of a course in a subject even so irrelevant and remote as that mentioned above.

course in the humanities as the resources of a small college can supply make aspirations for a more miscellaneous curriculum unnecessary and undesirable.

As a social organism, the small college is distinctly to be preferred to its larger rival. The personality of the teachers has a much greater opportunity for wholesome influence. Every member of the staff may become directly acquainted with each student in the college. The size of the institution not only allows friendly intercourse between tutors and undergraduates, but directly invites it. Further, it is possible for the undergraduates themselves to enjoy all the social advantages of academic life without splitting up into cliques or creating artificial associations. The college itself is the true fraternity.

It is somewhat surprising that, in the discussion of this question, so little advantage is taken of the lessons of experience in the working of small colleges outside America. In reading educational books and reviews, one frequently comes across lists of distinguished men who have been produced by the small colleges of New England. Every one, for example, is familiar with Webster's famous tribute to Dartmouth. No attention, however, is called to the significant fact that nearly all the eminent men in old England who received any kind or degree of academic culture received it in small colleges. To this day, the higher education of the country is principally given in colleges which teach a very moderate number of students. According to the latest statistics to which I have access, there are in Oxford five colleges of less than 100 undergraduates each, eleven of between 100 and 200, three of between 200 and 300, and one (Christ Church) of between 300 and 400. I have not counted in this list the non-collegiate students (practically an additional college) with 200, five halls with an average of 20, and All Souls with its 5 Bible clerks. At Cambridge there are eight colleges of less than 100, six of between 100 and 200, three of between 200 and 300, and one (Trinity) of nearly 700. The three halls average 18, and the non-collegiates reach a total of 113. When Jowett went up to Balliol, that college had only about 80 undergraduate names on its books. The whole of the tuition was given by five tutors, but "the nerve and backbone of the teaching" lay with Tait and Scott. What intellectual vigor is possible to so small a college, with so small a tutorial staff, may be estimated from the fact that among Jowett's contemporaries at Balliol were such men as Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Stafford Henry Northcote, Frederick Temple, John Duke Coleridge, and Arthur Hugh Clough.

It will probably be said that the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, being constituents of a large university system, afford no parallel to the case of the small colleges of America. It must be admitted that the difference is important, but its significance should not be exaggerated. If we inquire in what way the life of an Oxford undergraduate is affected by the fact that he is a member not only of a college, but of a university, we find that the university (*a*) fixes the curriculum for his degree and appoints the examiners; (*b*) enables him to go outside his own college for some of his lectures; (*c*) provides him with opportunities for study in the Bodleian Library, the Museum, scientific laboratories, etc.; and (*d*) enlarges the scope of his social acquaintances, and makes possible intercollegiate competition in sports. On the other hand, his own college gives him the most valuable part of his preparation for the schools, and, in the opinion of many, the most valuable part also of his social life. In his reading for Moderations and Greats he attends some outside lectures, where the audience may number a hundred; but as a rule he gets more out of the informal catechetical teaching given to

groups of ten or twelve in the classrooms of his own college, and from the correction of the essays, exercises in composition, etc., which he takes periodically to his own tutor. The system of combined lectures, begun a little more than thirty years ago by an agreement between Balliol and New, has given lecturers an opportunity of more special preparation; but the coöperative method is not without its drawbacks, for if the new lecturer knows more about his subject, the old lecturer knew more about his men. And it is essential never to lose sight of the principle that what we are seeking to cultivate is, not letters, or science, or art, but the individual man.

It is commonly recognized that a considerable section of a liberal education is that which students owe, not to their tutors, but to one another. This, too, is for the most part obtained within the walls of the college of which they are members. The smallest college includes men who have come from different schools, who live in different counties, who hold different religious opinions, who are of different grades in society, and who anticipate very different careers in later life. It is in the mingling of these diverse elements that the social intercourse of a college operates most healthily. The acquaintances a freshman is most likely to make among out-college men do not add so much variety to his knowledge of the world. They are probably old school friends, or they share his own interests and tastes: it may be the love of chess, or a passion for political oratory at the Union, or zeal for the propagation of High Church doctrines, or enthusiasm for the æsthetic possibilities of the banjo. No outside associations will contribute to his education more of what is fresh and unfamiliar than will meet him daily on his own staircase. A small college puts upon him the compulsion of this broadening social intercourse. A large college, on the other hand, from its very size, provides less variety: it is impossible for all the men to know one another, and they assort themselves accordingly into cliques, along the lines of some sectional interest.

The average undergraduate is little affected by that side of the work of the university which is concerned with research in subjects outside the usual curriculum of a liberal education. It is by all means desirable that a great seat of learning should provide opportunities of information, for those who wish it, respecting the original text of the Vedic scriptures or the tribal customs of the Patagonians; but the ordinary student cares for none of these things, nor is it well that he should. He has come to Oxford for a definite purpose, — he will not pass that way again, — and his tutor will see that nothing, even on the plea of intellectual curiosity or rare versatility, is allowed to interfere with the plain work mapped out for him. He may obtain permission now and then to hear a professorial lecture on some out-of-the-way subject that appeals to him, but not to the damage of his legitimate reading. The main contribution that Oxford and Cambridge have hitherto made to the life of the nation has been the character of the men whom they have sent into Parliament, into the administration of government at home and abroad, into the professions, and into the highest class of journalism. That great public service would scarcely be impaired if the whole of the university professorial system — as distinguished from the college tutorial system — were abolished. Such as it has been, it is the fruit of the intense culture of the small colleges.[1] "My ac-

[1] An exception must be made in the case of natural science, which is mainly taught in the university museum, as few colleges possess laboratories of their own. I believe, also, that of late years the work of university professors and readers in history has been arranged with more direct reference than formerly to the needs of undergraduates.

quaintance with universities which have no colleges," wrote Goldwin Smith several years ago, "has confirmed my sense of the value of these little communities, not only as places for social training and for the formation of friendships (no unimportant object, and one which a college serves far better than a students' club), but as affording to students personal superintendence and aid which they miss under a purely professorial system."

After every allowance has been made for the difference in the traditions of the two countries and in their present requirements, the history of higher education in England may reasonably be interpreted as lending support to the belief that in America also the day of the small college is not, and never will be, past. It is not an ephemeral accident in the development of educational science, but stands for certain essential and permanent elements of culture. Its methods may be modified every decade, but no processes of expansion in politics or trade will alter its main purpose, or make obsolete its contribution to the national life. Indeed, the enthusiasm for education which so distinguishes the public opinion of America, and the increasing prosperity of the country, bestowing as it does upon a much larger number of young men the leisure and means requisite for an uninterrupted academic career, set before the small college greater opportunities than ever. But it can only seize the occasion by the deliberate recognition of its distinct function. "Know thyself" is the best counsel that any of its friends can offer at this juncture. Its clear aim must be to cultivate the intellect and the character, rather than to enlarge the bounds of knowledge respecting the crustacea or the Greek particles, or to make the graduation of its students synchronize with their qualification as lawyers or physicians. Accordingly, it will not endeavor to transform itself into either a miniature university or a miniature polytechnic. It will meet the demands of the new century, not by extending its curriculum, but by compressing it. It will increase by decreasing. It will not need to wait for a richer endowment that it may continue and heighten its patriotic service, but it will turn its present revenues to more concentrated and efficient uses. Unless it is exceptionally wealthy, it will not spend much money upon buildings; it will put every available dollar into the quality of its teaching. It will be content with a much shorter list of names on its register than is now commonly considered necessary for a respectable institution, but it will employ such a matriculation test as will insure that its energies will not be wasted in the attempt to give a higher education to men who are lacking either in the capacity or in the preparation required to profit by it. It will have the courage to reduce by one half the number of its courses, and to abolish several of its chairs, giving more adequate remuneration to the professors that remain. It will thus make the work of its staff more thorough and more permanent. Teachers of the highest quality will then find within its walls ample scope for a life career. In a word, what is needed that the tree may bear richer fruit is, not the outgrowth of more branches, but the application of the pruning knife.

There will, of course, be considerable difference of opinion as to the ideal curriculum of a college whose work is thus intensified and deepened. The president of such an institution — unless he has been appointed mainly on the ground of his merits as a smart business hustler — will presumably have a sufficient understanding of educational problems to be able to gauge the local situation, and to perceive in what way the resources at his command can be most profitably applied. Obviously, much will depend upon the stage of culture that has been reached by the average freshman. The small college which I have in my mind,

however, as the general type of an institution attempting to give as liberal and thorough a preparation for life as is possible on a restricted income, would devote itself almost exclusively to the teaching of the humanities. It would accordingly need to spend nothing on laboratories or on professorships of the natural sciences. "Then you would omit science altogether from the curriculum?" By no means. Science and the natural sciences are not synonyms. The word "science," rightly employed, indicates a sound method of investigating truth rather than a particular kind of truth. Its value for culture (as distinct from professional training) is in this habitual use of the scientific method much more than in the acquisition of a collection of facts. Courses in philosophy and history, in the hands of a competent teacher, would afford ample opportunity for the cultivation of the scientific habit of mind, and for instruction in the classification and management of material. "But would not the curriculum you suggest, so far from giving a liberal education, be so narrow that it would itself become an example of the very specialization which you condemn, except for the university and the technical school?" An objection of this kind would have had force at a time when the teaching of humane letters was scarcely more than a survival of the methods of mediæval scholasticism; but gerund-grinding and logic-chopping no longer constitute what is meant by a course in "the humanities." In a well-devised curriculum, the combination of such diverse yet closely allied subjects as language, literature, history, and philosophy makes it possible to appeal to a great variety of tastes and to train a great variety of gifts. In such a course, every one will find something that will be entirely congenial and arouse his enthusiasm, as well as something that will supply wholesome practice in working against the grain. Reactionary as such a confession of faith will appear in the eyes of many, I believe that even in the twentieth century a small college might be quite abreast of the times if it made Greek and Latin the staple of its lectures, allotting the first two years to scholarship and literature, and then spending the other two upon philosophy and history concurrently. The interests of English and other modern languages would not suffer to the degree that some might suppose by their being left to the spontaneous attention of the student in his leisure; assuming, of course, that he had obtained some knowledge of them before his matriculation. Not only is translation from and into Greek and Latin — I do not refer to the abomination of construing — the best possible training in the writing of English prose, but the study of the ancient classics under the guidance of a true scholar has its result in such a critical judgment and such an appreciation of real literature as can at once be brought to bear upon modern problems. The preparation for the Oxford school of Litteræ Humaniores does not include a single lesson in any modern language or literature; but what curriculum, in England or America, has turned out a larger proportion of writers of idiomatic English or of competent literary critics? Would Matthew Arnold have acquired a truer insight into the genius of the great writers of France and Germany, or a firmer mastery of English style, if the Balliol of his day, instead of insisting on his studying Homer and Aristotle, had invited him to a course in contemporary European novelists?

In any case, whether modern languages and literatures are given equal attention with the classics or are regarded as ancillary, the small college of the type I have been attempting to describe will make much of the study of the humanities, and will emphasize the value of intellectual discipline. It will persistently refuse to model its programme upon the eclecticism of an afternoon's shopping

at the department store, — one article picked up on the second floor, another on the fifth, another on the sixth, and all sent home together by the same carrier. It will resist the forces of disintegration, and will avoid the danger of making the education of the individual, as Bishop Percival has so aptly put it, "the development of his strongest proclivities rather than his highest qualities." In this way, it will lay a solid foundation for future edification in the university or training school; or, to revert to an earlier figure, it will weld the native iron into steel ready to be fashioned into tools of skill. Those among its alumni who, either through circumstances or by choice, do not, after graduation, turn to some specialized pursuit will at any rate have received an education that has inspired them with loftier ideals, and incalculably multiplied the possibilities of their service to the commonwealth. Such a college will not be unworthy the devotion of the ablest and most cultivated members of the teaching profession. Sometimes, it may be, it will have to witness for the truth in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation; sometimes it will be sorely tempted to forsake its providential path for shorter cuts to popular favor; sometimes it will find it hard not to envy the easier methods and noisier fame of rivals which set profits before profit; but always it will be supported by the assurance that, in seeking to refine and ennoble the life of coming generations, it is laboring for the highest end to which the human mind can be consecrated.

Herbert W. Horwill.

WELLINGTON.

Lord Rosebery gives us the Last Phase of Napoleon. Sir Herbert Maxwell gives us a new Life of Wellington, in a notice of which the Quarterly Review, the last place in which we should have expected to see the Tory hero freely handled, gives us what has been paraphrased as the ungilding of the Iron Duke.

The two masters of war who met at Waterloo to decide the destinies of Europe were as strongly as possible contrasted in character. Napoleon, a man of extraordinary genius as well as of marvelous fortunes, was as devoid as it was possible for any human being to be of any idea of duty except that of the duty of others to himself, and as regardless as it was possible for any human being to be of the restraints of honor and of truth. Wellington can hardly be said to have been a man of genius, unless consummate good sense deserves that name; but he never swerved from honor, never swerved from truth, never swerved from that which to him was the path — always rather a narrow and sometimes a mistaken path — of duty. The character of each man had, of course, been largely formed by his breeding and his surroundings. Wellington had been brought up at an English public school and among English gentlemen, who, with all their vices, were loyal and feared to lie. Napoleon was a Corsican who had taken service under the Jacobins, then under the Directory. He said himself that he had imbibed none of the revolutionary enthusiasm. Self-advancement, pure and simple, had been his guiding star.

Few would compare Wellington with Napoleon as a general. He can hardly be compared with Marlborough, of whom it was said that he "never fought a battle which he did not win; never besieged a city which he did not take;

never made a movement which was not successful." Fuentes Onoro and Toulouse were doubtful victories, and Wellington besieged Burgos, but did not take it. Yet if it had been Napoleon's lot, at the outset of his career, instead of the old Austrian generals with their wooden armies, to encounter Wellington or Suwarrow, it seems not certain what the sequel would have been. Wellington probably was not capable of such brilliant combinations as Napoleon, but he was cool, wary, and indomitable. Nor was he wanting in enterprise. It is unjust to say, as Thiers does, that he was capable only of defensive war. This could hardly be true of the man who forced the passage of the Douro, swooped like an eagle upon Marmont at Salamanca, marched through Spain, shattering the French army at Vittoria, forced the barrier of the Pyrenees, and stood victorious in southern France.

That war is hell Wellington knew as well as General Sherman. But in justice it must be said that he did what in him lay to keep it within the bounds of humanity. He is not responsible for the outrage which soldiers, maddened by the fury of storm, committed at Badajos and St. Sebastian.

Account must be taken of the political element in war power. Napoleon, Frederick the Great, Cæsar, Alexander, combining political supremacy with military command, had, as generals, a perfectly free hand. When Wellington said that Napoleon's personal presence in Spain would be equal to twenty thousand men, what he meant was, that whereas the marshals were trammeled by superior authority or divided command, Napoleon's war would be controlled by a single will, which would at the same time be master of all the resources of the state. Wellington had to contend with the attacks of the Opposition in Parliament and of its press, and with the shortcomings of the government, which, though it showed aristocratic tenacity by its persistence in the war, was feeble in its war policy and in its support of its commanders. His brother, Lord Wellesley, was a support to him. When all was over, Wellington loyally refused to lend his name to aspersions of the government. He even went so far as to bestow upon it high praise. But at the time he had bitter complaints to make, and bitter reason for making them. After Vimeiro, the fruits of victory were plucked from his grasp by the safe seniorities whom the government had put over the head of capacity. He had always to walk warily, and could hardly give his genius fair play, because there would have been nothing to sustain him if he had fallen. Napoleon answered for his miscarriages to nobody. After the Russian campaign and Leipsic he remained master. Nor had Wellington the power of promoting capacity even among those who served under him. He complained that he could not appoint a corporal. The provisional government of Spain, with which it was his hard lot to coöperate, was literally worse than worthless; its conduct was so imbecile, so fatuous, and so faithless that Wellington's self-control must have been adamantine, or it would utterly have broken down. Wellington had to see his men starving while the Spanish government had abundance of supplies. The Spanish generals were almost as bad as the government. Their conceit and fractiousness were equal to their incapacity. One of them, by a wayward act of disobedience, threw away half the fruits of Salamanca. Whatever there was heroic, patriotic, or even respectable in Spanish resistance had its seat, not in the government, the commanders, or the upper classes, but in the people. From that same quarter perhaps regeneration may one day come to Spain.

Carlyle's description of the officers of the British army as valiant cocked hats upon a pole was generally applicable to those whom Wellington had under his

command, though the trials of the war, forcing capacity to the front, gave him some able lieutenants, such as Crawfurd, Hardinge, Pakenham, and Graham. He was himself about the only man in the British army who had received even a smattering of military education. The officers generally, appointed by patronage, were wholly uninstructed, and, moreover, according to the fashion of the times, largely given to drinking. They often got their commissions when they were very young. A boy went at fourteen from Eton to Waterloo. His letter from the field to his mother was: "Dear mamma, cousin John and I are all right. I never saw anything like it in my life." It is true Wellington had no right to complain of the results of patronage, for he upheld the system on aristocratic grounds.

Macaulay, in his description of the battle of Landen, expatiates on the bodily infirmities of the two generals, William of Orange and Luxemburg, which he deems a striking proof of the extent to which strength of body had been superseded by powers of mind as the qualification for leadership in war. "It is probable," he says, "that among the one hundred and twenty thousand soldiers who were marshaled round Neerwinden under all the standards of western Europe, the two feeblest in body were the hunchbacked dwarf who urged forward the fiery onset of France, and the asthmatic skeleton who covered the slow retreat of England." A modern commander is not required, like Achilles or Ajax, to distinguish himself by his personal prowess; to wield arms which no other mortal could wield, or to hurl stones bigger than any other mortal could hurl. The telescope, to the general of to-day, is sword and spear; his charger is a hack, though sculpture persists in representing its military subjects as bestriding rampant steeds. Still, a modern general must have physical vigor enough to sustain great and protracted exertion, bodily as well as mental. Napoleon, as Lord Rosebery tells us, had physical vigor enough to fight Alvinzi for five days without taking off his boots. His stomach, as the same authority assures us, was capable of enduring the severest trials. Brillat-Savarin, in his Physiologie du Goût, has alluded to the unwholesome haste with which the great conqueror swallowed his meals.

In vigor Wellington vied with Napoleon. He started, Sir Herbert Maxwell tells us, at seven A. M., rode to a place twenty-eight miles distant, here held a review, and was back at the place from which he had started, for dinner, between four and five P. M. He galloped twenty-six miles and back to see whether damage had been done to a pontoon train. He rode seventeen miles in two hours from Freneda to Ciudad Rodrigo, where he dined, gave a ball, and supped; was in the saddle again at three A. M.; galloped back to Freneda by six, and was doing business again at noon. He rose regularly at six, and wrote till nine; and after dinner wrote again from nine till twelve. It must be essential to every general, and indeed to every man who is bearing a heavy load of anxious business, to be a good sleeper. Napoleon was a first-rate sleeper; so was Pitt; so was Brougham; so was Mr. Gladstone; so was Wellington. At Salamanca, Wellington, having given his order for the battle, said to his aide-de-camp: "Watch the French through your glass, Fitzroy. I am going to take a rest. When they reach that copse near the gap in the hills, wake me." Then he lay down, and was fast asleep in a minute. In the midst of the critical operations before Waterloo, feeling weary, he laid himself down, put a newspaper over his face, and took a nap. In the Pyrenees, an officer who had got into a dangerous position with his guns came to the commander in chief for advice, and found him sleeping, with a box for a pillow. Wellington told him he must get out of the scrape as well

as he could, and in a moment was asleep again. As if his military exertions were not enough, Wellington kept a pack of hounds in the Peninsula, and keenly pursued the sport, provisions for which are curiously intermingled with the cares of a commander in chief. It is suggested that all the time his mind was at work on his campaign. But if it was, he must have exceeded in his powers of mental abstraction all other men who have followed a fox. It is remarkable that he never was a good rider, and when he rode with hounds in England he was often parted from his saddle. He did not like this to be noticed, and turned his back upon a friend who, seeing him thrown, came up to express his hope that he was not hurt. He made the mistake of riding across country in military fashion, with long stirrups. A farmer, one day, seeing him thrown, came up to him and said: "I see yer Grace often parted from yer saddle. You should tak' yer stirrups up shorter, and ride as I do." The reply is not recorded.

It would be the height of imprudence in a civilian to touch the everlasting controversy about the Waterloo campaign. Wellington was reticent on the subject. It appears to be admitted that he had reasons for his reticence, and that it has never been thoroughly explained why, when all manifestly depended on the result of a pitched battle, he and Blücher allowed themselves to be caught apart. All critics seem agreed that if d'Erlon's corps, on the day of Quatre Bras, instead of being bandied to and fro between Quatre Bras and Ligny, had been brought to bear on either of those fields, the result must have been disastrous to the Allies. It is generally admitted, also, that Wellington would have been in great peril had Napoleon, after Ligny, instead of lingering on the field and talking about Parisian politics, pressed on with the vigor and celerity of his early days. On the other hand, it is a platitude to say that Waterloo would not have been won by Wellington if the Prussians had not come up, since it was in well-founded assurance of Blücher's junction with him that Wellington accepted battle. Wellington was certainly not taken by surprise. He knew that the enemy had passed the Sambre and was advancing. But he admitted that Napoleon had "humbugged" him; that is, probably, that he had been deceived as to Napoleon's line of advance. Blame is laid on the Prussian General Zieten, who, it is said, left Wellington for twelve hours without the intelligence which he ought to have given.

In numbers there was no great disparity between the two armies, but in other respects the disparity was great, and allowance must always be made for Wellington on that ground. Napoleon's seventy-one thousand men were all Frenchmen, and probably as good soldiers as he had ever commanded. Of Wellington's sixty-seven thousand, twenty-four thousand only were British, and of these a part were raw. The rest was made up of other nationalities, including seventeen thousand Dutch Belgians, who were untrustworthy, and most of whom ran away. An attempt has been made to rehabilitate the Dutch Belgians on the strength of their returns of killed; but it seems that in the killed they included the missing. Napoleon was vastly superior to Wellington in artillery, having two hundred and forty-six guns, while Wellington had only a hundred and fifty-six. He was greatly superior, also, in cavalry.

It is pretty evident that Wellington, at the critical juncture, felt that the situation was grave. Nevertheless he kept his head, remained cool as usual, and when he felt sleepy could take his nap. That on the evening before the battle he rode from Waterloo to Blücher's headquarters, to receive from Blücher an assurance of support, is a story long current, but evidently without foundation.

It is "a lie with a circumstance;" for a part of it is that when, after the long ride, Wellington, dismounting from his horse, Copenhagen, gave the horse a slap on the flank, Copenhagen showed his bottom and mettle by kicking at him. Copenhagen ended his days as a discharged veteran, in a paddock at Strathfieldsaye. His portrait hung on the wall in the mansion. A visitor asked Wellington's heir whether that was not Copenhagen. "Yes," was the irreverent answer, "a d——d low-shouldered brute." Copenhagen was a half Arab, and horses of that breed, it is believed, are apt to be low in the shoulder.

Wellington freely exposed his person at Waterloo, had narrow escapes, and was forced to take refuge in a square. When a cannon shot took off Lord Fitzroy Somerset's right arm, he was riding with his left arm touching the duke's right. When Lord Uxbridge lost his leg, the cannon shot passed over the withers of Copenhagen. "By God, I've lost my leg!" cried Uxbridge. "Have you, by God?" was the duke's reply. "The finger of Providence," he afterward said, "was upon me, and I escaped unhurt." His biographer observes that this is one of the very few cases in which he paid the Almighty the compliment of a pious reference, though he often swore by his name.

The late Lady Dukinfield, niece of Crawfurd, Wellington's commissary general, and named "*la belle Anglaise*," — justly, as all who see her portrait will own, — was one of the last two survivors of the ball at Brussels. Her memory remained perfectly clear. Her testimony was conclusive as to the fact that the advance of the French was known at the ball, and that the duke had wished the ball to take place to prevent a stampede such as afterward occurred at Brussels. On the day of Waterloo, she, with her father, who was a diplomatist, was dining with the Prince de Condé, when news came that the British had been totally defeated, and the French were advancing on Brussels. The prince at once left the table, and ordered his carriage. Lady Dukinfield's father hurried her to their lodgings, and ordered his. But the horses had been stolen. Later in the day they got horses, and were on their road to Ghent when authentic news arrived of the British victory. The road, Lady Dukinfield said, was crowded with fugitives. The scare is commonly ascribed to the rush into Brussels of Dutch-Belgian runaways from the field. Another account is that a portion of d'Erlon's corps, having been taken prisoners early in the day, were passed to the British rear, and being seen in their French uniforms on the Brussels road, were supposed to have carried the British position.

It never occurred to the writer to ask Lady Dukinfield where the ball had taken place, he not supposing that there could be any doubt upon the subject. Since her death there has been a controversy on the question. Some have supposed that it was held in a great loft over a coach house. But if this had been the case, Byron, who must have known, could hardly have made "Brunswick's fated chieftain" sit "within a windowed niche of that high hall," — a phrase inapplicable to a loft over a coach house.

As a statesman, Wellington is generally held to have been a failure, and he is cited as a notable example of the unfitness of camp training for political life. Curiously enough, he is the only military Prime Minister that England, an old war power, has ever had, for Stanhope, though a soldier, was not distinguished in war; while in the United States, an industrial community, military distinction has made several Presidents, and the other day was not far from putting Admiral Dewey, without any civil qualification, at the head of the state. Wellington, however, was no mere son of the camp. In his earlier days he had sat in

Parliament and had been Irish Secretary. In the Peninsula he had proved himself a first-rate administrator and man of business, and had shown great diplomatic skill and temper in his dealings with the Spanish and Portuguese governments. More than this, as a European statesman he had played a leading part in the resettlement of Europe after the overthrow of Napoleon, and had enjoyed in a supreme degree the confidence of the allied sovereigns, who continued to pay the utmost deference to his judgment. The wisdom of his European policy, which was undoubtedly Bourbonist and Tory, is a different question. If he erred, as the sequel certainly showed that he did, he erred not only with Metternich and Pozzo di Borgo, but with Talleyrand. Nor was he the most reactionary of that conclave. His good sense penetrated their hypocrisy and repelled their chimeras. When, under the inspiration of the sentimental Czar, they proposed to reorganize the world on Christian principles, his answer was that the British Parliament would require something more distinct. When victory brought him into the South of France, he steadfastly refused to declare for the Bourbons, or to accept any advances of their party, before the question of resettlement had been determined by the Allies. He never gave way to military ambition, or did anything to inflame the military spirit. His foreign policy as a minister was pacific, and he strongly opposed the fatal Afghan war.

Some time before his acceptance of the premiership, he had said that he would be mad if he ever did accept it, — a declaration which, when he had become Premier, his adversaries did not allow him to forget. But this was little more than an exaggerated disclaimer of ambitious intentions at the time. His fame as well as his popularity would probably have gained if he had never left the Horse Guards for Downing Street. He was by no means inclined to sabre sway; suspicions of that kind were wholly unfounded. He was thoroughly loyal to the constitution as he conceived it, and to the supremacy of the civil power. But he was accustomed to military methods of dealing with situations and with men. Though not a political reactionist, like Polignac, whom he regarded as a fool, he was a thoroughgoing Tory, and an opponent of all change, upon the eve of an inevitable reform. Nor did he ever clearly recognize the existence of parliamentary government. He always regarded himself as the servant of the crown, — not of the people; and he was ready, at the call of loyalty to the crown, to hold or assume office in the most desperate situation against the declared will of the nation and the principles of the parliamentary constitution. On the other hand, he had the good sense, unlike Croker and the more fanatical reactionists, to accept the new order of things, and, in coöperation with Peel, to use his supremacy in the House of Lords for the purposes of inculcating submission to the inevitable and averting dangerous collisions. This he did notably in regard to the questions of municipal reform, reform of the Poor Law, and afterward of the Repeal of the Corn Laws. His power over the House of Lords was almost absolute. In those days of voting by proxy he had sixty proxies in his own pocket. The wave of his baton was enough. To an anxious inquiry as to the probable fate of Catholic Emancipation, when it went up from the Commons to the Lords, the answer was: "There is no fear; the command will be given, 'Attention! Dress! Right about face! March!' and the thing will be done." As it happened, Wellington's military habits proved, in a certain sense, advantageous to him as a statesman. Recognizing Peel as his commander in chief, he was ready to do what Peel pronounced necessary, even against his own sentiments and convictions. This he did on the great issue of the Repeal of the

Corn Laws, clothing his submission in his usual phrase, that the question was, "not about the Corn Law or any other law, but how the Queen's government was to be carried on."

Though a ready writer, the duke was not a ready speaker, and in debate was much beholden to the reporters. Those who have little command of language are apt to say sometimes less, sometimes more, than they mean. Wellington probably said more than he meant when, at a critical juncture of the question of parliamentary reform, the true policy of his party being the introduction of a moderate measure, he, excited in debate, vehemently declared that the constitution was as perfect as the wit of men could make it; that if he were called upon to frame a constitution, that was the constitution which he would frame; and that he would oppose to the uttermost any sort of change. He did not himself understand the sensation which he had made, and when he sat down asked Lord Aberdeen what it meant. Lord Aberdeen replied with words and a gesture of despair.

This, however, must be said with regard to his opposition to parliamentary reform: that he did, at all events, in his antiquated way, look into the heart of the matter. He asked how, when the sweeping change had been made, the Queen's government was to be carried on. That was a question with which even a political philosopher like Macaulay forgot to deal, while he proved with brilliant lucidity that it was absurd to give representatives to Gatton and Old Sarum when they were denied to Manchester and Birmingham.

Wellington's resistance to Catholic Emancipation did not arise from religious bigotry; it was purely political. There was therefore no violation of conscience in his concession. Nor can he be truly said to have been swayed by fear; that was not his weak point. He must have known that he had the means of physical resistance. But he saw that the state of things could not last, and, like a man of sense, gave way. As Irish Secretary, he had deplored the divided state of Ireland, and had dwelt strongly on the necessity for union of parties, though he failed to see that the first condition of union was justice.

Though devoted to the service of the crown, which may be said almost to have been his religion, the duke was no courtier. He thoroughly despised George IV., whose unveracity must have been particularly hateful to him. The story was current that the King, in his last years, became the dupe of his own inventive imagination so far as to fancy that he had commanded a regiment at Waterloo, and used to appeal to the duke for confirmation; and that the duke used to reply, "So your Majesty has often told me."

The belief that Canning had been slyly insinuating himself into the good graces of George IV., with a view to the premiership, was probably the main cause of Wellington's quarrel with him. The duke showed himself on this occasion, as he too often did, captious and suspicious. It must be owned, on the other hand, that in Canning there was, with all his brilliant qualities and titles to admiration, a certain tendency to intrigue. Nothing could be more uncongenial to the duke, who might have said with Achilles that he hated like hell the man who uttered one thing, and had another in his mind.

From Peel, also, Wellington was for some time estranged, though there was no quarrel. Both were somewhat touchy and suspicious. There was, however, a perfect reconciliation in the end. Wellington's hearty acceptance of Peel as a leader, and loyal coöperation with him, after having been Premier himself, are a fine trait in his character. The continuance of his military supremacy would no doubt help to reconcile him to his political subordination.

A high aristocrat, in a certain sense, Wellington was, but it was not as a duke; it was as an English gentleman, a member of that social caste. "More than all I am an English gentleman," was his winding up of his list of titles to consideration, when he suspected an affront. The badge and the religious obligation of that caste, when its honor was touched, was dueling. Pitt fought Tierney; Canning fought Castlereagh; and Wellington, when his honor seemed to be questioned by Winchelsea called him out. But on the last occasion dueling, at least between people of that rank, was nearly out of date.

The unpopularity caused by the duke's resistance to parliamentary reform soon passed away, when his good sense had led him to accept the change and make the best of the new system. He became once more a national idol. Only the iron shutters which had been put up at Apsley House, to prevent the windows from being broken by the mob, remained monuments of former unpleasantness, and mute protests on the duke's part against popular injustice. Looking out from the windows of Apsley House, he could behold his equestrian statue surmounting the arch at the top of Constitution Hill. A Frenchman seeing that statue might have felt that Waterloo was avenged.

Wellington was wholly devoid of literary interests and sympathies. There has seldom been a more ridiculous piece of servility than that of which the Tory University of Oxford was guilty in electing him its chancellor. To mark the absurdity, at his inauguration he put on his academical cap wrong side before, and made false quantities in reading his Latin speech. He paid the penalty of his incongruous elevation by being, to use his own phrase, "much exposed to literary men," who pelted him with their dedications and petitions. He was equally devoid of taste. The church at Strathfieldsaye, which is in the park, had been put up by the former owner, Lord Rivers. It was a strange cruciform structure, in a highly unecclesiastical style, surmounted by a cupola. The duke's nephew, Gerald Wellesley, was the rector. Being a man of ecclesiastical tastes, he had often begged the duke to put up something more like a church; but the duke had always refused. At last, one day, at luncheon, after service, the duke said: "Gerald, I begin to think you are right. That building does not look like a church. I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll put a steeple upon it." Gerald recurred no more to the subject.

Once, at least, Wellington said a good thing. When he first went to the court of Louis XVIII., the French marshals whom he had defeated turned their backs upon him. The King apologized for their rudeness. "Never mind, your Majesty," replied Wellington; "they have got into the habit, and they can't get out of it."

As a writer, however, the duke was, in his own line, excellent. A selection of his papers may be read with advantage, not by military men alone. They bring you into contact with a strong character, thoroughly upright and veracious, a clear intelligence, and firmness of purpose, all expressing themselves in a calm but vigorous style.

The quantity which he wrote in miscellaneous correspondence and otherwise, we are told by Sir Herbert Maxwell, was astounding. Mr. Croker having sent him a number of pamphlets on foreign affairs, with a request for his criticism, the duke replied on sixty sides of large letter paper. It is computed that he used up hundredweights of gilt-edged letter and note paper, the drafts being duly retained, indorsed, and filed, usually in his own handwriting. To an unknown quack who sent him a box of salves he replies: —

Sir, — I have received your letter and the box of salves, etc., which you have

sent me. This last will be returned to you by the coach of Monday. I beg you to accept my best thanks for your attention. I think that you and I have some reason to complain of the Editors of Newspapers. One of them thought proper to publish an account of me, that I was affected by a Rigidity of the Muscles of the Face. You have decided that the disorder must be *Tic douloureux*, for which you send me your salve as a remedy. I have no disorder in my face. I am affected by the Lumbago or Rheumatism in my Loins, shoulders, neck, and back, a disorder to which many are liable who have passed days and nights exposed to the Weather in bad Climates. I am attended by the best medical Advisers in England, and I must attend to their advice. I cannot make use of Salves sent to me by a Gentleman however respectable of whom I know nothing, and who knows nothing of the Case excepting what he reads in the Newspapers.

To a lady who sent a box to Apsley House the reply is: —

WALMER CASTLE, *3rd November*, 1849.

Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Miss Jane Fyffe. He has this morning received in a deal box her letter of 3rd October. He has long been under the necessity of preventing his house being made the deposit of all the trash that is manufactured or made up. Giving money is one thing — receiving into his house all the trash made up is quite a different one! To the latter he will not submit. He invariably returns everything sent to his house without his previous permission, if he can discover the mode of doing so. But there is no direct communication between this place and Edinburgh. The deal case was brought down here from the duke's house in London, the duke is ignorant in what manner. He desires Miss Fyffe to inform him in what manner it is to be returned to Edinburgh. He gives notice that if he does not receive an answer by return of post, the box and its contents will be thrown into the fire. He will not allow things to be sent to his house without his previous consent.

It is difficult to understand how a powerful mind can have stooped to such trivialities. But the most astonishing thing of all is the correspondence with Miss Jenkins. Miss Jenkins was a young lady, fashionably educated, beautiful, emotional, and a religious zealot. Having converted a murderer, she thought she had a mission to convert public characters, and first of all the duke. The result was a correspondence, alternating with interviews, of a most absurd and twaddling kind, which lasted for seventeen years. Doubts have naturally been raised as to the authenticity of the letters; but Sir Herbert Maxwell is satisfied the letters are authentic. As the duke was far from religious, the only explanation suggested is amatory, and he was certainly weak on that side. Failing intellect must also surely have played a part.

There is not much character in his handwriting; at last it grew illegible. He wrote to his household at Strathfieldsaye, bidding them get from the neighboring town, Reading, something, — the word for which they could not read, — and put it up before his arrival. His household, fearing to tell him that his writing was illegible, imitated the mysterious word as well as they could, and said that it was not to be had in Reading; whereupon there came down from London a set of bell ropes.

His irreligion once brought upon him a pastoral exhortation from Dr. Philpotts, the Bishop of Exeter, whose own religion was rather pugilistic. The duke replied at length and in a style of Christian humility; saying that he was not ostentatious or a Bible Society man, but

that he gave large sums in charity, and went to church wherever his presence could operate as an example, — never being absent from divine service at Walmer, or at Strathfieldsaye, or in any place in the country where his presence or absence could be observed. The last place at which the present writer saw him was at the door of Strathfieldsaye church, after service. One of the party told him of the death of an old general who had served with him. He looked for a moment rather grave, as if he felt that death had knocked at his own door. Then he cheered up, said, "Ah! He was a very old man," put his arm in that of Lady Douro, and stumped away with an air of physical reassurance. A religious enthusiast he was far enough from being. Recommending his old army chaplain for preferment, he said that Methodism had more than once broken out in his army, but, by the judicious exertions of his chaplain, had been suppressed. He did not know how Methodists had fought at Fontenoy.

The duke had no sentiment and little affection. As a husband and father he was cold. His marriage had been one of honor. As a youth, in Ireland, he had won the heart of a very pretty but frivolous girl. After twelve years of absence abroad, he came back to find her, as he was assured by a matchmaking lady, waiting for him, though she had rejected him before, and to renew the offer of his hand. That her beauty had been marred by the smallpox seems not to have been the fact; but it was the sort of beauty that would be greatly marred by years. As much affection as he could feel for anybody he felt for his daughter-in-law, Lady Douro. Female connections he had, and this is a part of his life over which biographers throw a veil. Allowance must be made for the habits of the eighteenth century, in which his notions had been formed. The most unamiable feature of his character, and the most aristocratic in the worst sense, was his want of feeling for the soldiers to whom he owed so much. He would even speak of them in almost brutal terms, as a pack of vagabonds who cared for nothing but drink, and could be kept in order only by the fear of corporal punishment. They naturally, while they thoroughly trusted him, and hailed the appearance of his hooked nose as a pledge of victory, loved him not. During his long reign at the Horse Guards he did little to promote their comfort, which very greatly needed promoting. He stood up obstinately till the last for the brutal and degrading punishment of the lash, which was carried to an extent incredibly cruel, and which experience has since shown to have been totally needless. He failed to see that the practice must deter decent men from enlisting. In his parsimony of medals and military decorations there may have been more reason. He was laughed at for saying that you would have every fellow trying to distinguish himself. But what he meant was sensible enough: it was that, in striving after individual distinction, men would cease to be faithful to the common plan. There were, in fact, instances of this, if we were not misinformed, in the American Civil War. There was something, at all events, to be said for parsimony, against the prodigality which at present prevails. Medals are now solicited and given for a campaign without an enemy, and even for a defeat in a petty skirmish.

Wellington's personal tastes and habits, like those of most great men, were very simple. He cared not for show or pomp of any kind. Instead of building a counterpart of Blenheim, for which money had been voted, he bought and improved Strathfieldsaye, a common country gentleman's house. In his diet he was very abstemious, even to the injury, it appears, of his health. He of course kept a first-rate French cook for his guests. The cook, it was said, one day suddenly resigned. The duke, in as-

tonishment, asked the reason. Was his salary insufficient? "No, my salary is very handsome. But I am not appreciated. I cook your dinner myself, — a dinner fit for a king. You say nothing. I go out and leave the undercook to cook your dinner. He gives you a dinner fit for a pig. You say nothing. I am not appreciated. I must go."

The duke punctually fulfilled every duty of life, that of country gentleman among the rest. When, business permitting, he came down to Strathfieldsaye, he entertained his neighbors, visited the gentry, and showed himself to his people. Familiar to the present writer, who lived in the next parish, is the figure of the F. M., with a little cape over his shoulders, riding about, making his calls and leaving his cards of ample size. As a landlord, he was not only upright, but generous in his dealings. Being told that he could buy a farm which jutted into his domain, and which he had desired, at a low price, in consequence of the pecuniary embarrassments of the owner, he answered that he did not want to take advantage of any man's pecuniary embarrassments, and directed that a fair price should be given for the farm.

At the time of the railway mania, he did not, like too many landowning members of Parliament, notably of the House of Lords, use his parliamentary influence to extort compensation for damage. He did exact a condition, which was that there should be no station within four miles of his house. This was wrong, and hard upon his poorer neighbors, who lost their stage, but it was not blackmail.

His last years as commander in chief were a senile autocracy which it would have been thought profane to disturb, though it was fatal to improvement, and had partly to answer for the breakdown in the Crimean War. When a regiment was going out to fight Kaffirs in the bush, he met the proposal to arm it with the new rifles by saying that he had done well enough with Brown Bess at Waterloo. He did not like to feel that he was growing old. His hunting stud was still kept up at Strathfieldsaye, and nobody was allowed to ride the horses but himself. When the hounds met at his place, as they did when he entertained the judges, he got upon a hunter and rode to cover. He was offended when, on account of his age, his name was omitted from the royal hunting parties.

Though he had been long declining, his death made a profound sensation. He was buried with immense pomp, which somehow rather failed to express the sentiment. Many thought that the huge catafalque was less suitable for a hero than a gun carriage. A. P. Stanley, whose taste for the moral and historical picturesque was supreme, said that the only part of the ceremony which greatly touched him was the last wave of the plume on the cocked hat, as the coffin, on which the hat lay, was lowered into the vault. It seemed to wave the farewell of a world.

Goldwin Smith.

RAIN IN THE WOODS.

When on the leaves the rain insists,
And every gust brings showers down;
When all the woodland smokes with mists,
I take the old road out of town
Into the hills through which it twists.

I find the vale where catnip grows,
Where boneset blooms, with wetness bowed;
The vale, through which the red creek flows,
Turbid with hill-washed clay, and loud
As some wild horn a woodsman blows.

Around the root the beetle glides,
A living beryl; and the ant,
Large, agate-red, a garnet, slides
Beneath the rock; and every plant
Is roof for some frail thing that hides.

Knotlike upon the gray-barked trees
The lichen-colored moths are pressed;
And, wedged in hollow blooms, the bees
Seem clotted pollen; in its nest
The hornet creeps and lies at ease.

The locust, too, that harshly saws
The silence of the summer noon;
And katydid, that thinly draws
Its fine file o'er the bars of moon;
And grasshopper that drills each pause:

The mantis, long-clawed, furtive, lean, —
Fierce feline of the insect hordes, —
And dragon fly, gauze-winged and green,
Beneath the grape leaves and the gourds
Have housed themselves, and rest unseen.

The butterfly and forest bird
Are huddled on the same gnarled bough,
From which, like some rain-voweled word
That dampness hoarsely utters now,
The tree toad's voice is vaguely heard.

I crouch and listen; and again
The woods are filled for me with forms.
Weird, elfin shapes in train on train
Arise; and now I feel the arms
Around me of the wraiths of rain.

They rise and drift, fantastic, fair, —
  Chill, mushroom-colored; sky and earth
Grow ghostly with their floating hair
  And limbs, — wild forms that have their birth
In wetness, fungi of the air.

O wraiths of rain! O trailing mist!
  Still fold me, hold me, and pursue!
Still let my lips by yours be kissed!
  Still draw me with your hands of dew
Unto the tryst, the dripping tryst!

Madison Cawein.

LAW-ABIDING CITIZENS.

One day, as Uncle Mac and I were standing together upon the main street of Rivertown, a burly, unkempt fellow, whose right arm was held in a dirty bandage and sling, approached us, and struck at once into the thousand and first rehearsal of his ill luck and his sufferings, ending with a proclamation of his imperative need for alms. He was a fair specimen of his class. He looked like the merest rough charcoal sketch of a man, done by an amateurish hand; his nondescript attire, loose, fatty figure, and dull face made a very inadequate sum total of manliness. His plea was addressed to Uncle Mac, as though his experience had yielded a certain power of discrimination. He was undoubtedly experienced; he spoke with a callous overconfidence, and his plaint had been so often unrolled and rewound that it was worn smooth and threadbare.

Uncle Mac listened until the woeful tale had dragged its slow length along to a conclusion; and as he listened his feet were spread apart, his hands were pushed deep into his pockets, and his blue, seeing eyes were intent upon the rude face of the beggar, who, when the last word was spoken, stood with his free hand expectantly outstretched.

"You 're a ter'ble clumsy liar," Uncle Mac said seriously. The other raised his ready hand toward heaven.

"I 'll take my oath I ain't said a word that ain't true as preachin'," he said, with bravery.

"*Some* preachin'," Uncle Mac amended. "I 'll bet four dollars there ain't a dummed thing the matter with your arm; or if there is, you 've blistered it a-purpose with med'cines, to make it look pitiful. I 've knowed your kind before now."

The beggar turned away, muttering surlily; but Uncle Mac called after him: "On honor, now, is there anything the matter with you?"

"What 's it to you?" the fellow growled. Uncle Mac's answer was to flip into the air a silver dime, which the beggar caught deftly.

"There 's just one chance you 're hungry," the good old man said, as though he felt obliged to apologize for the gift, "an' I don't like to think I 've mebbe let anybody go that-a-way. But I 'd give dollars to the man that would tell me what 's to be done with the likes of you. You won't work, nohow; an' if you don't get a livin' with beggin', you 'll take to stealin', or worse. I don' know but what the cheapest an' best way 's to give you enough to keep you from bein' hun-

gry, because you ain't goin' to stir yourself, not even to do devilment, long as you 're kep' full o' grub. Only I do hate like sin to take what oughter be give to them that 's deservin' of it, to feed such no-'count critters as you, that ain't got no more decent pride in you than a salt codfish."

The man pocketed the coin with an air of indifferent bravado, and ambled on his way down the street, Uncle Mac gazing after him sadly.

"I ain't never thought about it till now," he said, "but we never had none like that feller out here in Nebrasky, early days. They 'd 've made a mighty poor shift. We was all too busy to stand 'round an' let chaps like him work us for suckers. There was lots o' the old-timers that wa'n't a bit backward about coaxin' each other's money away from 'em, but they done it dif'rent ways than beggin', an' I don' know but 't was fairer, all 'round: because when a feller begs from you, you don't have no show on earth 'ceptin' to dig down in your clothes an' give to him; but if he only tries to cheat it out o' you, why, you 've got as good a chance as him.

"I ain't sayin' there was such a powerful sight o' cheatin' done, neither, them days, more 'n other times, — not hardly so much, because it 's like I tol' you awhile ago: folks was on honor a good deal, an' that always makes a man pretty apt to stand up to the rack. I know I 'd trust 'most anybody, them days, a dummed sight quicker 'n I would now. But mebbe I don' know all. You see, after the Ter'tory was first opened up, there was a right smart while when we did n't have no great sight o' law, like we got now. I don' know but we was better off. Honest, I ain't never been real friendly to legislatures an' lawyers. Seems like we don't need so many of 'em. Why, they 're makin' a livin' out of it, an' they 've gone to work an' got it so a man can't hardly turn 'round, even mindin' his own business, without gettin' all balled up in a mess o' nasty little laws. I don't like it. Just as if men wa'n't goin' to be straight an' decent on their own account, without bein' made to! A man knows if a thing 's right; an' if he won't do it because it 's right, he ain't liable to do it just because it 's law, is he? You bet he ain't. I know, because I 've seen it work out. Them days, when we did n't have no laws to speak of, it just kind o' learned us we 'd got to do the best we knowed, an' look after ourselves; an' that helped us to know we 'd got to look out for other folks, too, same time. That 's a pretty good way. We got to know each other, when we wa'n't all tied up in little wads o' law to pertect us, an' we wa'n't 'feard to stand up an' let folks see what we looked like, an' what we could do for ourselves, come to a showdown. I know plenty o' folks, these times, that don't seem to think they 're obligated to do nothin' but just what the legislature tells 'em to, same as there 's them that don't feel right about doin' things unless the preacher says so. I knowed a feller once that would n't do the least little thing, way o' business, till he 'd prayed about it some. He 'd got a notion the Lord would tell him what to do. Anyway, he was one o' the 'cutest traders I ever had anything to do with: he skinned me out o' 'most two hunderd dollars once, time I bought a bunch o' cattle of him. The Lord never stood by me that-a-way; nor I don't b'lieve I 'd let him if he wanted to.

"Oh, we was law-abidin' citizens, them days!" he said, with a reminiscent chuckle. "We did n't know what the law was, nor even if there was any, an' what 's more, we did n't care; but we had a mighty big respect for it, just the same. Why, I mind a time, — early summer o' '60, I think 't was, — out on the Salt Lake trail a piece west from the river. There 'd been a passel o' hoss thieves pesterin' 'round out there 'mongst the settlers, runnin' off their critters.

They did n't have no sense. They did n't get ketched at first, an' they reckoned they wa'n't goin' to get ketched, an' after while they got too cantankerous to live with, till by an' by the settlers got all together, an' made up a committee an' went after 'em. Two three days after that, I come along the trail with a freightin' outfit, goin' west from Omaha; an' when we got to where the trail crossed a little creek, where the willers an' cottonwoods was growin', we seen the committee 'd got two o' the gang, an' they 'd bent over some saplin's an' fixed up a little scaffoldin', an' they 'd strung their men up an' left 'em. They wa'n't very pretty to look at, right on the trail like that; but we did n't feel we had any call to monkey with 'em, us bein' strangers 'round there. But when we come to the next settler's place, we spoke up about it. 'T was gettin' t'wards dark, an' the old man was settin' out front of his house, smokin', whiles his woman was gettin' supper, an' he 'd got one of his dogs crawled halfway up on his lap, an' he was scratchin' it behind the ears. I can see him yet. We pulled up, an' I hollered to the feller, an' I says, 'Say!' I says. 'Did you know there 's a couple fellers been strung up back at the crossin'?' An' he pulls his pipe out of his mouth, an' spits, an' he says, 'Yep; I know. I reckon I oughter; I helped do it,' he says. 'What was they doin'?' I says; an' he says, 'Hoss thieves.' 'Been botherin' you 'round here?' I says; an' he says, 'Been skedaddlin' 'round all summer, mostly. But I got back one o' my critters, that one o' them fellers was ridin' we ketched,' he says. 'Well,' I says, 'ain't it kind o' on-Christian leavin' 'em that-a-way? Why don't you cut 'em down an' bury 'em?' I says. 'Land, no!' he says. 'Why, mister, we ain't got no 'thority to cut 'em down. But we notified the sheriff,' he says, 'so 's it can be done accordin' to law.' That just shows!

"But the most fun was after while, when the boys begun to get kind o' dissatisfied with hittin' off justice 'mongst theirselves best they could, an' when they was gettin' sort o' prideful, an' wanted to have justices o' the peace, an' such. Out 'round the edges, there wa'n't many men that had good common sense that could afford to play justice o' the peace, — there wa'n't enough in it; so them that was 'lected was mostly pretty raw.

"There was one Dutch farmer out in Frontier County that got 'lected because there wa'n't nobody runnin' ag'inst him, an' he kep' his place till his time was nigh up, without havin' no cases. It suited him, because he 'd got the glory. He was too busy to try cases, anyway; because a Dutch farmer would n't stop his work, not even for the angel Gabriel, long 's there was anything to be 'tended to with his crops. But 'long one fall there was a young feller out there on one o' the farms that shot another feller he 'd had a scrap with whiles they was drunk, an' he got hauled up. There wa'n't nobody 'round there to give him his prelim'nary but this Dutchman, an' it just happened his work was mostly all done for fall, so he wa'n't so rushed. Folks up there was mighty much interested, because they all knowed the boy's fam'ly, an' his daddy was well fixed; an' when it got to be knowed there was three four lawyers was hired to come out from the river, why, seemed like everybody that could travel come in to the hearin'. I knowed that old chap mighty well, an' there wa'n't an honester old rooster on the prairies; but he wa'n't a bit bright, — just stupid-honest, you know, like Dutchmen is.

"Well, they had it up an' down for two days, listenin' to the folks that was called for witnesses; an' I ain't never seen lawyers work like them did. They knowed they 'd got to work, 'count o' the justice not knowin' no more about law than he knowed about the cost o' layin' gold sidewalks in the New Jerusalem,

Them lawyers sweat a heap, an' when the witnesses was all through with their say, they turned in an' argued, an' ripped, an' stormed, first one an' then another, for a whole day, an' after supper they come back at it ag'in. The old Dutchman was holdin' his court out in his barn, an' he 'd had his women folks just spread theirselves, cookin', an' 'most everybody that 'd come a good piece from home, pris'ner, an' lawyers, an' all, was comp'ny; an' he seemed to think he 'd got to do his best to make 'em feel to home. He 'd got a heart in him deep as a well. There wa'n't a word any o' the witnesses said but that the boy 'd done the shootin', with nothin' to make him do it 'ceptin' he was drunk; but I knowed the old chap so well, an' what soft insides he had t'wards folks, I just made a little bet with myself he was goin' to let the boy go, 'specially seein' as how the other feller had got well. I kep' watchin' him, settin' up on the lid of his feed box, where he could be comfort'ble, smokin', an' not openin' his head. If a Dutchman is stupid, he 's mighty 'cute about it, because he mostly don't give hisself away. The lawyers, they was gettin' pretty much wore out, so 's they wanted to get finished up that night, an' 't was scand'lous the things they tried to tell the old feller was law; an' after supper, when they 'd took lights out to the barn, they yelled an' hollered an' pranced up an' down till they was limp as wet chickens; an' by an' by, when they could n't think o' nothin' else, they begun callin' each other liars. That 's a thing that wa'n't noways safe with other folks, but lawyers don't care. A man that can set still an' grin whiles another feller 's callin' him a liar, he 's dif'rent from me.

"The old chap 'd been used to goin' to bed about sundown, so 's they had to stop their talkin' every little whiles till somebody 'd go poke him to wake him up; because when he 'd drop off to sleep he 'd snore like a Guinea hen squawkin', an' they could n't talk to save their souls. 'T was awful funny! But come 'long t'wards 'leven o'clock, an' they quit, an' one o' the fellers that was defendin' the boy, he says, 'Now, your honor, we 're willin' to stop right here, an' let you decide,' he says; an' the rest of 'em, they said they was, too. They was hoarse as barn hinges. The Dutchman, his pipe had gone out; but he lit it up an' smoked awhile, an' then he says, 'Well,' he says, 'what am I goin' to do? You fellers ain't tol' me what the law is yet,' he says. 'You talked a heap, an' I been thinkin' you might mebbe work 'round to it, so 's you 'd make up your minds, peaceable; but you ain't done it. Seems like you 're further apart than when you started in,' he says. 'If you 'd got together, why, I would n't been the one to stand out; I 'd done like you fellers tol' me to,' he says; 'but it looks like now I got to make up my mind for myself, an' that 's what I 'm goin' to do. It 's a princ'ple o' law,' he says, 'that when a feller 's in doubt, why, the pris'ner 's got to be give the advantage of it, an' he 's got to be let go. I know that 's so,' he says, 'because I was on a jury once, back in Mar'land, an' the judge, he told us so. If that 's good law for a jury, it oughter be good for a judge, too; because out here in my court,' he says, 'there ain't goin' to be no dif'rence between one man an' another. I don' know what the law is, an' my doubts has been gettin' bigger ever since you fellers started in to talkin',' he says; 'an' so, if this boy 'll give me his word he 'll go back home on the farm with his folks, an' won't do no more shootin' nor get drunk no more, why, I 'm goin' to let him go free,' he says; an' he says to the boy, 'If that suits you, Ed, you can go,' he says.

"You 'd oughter seen them lawyers! They just set there, wipin' the sweat off of 'em, so dumb they could n't say a word; an' the Dutchman, he got down off the feed box, an' he stretched hisself

an' gaped, an' then he went pokin' off to bed. Mebbe that wa'n't just accordin' to the law books, but it worked. Just for fun, I kep' track o' that boy, dif'rent times after that, an' he turned out a heap better 'n he would if he 'd been sent up.

"When we first got our courts an' things, we mostly just played with 'em, because we did n't take 'em to be much account. I can't think yet but the best times of all was before we had 'em. O' course things was pretty rough, but take an' average it up, I reckon we felt a good deal more like men than these youngsters does now, goin' to law every little whipstitch. There 's no use talkin': decent, honest men was looked up to a heap more 'n they are now; an' them that wanted to be looked up to, they knowed mighty well they 'd got to be decent an' honest. That helped a lot. I mind plenty o' times when I 'd make big contracts, with thousan's o' dollars in 'em, an' me an' the other feller, we 'd just go to work by ourselves an' kind o' fix it up the way that looked fair an' square, without no lippy lawyers to hinder us; an' we 'd get it straightened 'round in our minds, an' we 'd say, 'There, if that ain't accordin' to law, why, it 'd oughter be;' an' then we 'd live up to it. A man had to be mighty careful how he did n't do what his contract called for. There was some that was reckless, like what they called the Press-Claim Club, up to Omaha, that run settlers off their lands, an' ducked 'em under the ice, an' killed some of 'em, an' then stole their land. Some o' them fellers is big turkeys now-days, an' cuts a splurge, 'count o' their money; but us ol'-timers, we got our own way o' thinkin' about 'em. I don' know how a man 's made that 's willin' to do things like that. I know I would n't be in their pants, not for all they got.

"We all done things that wa'n't down on the slate, when we had n't got no law to show for it. There was the Underground Railroad, for one thing, when ol' John Brown was rummagin' 'round down in Kansas an' Missouri, with his gang, stealin' niggers an' sendin' 'em off places where they 'd be took care of. They mostly was sent over to Canada; but there was towns all along where there was stations on the Underground, an' there 's where the wagons would stop to get the niggers fed an' rested. Seemed like all the towns up an' down the river had took sides, one way or other, Free-Soilers or Pro-Slave, an' they used to be forever scrappin' 'mongst theirselves, like Nebraska City an' Tabor, over in Ioway. Tabor was where ol' Brown used to get his men together, times, to train 'em, when he was gettin' ready for some big scheme, an' the folks over there, they stood together like Scotchmen. 'T was easy enough in a place like that, where the folks was all one way o' thinkin'; but towns like Nebraska City or Falls City, that was all split up, there was where it worried us. We had to be watchful what we said there; an' that 's something I never did like. If a feller don't want to talk, that 's dif'rent from bein' made to keep still. 'T wa'n't that we was 'feard o' trouble, exac'ly; but there was plenty o' them that said they was Free-Soilers that wa'n't trusty, an' had to be watched. Them was the ones we was 'feard of.

"Only time I ever seen ol' John Brown was down to Falls City, — '57, I b'lieve 't was, — when he was makin' one o' his trips to Ioway with a bunch o' niggers. That was one o' the things I was talkin' about awhile ago. 'T wa'n't noways law-abidin' to run them niggers off. Accordin' to law, ol' Brown was a thief when he took 'em, an' us that stood by him, we was as bad as him; that 's just the long an' short of it. But what did we care? I don't s'pose the youngsters now-days could hardly make out why we done it. 'T wa'n't because we loved the niggers so much, nor yet for devilment; but just

seemed like 't was in the wind, an' ketchin', when a few o' the men like Brown an' ol' Jim Lane started it. I 've always noticed it don't take more 'n one good man to make a thousan' others get to work. Brown, he was a good one! Seemed like Jim Lane was more human, like other folks; but things would n't been done if it had n't been for Brown. He 'd got his head set just one way, an' you could n't no more turn him by talkin' than you could turn a blizzard by blowin' your breath on it; so 's there wa'n't nothin' for the rest of us to do but tail after him.

"I 'd just happened to be down to Falls City one day when Brown got word up to 'em he was comin', an' he 'd want his niggers fed up an' some clothes got ready for 'em. I knowed some o' the boys down there, an' I turned in to help 'em. We kep' it still as we could; but seems to me like Americans ain't got the knack o' keepin' secrets. Secrets swells us up, same as dried apples, till we fair bust with 'em. Anyway, some o' the Pro-Slaves 'round town got to know he was comin', an' we did n't know but there 'd be trouble. Falls City ain't but just a few mile back from the river, acrost from Missouri, an' over in Missouri they was payin' big money for niggers that was brought back to 'em. 'Long t'wards dark there was so much talkin' 'round town, two three of us fellers took our rifles an' rode out horseback so 's to meet Brown an' look after him some, comin' in to town. Look after Brown! Makes me laugh! Like talkin' about takin' care o' sun-up, so 's nothin' won't happen to it.

"Four five mile out we come on a mean-lookin' covered wagon, drawed by ox-teams, with a couple fellers ridin' 'longside. Did n't 'pear to be much of an outfit, an' we turned our ponies out to go past it, when one o' the riders, he sung out to us to know where we was goin'. I happened to be leadin', so 's it came to me to do the talkin'; an' I says to the feller, I says, 'Oh, we 're just goin' 'long on our own business;' an' he says, 'Be you lookin' for John Brown?' I did n't see 't was any o' his doin's who we was lookin' for, an' I tol' him so; but he says, plain as could be, 'I 'm him,' he says. I was just on the p'int o' tellin' him he was a liar, till I come to take a good look at him, an' then I reckoned I better wait a minute. I been thankful ever since I did wait. But I was ter'ble disapp'inted. I 'd heerd so much o' John Brown, an' the things he 'd done, I 'd thought I was goin' to see a man seven foot tall, an' big as a barrel; but he wa'n't neither one. He was just a common-lookin' feller, matter o' size, an' he was settin' humped over in his saddle like anybody else, joggin' 'long an' makin' hisself easy as he could. 'T was his face that shut me up. I ain't never seen anybody's face like it, not even Abe Lincoln's. 'T was a face that looked like 't was made out o' rock, with a jaw strong as a bear-trap, an' his eyes looked fair through me. Yes, sir, I 'm almighty glad I did n't say what I was goin' to. One o' the fellers that was with me, he 'd knowed Brown before, an' he rode up an' spoke; an' come to find out, there was seven niggers under the wagon cover, an' just ol' Brown an' the driver takin' care of 'em whiles they was travelin'. If I 'd been doin' it, I 'd 've wanted a half-comp'ny escort, anyway. That just shows! He did n't seem a mite bothered, just pokin' 'long like they was goin' to a Sunday-school picnic; only he had a Sharps rifle slung acrost his saddle, an' the driver had a rifle, too, settin' up beside him on the seat.

"Well, we started back t'wards town, with the other fellers ridin' up ahead, an' me an' Brown back by the wagon. The niggers under the wagon cover, they was keepin' mighty still. I wanted to square myself with the ol' man, so I started in tellin' him what we 'd been hearin' all day, an' what we was 'feard

of, about the Pro-Slaves makin' trouble. He set listenin', like he did n't half hear me; an' when I 'd got through, he just give his head a little shake, an' he says, 'There ain't goin' to be no trouble,' he says. How 'd he know? I did n't like it, bein' turned down so flat; an' I started in ag'in, tellin' him the brags the Pro-Slaves had been makin', till he shut me off; an' he says to me, 'Young man,' he says, 'you need n't never be scared o' them that makes their brags about stoppin' the Lord's work,' he says, 'because there ain't no man can make that kind of a brag stick.' So I shut up; an' Brown, he took us right in to the house where he 'd been used to goin', other trips, where he knowed the feller; an' he wa'n't act'ly so much bothered as a man is now-days takin' a wagonload o' hogs to stockyards. I never seen such a chap. When we got to the house, Brown made the niggers get down from the wagon, an' they was turned into this feller's barn; an' they cooked their supper an' laid down an' went to sleep, with two three of us standin' on post. Brown, he slep' in the barn with 'em, on a pile o' fodder, with a blanket wrapped 'round him, an' he took his turn like the rest of us, doin' sentry duty. He 'd been dead right about it, — there wa'n't a whisper o' trouble all night; an' come mornin', they just took their time gettin' breakfast, an' then they got loaded up an' started on. I ain't never forgot that, nor I would n't take a new red wagon for what it learned me. No, sir, a man that knows he 's right, he don't need to be scared o' law nor nothin' else. Trouble is, I reckon, there ain't many folks so dead sure they 're right."

William R. Lighton.

MY COOKERY BOOKS.

It was with something of a shock that I woke one morning and found myself a collector of cookery books.

I am not sure which seemed the more extraordinary, — that there should be cookery books to collect, or that I should be collecting them. I had thought — if indeed I had thought anything about it — that Mrs. Rorer and Cassell's Dictionary exhausted the literature of the subject, though I had heard of Mrs. Glasse: partly because the "First catch your hare," which she never wrote, long since passed into a classical quotation; and partly because, when I first came to London, George Augustus Sala was still writing the newspaper notes he could rarely finish without a reference to "good old Hannah Glasse." However, had I known then, as I do now, that cookery books are almost as old as time, my principles — and my purse — were against collecting anything, especially in London, where it adds seriously to the burden of cleanliness. But who does go about it deliberately? Mr. Andrew Lang calls collecting a sport; Dr. Hill Burton defines it, first as a "human frailty," then as a "peculiar malady," which is the definition I accept. Certainly I can trace my attack to its deadly germ.

I had undertaken, in an ambitious moment, to write a weekly column on cookery for the Pall Mall Gazette, when my only qualifications were the healthy appetite and the honest love of a good dinner, usually considered "unbecoming to the sex." To save me from exposure, a friend gave me Dumas' Dictionnaire de la Cuisine, the masterpiece of that "great artist in many varieties of form," to quote Mr. Henley, as it is appropriate I should, since he was the friend who came so

nobly to my aid. The book was useful beyond expectation. I borrowed from its pages as lavishly as Dumas had, in compiling it, helped himself from the dishes and menus of Beauvilliers and Vuillemot. The danger was that I might borrow once too often for the patience of my readers; and so, chancing presently on the uniformly bound works of Carême, Etienne, and Gouffé in a second-hand bookshop, I bought them, without stopping to ask if they were first editions, — as they were not, — so far was the idea of collecting still from my mind. My one object was good "copy." But booksellers always manage to know you are collecting before you know it yourself. Catalogues poured in upon me, and I kept on buying all the cookery books that promised to be of use. Gradually they spread out into an imposing row on my desk; they overflowed to the bookshelves; they piled themselves up in odd corners; they penetrated into the linen closet, — the last place, I admit, the neat housekeeper should look for them. And yet, it was not until the summer when I went without a new gown, and carried off at Sotheby's, from the clutches of the dealer and the maw of the librarian, one of the few first editions of "good old Hannah Glasse" — the very copy from which Sala had made hundreds of articles — for fifty dollars, and bought a bookcase for I do not remember how many more, that I realized what had happened, and then it was too late.

Anyhow, my sin has not been the "unlit lamp and the ungirt loin." If it be a mistake to collect, at least I have collected so well that I have yet to find the collection of cookery books that can equal mine. It may be put to shame when I consult M. Georges Vicaire's Bibliographie Gastronomique, with its twenty-five hundred entries, especially as M. Vicaire's knowledge of the English books on the subject is incomplete, and his ignorance of the American exhaustive, — he has never heard of Miss Leslie, poor man. But I am in countenance again when I refer to Mr. Carew Hazlitt's bibliography; for I rejoice in a number of English books that have no place in it, while it barely touches upon foreign books, of which I have many. When it comes to actual collections, I triumph. Mr. Hazlitt speaks of the "valuable and extensive assemblage of English and foreign cookery books in the Patent Office Library;" but it dwindles to modest proportions when compared to mine. A private collection in Hampstead was described to me by Dr. Furnivall in terms that threatened my overwhelming discomfiture; but, on examination, cookery proved a side issue with the collector, and though I felt like slipping two or three of his shabby little calf-bound volumes into my pocket when he was not looking, there were innumerable gaps I could have filled. The cookery books at the British Museum are many, but diligent searching of the catalogue has not revealed so great a number or as many treasures as my small bookcase contains. A rumor has reached me of an extraordinary series left as a legacy to the Public Library at Salem (Massachusetts); but I have not the money to cross the Atlantic and face the truth, or the courage to write to the librarian and hear it from him. I know, too, by repute, of the books of the Society of Cooks at Bordeaux; am I not just now in correspondence with their bookseller? There is also, I know, a Company of Cooks in the city of London, but I doubt if they own a book, or, for that matter, can claim a real cook in their ranks. Besides, so long as I have seen no other existing collection, I can continue to flatter myself that mine is unrivaled.

The reason for pride may not be clear to the average woman, who looks upon the cookery book, at its best, as a kitchen Baedeker, or to the average man, who would consider it unmanly to look upon it at all. But that is simply because the average woman and the average man do

not know. The cookery book has every good quality that a book can have. In the first place, it makes a legitimate appeal to the collector, and M. Vicaire and Mr. Hazlitt show what the bibliographer can do with it. Man, the cooking animal, has had from the beginning a cooking literature. What are parts of the Old Testament, of the Vedas, but cookery books? You cannot dip into Athenæus without realizing what an inspiration food and drink always were to the Greek poet. As for the Romans, from Virgil to Horace, from Petronius to Lucian, praise of good eating and drinking was forever their theme, both in prose and in verse. Early French and English historical manuscripts and records are full of cookery; and almost as soon as there was a printing press cookery books began to be printed, and they have kept on being printed ever since. It would be strange if, among them, there were not a few that provided the excitement of the hunt and the triumph of conquest. For the lover of the early printed book, there are the De Honesta Voluptate of Platina, 1474;[1] the Viandier of Taillevent, — about 1490, according to Vicaire, is the date of the first edition; and the Cœlius Apicius, 1498. For the "Elzevirian," there is the little Pâtissier Français, that once fetched three thousand dollars in the sales room, and seldom brings less than three hundred, — prices that impart dignity to all cook books. For the "Editio-Princeps man," there is the rare Mrs. Glasse in folio, when always afterwards she appears in less ambitious octavo, to name but the most widely known of all. These are not prizes to be dismissed lightly.

My pride compels me to add (in parenthesis, as it were, for I had not meant to write about it here) that I own not only the Mrs. Glasse, but the Cœlius Apicius. It is a beautiful book, printed in the Roman type William Morris approved and copied for the Kelmscott Press, the page harmoniously spaced, with noble margins, a place left at the beginning of divisions for the illuminator's capitals, and the paper tenderly toned with age. My copy is in surprisingly good condition, — not a tear or a stain anywhere. It has an interesting pedigree. Dr. Blackie's autograph and the bookplate of Dr. Klotz, the German collector, are on the fly leaf. But it has no title-page! However, even in its mutilated state it is rare, and, though I cannot read it, — I went to school before the days of the higher education for women, and to a convent, so that all the Latin I learnt was the Ave and the Pater, the Credo and the Confiteor, — I look upon it as the corner stone of my collection.

Still, I am not like Dibdin's Philemon, and I like to read my books. It is another of the good qualities of the cookery book that when you can read it, it makes the best reading in the world. For this pleasure I must come to my shelf of the seventeenth-century English books; mostly small duodecimos in shabby battered calf, one in shabbier battered vellum, their pages browned and stained with constant use. It must not be thought that my collection leaps in this disjointed fashion from century to century. Some very rare and quaint sixteenth-century Italian books are the link between these duodecimos and the Apicius; but to interpret them I need a dictionary at my elbow. Besides, they have been well cared for by the bibliographer, and I want rather to show, what has not been shown before, how delightful the old cookery book is as a book to read, not merely to catalogue or to keep handy on the kitchen dresser. I pass over also the printed copies of early

[1] Just as I am correcting my proofs, a copy of the Platina has come up for sale at Sotheby's, — a fine copy of the first edition, with a date, 1475; and I am waiting anxiously to see if the little solemn group of buyers will be caught napping, and let it escape, for a song, into my collection, where it ought to be.

poems and works, preserved in famous historical manuscripts, and edited in the last century by Dr. Pegge and other scholars, in our day chiefly by Dr. Furnivall and the Early English Text Society. Though I consider them as indispensable as Apicius, and though I own the Forme of Cury and the Liber Cure Cocorum and the Noble Book of Cookery, and the rest, they are to be classed with Charles Lamb's books that are not books, so difficult are they to all but the expert. Unfortunately, I have none of the sixteenth-century English books, of which Hazlitt gives a list of eight. Perhaps they were issued in very small editions; more probably, they were so popular that, like the early romances from Caxton's and from Wynkyn de Worde's press, they were "thumbed out of existence." After 1600 the supply seems to have been larger, no doubt because of the growing demand, and more copies have survived. Most of the cookery books of the seventeenth century went through several editions; not even Cromwell and the Puritans could check their popularity; and I like to think, when I turn over their thin, soiled, torn pages, that many people read them not solely for information, but for pleasure, like Pepys, that fine summer day when, his wife safe in the country, he carried his ladies to the king's pleasure boat, and then down the river, between the great wharves and the shipping, "all the way reading in a book of Receipts of making fine meats and sweetmeats . . . which made us good sport."

For Pepys, to whom, as Stevenson puts it, the whole world was a Garden of Armida, "infinite delight" lurked as naturally in a recipe as in his first periwig, or the nightingales at Vauxhall, or a lesson in arithmetic, or whatever else it might be. For us, of less buoyant temperament, if there be infinite delight, it is due, above all, to the magic of the past and the charm of association. Stateliness and elegance were the order of the day in the seventeenth century. The men, who arrayed themselves in gorgeous clothes, spoke in the rounded periods that were in keeping, — in the "brocaded language" of Mr. Gosse's expressive phrase. And the cookery books are full of this brocaded language, full of extravagant conceits, full of artificial ornament; a lover writing to his mistress, you would say, rather than a cook or a housewife giving practical directions. After the modern recipe, blunt to the point of brutality; after the "Take so much of this, add so much of that, and boil, roast, fry," as the dull case may be, each fresh extravagance, each fresh affectation, is as enchanting as the crook of Lely's ladies or the Silvio of Herrick's verse. I should not want to try the recipes, so appalling often is the combination of savories and sweets, so colossal the proportions. But they were written by artists who had as pretty a talent for turning a phrase as for inventing a new dish. Rose leaves and saffron, musk and "amber-greece," orange flower and angelica, are scattered through them, until it seems as if the feast could have been spread only for Phillis or Anthea. And no water can be poured into their pots that is not "fair," few blossoms chosen as ingredients that are not "pleasing." Cakes are "pretty conceits," and are garnished "according to art." If cider leaves its dregs, these are "naughty," and a sweet is recommended because it "comforteth the Stomach and Heart." The names of the dishes are a joy: the tanzies of violets or cowslips, and the orangado phraises; the syllabubs and the frumenties, — "all-tempting Frumenty;" the wiggs and the pasties; the eggs in moonshine; the conserves of red roses; the possets without end, almost as lyrical as the poet's, made

> "With cream of lilies, not of kine,
> And maiden's blush for spicéd wine."

And the drinks: metheglin, — do we not know to the day the date of Pepys' first

"brave cup" of it? — meath, hydromel, hypocras, — a word that carries one to the Guildhall buttery, a certain Lord Mayor's Day, where Pepys is gayly tippling; hypocras "being to the best of my present judgment only a mixed compound drink, and not any wine," which he had forsworn by solemn vow. "If I am mistaken, God forgive me! but I hope and do think I am not." Who would not share Pepys' easy conscience? Hypocras was "only," Dr. Twin's way, a strong compound of spice and herbs and sugar steeped for days in a gallon of good Rhenish wine; in very good claret wine, Giles Rose's way.

All the cookery books of the century are written in this brocaded language, all reveal the same pleasant fancy, all contain the same pretty dishes and strange drinks. But still, they have their differences that divide them into three distinct classes. Many are simply the old family manuscript collection of recipes, at that period common in every household of importance, put into print; to a few the master cook gives the authority of his name and experience; while there are others in which cookery is but one of several arts "exposed" by the accomplished women, to whom curing leprosy was as simple as cooking a dinner, killing rats as ordinary a pastime as making wax flowers, and who had altogether attained a degree of omniscience that the modern contributor to a ladies' paper might well envy.

The old manuscript collection of recipes has that touch of romance we feel in a bit of half-worn embroidery or a faded sampler. The fragrance of rosemary and thyme lingers about its leaves. It is full of memories of the stillroom and the cool, spacious pantry. I have two or three, bought before I realized into what depths of bankruptcy I should plunge if I added manuscripts to my printed books. I have seen many others. In all, the tone and quality of the paper would make the etcher sigh for the waste, while the handwriting — sometimes prim, sometimes distinguished, sometimes sprawling — represents generations of careful housewives. The collection, evidently, has grown at haphazard: the new dish eaten at a neighbor's, jotted down before its secret is forgotten; the new recipe brought by a friend, entered while she is still by to answer for its accuracy. The style is easy and confidential; it abounds in little asides and parentheses; and always credit is given where credit is due! This, you are assured, is "Lady Dorchester's cake" or "Lady Fitzharding's nun's bisket;" these are "Lady Kent's brown Almonds" or "Lady Compton's preserved Barford pipins;" and you must not mistake for any other "Mrs. Oldfield's lemon cream" or "Mrs. Brereton's colours for marble cake." Now and then, as if to lend a professional air, a famous chef is cited, — Bartolomeo Scappi or Robert May, — but this is seldom. And as a housekeeper, in those days, had to know how to relieve an indigestion as well as how to make the dish that caused it; as she was, in a word, the family or village doctor, medical prescriptions are mingled with the recipes. As like as not, a cake or cream is wedged between "Aqua Mirabilis, Sir Kellam Digby's way," and "A most excellent Water for ye Stone;" or an "Arrangement of Cucumbers" separates Dr. Graves' "Receipt for Convulsion Fitts" from "A Plague Water."

In the printed books of the seventeenth century there is an attempt at classification. "Incomparable Secrets in Physick and Chirurgery," if revealed, form a section apart; but in other respects those I have put in the first class share the characteristics of the manuscripts. Their titles at once point to their origin. Almost all are Closets or Cabinets opened. There are exceptions. I have a fascinating Compleat Cook, a tiny volume, neatly bound in calf, expertly prescribing "The most ready ways,

whether Italian, Spanish, or French, For dressing of Flesh and Fish, Ordering of Sauces, or making of Pastry," which was printed for Nathaniel Brook, the great publisher of cookery books, at the Angel in Cornhill, 1655. I have also two Delights: one "printed by R. Y. and are to be sold by James Boler 1632," with a sadly defaced title-page, upon which little is legible save the sage advice, "Reade, practise, and Censure;" and another of 1683, printed "for Obadiah Blagrave at the Sign of the black Bear in St. Paul's Church-yard." I have also a Pearl of Practice, and Hartman's True Preserver and Restorer of Health. But Closet or Cabinet is the more frequent title. When the name of the author does not appear, it is usually the Queen's Delight of which there is question, the Queen's Closet or Cabinet which is opened. In my first edition of The Queen's Closet Opened, published by the same publisher, Nathaniel Brook, and in the same year, 1655, as The Compleat Cook, the title-page states that these are the Incomparable Secrets "as they were presented to the Queen by the most Experienced Persons of our times, many whereof were honoured with her own practice, when she pleased to descend to these most private Recreations;" and that they were "Transcribed from the true Copies of her Majesties own Receipt Books, by W. M. one of her late servants." In my later edition of 1668, a portrait of Henrietta Maria, — most likely a copy from Hollar, — severe in feature and dress, faces the title-page, much to my satisfaction; for, if the book turns up every now and then in booksellers' catalogues, mine is the only copy in which I have yet seen the portrait. When the name of the author does appear, it is usually one of great distinction. There is a "Ladies Cabinet Opened by the Rt Hon. and Learned Chymist, Lord Ruthven, containing Many Rare Secrets and Rich Ornaments of several kindes and different Uses." My copy, published in 1655, by Bedell and Collins, at the Middle Temple Gate, Fleet Street, is, alas, a second edition; 1639 is the year of the first. But the second has the advantage of containing the most gallant of prefaces. "Courteous Ladies," it begins; and it ends, "I shall thus leave you at liberty as Lovers in Gardens, to follow your own fancies. Take what you like, and delight in your choice, and leave what you list to him whose labour is not lost if anything please." Another Closet, "Whereby is discovered Several Ways for making of Metheglin, Cherry-Wine, etc., together with Excellent Directions for Cookery," was opened by no less a person than Sir Kenelm Digby, whose "name does sufficiently auspicate the Work," as his son, who published it, writes in an inimitable preface. As he appears in Vandyck's portrait, Sir Kenelm Digby is so very elegant with his shining armor, so very intellectual with his broad expanse of forehead, that one would as soon expect to hear of Lord Salisbury or Mr. Balfour writing a cookery book. His Closet has no place in Vicaire's Bibliography, nor in Hazlitt's; I have often wondered why; for, of all, it is my favorite. I agree with his delightful son that it "needs no Rhetorical Floscules to set it off," so pleasant is the thought of this "arrant mountebank," as Evelyn called him, — this "romantic giant," as later kinder critics have it, — in the intervals between his duties as chancellor to the queen mother, and his intrigues for the Church, and his adventures as Theagenes, and his studies as astrologer, and his practice as amateur physician, sitting quietly at his desk writing out his recipes, as carefully as any master cook or scrupulous housewife.

Not only are these Closets and Cabinets and Delights as sweet with rosemary and thyme and musk as the manuscripts; they are as exact in referring every dish to its proper authority, they

retain the tone of intimacy, they abound in personal confidences. "My Lady Middlesex makes Syllabubs for little glasses with spouts, thus," you read in one collection; in another, "My Lady Glin useth her Venison Pasties" in such and such a fashion; in a third, that "this is the way the Countess de Penalva makes Portuguez eggs for the Queen." The adjectives have the value of a personal recommendation: "The most kindley way to preserve plums, cherries, and gooseberries;" "A most Excellent Sirup of Violets both in taste and tincture;" "A singular Manner of making the Sirup of Roses;" "another sort of Marmalade very comfortable for any Lord or Lady Whatsoever;" "An excellent conceit upon the kernels of dry Walnuts." The medicines receive equal tenderness: "An exceeding fine Pill used for the Gout;" "a delicate Stove to sweat in;" "The Gift of God, praise be to Him, for all manners of sores;" "A Precious Water to Revive the Spirits." Who would not swallow a dozen such pills and gifts and waters, or sweat a dozen times in such a stove, without a murmur! But it is the confidential manner that I adore. The compiler of the little vellum-bound Delight is forever taking you into his confidence. He revels in hints and innuendoes: "There is a Country Gentlewoman whom I could name, which" does so and so; or "This of a Kinde Gentlewoman whose skill I doe highly commend and whose case I do greatly pity;" and you divine all sorts of social mysteries. He has sudden outbursts of generosity: "I have robbed my wives Dairy of this secret, who hath hitherto refused all recompenses that have been offered her by gentlewomen for the same, and had I loved a Cheese myself so well as I like the receipt, I think I could not so easily have imparted the same at this time. And yet, I must needs confesse, that for the better gracing of the Title, wherewith I have fronted this pamphlet, I have been willing to publish this with some other secrets of worth, for the which I have been many times refused good store both of crowns and angels. And therefore let no Gentlewoman think this Booke too deare, at what price soever it shall be valued upon the sale thereof, neither can I esteem the worke to be of lesse than twenty years gatherings." And people think the art of self-advertisement was evolved but yesterday! Sir Kenelm Digby is the great master of this confidential style. If he gives my Lady Hungerford's meath, he must explain that she sent him special word that "She now useth (and liketh better) a second Decoction of Herbs," which he also conscientiously records. If he recommends a second meath, it is because a certain chief burgomaster of Antwerp, for many years, drank it, and nothing else, "at meals and all times, even for pledging of Healths. And though he was of an extraordinary vigour every way, and had every year a child, had always a great appetite and good digestion, and yet was not fat." He is at pains to assure you that though Mr. Webbe, probably a master cook, did use to put in a few cloves and mace in the king's meath, "the King did not care for them;" that the "Hydromel, as I made it weak for the Queen Mother was exceedingly liked by everybody;" that Sir Edward Bainton's metheglin, "My Lord of Portland (who gave it me) saith was the best he ever drank;" that for his strange dish of tea and eggs, Mr. Waller's advice is that "the water is to remain upon the tea no longer than while you can say the Miserere Psalm very leisurely." I sometimes think, if I were in need of bedside books, — which I am thankful to say I am not, — I should give my choice, not to Montaigne and Howell with Thackeray, but to Sir Kenelm Digby and the other openers of the old Closets and Cabinets.[1]

[1] I am not sure that I would not add Gervase Markham's English Housewife (1631) and

The success of these books may have helped to drive the English cook into authorship. The artist has not always the patience to be silent while the amateur dogmatizes upon his art. There is a suggestion of revolt in the preface Robert May, the "Accomplisht Cook," addressed to his fellow practitioners. "I acknowledge," he says, "that there hath already been several Books publisht . . . for aught I could perceive to little purpose, *empty and unprofitable Treatises*, of as little use as some *Niggards Kitchen*, which the Reader, in respect of the confusion of the Method, or barrenness of those Authours Experience, hath rather been puzzled, than profited by." Mock humility has never been the characteristic of the cook. He has always respected himself as the pivot of civilization. Other men, at times, have shared this respect with him. The Greeks crowned him with gold and flowers. He went clothed in velvet, wearing a gold chain, in Wolsey's day. And in between, during the Roman rule, during ages of dark and mediæval barbarity, the ceremonial of dinner and its serving testified that the light of truth still glimmered, if dimly. But none ever understood so well as he the full dignity of his profession. "A modest Master Cook must be looked on as a contradiction in Nature," was a doctrine in the classical kitchen. By the middle of the seventeenth century Vatel ruled in France, and in England every distinguished chef was ready to swear, with Ben Jonson's Master-Cook in the Masque, that

> "A boiler, range and dresser were the fountains
> Of all the knowledge in the universe;"

that the school of cookery, that "deep School," is

> "Both the nurse and mother of the Arts."

Imagine his dismay, then, when the amateur began to masquerade before the world as artist. Had Sir Kenelm Digby ever turned out as much as a posset or a syllabub, could Lord Ruthven, the learned, make a peacock to look like a porcupine, or an entremose of a swan, that either should strut his little day as an authority? Only the artist has the right to speak on his art. And as Leonardo had written his treatises, as Reynolds was later to deliver his discourses, so Robert May, Will Rabisha, Giles Rose, and others, perhaps, whom I have not in my collection, began to publish books upon cookery. Jealousy of the Frenchman may have been an additional incentive. France had already the reputation for delicate dining which she has never lost, and the noble lord or lady who patronized the young apprentice sent him for his training across the Channel. May and Rabisha had both served their term in French households. But it was another matter when the French chef's book was translated into English, and threatened to rob the English cook of his glory at home. May's preface is full of sneers at the "Epigram Dishes" with which the French "have bewitched some of the *Gallants of our Nation*."

Whatever the cook's motive in writing, he gave his book a character all its own. The actual dishes and drinks may be those of Closets and Cabinets, but the tone of intimacy disappears from the recipe; no name but the author's vouches for the merits of a dish; the writer is no longer on a level of equality with his readers, but addresses them from a higher plane, the plane of knowledge. There is no mistaking the air of authority. Officers of the Mouth receive their instructions, and irresistible little cuts of birds of strange shape, and joints of no shape at all, devices for pies and pastry, are introduced as a guide to the Carver and Sewer. Nothing is neglected, from the building up of those magnificent — the adjective is May's — triumphs and tro-

Dr. Muffett's Health Improvement (1655). Markham is, perhaps, the prettiest and most graceful of all these writers. But both books have come into my collection only recently, since my article was written.

phies, those subtleties, as elaborate as Inigo Jones's setting of a masque, that were "the delights of the Nobility," to the folding of "all sorts of Table-linen in all sorts of Figures, a neat and gentill Art," much in vogue. And throughout the writer never forgets his own importance. He is as serious as Montaigne's Italian chef, who talked of cooking with the gravity of the theologian and in the language of the statesman. His style is as fantastic as that of the cook in Howell's letter to Lady Cottington. He "will tell your Ladyship," Howell writes, "that the reverend Matron, the *Olla podrida* hath Intellectuals and Senses; Mutton, Beef, and Bacon are to her as the Will, Understanding, and Memory are to the Soul; Cabbages, Turnips, Artichokes, Potatoes, and Dates are her five Senses, and Pepper the Common-sense; she must have Marrow to keep Life in her, and some Birds to make her light; by all means she must go adorned with Chains of Sausages."

The very title of the cook's treatise was a marvel of bombast. Robert May's — the book was first published in 1660, by Nathaniel Brook — must be given in full: "The Accomplisht Cook, or the Art and Mystery of Cookery, Wherein the whole Art is revealed in a more easie and perfect Method, than hath been published in any Language. Expert and ready wayes for the Dressing of all sorts of Flesh, Fowl and Fish: The Raising of *Pastes;* the best Directions for all manner of *Kickshaws*, and the most *Poinant Sauces* with the Tearms of Carving and Sewing. An exact Account of all *Dishes* for the *Season;* with other A la mode *Curiosities*. Together with the lively Illustration of such necessary Figures as are referred to *Practice*. Approved by the Fifty Years Experience and Industry of Robert May in his Attendance on several Persons of Honour." Let me quote just one other, for though it is as long, it is also as irresistible. The book is Will Rabisha's; the date, 1673; the publisher, E. Calvert at the sign of the Black Spread Eagle at the West End of St. Paul's; and the title: "The whole Body of Cookery Dissected, Taught, and fully manifested, Methodically, Artificially, and according to the best Tradition of the *English*, *French*, *Italian*, *Dutch* etc. Or, a sympathy of all varieties in Natural Compounds in that Mysterie, wherein is contained certain Bills of Fare for the seasons of the year, for Feasts and Common Diets. Whereunto is annexed a second Part of Rare Receipts of cookery; with certain useful Traditions. With a book of Preserving, Conserving and Candying, after the most Exquisite and Newest manner; Delectable for Ladies and Gentlewomen." A title, this, that recalls Dorothy Osborne's coxcombs who "labour to find out terms that may obscure a plain sense."

The note may be pitched high, but not too high for the grandiloquent flights that follow. Dedications, prefaces, introductory poems, are in harmony, and as ornate with capitals and italics as the dishes are with spices and sweets. The Accomplisht Cook is further "embellished" with May's portrait: a large, portly person, with heavy face, but determined mouth, wearing his own hair, though I hope he lived long enough to take, like Pepys, to a periwig, so well would it have become him. Below the portrait, verses, engraved on the plate, declare with poetic confusion that,

> "Would'st thou view but in one face,
> All hospitalitiee, the race
> Of those that for the Gusto stand,
> Whose tables a whole Art command
> Of Nature's plentie, would'st thou see
> This sight, peruse May's booke 't is hee."

A few pages further on there is another panegyric in verse, "on the unparallel'd Piece of Mr. May, his Cookery," and an appeal "to the Reader of (my very loving Friend) Mr. Robert May, his incomparable Book of Cookery," by an admirer who thinks only the pen

"Of famous Cleaveland or renowned Ben,
If unintoom'd might give this Book its due."

Will Rabisha has but one poet to sing his praise; he, however, does it thoroughly:

"Brave Book, into the world begone,
Thou vindicatest thy Authour fearing none.
That ever was, or is, or e're shall be
Able to find the parallel of thee."

The dedications are obsequious for such great men, but obsequiousness in dedications was the fashion of the day. May's book is dedicated not alone to Sir Kenelm Digby, but to Lord Lumley, Lord Lovelace, Sir William Paston, Sir Frederick Cornwallis, all of whom, with the exception of Lord Lovelace, contributed to Sir Kenelm Digby's collection of recipes. "The Mæcenas's and Patrons of this Generous Art," May calls them, in a rhetorical outburst. Rabisha, on the other hand, pays his tribute to two "illustrious duchesses," and three "renowned, singular good, and vertuous Ladies," to whose "boundless unspeakable virtues" he would do the honor that in him lies. May was the "most humbly devoted servant to their Lordships," and Rabisha the "poor, unworthy servant till death" of their graces and ladyships. But this was mere posing. The real man in May comes out when he addresses as "Most Worthy Artists" the master cooks and young practitioners to whom he hopes his book will be useful; when he explains that he writes because "God and my own Conscience would not permit *me to bury these my Experiences with my Silver Hairs in the Grave.*" No one shall say of him that he "hid his Candle under a Bushel." It is the real Rabisha who dwells upon the "Many years study and practice in the Art and Mysterie of Cookery" that are his qualifications as author, and the duty of "the ingenious men of all Arts and Sciences to hold forth to Posterity what light or knowledge" they understand to be obscure in their art. The same spirit betrays itself here and there in the recipes. "The fruits and flowers that you make white must be kept in a dry place," writes Giles Rose, or his translator, "if you will keep them for your credit and honour." For your credit and honor! There spoke the artist. Or again, for the whipping of cream, your whisk "ought to be made of the fine small twigs of Birch, or such like wood neatly peeled, and tied up in quantity a little bigger than your thumb, and the small ends must be cut off a little, for fear of breaking in your cream, and so you come to be made ashamed." That is the kind of thing, as Stevenson says, that reconciles one to life! The flamboyant recipes, the monumental menus, are amusing; but what I love best in my cookery books is the "vanity of the artist" that is their inspiration.

It was the vanity of the superior woman that inspired Mrs. Hannah Woolley, now forgotten by an ungrateful world. In 1670 she published The Queen-Like Closet or Rich Cabinet, with a Supplement added in 1674, that eclipsed all the Treasuries and Guides and Practices for Ladies that had already appeared, as it excels those that, later on, were to take it as model. It is the only seventeenth-century book of the kind in my collection; but were the others on the shelf with it, I should still turn to Mrs. Woolley as the perfect type of the Universal Provider of her age and generation. She was simply amazing, as no one knew better than herself. Like Robert May, she did not believe in hiding her candle under a bushel; but where May wrote for the greater honor of his art, she wrote for the greater honor of herself. Even had she pined for the peace of obscurity, — which she did not, — her remarkable talents had made her conspicuous since childhood. Before she was fifteen she had been the mistress of a little school, — she tells the tale herself, — where she continued till the age of seventeen, "when my extraordinary parts appeared more splendid in the eyes of a noble lady in this Kingdom than really they deserved, and she greedily entertained me in her

house as Governess of her only Daughter." Then, at the death of the first lady, this prodigy was as greedily appropriated by a second, and presently "gained so great an esteem among the Nobility and Gentry of two Counties, that I was necessitated to yield to the importunity of one I dearly lov'd, that I might free myself from the tedious caresses of many more." As, before she had done with life, she had been married to "two Worthy Eminent and brave Persons," it is uncertain whether the first or the second "dearly loved" was Mr. Richard Woolley, "Master of Arts and Reader at St. Martin, Ludgate." The one thing certain is that it was from his house, in the Old Bailey in Golden Cup Court, she addressed the female sex, to whom her books — she wrote three in all — were to be a guide "in all *Relations*, *Companies*, *Conditions*, and *States* of *Life*, even from *Childhood* down to *Old Age;* and from the Lady at the *Court* to the Cook-maid in the *Country*." There is a portrait of her in one of the books: a large, pompous woman, with heavy bunches of curls on either side her face, in a low velvet gown and pearls, who looks fit to tackle anything. And indeed, it must be said of her that she never shrank from duty. She even stooped to poetry, since it was the fashion to introduce it in the beginning of all such books, and her rhymes are surprisingly frivolous and jingling for so severe a lady. "I shall now give you," is her introduction to the Supplement, which she rightly calls A Little of Everything, — "I shall now give you some Directions for Washing Black and White Sarsnet, or Coloured *Silks;* Washing of *Points*, *Laces*, or the like; starching of Tiffanies, making clean *Plate*, cleaning of *Gold* and *Silver Lace*, washing *Silk Stockings*, adorning of Closets with several pretty *Fancies;* things excellent to keep the *Hands* White and *Face* and *Eyes* clear; how to make *Transparent Work*, and the *Colours* thereto belonging; also Puff Work; some more Receipts for *Preserving* and cookery; some Remedies for such Ailments as are incident to all People; as *Corns*, *Sore Eyes*, *Cut Fingers*, *Bruises*, *Bleeding at Nose;* all these you may help by my directions, with a small matter of cost; whereas else you may be at a great charge and long Trouble, and perhaps endanger your *Eyes* or *Limbs*. I shall give you none but such things as I have had many years experience of with good success, I praise God."

Nor does this exhaust her resources. She offers, for "a reasonable Gratuity," to find good places for servants who will call upon her at Golden Cup Court. She is as full of stories of the astounding cures she has wrought as the manufacturer of a patent pill. She writes letters to serve as models, so many does she meet with that she could tear as she reads, "they are so full of impertinency and so tedious." She has advice for parents and children which "may prevent much wickedness for the future." She teaches waxwork. On one page she is dressing the hearth for summer time; on the next playing the art master, for she has seen "such ridiculous things done as is an abomination to an Artist to behold." As for example: "You may find in some Pieces, *Abraham* and *Sarah*, and many other Persons of Old Time, cloathed as they go now adaies, and truly sometimes worse." And that the female sex — and, as we know from the examples of Mrs. Pepys and Pegg Penn, the female sex was then busy painting — may not fall into similar error, she informs them of both the visage and habit of the heroes they, in their modesty, will be most apt to paint. Thus, "If you work Jupiter, the Imperial feigned God, He must have long Black-Curled hair, a Purple Garment trimmed with Gold, and sitting upon a Golden Throne, with bright yellow Clouds about him;" or, if it be Hymen, the God of Marriage, you must work him "with long Yellow Hair

in a Purple or Saffron-Coloured Mantle." There was nothing this ornament to her sex was afraid to teach.

To judge from the condition of my copy of The Queen-Like Closet, she was not unappreciated. The title-page has gone; the dog's-ears and stains and tatters might make one weep, were they not such an admirable testimonial. In 1678 it was presented to Mary Halfpenny by "Brother John Halfpenny when he was at Trinity College," and the fly leaves are covered with her own recipes for syllabubs and gooseberry wine, for orange pudding and "plane" cake; and there is on one page a valuable note from her, to the effect that the time of mushrooms is about the middle of September. Later, at some unknown date, the book became the property of Anna Warden; and about the middle of the next century it answered the purpose of family Bible to the Keeling family, so that I know to the hour when Thomas and Rebecca, children of James and Rebecca, were born, — destined to grow up and prosper, I hope, under the large and benevolent guidance of Hannah Woolley. I have never had the luck of the French collector who picked up Rousseau's copy of the Imitation of Christ, with the famous periwinkle from Les Charmettes pressed between the pages. But I prize even these modest names and notes on a fly leaf or a margin; for me, they add a distinctly personal charm to the shabby little old cookery book.

Personal charm enough it has in itself, you might say, when it belongs to the seventeenth century. The eighteenth-century books are not without fascination and character. But they have lost something of the freshness, the *naïveté*, the exuberance, of youth; the style is more sophisticated; the personality of the author is kept more in the background. May and Rabisha, Giles Rose and Hannah Woolley, are so entertaining in their self-revelations, they tell us so much of their age, besides the manner of its cookery, that the wonder is they should be cheerfully ignored, now that Howell and Evelyn and Pepys are household names.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

VICTORY.

Once more to the charge, and repeat
The fearless, undoubting endeavor,
The grasp of the hands and the spring of the feet
Unwearied forever.

The wind of the east and the north
Has smitten and stabbed with a knife;
The edict of death has gone forth,
And the issue is life.

Out of March through the mire and clay,
Over April's brown slope and wet dune,
It shall laugh from the summit of May,
Name its victory "June."

Arthur Colton.

THE TORY LOVER.[1]

XXXI.

One morning late in spring the yellow primroses were still abloom on the high moorlands above Plymouth ; the chilly sea wind was blowing hard, and the bright sunshine gave little warmth, even in a sheltered place. The yard of the great Mill Prison was well defended by its high stockade, but the wind struck a strong wing into it in passing, and set many a poor half-clad man to shivering.

The dreary place was crowded with sailors taken from American ships : some forlorn faces were bleached by long captivity, and others were still round and ruddy from recent seafaring. There was a constant clack of sharp, angry voices. Outside the gate was a group of idle sightseers staring in, as if these poor Yankees were a menagerie of outlandish beasts ; now and then some compassionate man would toss a shilling between the bars, to be pitifully scrambled for, or beckon to a prisoner who looked more suffering than the rest. Even a south-westerly gale hardly served to lighten the heavy air of such a crowded place, and nearly every one looked distressed ; the smallpox had blighted many a face, so that the whole company wore a piteous look, though each new day still brought new hopes of liberty.

There were small groups of men sitting close together. Some were playing at games with pebbles and little sticks, their draughts board or fox-and-geese lines being scratched upon the hard, trodden ground. Some were writing letters, and wondering how to make sure of sending them across the sea. There were only two or three books to be seen in hand ; most of the prisoners were wearily doing nothing at all.

In one corner, a little apart from the rest, sat a poor young captain who had lost his first command, a small trading vessel on the way to France. He looked very downcast, and was writing slowly, a long and hopeless letter to his wife.

"I now regret that I had not taken your advice and Mother's and remained at home instead of being a prisoner here," he had already written, and the stiff, painfully shaped words looked large and small by turns through his great tears. "I was five days in the prison ship. I am in sorrow our government cares but little for hir subjects. They have nothing allowed them but what the British government gives them. Shameful, — all other nations feels for their subjects except our Country. There is no exchange of prisoners. It is intirely uncertain when I return perhaps not during the war. I live but very poor, every thing is high. I hope you have surmounted your difficulties and our child has come a Comfort to imploy your fond attention. It is hard the loss of my ship and difficult to bare. God bless you all. My situation is not so bad but it might be worse. This goes by a cartel would to God I could go with it but that happiness is denied me. It would pain your tender heart to view the distressed seamen crowded in this filthy prison, there is kind friends howiver in every place and some hours passed very pleasant in spite of every lack some says the gallows or the East Indias will be our dreadful destiny. 't would break a stone's heart to see good men go so hungry we must go barefoot when our shoes is done. Some eats the grass in the yard and picks up old bones, and all runs to snatch the stumps of our cabbage the cooks throws out. some makes

[1] Copyright, 1901, by Sarah Orne Jewett.

a good soup they say from snails a decent sort that hives about the walls, but I have not come to this I could not go it. They says we may be scattered on the King's ships. I hear the bells in Plymouth Town and Dock pray God 't is for no victory — no I hear in closing 't is only their new Lord Mayor coming in " —

As this was finished there was another man waiting close by, who caught impatiently at the thrice-watered ink, and looked suspiciously to see if any still remained.

" Harbert said 's how I should take it next," grumbled the fellow prisoner, " if so be you 've left me any. Who 'll car' our letters to the cartel? They want to send a list o' those that 's dead out o' the Dolton, an' I give my promise to draw up the names."

There were many faces missing now from the crew of the Dolton brigantine, taken nearly a year and a half before, but there were still a good number of her men left in the prison. Others had come from the Blenheim or the Fancy; some from the Lexington; and the newest resident was a man off the Yankee Hero, who had spent some time after his capture as sailor on a British man-of-war. He was a friendly person, and had brought much welcome news, being also so strong and well fed that he was a pleasant sight to see. Just now he sat with Charles Herbert, of Newbury, in Massachusetts, whom they all called the scribe. For once this poor captive wore a bright, eager look on his scarred face, as he listened to the newcomer's talk of affairs; they had been near neighbors at home. The younger man had been in prison these many months. He was so lucky as to possess a clumsy knife, which was as great a treasure as his cherished bottle of ink, and was busy making a little box of cedar wood and fitting it neatly together with pegs. Since he had suffered the terrible attack of smallpox which had left his face in ruins, and given him a look of age at twenty, his eyesight had begun to fail; he was even now groping over the ground, to find one of the tiny dowels that belonged to his handiwork.

" 'T is there by your knee; the rags of your trouser leg was over it," said Titcomb, the new man-of-war's man, as he reached for the bit of wood.

" Who 's this new plant o' grace, comin' out o' hospit'l? " he asked suddenly, looking over Herbert's shoulder, with the peg in his fingers. " 'T is a stranger to me, and with the air of a gentleman, though he lops about trying his sea legs like an eel on 's tail."

" No place for gentlemen here, God help him! " said the young scribe sadly, trying to clear his dull eyes with a ragged sleeve as he turned to look. " No, I don't know who 't is. I did hear yisterday that there was an officer fetched here in the night, from the north'ard, under guard, and like to be soon hanged. Some one off of a Yankee privateer, they said, that went in and burnt the shipping of a port beyond Wales. I overheared the sentinels havin' some talk about him last night. I expect 't was that old business of the Ranger, and nothin' new."

There was a rough scuffling game going on in the prison yard, which made all the sick and disabled men shrink back against the walls, out of danger. The stranger came feebly from point to point, as the game left space, toward the sunny side where the two Newbury men were sitting. As they made room for him, they saw that he was dressed in the remains of a torn, weather-stained uniform; his arm was in a sling, and his shoulder fast bound with dirty bandages.

" You 're a new bird in this pretty cage," said poor Herbert, smiling pleasantly. He was a fellow of sympathetic heart, and always very friendly with newcomers.

The stranger returned his greeting, with a distressed glance toward their noisy companions, and seated himself

heavily on the ground, leaning back against the palisade. The tumult and apparent danger of finding himself trodden underfoot vexed and confused him in his weakness; presently he grew faint, and his head dropped on his breast. His last thought was a wish to be back in the wretched barracks, where at least it was quiet. At that moment two men pushed their way out of the middle of a quarreling group of playmates, and ran toward him.

"'T ain't never you, sir!" cried one.

"'T is Mr. Roger Wallingford, too! Don't you think I 've got sense enough to know?" scolded the other, both speaking at once, in tones which conveyed much pity and astonishment to the Newbury men's ears.

"By God! it is, an' he 's a dyin' man!"

Gideon Warren was a Berwick sailor of the old stock, who had known the lieutenant from a child, and was himself born and reared by the river. "What 've them devils used him such a way for?" he demanded angrily. "He looks as ancient as the old judge, his father, done, the week afore he died. What sort of a uniform 's this he 's got on him?"

The other men looked on, and, any excitement being delightful in so dull a place, a crowd gathered about them quickly, pushing and jostling, and demanding to know what had happened. Warren, a heavily-built, kind-faced old mariner, had fallen on his knees and taken the sick man's head on his own ample shoulder, with all the gentleness of a woman. There was more than one old Berwick neighbor standing near. The general racket of noise began to be hushed.

"Git him some water, can't ye?" commanded Warren. "I misdoubt we 've got no sperits for him. Stand to t' other side, there, some on ye, an' keep the sun off'n him!"

"'T ain't no British fightin' gear, nor French neither, that 's on him," said Ichabod Lord, as he leaned forward to get a better view of the red waistcoat, and, above all, the gilt buttons of the new prisoner's coat.

"'T is an officer from one o' our own Congress ships; they 'd keep such news from us here, any way they could."

"Looks to me different," said the Newbury man who was with Herbert. "No, I 'll begretch it 's anything more 'n some livery wear and relic o' fashion. 'T is some poor chap they 've cotched out'n some lord's house; he mought be American-born, an' they took him to be spyin' on 'em."

"What d' you know o' them high affairs?" returned Warren indignantly. "Livery wear? You ain't never been situated where you 'd be like to see none! 'T is a proper uniform, or was one, leastways; there 's a passel o' anchors worked on him, and how he ever come here ain't for me to say, but 't is our young Squire Wallin'ford, son an' heir o' the best gentleman that was ever on the old Piscataqua River."

"When we come away, folks was all certain they had leanin's to the wrong side; his mother's folks was high among the Boston Tories," explained Ichabod Lord wonderingly. "Yet he must ha' been doin' some mischief 'long o' the Patriots, or he 'd never been sent here for no rebel, — no, they 'd never sent him here; this ain't where they keep none o' their crown jew'ls! Lord! I hope he ain't goin' to die afore he tells some news from the old Landin' an' Pound Hill, an' how things was goin' forrard, when he left home, all up along the Witchtrot road!"

These last words came straight from the depths of an exile's heart, and nobody thought it worth while to smile at the names of his localities; there was hardly a man who was not longing for home news in the same desperate way. A jail was but a jail the world over, a place to crowd a man lower down, soul and body, and England was not likely to be anxious about luxuries for these

ship's companies of rebels and pirates, the willful destroyers of her commerce; they were all guilty of treason, and deserved the worst of punishment.

There was a faint flicker of color now on the stranger's cheeks, and Charles Herbert had brought some water, and was fanning him with a poor fragment of headgear, while some else rubbed his cold hands. They were all well enough used to seeing men in a swoon; the custom was to lay them close to the wall, if they were in the way, to recover themselves as best they could, but this man with the stained red waistcoat might have news to tell.

"I 'll bate my head he 's been on the Ranger with Paul Jones," announced Ichabod Lord solemnly, as if he were ready to suffer for his opinions. "That 's what 't is; they may have all been taken, too, off the coast."

"Why, 't is the uniform of our own Congress navy, then!" exclaimed young Herbert, with his scarred cheeks gone bright crimson like a girl's, and a strange thrill in his voice. He sprang to his feet, and the men near him gave the best cheer they could muster. Poor Wallingford heard it, and stirred a little, and half opened his eyes.

"I 've above two shillings here that I 've airnt makin' of my workboxes: some o' you fellows run to the gates and get a decent-looking body to fetch us some brandy," begged Herbert hastily.

"I 'm all right now," said Wallingford aloud; and then he saw whose stout arms were holding him, and looked into a familiar face.

"Good God! we had news at home long ago that you were dead, Warren!" he said, with wide-eyed bewilderment.

"I bain't, then, so now," insisted the honest Gideon indignantly, which amused the audience so that they fell to laughing and slapping one another on the shoulder.

"Well, I *bain't*," repeated Warren, as soon as he could be heard. "I 've been here in this prison for seven months, and 't is a good deal worse 'n layin' at home in Old Fields bur'in' ground, right in sight o' the river 'n' all 's a-goin' on. Tell us where you come from, sir, as soon 's you feel able, and how long you are from Barvick! We get no sort o' news from the folks. I expect you can't tell me whether my old mother 's livin'?" The poor man tried hard to master his feelings, but his face began to twitch, and he burst out crying suddenly, like a child.

"Looks like they 've all gone and forgot us," said a patient, pale-faced fellow who stood near. Wallingford was himself again now, and looked with dismay at those who looked at him. Their piteous pallor and hungry-eyed misery of appearance could give but little sense of welcome or comfortable reassurance to a new captive. He was as poor as they, and as lacking in present resource, and, being weak and worn, the very kindness and pity of the arms that held him only added to his pain.

"If I had not come the last of my way by sea," he told them, trying to speak some cheerful hope to such hopeless souls, "I might have got word to London or to Bristol, where I can count upon good friends." But some of the listeners looked incredulous and shook their heads doubtfully, while there were those who laughed bitterly as they strolled away.

"Have you any late news from Captain Paul Jones?" he asked, sitting straight now, though Warren still kept a careful arm behind him. "I was at Whitehaven with him; I belong on the frigate Ranger," and his eyes grew bright and boyish.

"They say that one of her own officers tried to betray the ship," sneered a young man, a late comer to the Mill Prison, who stood looking straight into poor Wallingford's face.

"'T was true enough, too," said Roger

Wallingford frankly; "'t is by no fault of mine that you see me here. God grant that such treachery made no other victim!"

"They say that the Ranger has taken a mort o' prizes, and sent them back to France," announced the Newbury sailor. "Oh, Lord, yes, she 's scared 'em blue ever sence that night she went into Whitehaven! She took the Drake sloop o' war out o' Carrickfergus that very next day."

"I knew there was such business afoot!" cried the lieutenant proudly; but he suddenly turned faint again, and they saw a new bright stain strike through the clumsy bandages on his shoulder.

XXXII.

The less said of a dull sea voyage, the better; to Madam Wallingford and her young companion their slow crossing to the port of Bristol could be but a long delay. Each day of the first week seemed like a week in passing, though from very emptiness it might be but a moment in remembrance; time in itself being like money in itself, — nothing at all unless changed into action, sensation, material. At first, for these passengers by the Golden Dolphin, there was no hope of amusement of any sort to shorten the eventless hours. Their hearts were too heavy with comfortless anxieties.

The sea was calm, and the May winds light but steady from the west. It was very warm for the season of year, and the discouragements of early morning in the close cabin were easily blown away by the fresh air of the quarter-deck. The captain, a well-born man, but diffident in the company of ladies, left his vessel's owner and her young companion very much to themselves. Mary had kept to a sweet composure and uncomplainingness, for her old friend's sake, but she knew many difficult hours of regret and uncertainty now that, having once taken this great step, Madam Wallingford appeared to look to her entirely for support and counsel, and almost to forget upon how great an adventure they had set forth. All Mary's own cares and all her own obligations and beliefs sometimes rose before her mind, as if in jealous arraignment of her presence on the eastward-moving ship. Yet though she might think of her brother's displeasure and anxiety, and in the darkest moments of all might call herself a deserter, and count the slow hours of a restless night, when morning came, one look at Madam Wallingford's pale face in the gray light of their cabin was enough to reassure the bravery of her heart. In still worse hours of that poor lady's angry accusation of those whom she believed to be their country's enemies, Mary yet found it possible to be patient, as we always may be when Pity comes to help us; there was ever a certainty in her breast that she had not done wrong, — that she was only yielding to an inevitable, irresistible force of love. Fate itself had brought her out of her own country.

Often they sat pleasantly together upon the deck, the weather was so clear and fine, Mary being always at Madam Wallingford's feet on a stout little oaken footstool, busy with her needle to fashion a warmer head covering, or to work at a piece of slow embroidery on a strip of linen that Peggy had long ago woven on their own loom. Often the hearts of both these women, who were mistresses of great houses and the caretakers of many dependents, were full of anxious thought of home and all its business.

Halfway from land to land, with the far horizon of a calm sea unbroken by mast or sail, the sky was so empty by day that the stars at night brought welcome evidence of life and even companionship, as if the great processes of the universe were akin to the conscious life on their own little ship. In spite of the cruelty of a doubt that would some-

times attack her, Mary never quite lost hold on a higher courage, or the belief that they were on their way to serve one whom they both loved, to do something which they alone could do. The thought struck her afresh, one afternoon, that they might easily enough run into danger as they came near land; they might not only fall an easy prey to some Yankee privateer (for their sailing papers were now from Halifax), but they might meet the well-manned Ranger herself, as they came upon the English coast. A quick flush brightened the girl's sea-browned cheeks, but a smile of confidence and amusement followed it.

Madam Wallingford was watching her from the long chair.

"You seem very cheerful to-day, my dear child," she said wistfully.

"I was heartened by a funny little dream in broad daylight," answered Mary frankly, looking up with something like love itself unveiled in her clear eyes.

"It is like to be anything but gay in Bristol, when we come to land," answered Madam Wallingford. "I had news in Halifax, when we lay there, that many of their best merchants in Bristol are broken, and are for a petition to Parliament to end these troubles quickly. All their once great trade with the colonies is done. I spent many happy months in Bristol when I was young. 'T was a noble town, with both riches and learning, and full of sights, too; 't was a fit town for gentlefolk. I sometimes think that if anything could give back my old strength again, 't would be to take the air upon the Clifton Downs."

"You will have many things to show me," said Mary, with a smile. "You are better already for the sea air, Madam. It does my heart good to see the change in you."

"Oh, dear child, if we were only there!" cried the poor lady. "Life is too hard for me; it seems sometimes as if I cannot bear it a moment longer. Yet I shall find strength for what I have to do. I wonder if we must take long journeys at once? 'T is not so far if Roger should be at Plymouth, as they believed among the Halifax folks. But I saw one man shake his head and look at me with pity, as I put my questions. He was from England, too, and just off the sea" —

"There is one thing I am certain of, — Roger is not dead," said Mary. "We are sure to find him soon," she added, in a different tone, when she had spoken out of her heart for very certainty. The mother's face took on a sweet look of relief; Mary was so strong-hearted, so sure of what she said, that it could not help being a comfort.

"Our cousin Davis will be gathering age," Madam Wallingford continued, after a little while. "I look to find her most sadly changed. She had been married two years already when I made my first voyage to England, and went to visit her."

Mary looked up eagerly from her work, as if to beg some further reminiscences of the past. Because she loved Madam Wallingford so well it was pleasant to share the past with her; the old distance between them grew narrower day by day.

"I was but a girl of seventeen when I first saw Bristol, and I went straight to her house from the ship, as I hope we may do now, if that dear heart still remains in a world that needs her," said the elder woman. "She is of kin to your own people, you must remember, as well as to the Wallingfords. Yes, she was glad of my visit, too, for she was still mourning for her mother. Being the youngest child, she had been close with her till her marriage, and always a favorite. They had never been parted for a night or slept but under the same roof, until young Davis would marry her, and could not be gainsaid. He had come to the Piscataqua plantations, supercargo of a great ship of his father's;

the whole countryside had flocked to see so fine a vessel, when she lay in the stream at Portsmouth. She was called the Rose and Crown; she was painted and gilded in her cabin like a king's pleasure ship. He promised that his wife should come home every second year for a long visit, and bragged of their ships being always on the ocean; he said she should keep her carriage both on sea and on land. 'T was but the promise of a courting man. He was older than she, and already very masterful; he had grown stern and sober, and made grave laws for his household, when I saw it, two years later. He had come to be his father's sole heir, and felt the weight of great affairs, and said he could not spare his wife out of his sight, when she pleaded to return with me; a woman's place was in her husband's house. Mother and child had the sundering sea ever between them, and never looked in each other's face again; for Mistress Goodwin was too feeble to take the journey, though she was younger than I am now. He was an honest man and skillful merchant, was John Davis; but few men can read a woman's heart, that lives by longing, and not by reason; 't is writ in another language.

"You have often heard of the mother, old Mistress Goodwin, who was taken to Canada by the savages, and who saw her child killed by them before her eyes? They threatened to kill her too because she wept, and an Indian woman pitied her, and flung water in her face to hide the tears," the speaker ended, much moved.

"Oh yes. I always wish I could remember her," answered Mary. "She was a woman of great valor, and with such a history. 'T was like living two lifetimes in one." The girl's face shone with eagerness as she looked up, and again bent over her needlework. "She was the mother of all the Goodwins; they have cause enough for pride when they think of her."

"Then she had great beauty, too, even in her latest age, though her face was marked by sorrow," continued Madam Wallingford, easily led toward entertaining herself by the listener's interest, the hope of pleasing Mary. "Mistress Goodwin was the skillful hostess of any company, small or great, and full of life even when she was bent double by her weight of years, and had seen most of her children die before her. There was a look in her eyes as of one who could see spirits, and yet she was called a very cheerful person. 'T was indeed a double life, as if she knew the next world long before she left this one. They said she was long remembered by the folk she lived among in Canada; she would have done much kindness there even in her distress. Her husband was a plain, kind man, very able and shrewd-witted, like most Goodwins, but she was born a Plaisted of the Great House; they were the best family then in the plantation. Oh yes, I can see her now as if she stood before me, — a small body, but lit with flame from no common altar of the gods!" exclaimed Madam Wallingford, after a moment's pause. "She had the fine dignity which so many women lack in these days, and knew no fear, they always said, except at the sight of some savage face. This I have often heard old people say of her earlier years, when the Indians were still in the country; she would be startled by them as if she came suddenly upon a serpent. Yet she would treat them kindly."

"I remember when some of our old men still brought their guns to church and stood them in the pews," said Mary; "but this year there were only two poor huts in the Vineyard, when the Indians came down the country to catch the salmon and dry them. There are but a feeble few of all their great tribe; 't is strange to know that a whole nation has lived on our lands before us! I wonder if we shall disappear in our own turn? Peggy always says that when the first settlers came up the river they found traces

of ancient settlement; the Vineyard was there, with its planted vines all run to waste and of a great age, and the old fields, too, which have given our river neighborhoods their name. Heaven knows who cleared and planted them; 't was no Indian work. Peggy says there were other white people in Barvick long ago; the old Indians had some strange legends of a fair-haired folk who had gone away. Did Mistress Goodwin ever speak of her captivity, or the terrible march to Canada through the snow, when she was captured with the other Barvick folk, Madam?" asked Mary, with eagerness to return to their first subject. "People do not speak much of those old times now, since our own troubles came on."

"No, no, she would never talk of her trials; 't was not her way," protested Madam Wallingford, and a shadow crossed her face. "'T was her only happiness to forget such things. They needed bravery in those old days; in our time nothing can haunt us as their fear of sudden assault and savage cruelty must have haunted them."

Mary thought quickly enough of that angry mob which had so lately gathered about her old friend's door, but she said nothing. The Sons of Liberty and their visit seemed to have left no permanent discomfort in Madam's mind. "No, no!" said the girl aloud. "We have grown so comfortable that even war has its luxuries; they have said that a common soldier grows dainty with his food and lodging, and the commanders are daily fretted by such complaints."

"There is not much comfort to be had, poor fellows!" exclaimed Madam Wallingford rebukingly, as if she and Mary had changed sides. "Not at your Valley Forge, and not with the King's troops last year in Boston. They suffered everything, but not more than the rebels liked."

Mary's cheeks grew red at the offensive word. "Do not say rebels!" she entreated. "I do not think that Mistress Hetty Goodwin would side with Parliament, if she were living still. Think how they loved our young country, and what they bore for it, in those early days!"

"'T is not to the purpose, child!" answered the old lady sharply. "They were all for England against France and her cruel Indian allies; I meant by 'rebels' but a party word. Hetty Goodwin might well be of my mind; too old to learn irreverence toward the King. I hate some of his surrounders, — I can own to that! I hate the Bedfords, and I have but scorn for his Lord Sandwich or for Rockingham. They are treating our American Loyalists without justice. Sir William Howe might have had five thousand men of us, had he made proclamation. Fifty of the best gentlemen in Philadelphia who were for the Crown waited upon him only to be rebuffed."

She checked herself quickly, and glanced at Mary, as if she were sorry to have acknowledged so much. "Yes, I count upon Mr. Fox to stand our friend rather than upon these; and we have Mr. Franklin, too, who is large-minded enough to think of the colonies themselves, and to forget their petty factions and rivalries. Let us agree, let us agree if we can!" and Madam Wallingford, whose dignity was not a thing to be lightly touched, turned toward Mary with a winning smile. She knew that she must trust herself more and more to this young heart's patience and kindness; yes, and to her judgment about their plans. Thank God, this child who loved her was always at her side. With a strange impulse to confess all these things, she put out her frail hand to Mary, and Mary, willingly drawing a little closer, held it to her cheek. They could best understand each other without words. The girl had a clear mind, and had listened much to the talk of men. The womanish arguments of Madam Wallingford always strangely confused her.

"Mr. Franklin will ever be as young

at heart as he is old in years," said the lady presently, with the old charm of her manner, and all wistfulness and worry quite gone from her face. She had been strengthened by Mary's love in the failing citadel of her heart. "'T is Mr. Franklin's most noble gift that he can keep in sympathy with the thoughts and purposes of younger men. Age is wont to be narrow and to depend upon certainties of the past, while youth has its easily gathered hopes and its intuitions. Mr. Franklin is both characters at once, — as sanguine as he is experienced. I knew him well; he will be the same man now, and as easy a courtier as he was then content with his thrift and prudence. I trust him among the first of those who can mend our present troubles.

"I beg you not to think that I am unmindful of our wrongs in the colonies, Mary, my dear," she added then, in a changed voice. "'T is but your foolish way of trying to mend them that has grieved me, — you who call yourselves the Patriots!"

Mary smiled again and kept silence, but with something of a doubtful heart. She did not wish to argue upon politics, that sunny day on the sea. No good could come of it, though she had a keen sense that her companion's mind was now sometimes unsettled from its old prejudices and firm beliefs. The captain was a stanch Royalist, who believed that the rebels were sure to be put down, and that no sensible man should find himself left in the foolish situation of a King's antagonist, or suffer the futility of such defeat.

"Will Mistress Davis look like her mother, do you think?" Mary again bethought herself to return to the simpler subject of their conversation.

"Yes, no doubt; they had the same brave eyes and yet strangely timid look. 'T is but a delicate, womanish face. Our cousin Davis would be white-headed now; she was already gray in her twenties, when I last saw her. It sometimes seems but t' other day. They said that Mistress Goodwin came home from Canada with her hair as white as snow. Yes, their eyes were alike; but the daughter had a Goodwin look, small-featured and neatly made, as their women are. She could hold to a purpose and was very capable, and had wonderful quickness with figures; 't is common to the whole line. Mistress Hetty, the mother, had a pleasing gentleness, but great dignity; she was born of those who long had been used to responsibility and the direction of others."

Mary laughed a little. "When you say 'capable,' it makes me think of old Peggy, at home," she explained. "One day, not long ago, I was in the spinning room while we chose a pattern for the new table linen, and she had a child there with her; you know that Peggy is fond of a little guest. There had been talk of a cake, and the child was currying favor lest she should be forgotten.

"'Mrs. Peggy,' she piped, 'my aunt Betsey says as how you 're a very capering woman!'

"'What, what?' says Peggy. 'Your aunt Betsey, indeed, you mite! Oh, I expect 't was *capable* she meant,' says Peggy next moment, a little pacified, and turned to me with a lofty air. 'Can't folks have an English tongue in their heads?' she grumbled; but she ended our high affairs then, and went off to her kitchen with the child safe in hand."

"I can see her go!" and Madam Wallingford laughed too, easily pleased with the homely tale.

"Ah, but we must not laugh; it hurts my poor heart even to smile," she whispered. "My dear son is in prison, we know not where, and I have been forgetting him when I can laugh. I know not if he be live or dead, and we are so far from him, tossing in the midseas. Oh, what can two women like us do in England, in this time of bitterness, if the Loyalists are reckoned but brothers of

the rebels? I dreamed it was all different till we heard such tales in Halifax."

"We shall find many friends, and we need never throw away our hope," said Mary Hamilton soothingly. "And Master Sullivan bade me remember with his last blessing that God never makes us feel our weakness except to lead us to seek strength from him. 'T was the saying of his old priest, the Abbé Fénelon."

They sat silent together; the motion of the ship was gentle enough, and the western breeze was steady. It seemed like a quiet night again; the sun was going down, and there was a golden light in the thick web of rigging overhead, and the gray sails were turned to gold color.

"'T is I who should be staying you, dear child," whispered Madam Wallingford, putting out her hand again and resting it on Mary's shoulder, "but you never fail to comfort me. I have bitterly reproached myself many and many a day for letting you follow me; 't is like the book of Ruth, which always brought my tears as I read it. I am far happier here with you than I have been many a day at home in my lonely house. I need wish for a daughter's love no more. I sometimes forget even my great sorrow and my fear of our uncertainty, and dread the day when we shall come to land. I wish I were not so full of fears. Yet I do not think God will let me die till I have seen my son."

Mary could not look just then at her old friend's fragile figure and anxious face; she had indeed taken a great charge upon herself, and a weakness stole over her own heart that could hardly be borne. What difficulties and disappointments were before them God only knew.

"Dear child," said Madam Wallingford, whose eyes were fixed upon Mary's unconscious face, "is it your dreams that keep your heart so light? I wish that you could share them with the heavy-hearted like me! All this long winter you have shown a heavenly patience; but your face was often sad, and this has grieved me. I have thought since we came to sea that you have been happier than you were before."

"'T was not the distresses that we all knew; something pained me that I could not understand. Now it troubles me no more," and Mary looked at the questioner with a frank smile.

"I am above all a hater of curious questions," insisted the lady. But Mary did not turn her eyes away, and smiled again.

"I can hold myself to silence," said Madam Wallingford. "I should not have spoken but for the love and true interest of my heart; 't was not a vulgar greed of curiosity that moved me. I am thankful enough for your good cheer; you have left home and many loving cares, and have come with me upon this forced and anxious journey as if 't were but a holiday."

Mary bent lower over her sewing.

"Now that we have no one but each other I should be glad to put away one thought that has distressed me much," confessed the mother, and her voice trembled. "You have never said that you had any word from Roger. Surely there is no misunderstanding between you? I have sometimes feared — Oh, remember that I am his mother, Mary! He has not written even to me in his old open fashion; there has been a difference, as if the great distance had for once come between our hearts; but this last letter was from his own true heart, from his very self! The knowledge that he was not happy made me fearful, and yet I cannot brook the thought that he has been faithless, galling though his hasty oath may have been to him. Oh no, no! I hate myself for speaking so dark a thought as this. My son is a man of high honor." She spoke proudly, yet her anxious face was drawn with pain.

Mary laid down her piece of linen,

and clasped her hands together strongly in her lap. There was something deeply serious in her expression, as she gazed off upon the sea.

"It is all right now," she said presently, speaking very simply, and not without effort. "I have been grieved for many weeks, ever since the first letters came. I had no word at all from Roger, and we had been such friends. The captain wrote twice to me, as I told you; his letters were the letters of a gentleman, and most kind. I could be sure that there was no trouble between them, as I feared sometimes at first," and the bright color rushed to her face. "It put me to great anxiety; but the very morning before we sailed a letter came from Roger. I could not bring myself to speak of it then; I can hardly tell you now."

"And it is all clear between you? I see, — there was some misunderstanding, my dear. Remember that my boy is sometimes very quick; 't is a hasty temper, but a warm and true heart. Is it all clear now?"

Mary wished to answer, but she could not, for all her trying, manage to speak a word; she did not wish to show the deep feeling that was moving her, and first looked seaward again, and then took up her needlework. Her hand touched the bosom of her gown, to feel if the letter were there and safe. Madam Wallingford smiled, and was happy enough in such a plain assurance.

"Oh yes!" Mary found herself saying next moment, quite unconsciously, the wave of happy emotion having left her calm again. "Oh yes, I have come to understand everything now, dear Madam, and the letter was written while the Ranger lay in the port of Brest. They were sailing any day for the English coast."

"Sometimes I fear that he may be dead; this very sense of his living nearness to my heart may be only — The dread of losing him wakes me from my sleep; but sometimes by day I can feel him thinking to me, just as I always have since he was a child; 't is just as if he spoke," and the tears stood bright in Madam Wallingford's eyes.

"No, dear, he is not dead," said Mary, listening eagerly; but she could not tell even Roger Wallingford's mother the reason why she was so certain.

XXXIII.

Miss Mary Hamilton and the captain of the Golden Dolphin walked together from the busy boat landing up into the town of Bristol. The tide was far down, and the captain, being a stout man, was still wheezing from his steep climb on the long landing stairs. It was good to feel the comfort of solid ground underfoot, and to hear so loud and cheerful a noise of English voices, after their six long weeks at sea, and the ring and clank of coppersmiths' hammers were not unpleasant to the ear even in a narrow street. The captain was in a jovial temper of mind; he had some considerable interest in his cargo, and they had been in constant danger off the coast. Now that he was safe ashore, and the brig was safe at anchor, he stepped quickly and carried his head high, and asked their shortest way to Mr. Davis's house, to leave Mary there, while he made plans for coming up to one of that well-known merchant's wharves.

"Here we are at last!" exclaimed the master mariner. "I can find my way across the sea straight to King's Road and Bristol quay, but I 'm easy lost in the crooked ways of a town. I 've seen the port of Bristol, too, a score o' times since I was first a sailor, but I saw it never so dull as now. There 't is, the large house beyond, to the port-hand side. He lives like a nobleman, does old Sir Davis. I 'll leave ye here now, and go my ways; they 've sarvents a plenty to see ye back to the strand."

The shy and much-occupied captain now made haste toward the merchant's counting-room, and Mary hurried on toward the house, anxious to know if Madam Wallingford's hopes were to be assured, and if they should find Mistress Davis not only alive and well, but ready to welcome them. As she came nearer, her heart beat fast at the sight of a lady's trim head, white-capped, and not without distinction of look, behind the panes of a bowed window. It was as plain that this was a familiar sight, that it might every day be seen framed in its place within the little panes, as if Mary had known the face since childhood, and watched for a daily greeting as she walked a Portsmouth street at home. She even hesitated for a moment, looking eagerly, ere she went to lift the bright knocker of the street door.

In a minute more she was in the room.

"I am Mary Hamilton, of Barvick," said the guest, with pretty eagerness, "and I bring you love and greeting from Madam Wallingford, your old friend."

"From Madam Wallingford?" exclaimed the hostess, who had thought to see a neighbor's daughter enter from the street, and now beheld a stranger, a beautiful young creature, with a beseeching look in her half-familiar face. "Come you indeed from old Barvick, my dear? You are just off the sea, by your fresh looks. I was thinking of Mistress Wallingford within this very hour; I grieved to think that now we are both so old I can never see her face again. So you bring me news of her? Sit you down; I can say that you are most welcome." Her eyes were like a younger woman's, and they never left Mary's face.

"She is here; she is in the harbor, on board the Golden Dolphin, one of her own ships. I have not only brought news to you; I have brought her very self," said the girl joyfully.

There was a quick shadow upon the hostess's face. "Alas, then, poor soul, I fear she has been driven from her home by trouble; she would be one of the Loyalists! I'll send for her at once. Come nearer me; sit here in the window seat!" begged Mistress Davis affectionately. "You are little Mary Hamilton, of the fine house I have heard of and never seen, the pride of my old Barvick. But your brother would not change sides. You are both of the new party, — I have heard all that months ago; how happens it that the Golden Dolphin brought you hither, too?"

Mary seated herself in the deep window, while Mistress Davis gazed at her wonderingly. She had a tender heart; she could read the signs of great effort and of loneliness in the bright girlish face. She did not speak, but her long, discerning look and the touch of her hand gave such motherly comfort that the girl might easily have fallen to weeping. It was not that Mary thought of any mean pity for herself, or even remembered that her dear charge had sometimes shown the unconscious selfishness of weakness and grief; but brave and self-forgetful hearts always know the true value of sympathy. They were friends and lovers at first sight, the young girl and the elderly woman who was also Berwick-born.

"I have had your house filled to its least garrets with Royalists out of my own country, and here comes still another of them, with a young friend who is of the other party," Mistress Davis said gayly; and the guest looked up to see a handsome old man who had entered from another room, and who frowned doubtfully as he received this information. Mary's head was dark against the window, and he took small notice of her at first, though some young men outside in the street had observed so much of her beauty as was visible, and were walking to and fro on the pavement, hoping for a still brighter vision.

"This is Miss Mary Hamilton, of Barvick," announced the mistress, "and our old friend Madam Wallingford is in

harbor, on one of her ships." She knew that she need say no more.

Mr. John Davis, alderman of Bristol and senior warden of his parish church, now came forward with some gallantry of manner.

"I do not like to lay a new charge upon you," said his wife, pleading prettily, "but these are not as our other fugitives, poor souls!" and she smiled as if with some confidence.

"Why, no, these be both of them your own kinsfolk, if I mistake not," the merchant agreed handsomely; "and the better part of our living has come, in times past, from my dealings with the husband of one and the good brother of the other. I should think it a pity if, for whatever reason they may have crossed the sea, we did not open wide our door; you may bid your maids make ready for their comfortable housing. I shall go at once to find the captain, since he has come safe to land in these days of piracy, and give so noble a gentlewoman as his owner my best welcome and service on the ship. Perhaps Miss Hamilton will walk with me, and give her own orders about her affairs?"

Mary stepped forward willingly from the window, in answer to so kind a greeting; and when she was within close range of the old man's short-sighted eyes, she was inspected with such rapid approval and happy surprise that Mr. Alderman Davis bent his stately head and saluted so fair a brow without further consideration. She was for following him at once on his kind errand, but she first ran back and kissed the dear mistress of the house. "I shall have much to tell you of home," she whispered; "you must spare me much time, though you will first be so eager for your own friend."

"We shall find each other changed, I know, — we have both seen years and trouble enough; but you must tell Mrs. Wallingford I have had no such happiness in many a year as the sight of her face will bring me. And dear Nancy Haggens?" she asked, holding Mary back, while the merchant grew impatient at the delay of their whispering. "She is yet alive?" And Mary smiled.

"I shall tell you many things, not only of her, but of the gay major," she replied aloud. "Yes, I am coming, sir; but it is like home here, and I am so happy already in your kind house." Then they walked away together, he with a clinking cane and majestic air, and kindly showing Miss Hamilton all the sights of Bristol that they passed.

"So you sailed on the Golden Dolphin?" he asked, as they reached the water side. "She is a small vessel, but she wears well; she has made this port many a time before," said John Davis. "And lumber-laden, you say? Well, that is good for me, and you are lucky to escape the thieving privateers out of your own harbors. So Madam Wallingford has borne her voyage handsomely, you think? What becomes of her young son?"

XXXIV.

Late that evening, while the two elder ladies kept close together, and spoke eagerly of old days and friends long gone out of sight, John Davis sat opposite his young guest at the fireplace, as he smoked his after-supper pipe.

The rich oak-paneled room was well lit by both firelight and candles, and held such peace and comfort as Mary never had cause to be so grateful for before. The cold dampness of the brig, their close quarters, and all the dullness and impatience of the voyage were past now, and they were safe in this good English house, among old friends. 'T was the threshold of England, too, and Roger Wallingford was somewhere within; soon they might be sailing together for home. Even the worst remembrance of the sea was not unwelcome, with this thought at heart!

The voyagers had been listening to sad tales of the poverty and distress of nearly all the Loyalist refugees from America, the sorrows of Governor Hutchinson and his house, and of many others. The Sewalls, the Faneuils, and the Boutineaus who were still in Bristol had already sent eager messages. Mistress Davis warned her guests that next day, when news was spread of their coming, the house would be full of comers and goers; all asking for news, and most of them for money, too. Some were now in really destitute circumstances who had been rich at home, and pensions and grants for these heartsick Loyalists were not only slow in coming, but pitiful in their meagreness. There was a poor gentleman from Salem, and his wife with him, living in the Davis's house; they had lodged upward of thirty strangers since the year came in; 't was a heavy charge upon even a well-to-do man, for they must nearly all borrow money beside their food and shelter. Madam Wallingford was not likely to come empty-handed; the small, heavy box with brass scutcheons which the captain himself had escorted from the Golden Dolphin, late that afternoon, was not without comfortable reassurance, and the lady had asked to have a proper waiting maid chosen for her, as she did not wish to be a weight upon the household. But there were other problems to be faced. This good merchant, Mr. Davis, was under obligations to so old a friend, and he was not likely to be a niggard, in any sense, when she did him the honor to seek his hospitality.

"I must go to my library, where I keep my business matters; 't is but a plain book room, a place for my less public affairs. We may have some private talk there, if you are willing," he said, in a low voice; and Mary rose at once and followed him. The ladies did not even glance their way, though the merchant carefully explained that he should show his guest a very great ledger which had been brought up from his counting-room since business had fallen so low. She might see her brother's name on many of the pages.

"Let us speak frankly now," he urged, as they seated themselves by as bright a fire of blazing coals as the one they had left. "You can trust me with all your troubles," said the fatherly old man. "I am distressed to find that Madam Wallingford's case is so desperate."

Mary looked up, startled from the peace of mind into which she had fallen.

"Do you know anything, sir?" she begged him earnestly. "Is it likely" — But there she stopped, and could go no further.

"I had not the heart to tell her," he answered, "but we have already some knowledge of that officer of the Ranger who was left ashore at Whitehaven: he has been reported as gravely wounded, and they would not keep him in any jail of that northern region, but sent him southward in a dying state, saying that he should by rights go to his own kind in the Mill Prison. You must be aware that such an unprovoked attack upon a British seaport has made a great stir among us," added the merchant, with bitterness.

Mary remembered the burning of Falmouth in her own province, and was silent.

"If he had been a deserter, and treacherous at heart, as I find there was suspicion," he continued; "yes, even if his own proper feelings toward the King had mastered your lieutenant, I do not know that his situation would have been any better for the moment. They must lack spirit in Whitehaven; on our Bristol wharves the mob would have torn such a prisoner limb from limb. You must remember that I am an Englishman born and bred, and have no patience with your rebels. I see now 't was a calmer judgment ruled their course when they sent him south; but if he is yet in the Mill Prison, and alive, he

could not be in a worse place. This war is costing the King a fortune every week that it goes on, and he cannot house such pirates and spies in his castle at Windsor."

Mary's eyes flashed; she was keeping a firm hold upon her patience. "I think, from what we are told of the Mill Prison, that the King has gone too far to the other extreme," she could not forbear saying, but with perfect quietness.

"Well, we are not here to talk politics," said the alderman uneasily. "I have a deep desire to serve so old and respected a friend as this young man's mother. I saw the boy once when he came to England; a promising lad, I must own, and respectful to his elders. I am ready to serve him, if I can, for his father's sake, and to put all talk of principles by, or any question of his deserts. We have been driven to the necessity of keeping watchers all up and down the coast by night and day, to send alarm by beacons into our towns. They say Paul Jones is a born divil, and will stick at nothing. How came Colonel Wallingford's son to cast in his lot with such a gallows rogue?"

"If you had lived on our river instead of here in Bristol, you would soon know," replied Mary. "Our honest industries have long been hindered and forbidden; we are English folk, and are robbed of our rights."

"Well, well, my dear, you seem very clear for a woman; but I am an old man, and hard to convince. Your brother should be clear-headed enough; he is a man of judgment; but how such men as he have come to be so mistaken and blind" —

"It is Parliament that has been blind all the time," insisted Mary. "If you had been with us on that side the sea, you would be among the first to know things as they are. Let us say no more, sir; I cannot lend myself to argument. You are so kind, and I am so very grateful for it, in my heart."

"Well, well," exclaimed the old man again, "let us speak, then, of this instant business that you have in hand! I take it you have a heart in the matter, too; I see that you cherish Madam Wallingford like her own child. We must find out if the lad is still alive, and whether it is possible to free him. I heard lately that they have had the worst sort of smallpox among them, and a jail fever that is worse than the plague itself. 'T is not the fault of the jail, I wager you, but some dirty sailor brought it from his foul ship," he added hastily. "They are all crowded in together; would they had kept at home where they belong!"

"You speak hard words," said the girl impatiently, and with plain reproach, but looking so beautiful in her quick anger that the old man was filled with wonder and delight before his conscience reminded him that he should be ashamed. He was not used to being so boldly fronted by his own women folk; though his wife always had her say, she feared and obeyed him afterward without question.

"I wish that this foolish tea had never been heard of; it has been a most detestable weed for England," grumbled the old merchant. "They say that even your Indians drink it now, or would have it if they could."

"Mr. Davis, you have seen something of our young country," said the girl, speaking in a quiet tone. "You have known how busy our men are at home, how steadily they go about their business. If you had seen, as I did, how they stood straight and dropped whatever they had in hand, and were hot with rage when the news came from Boston and we knew that we were attacked at Lexington and Concord, you would have learned how we felt the bitter wrong. 'T was not the loss of our tea or any trumpery tax; we have never been wanting in generosity, or hung back when we should play our part. We remembered all the old wrongs: our own

timber rotting in our woods that we might not cut; our own waterfalls running to waste by your English law, lest we cripple the home manufacturers. We were hurt to the heart, and were provoked to fight; we have turned now against such tyranny. All we New England women sat at home at first and grieved. The cannon sounded loud through our peaceful country. They shut our ports, and we could not stand another insult without boldly resenting it. We had patience at first, because our hearts were English hearts; then we turned and fought with all our might, because we were still Englishmen, and there is plenty of fight left in us yet."

"You are beset by the pride of being independent, and all for yourselves," Mr. Davis accused her.

"Our hearts are wounded to the quick, because we are the same New England folk who fought together with the King's troops at Louisburg, and you have oppressed us," said Mary quickly. "I heard Mr. John Adams said lately — and he has been one of our leaders from the first — that there had not been a moment since the beginning of hostilities when he would not have given everything he possessed for a restoration to the state of things before the contest began, if we could only have security enough for its continuance. We did not wish to separate from England. If it has come, it is only from our sad necessity. But cannot you see that, being English people, we must insist upon our rights? We are not another race because we are in another country."

"Tut, tut, my dear," said the old man uneasily. "What does a pretty girl like you know about rights? So that 's the talk you 've listened to? We may need to hear more of it; you sound to me as if Fox had all along been in the right, and knew the way to bring back our trade." He began to fidget in his elbow chair and to mend the fire. "I can't go into all this; I have had a wearying day," — he began to make faint excuse. "There 's much you should hear on England's side; you only know your own; and this war is costing Parliament a terrible drain of money."

"Do you know anything of Lord Newburgh, and where he may be found?" asked Mary, with sudden directness.

"My Lord Newburgh?" repeated Mr. Davis wonderingly. "And what should you want with him? I know him but by name. He would be the son of that Ratcliffe who was a Scotch rebel in the year '45, and lost his head by it, too; he was brother to the famous Lord Darwentwater. 'T was a wild family, an unfortunate house. What seek you at their hands?"

Mary sat looking into the fire, and did not answer.

"Perhaps you can send some one with me toward Plymouth to-morrow?" she asked presently, and trembled a little as she spoke. She had grown pale, though the bright firelight shone full in her face. "The captain learned when we first came ashore that Lord Mount Edgecumbe is likely to be commander of that prison where our men are; the Mill Prison they said it was, above Plymouth town. I did not say anything to Madam Wallingford, lest our hopes should fail; but if you could spare a proper person to go with me, I should like to go to Plymouth."

The old man gazed at her with wonder.

"You do not know what a wild goose chase means, then, my little lady!" he exclaimed, with considerable scorn. "Lord Mount Edgecumbe! You might as well go to Windsor expecting a morning talk and stroll in the park along with the King. 'T is evident enough one person is the same as another in your colonies! But if you wish to try, I happened to hear yesterday that the great earl is near by, in Bath, where he takes the waters for his gout. You can go first to Mr. George Fairfax, of Virginia, with

whom Madam Wallingford is acquainted; she has told me that already. He is of a noble house, himself, Mr. Fairfax, and may know how to get speech with these gentlemen: why, yes, 't is a chance, indeed, and we might achieve something." Mr. Davis gave a satisfied look at the beautiful face before him, and nodded his sage head.

"I shall go with you, myself, if it is a fair day to-morrow," he assured her. "I am on good terms with Mr. Fairfax. I was long agent here for their tobacco ships, the old Lord Fairfaxes of Virginia; but all that rich trade is good as done," and he gave a heavy sigh. "We think of your sailors in the Mill Prison as if they were all divils. You won't find it easy to get one of them set free," he added boldly.

Mary gave a startled look, and drew back a little. "I hear the King is glad to ship them on his men-of-war," she said, "and that the Mill Prison is so vile a place the poor fellows are thankful to escape from it, even if they must turn traitor to their own cause."

"Oh, sailors are sailors!" grumbled the old man. "I find Madam Wallingford most loyal to our government, however, so that there is a chance for her. And she is no beggar or would-be pensioner; far from it! If her son had been on any other errand than this of the Ranger's, she might easier gain her ends, poor lady. 'What stands in the way?' you may ask. Why, only last week our own coast was in a panic of fear!" John Davis frowned at the fire, so that his great eyebrows looked as if they were an assaulting battery. He shrugged his shoulders angrily, and puffed hard at his pipe, but it had gone out altogether; then he smiled, and spoke in a gentler tone:

"Yes, missy, we 'll ride to Bath to-morrow, an the weather should be fair; the fresh air will hearten you after the sea, and we can talk with Mr. Fairfax, and see what may be done. I 'm not afraid to venture, though they may know you for a little rebel, and set me up to wear a wooden ruff all day in the pillory for being seen with you!"

"I must speak ye some hard words," the old man added unexpectedly, leaning forward and whispering under his breath, as if the solid oak panels might let his forebodings reach a mother's ears in the room beyond. "The young man may be dead and gone long before this, if he was put into the Mill Prison while yet weak from his wounds. If he is there, and alive, I think the King himself would say he could not let him out. There 's not much love lost in England now for Paul Jones or any of his crew."

Sarah Orne Jewett.

(*To be continued.*)

WASHINGTON DURING RECONSTRUCTION.

WASHINGTON during reconstruction was a reflection of the country, as is always likely to be the case when there is a great question pending upon which public attention is fixed. Doubtless a complexity of problems may sometimes occur, when a majority of the people are willing to accept something they do not want in order to secure something they want badly. And it is never quite safe to point confidently to a popular verdict, upon a minor issue of a campaign, in which some overshadowing issue was pending. But there was little contradiction of issues in the North during and immediately after the war, and the North

at that time absolutely wielded the political power of the nation. Everything else was lost sight of in the effort, first to save the Union, then to secure freedom, and after these objects had been attained, to establish such a basis of restoration as should effectively guard them both from future danger. The sentiment of the Northern people was fixed beyond change upon the supreme necessity of maintaining freedom and the Union, and there was little danger that upon those questions their representatives would prove unresponsive to their will.

One of the first tasks confronting the statesmen at Washington who dealt with the problem of reconstruction consisted in clearing away the metaphysics with which it was surrounded. The purely theoretical phases of the situation continued for nearly five years. The tendency of masses of men to divide on abstractions, and to become confused by them, was well illustrated in the progress of reconstruction. Whether the Southern states had really been in or out of the Union during the war; whether they were "dead states," or their "practical relations" to the Union only had been disturbed, were questions of little more practical consequence than some of the distinctions in theology, and yet these were the features of reconstruction which were chiefly discussed until the conclusion of the war. The vital point in the situation was that there had actually been four years of bloody war, in which several hundreds of thousands of lives and some billions of dollars of property had been destroyed. Doubtless an important part of the work of reconstruction consisted in the restoration of the blessings of civil government to the localities which had so long been the theatre of war, but a far more important part was involved in the performance of an obvious duty, alike due to the conquerors and the conquered. How should the nation be protected against a repetition of so terrible a struggle? How should the good results of the war be made permanent? For it would certainly have been criminal folly if those responsible for the conduct of the government had, on account of any fine-spun theory about the legal effect of attempted secession upon the status of the Southern states, neglected to exact the utmost security for the future.

The use of so mild a term as "insurrection" did not change the character of the struggle, which had been, as a matter of fact, one of the bloodiest and most expensive of wars, from which the nation was fortunate to escape with its life. The Southern states had yielded to no sheriff's posse, but to an army of two millions of men; and it would have been very little to the credit of the statesmen at Washington if they had permitted the tremendous fact of war to be obscured by some legal phrase, and had devised remedies for the phrase, and not for the exact situation. When the time came for the final solution of the question, theory yielded to fact, and it was treated as a question of grave practical statesmanship, having peculiar and difficult conditions of its own, rather than one to be settled by technical distinctions. The wisdom of the men at Washington who dealt with the problem was, very likely, not so luminous and perfect as that which gentlemen now possess upon the same subject, a generation afterward; but such wisdom as they had they finally employed with reference to the actual situation, and for the primary purpose of securing to the whole nation whatever good results had sprung out of the war, and of delivering it from the danger of another struggle on account of the same cause. There may be room to question the wisdom of the remedies they devised, but there can be none that they took the proper point of view.

There existed, however, a class of difficulties of a constitutional character, which increased the magnitude of the work. The restoration of the supremacy

of civil law, after the suppression of a rebellion against a government such as exists in England, would present a much simpler problem. That government would deal directly with individuals, and with them alone; it would not come in contact with subordinate jurisdictions; and, as the disturbed areas should become pacified, the military character of the rule would by degrees become mitigated by the gradual restoration of civil rights, until finally the peaceful sway of the laws should be restored. The federal character of our government, as well as the fact that it derived all its vitality through the limited provisions of a written constitution, made our problem a complex one. When the Southern states should be restored to the Union, or if they had never been out of the Union, then when they should again be permitted to participate in the common government, they would resume their equality with the other states and the control of a wide range of governmental powers, free from the supervision of the central government. The mere restoration of courts, sheriffs, and other agencies of civil government was what the task presented, in common with the task of restoration after rebellion against governments simple and unlimited in character. But, in addition to that, it was necessary to provide against results likely to follow the setting in motion of local sovereignties whose powers would be no less firmly secured to them by the Constitution than those of the national government itself. It thus became necessary to provide securities for the future, constitutional in character, and applicable alike to the states which fought for as well as to those which fought against the Union.

The situation was not lacking in other elements of difficulty. The resistance to the national authority had extended over the vast region stretching from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and containing three quarters of a million square miles of territory. Over this enormous area, greater in extent than Italy, Spain, France, and the German Empire combined, there were scattered four millions of black men, who had been held as slaves and had been made free. If they had been freed by the ordinary peaceful agencies, operating in the territory where slavery existed, the forces which secured their freedom might have been relied upon to protect it; but they had been forcibly emancipated by external agencies. Their masters had not given them up because they desired to do so, but because they had been compelled by overwhelming force; and before the withdrawal of the military arm, and the reestablishment of state governments with their great power over individual liberty, the most careful measures were required to secure the freedom which was the most important outcome of the war.

I have referred to some of the salient difficulties which obviously could not have been fully developed until the end of the war, and I will now refer to the principal features of legislation, from which it will appear that there was a constant evolution toward a more radical treatment of the subject. Hostilities had scarcely begun before a discussion was entered upon in Congress which involved the principles on which reconstruction should proceed. At the famous special session, called soon after the opening of the war, both houses of Congress passed the so-called Crittenden Resolutions by nearly a unanimous vote. These resolutions did not embody a basis of reconstruction, but they promulgated principles which would have profoundly affected that process if they had been applied. They declared that the war was not waged for the purpose of conquest or to overthrow the institutions of any state, but to maintain the Constitution and Union "with all the dignity, equality, and rights of the several states unimpaired." A few men of the more radical wing of the Republican

party, among whom were Sumner, Lovejoy, and Stevens, refused to vote for these resolutions. "Ask them who made the war," said Stevens, "what is its object." Under these resolutions, put forth with such an approach to unanimity, reconstruction would have been an extremely simple process. In fact, it would have been automatic, and it would have rested with any of the seceding states to determine when it should stop fighting and exercise its rights under the Constitution, and among them the right of representation in Congress. Sentiment, however, developed rapidly; and when, at the beginning of the following session, an attempt was made to reaffirm the same resolutions, they were, upon the motion of Stevens, laid upon the table by a decisive vote of the very House which, but a few months before, had passed them so strongly.

Lincoln's practical attempt at reconstruction, embodied in the "Louisiana plan," was as summarily dealt with by Congress as the Crittenden Resolutions had been. Lincoln, however, at the time he put forth this plan, did not enjoy the prestige which he subsequently gained. It is hardly conceivable that Congress would have dared, even one year afterward, to accord such contemptuous treatment to any important policy which he might have proposed. The terms of the Louisiana proclamation permitted the greater number of those who had borne arms against the government to take part in the work of reconstruction, upon taking an oath to support the Constitution and the laws relating to slavery. The congressional opposition was directed against the liberality of this plan, and especially to the feature of it which accorded recognition to a state if so small a number as one tenth of its voters should comply with the terms of the proclamation. Mr. Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland, was especially hostile, and led the opposition to the policy of the President with conspicuous ability. Lincoln's policy was set aside, and a bill, advocated by Davis, was passed by both houses of Congress.

There was one serious objection to the plan proposed by Lincoln. He treated reconstruction as an executive act, and it was possible that the states complying with the terms of his proclamation might be recognized by the executive department, and at the same time that the two houses of Congress might refuse admission to the members whom the states might choose. A state might thus be reconstructed and again in the Union so far as the Executive was concerned, and unreconstructed and out of the Union so far as the most important function of representation in Congress was concerned. In this very instance, the states which complied with Lincoln's proclamation were denied representation in Congress. The question of reconstruction thus became still more complicated at the outset, and the foundation was laid for the struggle between the executive and the legislative department which culminated in the impeachment of Johnson. Obviously the process of restoring a state to its practical relations with the Union required the concurrence of both the legislative and the executive department. If the plan so eloquently advocated by Davis, and substituted by Congress for that of the President, had been accepted by Lincoln, the work of reconstruction would probably have been accomplished upon more stringent lines, indeed, than he proposed, but upon lines which were vastly more liberal than those finally adopted. Lincoln, however, by permitting Congress to adjourn without signing the bill of the congressional leaders, practically vetoed it, and nothing was accomplished by this effort in the solution of the question.

Mr. Thaddeus Stevens had logically taken the position, from the very outbreak of hostilities, that a condition of war existed, within the meaning of that term in the law of nations; that the Southern

states had forfeited all their rights under the Constitution; and that after they had been conquered they should be dealt with practically as conquered territory, without any constitutional rights. This was regarded as an extreme doctrine; but in spite of the fact that he found, when he first advocated it, only the slightest support, he adhered to it with remarkable consistency, and in the end it was the theory which found practical acceptance. The constitutional theory involved in this plan was not less simple than that contained in the Crittenden Resolutions, although at the opposite extreme. This was really the important point upon which the so-called radicalism of Stevens was influential. It consisted in adopting the very matter-of-fact policy of doing what the future continuance of the national life, which had been saved by so many sacrifices, demanded, and treating reconstruction as a practical rather than a theoretical question. It obviously did not involve negro suffrage. That might or might not be one of the "terms" which should be imposed. Stevens did not originate the idea of imposing negro suffrage as a necessary part of reconstruction, and the opinion entertained in some quarters that he was especially responsible for the introduction of that idea is widely at variance with the facts. His first plan was embodied in an amendment to the Constitution, basing representation upon the number of voters in the different states, and thus making it for the political interest of the states to establish a broad suffrage in order to increase their representation in Congress; and so late as the 30th of April, 1866, he reported to the House the Fourteenth Amendment in the form in which it now stands in the Constitution, and at the same time a bill declaring that when that amendment should have been incorporated in the Constitution, and any state "lately in insurrection" should have ratified it and adopted a constitution and laws in accordance with its terms, it should be admitted to representation in Congress. That policy lacked neither simplicity nor moderation. In the December preceding, Sumner had presented to the Senate a resolution demanding "the complete enfranchisement of all citizens, so that there shall be no denial of rights on account of race or color." Lincoln had suggested the suffrage for the freedmen, but on the condition that it should be conferred gradually and as they should become fitted for it, — a condition full of wise policy for the country at large, and of humanity for the negro. But whoever may have been its advocates, negro suffrage resulted from the course of events rather than from the efforts of any individuals.

Lincoln, just before his death, had prepared a new plan of reconstruction, and there can be little doubt that he would soon have promulgated it if his life had been spared. On his accession to the presidency Johnson accepted Lincoln's cabinet in its entirety, and he also finally accepted the latter's plan of reconstruction, although his first utterances had alarmed even the radicals by the hostility of his tone toward the South. This plan, which may fairly be called Lincoln's second plan, was more severe than that embodied in the Louisiana proclamation, but it repeated the fatal error of treating reconstruction as a function of the Executive. If Lincoln had lived, his great political influence might have been sufficient to secure the adoption of this programme by Congress; but whether Congress had accepted it or not, he would doubtless have had sufficient sagacity not to become involved in the bitter controversy to which Johnson became a party. After the latter, however, had accepted the plan which he received, already prepared, at the hands of Lincoln's cabinet, he adhered to it uncompromisingly and with very little discretion.

A potent force in overturning this plan was found in the result of its own workings. It had an opportunity to be tested.

It was promulgated during a long recess of Congress, and its operation was entered upon free from legislative interference. Before Congress had reassembled it had been put in force in nearly all the Southern states. They had chosen legislatures, had elected Representatives and Senators in Congress, passed local laws, and set up the machinery of government under the protection of the national military forces. Congress was called upon to deal not simply with a proposition for a policy, but with a scheme, already put in execution, which was working somewhat badly. The first attempts at legislation on the part of the new governments were ill advised, to say the least, and were directed to the great question upon which the conscience of the North was thoroughly aroused, — the preservation of the freedom of the negro. The counter revolution, also, seemed to be moving somewhat too rapidly for the Northern people. Its motion may be well illustrated by a single circumstance, by no means exceptional in character. When the session of Congress ended, on the 3d of March, 1865, military operations were being conducted on a broad scale, and Mr. Alexander H. Stephens was Vice President of the Southern Confederacy. When Congress came together at its next session, the credentials of Stephens were presented as Senator elect from Georgia; and as if this were not sufficiently startling, there were urged on his behalf constitutional reasons why he should be permitted to take the oath of office. Stephens might have made a very acceptable Senator, but the men composing the Republican majority in Congress would have been something less, or more, than human, if, at that time, while the fire of battle was still hot, they could have regarded this spectacle with entire complacency.

The decisive influence, however, which brought about the destruction of the President's plan grew out of the anti-negro laws, which were passed by nearly all of the legislatures chosen in pursuance of it. A bare survey of those laws will convince one of their utter lack of policy, as well as of their gross injustice, and they find no palliation in the poor excuse that has been made for them: that laws with somewhat similar features, relating to apprentices and tramps, may be found upon the statute books of some of the Northern states. There is at the outset the material point of difference that the "tramp" and "apprentice" laws referred to applied impartially to all races. The few Northern statutes, too, were scattered over a great many years; they were proportionately less severe in character, and some of them followed reconstruction in point of time. But if they were similar in principle and had preceded reconstruction, still it would surely have been a strange exhibition of political wisdom on the part of the Southern legislatures to extract these scattered precedents and condense the application of them in their very first legislative acts, when the North was anxiously observing how the freedom which had been so expensively purchased should be regarded by the Southern people. Some of those laws established a condition not greatly different from the former slavery, and in some respects it differed for the worse.

A condition of public sentiment was soon produced where the solution of the problem of reconstruction that was ultimately reached became inevitable. In the piping times of peace, statesmen may patch up difficulties without much reference to public opinion, for the simple reason that the public is often not aroused upon them, and cares very little how they may be solved; but it is pretty safe to take for granted that great masses of men, of the same race, will, under similar conditions, take the same action on any great question concerning which they are profoundly stirred. The action of the Southern legislatures was very likely entirely natural, under the

circumstances; but it reacted strongly upon the Northern people, and produced a course of action on their part which was also entirely natural. It is a very simple method of treatment to portray the leaders on one side as absolutely judicious and free from fault, and those on the other as malign demagogues, acting under the influence of pure hatred and malevolence. But the course of reconstruction must be accounted for upon broad principles of human nature. It was not a haphazard affair, but sprung inevitably out of the war, the fervent passion for human liberty which appeared again to be in danger, the wrought-up patriotism, and the kindled fury of partisanship in the clashing of the great departments of the government. The men who especially voiced the popular sentiment in Congress were indeed the fit and natural leaders; but if they had retired to private life at the end of the war, events would have compelled substantially the same results under new leaders. They would have been impotent to control, even if they had resisted, the popular forces which were pushing them onward.

The working of Johnson's plan inevitably destined it to defeat, but how harsh a measure would its failure make necessary? The first proposal certainly was not a radical one. As has been seen, nearly a year after Johnson put forth his proclamation, Stevens reported to the House the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, together with the bill basing reconstruction upon its acceptance. Before this bill was acted upon by Congress that amendment had been submitted to the states, and every Southern state had contemptuously refused to accept it. What should the statesmen at Washington do? Propose a plan which had been rejected in advance? In the meantime, the question had been carried before the people at an election, and the result was to strengthen enormously the hands of the opponents of the President's policy. A decided impulse was given to the idea that liberty should not be risked by a continuance of such a course of legislation as the first efforts of the Southern legislatures had produced, but that it should be armed with the ballot for its own protection. At the ensuing session of Congress, the policy of complete enfranchisement, without regard to color, which Sumner had put forth in his resolutions of the preceding year, and had supported in one of the most elaborate speeches of even his career, was adopted as a basis of reconstruction. Sumner had advocated the ballot "as a peacemaker, a schoolmaster, a protector." Undoubtedly the Northern public had come to regard it especially necessary as a "protector," and the final reconstruction act was passed, overturning the Johnson governments, and substituting for them a drastic system of military government, to continue until the new conditions of reconstruction were complied with, and coupling with it a provision for the extension of suffrage to the emancipated blacks. The control of some of the Southern states was thus put in the hands of electors, a majority of whom possessed no education, and had never had the slightest experience in self-government. Among the earliest results of the franchise thus suddenly imposed, public treasuries were robbed, courts paralyzed, property extinguished; and a point was soon reached where it became apparent that the equality established at the ballot box could be maintained only at the price of civilization.

The plan of reconstruction, therefore, was one for which there was a divided responsibility. One event logically followed another, and the people of one section, no less than those of the other, are entitled to credit or blame for what occurred. The Southern people, who had yielded to superior force, but whose hearts were still unsubdued, cannot be reproached for taking that course which was en-

tirely natural, and indeed inevitable, in the conditions that then existed. But, on the other hand, invective should stop short of denouncing another people, — those who had won victory at such a tremendous cost, and who had presented to their view evidence of a clearly defined danger to the freedom which had been gained.

Johnson himself is not to be ignored as a factor in bringing about the result. He cannot be criticised for adopting the plan of Lincoln, but he executed it in a manner that encouraged the Southern people to believe that they had gained to their side, at the threshold of the solution of the war problems, the great powers of the presidency. Undoubtedly there is no room to question his patriotism, which was conspicuous during the war, and no less so when he resisted the encroachments of Congress upon the powers of his office. But if he had possessed something of the spirit of compromise; something, also, of the political sagacity and the ability to control men that appeared in such large measure in the character of Lincoln, there would certainly have been no collision between the two great departments of the government, and probably reconstruction would have proceeded on the basis which involved the acceptance of the muniments against slavery, and of the great provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment. It would then have rested with the Southern states to decide whether those measures should be accepted, or harsher ones applied; and, without the encouragement of executive support, they would probably have accepted the terms which they had declined under the conditions existing when they were offered.

But Johnson's characteristics were such as to augment rather than to diminish the difference between Congress and himself. He can never be magnified into a great statesman. He was narrow and obstinate, and he made himself all but impossible as a leader, on account of his singular lack of decorum in speech; but he was honest and unswerving in his adherence to certain great principles of government, and he defended them with a courage which inspires respect for his character. Congress, on its side, proved sufficiently obstinate, and, since the President would not surrender, the two-thirds majority in both houses, which made the veto of no consequence, was used to strip him of the great powers of his office. Because he would not yield to this encroachment; because he adhered to the constitutional construction of those powers which had prevailed since the foundation of the government, and which, after his brief term in the presidency, was again recurred to, the leaders of the House saw fit to impeach him. They had been rapidly reducing to a mere governmental figurehead the great constitutional office of the presidency, with its powers as clearly defined as were those of Congress itself, and which existed, not for the man who held the office, but in trust for the whole people.

A review of the impeachment proceedings is not within the scope of this article, but they will be referred to, to illustrate the intense feeling which had been engendered between the President and Congress by the struggle over reconstruction, and also to call to mind the personality of those especially concerned in the development of the national policy toward the Southern states. The President, on his part, had acted up to the old Jacksonian models, and made an unsparing use of the federal offices to reward the friends and to punish the enemies of his policy. If he had confined himself to the obstinately maintained lines on which he had battled for his plan of reconstruction, he would doubtless have had his veto overridden, and would have been the constant mark of highly wrought and hostile declamation, but he would probably have escaped impeachment; but when he struck at the offices, he dealt a blow at what was

then, as it has always been, a sore spot in the make-up of the average Congressman. A violation of the Constitution is a somewhat general and indefinite crime, the consequences of which do not especially come home to the ordinary member; but when his district or state is invaded, and his friends are ruthlessly turned out of post offices and clerkships and custom houses, and his enemies put in their places, freedom is very apt to shriek.

Congress responded to the President by the Tenure of Office Act, which put him very securely under the safe guardianship of the Senate in making removals from office. The holders of executive offices thus became responsible, in the last resort, to the Senate, and not to the President, who was the constitutional agent of the people in the execution of the laws. The policy of the new theory was forcibly illustrated in the case of Stanton, who was discharging the important duties of the office of Secretary of War without consultation with his executive chief, and who would occasionally send a message to Congress. Of course, very little would be left of the great office of the presidency under such a system, and whether from purely patriotic motives or a regard for his own personal importance, in which he was not entirely lacking, Johnson refused tamely to submit. He made short work of removing Stanton; and when the Senate declined to concur, under the Office Act, he treated that piece of legislation as a constitutional nullity, and defiantly removed him again. Stanton represented in his person every postmaster and other federal officeholder in the country who had been confirmed by the Senate. By this act Johnson invited impeachment, and under the tremendous political excitement prevailing at that time, not only in Washington, but throughout the North, over the great measures connected with reconstruction, the invitation was certain of acceptance. The wonder is that, in a Senate of which not one sixth of the members had been elected as Democrats, enough Republican Senators should be found, in a proceeding saturated with partisan spirit, to vote against the position of that party, and acquit the President. For when the final vote was taken, the judicial and legal weight of the party was found on the side of Johnson.

I have said the impeachment well illustrated the partisan rancor growing out of reconstruction, and also the personality of the important actors in the reconstruction drama. Johnson was of course the central figure, both in the trial and in the attempts which were made to restore the Southern states to their former standing in the Union. Stanton's removal was the immediate occasion of the impeachment; and strangely enough, Stanton had been an advocate, and was probably even one of the authors, of the President's plan of reconstruction. He was a great secretary, and he possessed in a high degree, also, the qualities of obstinacy and imperiousness which distinguished Johnson. Stevens, aptly termed by Mr. Dawes "a great intellectual gladiator," represented more strongly than any other man the position of Congress upon the question of reconstruction, and he it was who was fittingly chosen to arraign the President at the bar of the Senate. The cause of the House lost much on account of his inability to take a more prominent part in the trial; for, in a long and stormy public and professional career, he had never come in conflict with his intellectual superior. To Boutwell, who had been chosen as the leading manager, and who, with remarkable self-sacrifice, had refused to accept it, in order to secure full harmony among the managers, must be given the credit of having contributed more by his industry and judicious management toward making the cause of the House successful than any of his colleagues. He also was a conspicuous supporter of the congressional plan of reconstruction. Charles

Sumner, the most ornate if not the greatest orator of the Senate, was one of the original advocates of negro suffrage, and he was a bitter and unsparing enemy of Johnson, both in his policy and at his trial. His passionate opinion, filed in the case, in the extreme character of its views upon the proceeding as well as upon the scope of the process of impeachment, is likely to remain one of the curiosities of the trial.

Fessenden, who was shrewd, cautious, statesmanlike, a great debater, an ardent Republican, and yet hostile to the impeachment, probably deserves to be regarded as the greatest Senator of the war period. His course during the trial was most influential. He was also the chairman, on the part of the Senate, of the committee on reconstruction, and signed, with Stevens, the celebrated report, which it is impossible to read and escape the conclusion that the President's policy of reconstruction was unwise. Trumbull was another strongly partisan Republican, but to his judicial temperament, and to the fact that he was the greatest lawyer in the Senate, it is doubtless due that he opposed the impeachment. He was also uncompromising in his hostility to the President's policy of reconstruction. Evarts, who managed the President's defense with such consummate ability, was the most successful trial lawyer of his time, and only escaped being a great orator by an involved method of statement and a diffuseness of style. His influence afterward, as Johnson's Attorney General, undoubtedly contributed to a suspension of the warfare between Congress and the President. Curtis, who was the principal associate of Evarts in the defense of the President, was not identified with either the legislation or the administration of laws relating to reconstruction. His contribution to the trial was memorable, and very little ground for convicting the President survived the coldly legal argument, running through two days, with which he hopelessly shattered the case of the managers.

Undoubtedly some great evils resulted from the plan of reconstruction that was ultimately adopted, but it by no means follows that any other plan would have worked with absolute smoothness and with no injurious results. However common wisdom after the fact may be, it is not always safe to indulge in it. Looking at the course of events that developed under the brief application of Johnson's policy, it is apparent that if reconstruction had gone on to the end under that policy, the historian would have had other evils to portray, compared with which the looting of Southern treasuries might be mild indeed. Under the plan that was finally put in execution we have at least secured peace and freedom, and have witnessed a remarkable improvement in the condition of the negro race. That is indeed much, — as much as in a broad view could fairly have been looked for. The statesmen at Washington were not dealing with ideal conditions. Centuries of slavery could not be uprooted in a day without leaving enormous social problems to be solved. And care must be taken not to attribute to the working of legislation those penalties which society must inevitably pay for a long persistence in evil courses.

S. W. McCall.

AT THE END OF THE TRAIL.

EASTWARD from the head of the Little Tobique, the breasting ridges sweep upward into the pinnacle of Bald Mountain in the north. Austere and lonely, the peak, mantled with gloomy conifers, frowns down upon the houseless forest marches where Nictau and Bathurst gleam like gems lost among the trees; at the south writhes the Mamoziekel through swamp and barren ground, while on the other hand is forgotten country, until one comes into the upper reaches of the Upsalquitch.[1] Thus in the solitude it stands, genius of the untrammeled wild, long ago the place of Manitou where the pagan Milicete prayed when thunder muttered among its crags. Even to-day the moose and the uneasy caribou ply among its thickets; for, in a word, it is the wilderness itself.

It snowed. The flaws flew across the breast of the mountain in blue, bewildering flurries. It was spring, to be sure, but even in the lowlands winter lingered. The moose herd, haggard from battle with the passing season, had broken yard, and were abroad in search of food. Along the awakening streams the red willow was bursting into bud, and on the southern slopes rare sprigs of green showed bravely between the wasting drifts. One by one, the old bull, the cows, and last year's calves wandered from the winter resting place; and after months of frozen bark and acrid evergreen the tender buds were delicious morsels. They reveled in the feast, feeding heavily, and with the rising day lay down to ruminate in content. All were uncouth and gaunt; there were cavernous hollows in their flanks, while, rusty black, their winter coat fell in patches from their sides. In the lead walked the stiff-legged bull, guarding from the trees the horns just sprouting sorely from their pedicels; and at his heels was a companion cow, weary and big with her burden; behind her, a last year's calf skipping awkwardly, with awakening spirits. Thus they bore down into the lowlands, and there a little stranger came into the world.

Surely it was a cheerless coming into life. The snow pellets flipped freezing among the trees; its first sensation was of chill. The wind, rioting down from the mountain, roared a rough lullaby among the treetops, while the shuddering cow stood over her calf, swaying like a weaving horse. Then the snow flaw passed, and the sun broke weakly through the cloud bank, dimly lighting the copse wherein the uncouth little one lay. Uncouth, yes; for there was neither strength nor beauty in the calf. Its legs were long, too long for grace. Its puny body seemed hanging unfitly upon these shambling stilts, and their thinness and utter inability were displayed more obviously when, later, it shuffled loosely to its feet. But mother pride saw much even in the spindly yellow shanks and quivering form. The cow moose, whimpering like an eager hound, drooled over her offspring, mouthing it with tender concern. She rubbed her cheek along its flank, her beady eyes for once doting softly, while the heir to all this heritage of trackless solitude trembled in the wind.

It was a bull calf, and this much the mother saw: its legs, though seeming puny, were really big of bone; there was a telling breadth of brow; and the dip of the chest told, too, that it would have heart and a strenuous power of lungs. She noted the reach of its hocks, and the height between its elbow and the crest of the hump, and knew from these that, one day, as a great bull, this her offspring should be a lord among the giants of the hard-wood ridges and the swamp. So she was satisfied.

[1] Pronounced Ab-see-goosk.

The first steps of the heir were in the blind valley where it was born. The place was shut in at each side by thickets of birch poles and straggling, stunted spruce. At one end was a steep acclivity; at the other a shallow stream, that leaped and bubbled down the pitch from the dead water above to the big bay in Nictau below. Life seemed a pleasing fancy, indeed, until one day the calf learned that there are contrasts in existence. It did not learn then, though, that life is a struggle to the last, and that the last struggle is the last of life. All that came gradually. Its first fear was in its first fortnight. The herd had ranged up to the head of the blind valley, and lay in a tangled windfall under the hill. The calf, rising to turn around in the little hollow it had worn among the leaves, saw something lithe and bright sweep like a shadow from one fallen trunk to another. Softly, as slowly as ever, the lithe creature on the tree trunk crawled nearer, its eyes glittering, its pads velvety upon the bark. Then a gust of wind swung down the hill, and the cow lumbered frantically to her feet. The calf, too, smelled something, and, in sudden concern, frisked back to its mother's side. Simultaneously the creature on the windfall leaped, but missed its prey. With a muffled roar, the cow lunged at the intruder, who fled abruptly, with a screech. Then the calf learned that this was something to be feared for a while, a great, gray Canada lynx, — a coward to big moose, but a terror to the young. With its nostrils still rank with the scent of the marauder, the calf clung trembling to its mother's side, while they clattered away from this perilous place, seeking rest anew in the black cedar swamp across the caribou barren.

After this encounter the calf's nerves were on edge for a week, at least. A creaking tree trunk or a sudden gust among the tops set its heart pattering with fierce, impulsive beats. But timidity is the first great lesson of life for the creature of the woodland, where eternal vigilance is the only hope of existence, and suspicion the only reasonable impulse. With this terror in its breast, it learned to try the wind at every breath, its nostrils wrinkling tremulously at each unwonted sound. Its mulelike ears were forever whirling about, like vanes upon a steeple, eager at every turn, and at the least false note in the droning monotone of the forest it would stiffen into rigidity, with every nerve aquiver, every sense alert. It learned, too, that when a moose lies down it never fails to make a loop to leeward on the back track, so that it may be warned by scent of any enemy hunting along its track.

Another adventure taught this when the cow, one time at eveningtide, had slipped down the bank to water at the brook. The calf, lying like a leveret in its form, was trying all the lessons it had learned of artfulness and concealment, when a crackling in the brush set every sense alert in verity. It listened acutely, its ears fixed immobile. Again the brush crackled, and something wheezed, *Snooooof!* In the dusk, the calf saw a rolling, black-haired thing, rollicking through the thicket, rise upright across a fallen log. Its forearms lolled upon its breast, and a sharp, thin nose stretched upward, sniffing. Behind were two other bundles of fur, small and fuzzy, scampering along with ludicrous imitation of every gesture of the bigger one. It seemed amusing, — very amusing, — amusing until a sudden shift in the wind brought to the calf a rank and evil odor. At the horrid, terrifying scent the calf crouched lower; it would not be seen. But here there was another thing to be learned, — here something that was trying along the forest with a sense of scent sharper than any sight. The big, black figure of fur could not see the calf crouching in the nest of leaves, but it could smell. *Snoo-oo-oof!* The first slant of wind had brought the scent to the bear; for this was the marauding enemy that had fallen upon the

trail. *Snoo-ooo-oof!* The calf heard. The bear stood as rigid as stone, its head alone moving as it swept to and fro, searching the idle air. A pause followed, the cubs sitting up on their hams and wondering at their mother's manner. *Snoo-oof!* The hair on her neck ruffled forward and her eyes gleamed. It seemed like a dream; was the creature moving? Yes, softly, catlike, step by step forward, a shadow dark and menacing. On came the bear, — nearer, nearer. The calf closed its eyes to shut out the horrid sight.

A crash — a thunder of feet! The brush crackled with a heavy tread; there was a snort of fierce angriness. The eyes of the calf flew open. There was the mother cow charging down the hill, her beady orbs flashing red, her mane upright. Her rush carried her down upon the cubs, and with one dexter stroke she trampled down the bigger of the pair, maiming it for life. Roaring in turn, the she-bear, with open paw, struck a swinging sweep at the cow's flank, but failed to stop her onslaught. She rushed the hill with broadening stride, and butted the calf to its feet. Possessed of every terror, the little moose swung into its mother's gait, when a long cry sounded behind them, — a thin, wailing note. It was the cub in agony. Hooting and whooping like a thing bereft, the she-bear whirled in her tracks, abandoning the futile chase, while the cow and her calf, splashing across the shallow dead water, rejoined the herd, and swung away to the northward through the dark forest closes. With the rising of the moon they had turned the shoulder of the mountain and were footing the oozy shallows of Mud Pond, where high above the whispering trees frowned the pinnacle, gray with lunar light.

With all these perils, timidity became the second nature of the calf, fear its first instinct, and flight a ready impulse. It learned to skulk and crouch like an overharried deer, in coverts whose color shaded into the hue of its hide. It came to distinguish sounds and their meanings, to school itself in the sense and scent of woodland ways, to fear or to ignore as the circumstance showed. Meanwhile it grew.

Man then came into the wilderness. The summer was well under way, and at eveningtide the cow and calf stood breast-deep in a dead water, guzzling the tender grasses, — skimming the surface with distended maws, while they tore away great mouthfuls. They fed with the eager movement of wild fowl, drawing in their necks and then distending them at full length, their flaccid lips fingering the vegetation. Their mouths made a busy, clucking sound while they ate, and sometimes they plunged their heads to the muddy bottom and wrenched the grasses by the roots. Beyond them stood the bull upon the bog, wagging his ears in a cloud of pestering flies, but otherwise soberly content. The last year's calf was there, too, up to his back in the water, and only his hump and head showing. He had finished feeding, and was laving his flanks in the tepid swamp water. With dreamy eyes the little one looked about, and there out in the pond was something loglike floating softly along. Curiously the calf gave it a second glance. It did not seem like driftwood; there was neither wind nor current to set it along, yet it moved, gliding nearer and nearer to the moose family faring at the mouth of the bogan. The calf turned around; the bull saw, too. He muttered once, and in fixed rigidity stared across the pond. But, like all moose, the bull, despite his sagacity, lacked the power of distinguishing form. Movement he could discern at a glance; a muskrat or a mink skittering across the pond would have caught his attention. But his mortal enemy, man, might have sat on a log ten yards away and passed unnoticed, were the wind wrong and the man un-

moving. However, there was something familiarly evil in this floating bulk out there upon the pond. He had seen such before, far down the Little Sou'-west Miramichi, when a flash of flame streamed from a log like this, and something wheening through the air bit him deeply upon the shoulder. In memory, too, his ears dinned, as if he still heard the crash of thunder that followed the spurt of flame. *Niff-ff!* The bull drew in a deep breath, his nose ranging upward slowly, like a halter-bound horse. They were all standing stiffly now, peering at the yellow tree-thing out there in the water. It did not move; there was no sound; and they felt their confidence return.

Across the pond a rising gust flickered the leafy treetops. The flaw came on, blurring the glassy surface and stirring the sedges on the shallows. It sped murmuring on its way, a momentary visitor, and wheeled southward over the mountain's flank. Plunging about in his tracks, the big bull pounded across the bog, the water flying in his trail; with crash after crash, he sought the forest cover. At his heels shacked the last year's calf, crazy with fright, while the cow, in a sudden flurry, ploughed up the bank, driving her own before her. Scent told its story. Mindful of its lessons, the calf nosed the passing gust, and sniffed in that harbinger of evil, — a subtle, terrifying taint, noways like the scent of the marauding bear and lucifee. The cow's terror inspired the calf to haste, but as it followed the flight it took opportunity to read with its nose, for future reference, the telltale warning in the wind. Thus they flew across the bog at energetic speed, and, trampling through the fringe of high-water drift, dived into the forest blackness as a rabbit skips into a warren.

This was the first meeting with man. Fraught with vague terrors, the calf breasted through the brush in the wake of the cow, leaping the windfalls with a snorting breath and the clatter of swift-pounding hoofs. Through the swamp they plunged, routing out a herd of woodland caribou, who fled before, their round, broad hoofs clacking like castanets, and the din lending desperation to the calf's endeavor. It had seen and scented man, and terror and frenzy fixed the memory in its mind forever.

Autumn found the moose family ranging on the long ridge at the north of Nictau. The calf, lusty with gathering strength, forgot a few of its fears. It was alone with its mother; for between Nictau and the Mamoziekel the cow had lost the big bull and the last year's calf, and it was not sorry. With the first touch of September rutting wrath the bull had grown rough. His horns, hardened and strung with ragged strings of velvet, seemed menacing; and besides, he had a way of shouldering the others in a manner annoying. Once he charged the calf, who sought refuge in a bunch of birch poles, where the big bull, with his wide-spreading antlers, could not follow. Grunting savagely, the bull turned on the last year's calf, and, roaring, drove the youngster over the crown of the hill. The last year's calf had been swaggering about before this in the proud consciousness of a pair of stubs. He had tried them once upon the calf, after an evening spent in brushing them up against an alder pole, when the calf squealed in pain. These spikes were less than a span long, and were not handsome; but the last year's calf thought them mighty weapons. So when the big bull chased the roistering braggart down the ridge, the calf was sincerely glad. It hearkened while the pursuit clattered down among the hard wood, the last year's calf squealing in terror, and at this juncture the cow turned and made off in the opposite direction. The calf had no alternative but to follow. Deserting the others, they rounded the mountain again, and once more returned to the thick swamp at the head of Mud

Pond and the Bathurst Carry. Here they made their stay, clinging to the cover during daylight, and stealing down to the shore of the pond only when darkness drew its mantle over the woods.

Here they were standing one night when the calf heard from the other shore a long-drawn note go droning over the moonlit water. It was simple and low, ending abruptly in a plaintive guttural. The cow and the calf cocked their ears, listening, while the faint echo spoke from hill to hill. Then silence fell anew on the forest, and the cow went on feeding. A half hour passed. The same moaning intonation droned again, now louder and more appealing. The calf lifted its head, looking eagerly at the cow, and wondering why she did not move away from this vexatious sound. But the cow knew the meaning of the disturber: it was only another cow calling, and what heed should she give to this intruder's untoward plaint? She sniffed as if in disdain, and resumed her feeding; and the calf, convinced that this was not a source of peril, was guzzling at the grasses once more, when still another note struck a discord upon the silent night. *Unh!* The calf had heard that sound! It had not heard the love call of a cow moose before, but it remembered how the big bull had grunted when he chased the last year's calf. *Unh-oonh!* Was it the big bull still hectoring the arrogant stripling? The calf listened. The bull, whoever he was, swung over the crest of the ridge, stirring the night with the clanging of his horns upon the hard wood, and at every other stride grunting, *Unh-unh-oonh!*

E-ee-eee-u-uu-o-ooo-eunh! It was a cow's answering call, soft and muffled, — a dulcet murmur of invitation. On the ridge there was silence for an instant; then *Unh-unh-unh!* — the bull was coming on. He was eager, — too eager, for safety. He plunged down into the pond, — slosh, slosh, slosh, — grunted once, and was silent.

A ripping detonation crashed upon the stillness. The roar rattled against the mountain side, and beat back with staccato echoes pealing heavenward in a chaos of sound. A second followed; then night became abominable with the rattling, crashing reports. Dimly the calf heard between the shots a heavy splashing on the shallow shore, a turmoil of pealing echoes, and a cry, "He 's down!"

The cow and the calf fled from what they knew was a horror — for them. But it was a triumph for the men beyond on the pond. The big bull had been sacrificed to his pride of conquest. He had been tolled in to die in the pursuit of a graceless, grotesque imitation. His last liturgy had been his own masterful, deep-lunged answer to the hollow cheat of the birch-bark horn. He lay on his side now in the mud, one broad-palmed antler jutting from the water that was red from the slaughter. For the first time the calf had been in the presence of death.

They abandoned the precarious place, ranging leagues northward into the untold fastnesses of the Upsalquitch. Here they found refuge again, clinging to this drear, unlovely solitude; the cow, lorn in her lonesomeness, making sorrowful the darkness with her call. At the waning of the moon she was solaced, for across the night came the bark of an unmated bull hastening to the courtship. She answered; the bull drew nearer. At length he stood in a thicket across the bogan, and beat the bushes with his horns, striving to draw the cow to him. He was taking no chances; but when the calf squealed for the cow to return, the bull knew this was no cheat, and came rioting across the bogan, bristling and bold with ardor. The calf hung about, complaining, but the others gave no heed, and for once in its life the heir was left to its own devices. Then, when the dawn came, all three slunk into a thicket, the calf forlorn and drear.

It was growing cold, — bitter cold. The bull, the cow, and the calf wandered southward, homeward once more to the mountain. Between Nictau and the Mamoziekel was a long hard-wood ridge, where they would yard for the winter. The bull's interest in possible rivals soon ceased. He was no longer the eager, braggart bully of the rut, but once more a suspicious, slinking creature, shy and timorous. With the first of the snow they shortened the range, and settled down in preparation for the long winter siege. At the base of the hill was a brook, and over the crest a hollow pocket sheltered from the wind. Thickets stood on every side, and the browse was rich and limitless. With all this food and water comfort seemed assured.

Into this haven wandered, one day, another moose. He was battered and lean; one ear was slit almost to the butt, and a long, fresh scar lay on his flank like a burn, — the marks of encounters with other bulls. With a sudden concern, the calf saw that the frayed newcomer was its early enemy, the last year's calf. But there was no more insolence or oppression remaining. He was content to take a peaceful place with the herd, and to feed about, insignificant and almost unnoticed.

Softly fell the snow, day after day. It sifted through the trees silently as the falling of a star, clogging the brush with its heavy mantle. Erelong the herd's excursions were cut down to passage along the ridge upon which they ranged. In their prospecting for feed the moose trod great paths to and fro, breaking out fresh lanes through the heavy banks as the browse became exhausted. Ice and snow had transformed them before December ended. The bull's horns were caked with frozen slush; his mane was a tinkling fringe of icicles. Their hair, too, was heavy and often blurred with dirt, and they walked laggardly and with hanging heads. Their struggle against wind and weather had begun.

Over the crest of the hill came a crouching figure, — a man. He was peering here and there eagerly, crawling onward a step at a time. His eyes were sharp and keen; his swart Indian features were drawn with the striving passion of the chase. On the soft going his snowshoes made no sound, and as silently the twigs parted across the smooth fabric of his mackinaw as he shouldered a way through the brush.

Something moved the cow to suspicion. She rose heavily and whirled about, staring at the figure on the hill. The Milicete's head rested on his arm, and a brief pause intervened. Then the woods dinned with the rifle's roar, and the cow plunged forward on her knees. Leaping to their feet, the other moose halted, snorting. A second shot added its clamor to the reverberating echoes, and, wheeling in their tracks, they hurled onward down the hill, the brush cracking and crashing in their wake. Again the rifle cracked, and the calf lunged forward. It felt the lead rip like fire along its flank, and, spurred to mad desperation, it pushed ahead, the crack-crack of the gun following as it fled. Then it plunged over the dip of the hollow among the hills, and silence once more fell in its train. It was alone; for, far behind, the cow lay on her side, her head resting across the round of a fallen tree, the snow red and dreadful about her. Eastward went the calf, and then, miles beyond, unable to stagger farther, it rounded to on the ridge overlooking the second and third Bathurst lakes. Convinced now that its safety lay in solitude, it drew away from the other moose, and, worn and lonely, yarded the remainder of the winter, orphaned and dull.

Spring came, freeing it from the prison of snow. Remembering the quiet of the Upsalquitch, it wandered northward, and, unmolested in this desert of swamp and bogland, grew lustily. By the end of the summer it had become as sly

and crafty as any creature in the wilderness; also, it was growing a pair of stubs on its forehead, and dignity was in its ways. As the fall came, with a brush of reds and browns for the trees, a new, whimsical humor seized it. In its heart was a longing to wander, to return once more to the mountain in the south, to see what things were happening on the range, and above all to seek the society of a mate. Leaving the Upsalquitch, it rambled on its way; pausing at times to paw up potholes in a swamp, or to beat its stubs upon an alder bush, as the big bulls did.

Ranging to the shore of Mud Pond, the yearling sloshed across the shallows, treading the soft ooze and spattering mud head-high while he pushed his way through the tangled bush upon the shore. There in the thicket he paused, listening to the soft voices of the night. His heart was filled with ardor, and the lust of battle surged dimly in his mind. He longed to prove himself among the other bulls, but discretion warned. Yet once, to try himself, he grunted the guttural challenge of the mating bull, and the answer was electrical. *E-ee-eunh!* He heard the soft and wooing response, — *E-ee-eunh!* His mane bristled, and the hair on his neck puffed outward. After a moment's pause he grunted anew, — *Unh-uoonh!* Many minutes passed, while silence fell again upon the wilderness. Then again, *E-ee-eunh!* — a short, muffled call. *Unh! UNH!* the yearling grunted, — *Unh! oonh!* Like a whirlwind he roared out of the thicket, a deep guttural punctuating every stride. At full speed he drove across the mud bank, smearing himself to the flanks, and with his hair bristling, his eyes red and snapping, he swung about the point, and snorting hunched himself to a standstill.

There, almost under his nose, was a canoe, clearly revealed in the moonlight, and the air was strong with the scent of man, — man, his mortal, terrifying enemy. Too frightened to flee, he stood there staring down on the birch bark, and softly and silently it moved. Palsied, he beheld it drawing near, yet flight was forgotten. Nearer and nearer it came; then the bowman dropped his elbows, and at this gesture the moonlight glinted on a gun barrel.

"It 's a calf!" said a voice disgustedly.

At this the canoe swung abruptly around, but still the calf stood there in stupid astonishment.

"Sartin fool moose — hunh!" spoke another voice, unmistakably Milicete.

A setting pole hurled through the air end on like a spear, its blunt end banging the calf in the ribs. A sudden bellow of terror burst from him, and, leaping like a lucifee, he sought the bank and sped away sweating in an agony of fear. That ended his romancing for a time, but still the season had another lesson in store for him. The encounter on the pond taught him then and there that circumspection and craft are needed even in matters of love; but it did not teach him that age and weight count much in a tilt at arms. He had ranged over to the dead water north of the Mamoziekel, when he came face to face with the slit-eared bull, his old acquaintance.

Oonh! said the slit-eared bull.

Unh! challenged the yearling.

They came together with a crash of flying deadwood, the yearling forced back on his haunches. He struggled to his feet, and resumed the charge gamely. But by a sudden turn the spike-horn bull caught him on the hip, pierced him almost to the vitals, and then, pressing the onslaught, drove the yearling, baffled and bellowing, down the closed reaches of the cedar swamp, and away to safety over a near-by hill. That finished the yearling for the season; but he laid by, for future reckoning, a memory of this shameless, unmerciful beating. Fate destined that he must wait. The year passed, and a second season found him glorying in the company of a mate, a sleek, velvet-sided cow, who had never walked abroad be-

fore in the glamour of a honeymoon. Jealously he guarded her from the attentions of another stripling who was plying about the premises. There on the caribou barren he had beaten him off in a battle royal, and, scarred and bleeding, but withal triumphant, he returned to find his old enemy, the slit-eared bull, in charge. For an hour they fought and trampled upon the oozy battleground, until once more the younger bull was an outcast and a wanderer, beaten, disgraced, and without heart. He slouched away to his old retreat between Nictau and the Upsalquitch.

The years had passed, — six, eight, ten, perhaps. Plenty snows, mebbe, as Tom Bear, the Milicete, said. Somewhere between the Sisson Branch and the head of the Little Tobique the bull was wandering, black, bulky, and heavy-humped. He was a colossus now; no longer like the weakling that had come into life in the blind valley on the mountain's flank. His horns, broadly palmed and fixed with a fringe of bayonet prongs, were the terror and envy of the herds. He had run a long course, and in the burnt ground below the Wabsky and the Odell he was a monarch absolute, his crest scarred with the wounds of a violent sway. Time had taught him nearly all that a moose can know. He could discern the cheat of a birch-bark horn almost as far as he could hear it; he had been tracked, hunted, and fired at, until the crack of a rifle was almost as familiar as the crash of a tree falling in the woodlands. Yet he still lived, mammoth and noble.

"Oh, so big — hunh!" exclaimed Tom Bear, the Milicete, stretching both arms to match a spread of horns. Tom was in difficulties. He was in jail at Andover, and with no vision of relief before him. But there had come a man from the lower settlements, looking for moose, and had sought Bear in his enforced retreat.

"Yeh — umph! They got a *wickhagan*[1] on Tom. Ain't so bad be in lockup. Only debt, this time."

"Only for debt, eh? How much?"

It was not a great amount, and the man from the settlements freed Tom Bear by a payment. Then they journeyed north, the Tobique in their wake, and the Sisson Branch before them. And about this time, perhaps, far up at the head of the brook where the flying caribou traffic among the barrens, a mighty contest was waging on the forest edge.

Once more the bull confronted his slit-eared rival. The other's strength and resources had grown, too. His horns matched, almost, in their bigness, the bull's broad spread, and he was big, too, in bulk and limb. *Oonh! Unh!* he grunted. His cow, lying hidden in a thicket, revealed herself, walking with a slow, stretching stride out into the open barren. The bulls' crests hung low before their swollen necks and manes bristling with eager rage. The cow coaxed urgently, as if gleeful of the coming encounter for her sake. She plied back and forth along the prospective battleground, watching, waiting; then the champions swung together with a crash.

The night clattered with the sound. The bulls' antlers clanged like meeting metal. Their palms gritted as they strove and struggled, grunting, gasping, fire in their eyes. *Unh-unh!* They locked their horns anew, their shaggy heads shaking, and the froth flying with the strokes. The moon arose, staring down upon their baresark frenzy, while they drove their hoofs into the soggy soil; and each time they shocked together the solemn reaches of the wilderness clanged with the tumult. Standing at a distance, the cow whimpered and whined and drooled across the open ground with moaning intonation. At the call the two fought with further maddened energy; and at last, inch by inch, the slit-eared rival began to give

[1] Milicete for "trap."

way. His head was matted with blood and froth, his eye was dim and evil. At the first sign of conquest the coming victor plied himself afresh to conquer. He lunged back suddenly, and again sweeping forward, his hocks straining for the impulse, launched himself upon his foe. Clang! clang! Their antlers struck together, wrestling. The slit-eared bull fell back. He tried to turn and fly, but the victor unmercifully pressed him down. They wrestled then anew, their antlers grappling like arms, when, with a sudden, swift onslaught, the slit-eared bull was hurled backward, vanquished and half dead. With his last remaining strength he fled to cover, the victor's prongs thudding a quickstep on his ribs and thighs, while the cow, calling low and clearly, bade the victor return to her charms. Thus, in the rising dawn, old scores were wiped out, and a memory of disgraced defeat lived down.

Across the bog, at noon, came Tom Bear and the man from the settlements.

"Uh!" exclaimed Tom Bear, clutching him by the elbow. "So — see!"

The ground in a dozen different ways was torn and trodden, and hoofbeats marked the acres. The Milicete ranged to and fro like a working hound, marking a fleck of blood or a patch of hair upon the wasted moss. He saw the battle in these signs, and pointed at last where the beaten bull had fled to cover for his life. Then, ranging wider, he found the slots of the victor and the cow, moving northward across the barren to the heavy covert where the caribou had beaten an open trail. Swiftly and soft-footed he followed, and at the edge of the open hard wood halted, and raised a warning finger.

"So — big moose — big fellow. Call him out, mebbe. Think same one — yes, mus' be big fellow — so big." He spread his arms again, his dark features lighting with elation and the lust to kill. "Call him out to-night, mebbe — dunno. Try all same."

Every instinct of the Milicete was aroused in his awakened craft. He pitched his pack into a windfall, and strode off, catlike, into the forest. Presently he was back again, satisfied that the bull was resting not far away from the rigor of the conquest. He drew out his bark horn, and shaped and trimmed it anew, a lurking smile on his dark visage, yet, as if ashamed of his outburst of excitement, more taciturn than ever. He watched the sun sweep across the zenith, and at last, when it was setting behind a dusky fringe of brush upon a distant hill, the two crawled out upon the bog, and sought concealment in a bushy island at the centre. There the first sorrowing of the moose call spread its tremolo across the forest passes, whining away into the distance in low appeal. The hills gave back the call; then silence followed, while the dusky shadows trooped across the solitude. So rose the moon, her pale light transforming the woodland aisles, now ghostly dim and supernaturally quiet.

The echo of the horn beckoned from ridge and summit, at last tapering away into a perspective of hollow sound. Then silence fell. Somewhere in the distance a night bird cried, its booming note trying the straining silence anew, while the dead air lay soundless among the sleeping trees. Once more the Indian called, the birch-bark horn persuasively ringing the sonorous cadence of a calling cow, — *E-ee-ee-uu-ooo-uuu-o-unh!* Their ears roared in the stillness as they strained to catch the faintest sound. Minutes passed; they called again, and then out of the distance came the answer, — *Unh! Unh! Oonh!*

"Zut! Listen!" The Milicete bent his ear to the earth, his nostrils quivering. "Moose comin' now — big bull — huh — listen!"

Far distant was the sound, — sharp, abrupt. It was half the stroke of an axe, half the bark of a dog. They heard it draw nearer; now a deep guttural, em-

phatic with passionate rage. It swung across the edge of the barren, drawing nearer, while the Milicete's tense respiration roared like steam from a vent.

"Big moose — mus' be careful. Let him come 'long slow!"

Over the night floated a low, imploring call. The Indian held up a warning finger. "Cow try call him back — huh!" He put the birch bark to his lips, and, with the horn close to the ground, moaned softly, — *E-euh!* A crash in the brush answered, and again the real cow complained to the deserting bull. Strong in the faith of his recent conquest, he plunged on through the brush, beating his antlers upon the trees and grunting harshly. But his craftiness and learning did not forsake him in this venture. He strayed only to the edge of the bog, and there stood grunting and threshing in the thicket, eager but suspicious. In vain the Milicete coaxed and besought, the forest sorrowful with the horn's pleading; the bull clung to cover, and would not show himself. Even the squealing bawl of a calf moose failed to stir him.

"Mebbe him mad yet," muttered Tom Bear. "Try him wit' fight."

Rasping the horn among the bushes, beating and striking at the bushes with the bark, he simulated the noise of a bull threshing his antlers in a fury. *Unh! Unh!* he called; then *Ooonh!* It was the last stroke of cunning. Ploughing through the covert, the bull dashed out on the open, his fury awesome, his mane and the hair upon his neck bristling with his spleen. He charged the bushy island, grunting at every stride, a figure of terrifying rage.

Crack! pealed a rifle shot, its splitting stroke clattering thunderously. *Crack!* again it sounded. Wheeling in his tracks, his frenzy spent in sudden fear, the bull sought safety in flight as speedy as his charge. "*Shoot!*" cried the Milicete, his voice pitching across the babel of echoes following in the train of the rifle shot. "*Shoot!*" Again the world reverberated with the shattering explosion, but the bull kept on, unchecked. With a crash of breaking wood, an uproar of cries, of treading hoofs, he was gone, convulsed with terror, yet once more unharmed.

"Hunh!" the Indian muttered, "big moose — so big!"

His contempt was obvious. He turned his back upon the shuddering sportsman, and drawing a blanket from his pack, rolled himself in the folds and ungraciously sought sleep. Meanwhile, across the forest, driving his way before him, and with the timorous cow clattering at his heels, the bull once more turned his way northward, seeking safety from man in the untracked depths at the north of the Tobique.

"Moose gone; Injun go home now," said Bear at dawn. He ignored the other's protests, and sullenly set along the back trail for home. Two days later another wickhagan sprung on Tom Bear; for he was taken up in the road at Andover, too drunk to stagger, yet muttering and murmuring under his breath, "Huh — so big moose — damn!"

Northward, ever northward, worked the big bull. He swept across the bogs and barrens of the Sisson Branch, swinging a little eastward to round the edge of Nictau. But one glimpse through the trees of Bald Mountain looming large upon his path drew his heart away from flight. He turned, and, crossing the head of Mud Carry, ranged southward anew, but along the eastern flank of the peak. There, between Bathurst and the Mamoziekel, he halted, and once more, after a week's passage, was unrestrained of fear. So, until the coming of the first snow, he plied his way along the ridges, a master of the range, jealous of his solitude, and ready to try the issue with any other bull.

In his jail retreat, Tom Bear's memory dwelt upon the moose that had come

charging across the open that night upon the bog. Fretting and peevish, he awaited freedom, intent upon returning into the wilderness to take up the trail again. Once out of the limbo of the law, he plunged into the heart of the forest; and then for many days they heard no more of Tom Bear, — no, nor for many months.

December was waning. The last bear had gone hooting to its den, while the caribou were "using" now along the open bogs. The prowling marten, the black cat, and the lucifee were already growing lean on winter fare, and the black hide of the moose was dingy and thick in the face of the bitter weather. Following the trails the Indian came into Nictau, where the peak was blue-white with the clustering snows. Thence he ranged southward, ever looking for that track, searching the winter ranges, trying the ridges one after the other, and in the end falling upon a slot a span's length long.

"Huh! him so big moose!" he muttered.

It was late in the afternoon; another hour and the dusk would slink into dark. He gazed a moment at the sky; then wet a forefinger and tested the wind. Settling his blanket coat about him, he set off almost at right angles to the trail, swinging slowly to a parallel course, and, cautiously working onward step by step, sought along the forest for his quarry. His craft told him that the moose was near, and the Milicete's knowledge — "White man go fast; moose go faster; Injun go slow, catch him lying down" — was before him. He crawled along, in fact, peering over the crest of the hills and searching the hollows before he showed himself. Then, on the brink of a little pitch, he straightened suddenly and threw up his gun.

The bull was lying in the same blind valley where he had been born into the world. Man, for the moment, was forgotten; yet, there on the crown of the hill, man, evil and destructive, was staring down with glittering eyes. His memory fled back to the day when he had ranged this covert as a feeble calf. There was the place where the leaping lucifee had crouched to spring; here the very windfall under which the mother cow had rested at the time. Overhead, even as in the ages past, the peak loomed heavenward, confronting the clouds with its majesty, its breast clothed with wisps of vapor, and the ageless forests at its feet.

Listlessly the wind stirred round the gully, and the bull shambled to his feet. He stared up the slope, and saw the Indian's rifle spring to aim. An instant's pause, a moment of baffling effort; he swung ponderously about, his heavy bulk moving undeterminedly in the close confines. Then the woods clattered again with reverberating echo; he strode the windfall at a single step, and from his shoulder a gush of blood spattered the untracked snow. In his wake followed the repeating thunder of the gun, while his ears sang with the whimpering bullets flying after. Heaving up the farther slope, he drove madly through the copse; a riot of sounds, of crashing stubs, of horn ringing upon hard wood, marked his way through the thickness. Away to the northward, and behind, a patient, merciless enemy was picking the way, and gloating over the red blurs upon the trail.

Night fell, yet still the bull ranged on. The blood had ceased to flow, but his shoulder was stiff and working sorely. Through the silent forest he took his way, clinging to the ridges where his horns were unimpeded, skirting white-veiled ponds, — northward, northward toward the black depths of the Upsalquitch, the one safe haven in this hour of unwonted peril. With the dawn he circled on his back track, and lay down on the crest of a hill, where he might see an enemy from afar. A few hours of inactivity stiffened his shoulder until

it was an agony to move. Looking backward, he saw something loping along, keeping steadfast to his trail, and peering eagerly ahead. It was his enemy — coming. Wearily he struggled to his feet, stood watching for a moment with lowered crest, and then took up again the flight. Over hill and barren, northward across the tangled sweep of lake and stream, sounding the ice with staggering feet, the bull plodded, the foam freezing upon his jaws and the wound burning upon his shoulder. Miles farther on he paused again, browsing scantly, and lying down once more. But his rest was vain. The loping figure, persistent, unmerciful, was still clinging to the chase, following the broad slots in the snow, and with the one object of destruction before it. Night fell when the chase had crossed far beyond the upper end of the Nepisiquit Carry, the bull lagging along, blundering his way through the brush, his breath heavy and hoarse. Here he rested during the dark hours, rising at the dawn to plod still farther northward in weariful effort. So far he had outwitted the destroyer; but then, whose persistence was to win in the end? The Milicete, with the obstinate purpose of his race, had determined. It was ordained, for had not nature given the moose for his food and covering? He had taken up the trail pledged to follow the quarry till endurance on one side or the other should fail. At night he camped on the track, resuming it when the light was high enough to show the way. Onward, ever onward, went the chase, the miles falling in their wake, and the distant pinnacle growing blue in the perspective.

A sudden frenzy of rage overwhelmed the hunted creature. He turned, a living, quivering form of fury. He beat the bushes with his horns, grunting, his mane bristling as in the days of rutting wrath. The Milicete, far behind, heard the challenge, and smiled darkly. He knew. Erelong, now, the quarry would be at bay. But a shift in the wind brought the taint sweeping forward to the swaying prey, and, his fury deserting, he fled as before.

Desperation fell upon the heart of the fleeing creature. He felt his strength departing, and a longing, deep as the desire of love, suffused his breast. He paused at the crest of a ridge, and looked backward across the rolling stretch of forest to where the mountain swept up from the plain and clothed its breast among the clouds. There he had drawn the inspiration of life, and there he should die. The fastnesses of the Upsalquitch were too remote for him to hope that his remaining strength would bear him to them. Yet irresolutely he felt that safety lay in that dark region far in the north, and irresolutely he turned. Gathering his forces together, he swung westward, and by a long loop cleared his pursuer. Then, with the goal set before him, he shacked away to the south, the last fires of vitality burning with renewed vigor. Night came again, and at the following dawn he was still going. His eye was dull and sickly, and the breath had frozen in long icicles upon his muffle and fringe. He lurched along through the trees, his head hanging low and a fever burning in his wound.

The first flakes of the coming storm fell among the trees, and the chase hurried on. It crossed the ice at the foot of Nictau, and, skirting the edge of the cedar-bound bay, made onward along the mountain's western flank. The moose hobbled painfully, every step an agony to his burning shoulder. But across the ice, when he paused on the edge of the forest to look back, was the same loping figure, inevitable as the passages of death. He hurried. Climbing the edge of the valley, he plunged over into the hollow, and there before him stood the place of his last mortal struggle. Behind a flanking windfall he paused, his breath roaring, his head to the foe, and a grim resolve manifest in his eye.

A sound stirred him. A loping figure was swinging through the woods, brushing its way through the thickets, and peering along the vistas. Haste and eagerness bespoke themselves in the Milicete's manner; the time for the killing had come. The bull drew himself together, his orbs bloodshot and the breath whistling through his flaccid nostrils. Once more fury possessed him. He waited; the figure of death drew nearer. He gathered his energies in mad earnest. Skulking like a caribou calf, he waited until the Milicete was almost upon him; then, silent, he hurled himself upon his destroyer.

A spurt of flame flared through the dusk; a din of thunders surged in his ears. He felt something shock his very vitals with a touch of fire. Blindness was upon him. He plunged forward; another crash. There was man, and the rage of the moose was sublime. His enemy, appalled, sought to leap aside. His snowshoe tripped upon a stub; he stumbled and fell. With a downward, cutting stroke of a fore foot the bull struck him to earth as he sought to rise, and stood over the prostrate, battered form, trampling in insensate fury. But he could not see; his knees were weak beneath him; with a last, gasping roar, he lunged forward, strove to rise, and fell back, with his antlered crown resting across the bole of a fallen tree. Then the snow fell, soft and white and obliterating. Overhead was the mountain, dark and austere, looming large upon the houseless woods, and in its shadow the tragedy cloaked with silence.

Maximilian Foster.

CRITICISM AND ÆSTHETICS.

It is not so long ago that the field of literary criticism was divided into two opposing camps. France being the only country in the world where criticism is a serious matter, the battle waged most fiercely there, and doubtless greatly served to bring about the present general interest and understanding of the theoretical questions at issue. The combatants were, of course, the impressionistic and scientific schools of criticism, and particularly enlightening were the more or less recent controversies between MM. Anatole France and Jules Lemaître as representatives of the first, and M. Brunetière as the chief exponent of the second. They have planted their standards; and we see that they stand for tendencies in the critical activity of every nation. The ideal of the impressionist is to bring a new piece of literature into being in some exquisitely happy characterization, — to create a lyric of criticism out of the unique pleasure of an æsthetic hour. The stronghold of the scientist, on the other hand, is the doctrine of literary evolution, and his aim is to show the history of literature as the history of a process, and the work of literature as a product; to explain it from its preceding causes, and to detect thereby the general laws of literary metamorphosis.

Such are the two great lines of modern criticism; their purposes and ideals stand diametrically opposed. Of late, however, there have not been wanting signs of a spirit of reconciliation, and of a tendency to concede the value, each in its own sphere, of different but complementary activities. Now and again the lion and the lamb have lain down together; one might almost say, on reading the delightful paper of Mr. Lewis E. Gates on Impressionism and Appreciation,[1] that the lamb had assimilated the

[1] Atlantic Monthly, July, 1900.

lion. For the heir of all literary studies, according to Professor Gates, is the appreciative critic; and he it is who shall fulfill the true function of criticism. He is to consider the work of art in its historical setting and its psychological origin, "as a characteristic moment in the development of human spirit, and as a delicately transparent illustration of æsthetic law." But, "in regarding the work of art under all these aspects, his aim is, primarily, not to explain, and not to judge or dogmatize, but to enjoy; to realize the manifold charms the work of art has gathered unto itself from all sources, and to interpret this charm imaginatively to the men of his own day and generation."

Thus it would seem that if the report of his personal reactions to a work of literary art is the intention of the impressionist, and its explanation that of the scientist, the purpose of the appreciative critic is fairly named as the illuminating and interpreting reproduction of that work, from material furnished by those other forms of critical activity. Must, then, the method of appreciation, as combining and reconciling the two opposed views, forthwith claim our adherence? To put to use all the devices of science and all the treasures of scholarship for the single end of imaginative interpretation, for the sake of giving with the original melody all the harmonies of subtle association and profound meaning the ages have added, is, indeed, a great undertaking. But is it as valuable as it is vast? M. Brunetière has poured out his irony upon the critics who believe that their own reactions upon literature are anything to us in the presence of the works to which they have thrilled. May it not also be asked of the interpreter if his function is a necessary one? Do we require so much enlightenment, only to enjoy? Appreciative criticism is a salt to give the dull palate its full savor; but what literary epicure, what real book lover, will acknowledge his own need of it? If the whole aim of appreciative criticism is to reproduce in other arrangement the contents, expressed and implied, and the emotional value, original and derived, of a piece of literature, the value of the end, at least to the intelligent reader, is out of all proportion to the laboriousness of the means. Sing, reading 's a joy! For me, I read.

But a feeling of this kind is, after all, not a reason to be urged against the method. The real weakness of appreciative criticism lies elsewhere. It teaches us to enjoy; but are we to enjoy everything? Since its only aim is to reveal the "intricate implications" of a work of art; since it offers, and professes to offer, no literary judgments, — having indeed no explicit standard of literary value, — it must, at least on its own theory, take its objects of appreciation ready-made, so to speak, by popular acclaim. It possesses no criterion; it likes whate'er it looks on; and it can never tell us what we are not to like. That is unsatisfactory; and it is worse, — it is self-destructive. For, not being able to reject, appreciation cannot, in logic, choose the objects of its attention. But a method which cannot limit on its own principles the field within which it is to work is condemned from the beginning; it bears a fallacy at its core. In order to make criticism theoretically possible at all, the power to choose and reject, and so the pronouncing of judgment, must be an integral part of it.

To such a task the critic may lend himself without arousing our antagonism. We have no pressing need to know the latent possibilities of emotion for us in a book or a poem; but whether it is excellent or the reverse, whether "we were right in being moved by it," we are indeed willing to hear, for we desire to justify the faith that is in us.

If, then, the office of the judge be an essential part of the critical function, the appreciative critic, whatever his other

merits, — and we shall examine them later, — fails at least of perfection. His scheme is not the ideal one ; and we may turn back, in our search for it, to a closer view of those which his was to supersede. Impressionism, however, is at once out of the running ; it has always vigorously repudiated the notion of the standard, and we know, therefore, that no more than appreciation can it choose its material and stand alone. But scientific criticism professes, at least, the true faith. M. Brunetière holds that his own method is the only one by which an impersonal and stable judgment can be rendered.

The doctrine of the evolution of literary species is more or less explained in naming it. Literary species, M. Brunetière maintains, do exist. They develop and are transformed into others in a way more or less analogous to the evolution of natural types. It remains to see on what basis an objective judgment can be given. Although M. Brunetière seems to make classification the disposal of a work in the hierarchy of species, and judgment the disposal of it in relation to others of its own species, he has never sharply distinguished between them ; so that we shall not be wrong in taking his three principles of classification, scientific, moral, and æsthetic, as three principles by which he estimates the excellence of a work. His own examples, indeed, prove that to him a thing is already judged in being classified. The work of art is judged, then, by its relation to the type. Is this position tenable ? I hold that, on the contrary, it precludes the possibility of a critical judgment ; for the judgment of anything always means judgment with reference to the end for which it exists. A bad king is not the less a bad king for being a good father ; and if his kingship is his essential function, he must be judged with reference to that alone. Now a piece of literature is, with reference to its end, first of all a work of art. It represents life and it enjoins morality, but it is only as a work of art that it attains consideration ; that, in the words of M. Lemaître, it " exists " for us at all. Its aim is beauty, and beauty is its excuse for being.

The type belongs to natural history. The one principle at the basis of scientific criticism is, as we have seen, the conception of literary history as a process, and of the work of art as a product. The work of art is, then, a moment in a necessary succession, governed by laws of change and adaptation like those of natural evolution. But how can the conception of values enter here ? Excellence can be attributed only to that which attains an ideal end ; and a necessary succession has no end in itself. The " type," in this sense, is perfectly hollow. To say that the modern chrysanthemum is better than that of our forbears because it is more chrysanthemum-like is true only if we make the latter form the arbitrary standard of the chrysanthemum. If the horse of the Eocene age is inferior to the horse of to-day, it is because, on M. Brunetière's principle, he is less horse-like. But who shall decide which is more like a horse, the original or the later development ? No species which is constituted by its own history can be said to have an end in itself, and can, therefore, have an excellence to which it shall attain. In short, good and bad can be applied to the moments in a necessary evolution only by imputing a fictitious superiority to the last term ; and so one type cannot logically be preferred to another. As for the individual specimens, since the conception of the type does not admit the principle of excellence, conformity thereto means nothing.

The work of art, on the other hand, as a thing of beauty, is an attainment of an ideal, not a product, and, from this point of view, is related not at all to the other terms of a succession, its causes and its effects, but only to the abstract principles of that beauty at which it aims. Strangely enough, the whole principle of this contention has been admit-

ted by M. Brunetière in a casual sentence, of which he does not appear to recognize the full significance. "We acknowledge, of course," he says, "that there is in criticism a certain difference from natural history, since we cannot eliminate the subjective element if the capacity works of art have of producing impressions on us makes a part of their definition. It is not in order to be eaten that the tree produces its fruit." But this is giving away his whole position! As little as the conformity of the fruit to its species has to do with our pleasure in eating it, just so little has the conformity of a literary work to its *genre* to do with the quality by virtue of which it is defined as art.

The Greek temple is a product of Greek religion applied to geographical conditions. To comprehend it as a type, we must know that it was an adaptation of the open hilltop to the purpose of the worship of images of the gods. But the most penetrating study of the slow moulding of the type will never reveal how and why just those proportions were chosen which make the joy and the despair of all beholders. Early Italian art was purely ecclesiastical in its origin. The exigencies of adaptation to altars, convent walls, or cathedral domes explain the choice of subjects, the composition, even perhaps the color schemes (as of frescoes, for instance); and yet all that makes a Giotto greater than a Pictor Ignotus is quite unaccounted for by these considerations.

The quality of beauty is not evolved. All that comes under the category of material and practical purpose, of idea or of moral attitude, belongs to the succession, the evolution, the type. But the defining characters of the work of art are independent of time. The temple, the fresco, and the symphony, in the moment they become objects of the critical judgment, become also qualities of beauty and transparent examples of its laws.

If the true critical judgment, then, belongs to an order of ideas of which natural science can take no cognizance, the self-styled scientific criticism must show the strange paradox of ignoring the very qualities by virtue of which a given work has any value, or can come at all to be the object of æsthetic judgment. In two words, the world of beauty and the world of natural processes are incommensurable, and scientific criticism of literary art is a logical impossibility.

But the citadel of scientific criticism has yet one more stronghold. Granted that beauty, as an abstract quality, is timeless; granted that, in the judgment of a piece of literary art, the standard of value is the canon of beauty, not the type; yet the old order changeth. Primitive and civilized man, the Hottentot and the Laplander, the Oriental and the Slav, have desired differing beauties. May it, then, still be said that although a given embodiment of beauty is to be judged with reference to the idea of beauty alone, yet the concrete ideal of beauty must wear the manacles of space and time, — that the metamorphoses of taste preclude the notion of an objective beauty? And if this be true, are we not thrown back again on questions of genesis and development, and a study of the evolution, not of particular types of art, but of general æsthetic feeling; and in consequence, upon a form of criticism which is scientific in the sense of being based on succession, and not on absolute value?

It is indeed true that the very possibility of a criticism which shall judge of æsthetic excellence must stand or fall with this other question of a beauty in itself, as an objective foundation for criticism. If there is an absolute beauty, it must be possible to work out a system of principles which shall embody its laws, — an æsthetic, in other words; and on the basis of that æsthetic to deliver a well-founded critical judgment. Is there, then, a beauty in itself? And if so, in what does it consist?

We can approach such an æsthetic canon in two ways: from the standpoint of philosophy, which develops the idea of beauty as a factor in the system of our absolute values, side by side with the ideas of truth and of morality, or from the standpoint of empirical science. If the former is open to all the disagreements of differing philosophical convictions, the latter at least furnishes a firm foundation which even the antiphilosophical critic cannot dispute. For our purpose here, we may therefore confine ourselves to the empirical facts of psychology and physiology.

When I feel the rhythm of poetry, or of perfect prose, which is, of course, in its own way, no less rhythmical, every sensation of sound sends through me a diffusive wave of nervous energy. I *am* the rhythm because I imitate it in myself. I march to noble music in all my veins, even though I may be sitting decorously by my own hearthstone; and when I sweep with my eyes the outlines of a great picture, the curve of a Greek vase, the arches of a cathedral, every line is lived over again in my own frame. And when rhythm and melody and forms and colors give me pleasure, it is because the imitating impulses and movements that have arisen in me are such as suit, help, heighten my physical organization in general and in particular. It may seem somewhat trivial to say that a curved line is pleasing because the eye is so hung as to move best in it; but we may take it as one instance of the numberless conditions for healthy action which a beautiful form fulfills. A well-composed picture calls up in the spectator just such a balanced relation of impulses of attention and incipient movements as suits an organism which is also balanced — bilateral — in its own impulses to movement, and at the same time stable; and it is the correspondence of the suggested impulses with the natural movement that makes the composition good. Besides the pleasure from the tone relations, — which doubtless can be eventually reduced to something of the same kind, — it is the balance of nervous and muscular tensions and relaxations, of yearnings and satisfactions, which are the subjective side of the beauty of a strain of music. The basis, in short, of any æsthetic experience — poetry, music, painting, and the rest — is beautiful through its harmony with the conditions offered by our senses, primarily of sight and hearing, and through the harmony of the suggestions and impulses it arouses with the whole organism.

But the sensuous beauty of art does not exhaust the æsthetic experience. What of the special emotions — the gayety or triumph, the sadness or peace or agitation — that hang about the work of art, and make, for many, the greater part of their delight in it? Those among these special emotions which belong to the subject-matter of a work — like our horror at the picture of an execution — need not be here discussed. To understand the rest we may venture for a moment into the realm of pure psychology. We are told by psychology that emotion is dependent on the organic excitations of any given idea. Thus fear at the sight of a bear is only the reverberation in consciousness of all nervous and vascular changes set up instinctively as a preparation for flight. Think away our bodily feelings, and we think away fear, too. And set up the bodily changes and the feeling of them, and we have the emotion that belongs to them even without the idea, as we may see in the unmotived panics that sometimes accompany certain heart disturbances. The same thing, on another level, is a familiar experience. A glass of wine makes merriment, simply by bringing about those organic states which are felt emotionally as cheerfulness. Now the application of all this to æsthetics is clear. All these tensions, relaxations, — bodily "imitations" of the form, — have each the emotional tone which belongs to it.

And so if the music of a Strauss waltz makes us gay, and Händel's Largo serious, it is not because we are reminded of the ballroom or of the cathedral, but because the physical response to the stimulus of the music is itself the basis of the emotion. What makes the sense of peace in the atmosphere of the Low Countries? Only the tendency, on following those level lines of landscape, to assume ourselves the horizontal, and the restfulness which belongs to that posture. If the crimson of a picture by Böcklin, or the golden glow of a Giorgione, or the fantastic gleam of a Rembrandt speaks to me like a human voice, it is not because it expresses to me an idea, but because it impresses that sensibility which is deeper than ideas, — the region of the emotional response to color and to light. What is the beauty of the Ulalume, or Khubla Khan, or Ueber Allen Gipfeln? It is the way in which the form in its exquisite fitness to our senses, and the emotion belonging to that particular form as organic reverberation therefrom in its exquisite fitness to thought, create in us a delight quite unaccounted for by the ideas which they express. This is the essence of beauty, — the possession of a quality which excites the human organism to functioning harmonious with its own nature.

We can see in this definition the possibility of an æsthetic which shall have objective validity because founded in the eternal properties of human nature, while it yet allows us to understand that in the limits within which, by education and environment, the empirical man changes, his norms of beauty must vary, too. Ideas can change in interest and in value, but these energies lie much deeper than the idea, in the original constitution of mankind. They belong to the instinctive, involuntary part of our nature. They are changeless, just as the "eternal man" is changeless; and as the basis of æsthetic feeling they can be gathered into a system of laws which shall be subject to no essential metamorphosis. So long as we laugh when we are joyful, and weep when we are sick and sorry; so long as we flush with anger, or grow pale with fear, so long shall we thrill to a golden sunset, the cadence of an air, or the gloomy spaces of a cathedral.

The study of these forms of harmonious functioning of the human organism has its roots, of course, in the science of psychology, but comes, nevertheless, to a different flower, because of the grafting on of the element of æsthetic value. It is the study of the disinterested human pleasures, and, although as yet scarcely well begun, capable of a most detailed and definitive treatment.

This is not the character of those studies so casually alluded to by the author of Impressionism and Appreciation, when he enjoins on the appreciative critic not to neglect the literature of æsthetics: "The characteristics of his [the artist's] temperament have been noted with the nicest loyalty; and particularly the play of his special faculty, the imagination, as this faculty through the use of sensations and images and moods and ideas creates a work of art, has been followed out with the utmost delicacy of observation." But these are not properly studies in æsthetics at all. To find out what is beautiful, and the reason for its being beautiful, is the æsthetic task; to analyze the workings of the poet's mind, as his conception grows and ramifies and brightens, is no part of it, because such a study takes no account of the æsthetic value of the process, but only of the process itself. The same fallacy lurks here, indeed, as in the confusion of the scientific critic between literary evolution and poetic achievement, and the test of the fallacy is this single fact: the psychological process in the development of a dramatic idea, for instance, is, and quite properly should be, from the point of view of such analysis, exactly the same for a Shakespeare and for the Hoyt of our American farces.

The cause of the production of a work of art may indeed be found by tracing back the stream of thought; but the cause of its beauty is the desire and the sense of beauty in the human heart. If a given combination of lines and colors is beautiful, then the anticipation of the combination as beautiful is what has brought about its incarnation. The artist's attitude toward his vision of beauty, and the art lover's toward that vision realized, are the same. The only legitimate æsthetic analysis is, then, that of the relation between the æsthetic object and the lover of beauty, and all the studies in the psychology of invention — be it literary, scientific, or practical invention — have no right to the other name.

Æsthetics, then, is the science of beauty. It will be developed as a system of laws expressing the relation between the object and æsthetic pleasure in it; or as a system of conditions to which the object, in order to be beautiful, must conform. It is hard to say where the task of the æsthetician ends, and that of the critic begins; and for the present, at least, they must often be commingled. But they are defined by their purposes: the end and aim of one is a system of principles; of the other, the disposal of a given work with reference to those principles; and when the science of æsthetics shall have taken shape, criticism will confine itself to the analysis of the work into its æsthetic elements, to the explanation (by means of the laws already formulated) of its especial power in the realm of beauty, and to the judgment of its comparative æsthetic value.

The other forms of critical activity will then find their true place as preliminaries or supplements to the essential function of criticism. The study of historical conditions, of authors' personal relations, of the literary "moment," will be means to show the work of art "as in itself it really is." Shall we then say that the method of appreciation, being an unusually exhaustive presentment of the object as in itself it really is, is therefore an indispensable preparation for the critical judgment? The modern appreciator, after the model limned by Professor Gates, was to strive to get, as it were, the aerial perspective of a masterpiece, — to present it as it looks across the blue depths of the years. This is without doubt a fascinating study; but it may be questioned if it does not darken the more important issue. For it is not the object as in itself it really is that we at last behold, but the object disguised in new and strange trappings. Such appreciation is to æsthetic criticism as the sentimental to the naïve poet in Schiller's famous antithesis. The virtue of the sentimental genius is to complete by the elements which it derives from itself an otherwise defective object. So the æsthetic critic takes his natural meed of beauty from the object; the appreciative critic seeks a further beauty outside of the object, in his own reflections and fancies about it. But if we care greatly for the associations of literature, we are in danger of disregarding its quality. A vast deal of pretty sentiment may hang about and all but transmute the most prosaic object. A sedan chair, an old screen, a sun dial, — to quote only Austin Dobson, — need not be lovely in themselves to serve as pegs to hang a poem on; and all the atmosphere of the eighteenth century may be wafted from a jar of potpourri. Read a lyric instead of a rose jar, and the rule holds as well. The man of feeling cannot but find all Ranelagh and Vauxhall in some icily regular effusion of the eighteenth century, and will take a deeper retrospective thrill from an old playbill than from the play itself. And since this is so, — since the interest in the overtones, the added value given by time, the value *for us*, is not necessarily related to the value as literature of the fundamental note, — to make the study of the overtones an essential part of

criticism is to be guilty of the Pathetic Fallacy; that is, the falsification of the object by the intrusion of ourselves, — the typical sentimental crime.

It seems to me, indeed, that instead of courting a sense for the aromatic in literature, the critic should rather guard himself against its insidious approaches. Disporting himself in such pleasures of the fancy, he finds it easy to believe, and to make us believe, that a piece of literature gains in intrinsic value from its power to stimulate his historical sense. The modern appreciative critic, in short, is too likely to be the dupe of his "sophisticated reverie," — like an epicure who should not taste the meat for the sauces. A master work, once beautiful according to the great and general laws, never becomes, properly speaking, either more or less so. If a piece of art can take us with its own beauty, there is no point in superimposing upon it shades of sentiment; if it cannot so charm, all the rose-colored lights of this kind of appreciative criticism are unavailing.

The "literary" treatment of art, as the "emotional" treatment of literature, — for that is what "appreciation" and "interpretation" really are, — can completely justify itself only as the crowning touch of a detailed æsthetic analysis of those "orders of impression distinct in kind" which are the primary elements in our pleasure in the beautiful. It is the absence — and not only the absence, but the ignoring of the possibility — of such analysis which tempts one to rebel against such phrases as those of Professor Gates: "the splendid and victorious womanhood of Titian's Madonnas," "the gentle and terrestrial grace of motherhood in those of Andrea del Sarto," "the sweetly ordered comeliness of Van Dyck's." One is moved to ask if the only difference between a Madonna of Titian and one of Andrea is a difference of temper, and if the important matter for the critic of art is the moral conception rather than the visible beauty.

I cannot think of anything for which I would exchange the enchanting volumes of Walter Pater, and yet even he is not the ideal æsthetic critic whose duties he made clear. What he has done is to give us the most exquisite and delicate of interpretations. He has not failed to "disengage" the subtle and peculiar pleasure that each picture, each poem or personality, has in store for us; but of analysis and explanation of this pleasure — of which he speaks in the Introduction to the Renaissance — there is no more. In the first lines of his paper on Botticelli, the author asks, "What is the peculiar sensation which his work has the property of exciting in us?" And to what does he finally come? "The peculiar character of Botticelli is the result of a blending in him of a sympathy for humanity in its uncertain conditions . . . with his consciousness of the shadow upon it of the great things from which it sinks." But this is not æsthetic analysis! It is not even the record of a "peculiar sensation," but a complex intellectual interpretation. Where is the pleasure in the irrepressible outline, fascinating in its falseness, — in the strange color, like the taste of olives, of the Spring and the Pallas? So, also, his great passage on the Mona Lisa, his Winckelmann, even his Giorgione itself, are merely wonderful delineations of the mood of response to the creations of the art in question. Such interpretation as we have from Pater is a priceless treasure, but it is none the less the final cornice, and not the corner stone of æsthetic criticism.

The tendency to interpretation without any basis in æsthetic explanation is especially seen in the subject of our original discussion, — literature. It is indeed remarkable how scanty is the space given in contemporary criticism to the study of an author's means to those results which we ourselves experience. Does no one really care how it is done? Or are they all in the secret, and inter-

ested only in the temperament expressed or the aspect of life envisaged in a given work? One would have thought that as the painter turned critic in Fromentin at least to a certain extent sought out and dealt with the hidden workings of his art, so the romancer or the poet-critic might also have told off for us "the very pulse of the machine." The last word has not been said on the mysteries of the writer's art. We know, it may be, how the links of Shakespeare's magic chain of words are forged, but the same cannot be said of any other poet. We have studied Dante's philosophy and his ideal of love; but have we found out the secrets of his "inventive handling of rhythmical language"? If Flaubert is universally acknowledged to have created a masterpiece in Madame Bovary, should there not be an interest for criticism in following out, chapter by chapter, paragraph by paragraph, word by word, the meaning of what it is to be a masterpiece? But such seems not to be the case. Taine reconstructs the English temperament out of Fielding and Dickens; Matthew Arnold, although he deals more than others in first principles, never carries his analysis beyond the widest generalizations, like the requirement for "profound truth" and "high seriousness," for great poetry. And as we run the gamut of contemporary criticism, we find ever preoccupation with the personality of the writers and the ideas of their books. I recall only one example — the critical essays of Henry James — where the craftsman has dropped some hints on the ideals of the literary art; and even that, if I may be allowed the bull, in his novels rather than in his essays, for in critical theory he is the most ardent of impressionists. Whatever the cause, we cannot but allow the dearth of knowledge of, and interest in, the peculiar subject-matter of criticism, — the elements of beauty in a work of literature.

But although the present body of criticism consists rather of preliminaries and supplements to what should be its real accomplishment, these should not therefore receive the less regard. The impressionist has set himself a definite task, and he has succeeded. If not the true critic, he is an artist in his own right, and he has something to say to the world. The scientific critic has taken all knowledge for his province; and although we hold that it has rushed in upon and swamped his distinctly critical function, so long as we may call him by his other name of natural historian of literature, we can only acknowledge his great achievements. For the appreciative critic we have less sympathy as yet, but the "development of the luxurious intricacy and the manifold implications of our enjoyment" may fully crown the edifice of æsthetic explanation and appraisal of the art of every age. But all these, we feel, do not fulfill the essential function; the Idea of Criticism is not here. What the idea of criticism is we have tried to work out: a judgment of a work of art on the basis of the laws of beauty. That such laws there are, that they exist directly in the relation between the material form and the suggested physical reactions, and that they are practically changeless, even as the human instincts are changeless, we have sought to show. And if there can be a science of the beautiful, then an objective judgment on the basis of the laws of the beautiful can be rendered. The true end of criticism, therefore, is to tell us whence and why the charm of a work of art: to disengage, to explain, to measure, and to certify it. And this explanation of charm, and this stamping it with the seal of approval, is possible by the help, and only by the help, of the science of æsthetics, — a science now only in its beginning, but greatly to be desired in its full development.

How greatly to be desired we realize in divining that the present dearth of constructive and destructive criticism, of

all, indeed, except interpretations and reports, is responsible for the modern mountains of machine-made literature. Will not the æsthetic critic be for us a new Hercules, to clear away the ever growing heap of formless things in book covers? If he will teach us only what great art means in literature; if he will give us never so little discussion of the first principles of beauty, and point the moral with some "selling books," he will at least have turned the flood. There are stories nowadays, but few novels, and plenty of spectacles, but no plays; and how should we know the difference, never having heard what a novel ought to be? But let the æsthetic critic give us a firm foundation for criticism, a real understanding of the conditions of literary art; let him teach us to know a novel or a play when we see it, and we shall not always mingle the wheat and the chaff.

Ethel D. Puffer.

THE JESTER.

They rode together down the claustral aisles
Of the dim woodland. From the cool retreats
And leafy privacies the mated birds
Ruffled their throats in song. High overhead
The sun coursed a diaphanous sky, and sent
Through swaying boughs his javelins of gold.
A slender stream rang all its crystal bells
'Twixt banks of moss and fern beside the way
Whither they passed unheeding. The sleek steeds
Set noiseless hoofs on mast and russet leaves,
The last year's fallen glory. Each was young,
And she was very fair. His arm was zoned
About her; the twin roses in her cheeks
Flamed as she drooped against him, her bright hair
Flowed o'er his shoulder, and her dancing plumes
Swept his bronzed cheek.
Then were they ware of one
Who, bowed and tattered, in the shadow stood
Leaning upon a staff. His sightless eyes
Were bent upon the twain, a flickering hand
Was out-thrust towards them, while across his breast,
Stained with unseasonable rains and dews,
The legend ran, "Sweet folk, alms for the blind."
With little sounds of pity they drew rein;
Upon the pleading palm a coin was laid,
And conscience-free they pricked along their path;
Till suddenly, from behind, a peal of mirth
Caught them as with a buffet, and they turned.
Then from his face the beggar plucked a mask,
His ragged garments from his body slipped,
And they beheld the dazzling wings of Love.

James B. Kenyon.

BROKEN WINGS.

No one was more surprised than I was when my book, Broken Wings, was a success. When my friends liked it, I was delighted; but still that seemed natural, — they wanted it to be good, — and I was sure that they had read new meanings into it between the lines, and that their friendly eyes had overlooked the crudities and blunders. The surprise came when the public liked it; when it began to be quoted as one of the most-called-for books at the public libraries, and when I saw it in great piles in the shop windows, marked, So many thousand copies sold to date! I was inexpressibly pleased when the first request for my autograph arrived; but the time came when I could look callously upon these accompaniments of fame, and when the postage stamps with which my admirers favored me supplied the entire family. As time went on, my opinion upon pianos and soap began to be quoted. Interviews with me appeared in the papers and magazines, and I felt that it was only a matter of time before a Little Journey to my Famous Home would be in order. As the sale of the book continued, and a picture of Rose began to adorn the billboards, with an accompanying announcement of the superiority of the Rose Allen Cigar, I half believed that the success of Broken Wings was all a dream, and I wondered what my awakening would be.

I liked the book, myself, especially some parts of it; but I realized that it had not the usual elements of popular favor, and its sudden success was as much of a puzzle to me as it doubtless was to many others.

The hero, John Graham, is a New York man, about thirty years old when the story opens, and having the appearance of a cynical man of the world. Underneath this shell, however, is a nature sensitively questioning, — a nature which doubts its own leadings, and which fears that the guiding principle of action may be but superficial truth. This general attitude of inaction makes him distrust his own effectiveness; but his reserve keeps this from being seen, and his hesitation passes for indifference. When, therefore, forced to act quickly, he acts from impulse. Like many hesitating natures, action seems final to him, and while doubting its wisdom, he accepts unquestioningly the consequences of a hasty decision. While visiting in Plattsburg, a small New England village, Graham meets Rose Allen, a very beautiful girl, with a simple nature and an honest, healthy mind. Although much attracted by her, Graham, true to his character, hesitates; he questions first her fitness for the position he thinks of offering her, and then, quite honestly, his ability to make her happy. While he is trying to decide these problems, the courtship drags through several months. Sure at last that Rose cares for him, Graham proposes to her; and no sooner has she owned her affection than, swept off his feet by a burst of passion, he adds to the already lengthy catalogue of her veritable charms all those that his fancy deems desirable. She is beautiful, she is intelligent, — nay, he will interrupt, she is more than that: she has a strength of imagination, a poetic fancy, an intellectual power, that have seldom been equaled! Rose is troubled by Graham's imaginings, and assures him sincerely that she has none of these qualities. As he insists, she becomes very unhappy, fancying that when he knows the truth he will cease to care for her. She endeavors to get his point of view. Hoping to please him, she even tries to read poetry, which she has never cared for; but though she tries consci-

entiously, perhaps because she tries conscientiously, it still fails to interest her. This state of affairs goes on for some weeks; Graham treading more and more on air, Rose becoming more and more wretched. One day she reads a short poem in a magazine. It sounds like some of the poems Graham has read to her. It is so simple that she wonders why any one thought it worth writing; but she has an instinctive feeling that Graham would like it. He comes in just then, and she shows it to him. "You wrote it, Rose?" he cries. Poor Rose! Her head swims; she is only conscious that Graham is holding her hands, that he is insisting that she wrote the poem. "You did, Rose, I know you did!" Tired of the struggle, half hypnotized, she assents. Graham is delighted. He reads the poem again and again, assuring her that he would have known she had written it if she had not told him; it is so fresh, so pure, so unaffected! "I did not know you cared for me like that," he murmurs, tears in his eyes. "There are depths in your soul of which I had not dreamed. I am all unworthy of you."

Frightened now at what she has done, Rose tries to confess, but they are interrupted before she can do so. When they meet, the next day, she sees at once that Graham knows; she reads her doom in his steady gray eyes. She feels her spiritual degradation, her intellectual impotence; not only she did not write the poem, but she knows that she could not have done so. She has laid claim to thoughts that were not her own as well as to words. And yet, she thinks angrily, drawing in her breath quickly, she loves John more than any other woman, poetess or not, could ever love any man. Why did he wish her to be so different from herself? She loves him —

She looks up into his steady gray eyes. Cold fear enters her soul, and her lips grow white. "I am going around the world," she hears him say, "to try to forget you. I hope our paths will never cross again." She covers her face with her hands and does not see him go; but she knows that his head is held high, and that he does not falter or look back.

Graham remains abroad for several years, and time serves somewhat to soften his anger; not to such an extent, however, that he goes to see Rose on his return, though he thinks of doing so. After a year or two at home he goes away again, and on his travels he meets a lady who spent a summer in Plattsburg two years before. Graham asks her about Rose. At first she does not remember her; then she says suddenly: "Oh yes! Poor little thing! Did you never hear her story? She married a cousin of hers, a very nice young fellow, who had been devoted to her for years. After her marriage she grew steadily thinner and thinner, and whiter and whiter, and the summer I was there she died. She never seemed unhappy," adds the lady, glancing at Graham, "but I always thought she must have been so."

Graham is profoundly touched. All his old love for Rose surges back. His dear little Rose! She had died of a broken heart! He had not been quite fair to her, perhaps; she had lacked a profound knowledge of the subtler ethical laws, but her nature had been a simple and a loving one, and he had expected too much.

The passage of time, bringing to Graham a deeper knowledge of life, shows him his own conduct in a new light. Rose had loved him, — loved him so much that she had tried to change her very nature to please him; and he had imposed on this love! Not satisfied with the gift the gods had given him, he had tried, in his stupid human way, to improve on it. He had insisted first that Rose could write poetry, and then that she had done so. Her very love for him had weakened her will power; she wanted to please him, and he had overpowered her and left her. She had grown to depend

on him utterly, and when the prop was withdrawn she could not stand alone. To be sure, his mocking, doubting self would add, when he was feeling most sentimental: "If you had married her, she might still have died of a broken heart. It may be better as it is."

As the years go by, many of Graham's friends die, but he is left: a lonely old man, still cynical in aspect, but ever hugging more closely to his bosom the ideal his own blindness kept him from realizing, — an ideal that might have freshened his dusty life. He always means to go back to Plattsburg, but is deterred by a series of trifling events, so that when he goes at last he is a white-haired man of seventy. The town has changed; it does not interest him, and he turns his footsteps toward the churchyard. The sexton, to whom he applies for information, is an old resident of the town, and from him Graham learns that Rose never married. "Course I 'm sure," the old man says. "Ye must hev heered about anuther gell. Miss Allen lived two doors from us, en she never merried at ull, but lived by herself untell she died, two years ago. . . . Thet 's her stun, — the gray one with the cross on."

The book notices puzzled me a good deal at first, until I came to the mortifying conclusion that none of the critics had read my book, and that some of them had not even opened it. A smile of gratified pride spread over my face when I saw that I was as "analytical as George Eliot," but by the time I read that "no such clever satire had been penned since Thackeray wrote Vanity Fair" I had begun to doubt! The Daily Telegram started out well, I thought, but ended so queerly that I tried to believe there had been a typographical error: —

"In this day of cheap sensationalism, it is a delight to find a book so fresh and charming as Broken Wings. It is so simply told, and yet with such consummate skill, that one follows the story eagerly, hardly realizing the tragic psychological problem underlying it. It is vital, true to life, but not didactic. It may be thoroughly appreciated by only a few; its undercurrents are too deep to be felt by the masses, but it cannot fail to be an influence toward higher thoughts along those lines."

I knew the book reviewer on the Weekly Spectator, and as he had informed me that he meant to give me a "stunning send-off," I looked with interest for his notice.

"In Broken Wings," he said, "we have a book of a type not unusual. The style and finish of this volume are, however, much above the average, and it is with regret that we notice a few faults, which, though trifling, keep it from being a really great book. For instance, in speaking of the heroine the author says: 'She was simple and sweet, like a straight young apple tree, — a tree that has always had plenty of air and light, and whose fair pink flowers give vague, delicious promise of a coming summer.' This, we admit, is a clever bit of phrasing, but it utterly fails to convey any impression. There are, indeed, throughout the story, many attempts at verbal brilliancy, which weaken the book, as does the author's want of sympathy with her characters and her absolute lack of humor. In spite of these surface faults, it is a strong book, and one likely to be much read and discussed this coming winter. It is emphatically well worth reading."

If this was my friend's idea of a "stunning send-off," I was ready to stand by the French general who begged to be defended from his friends! That notice amused me, on the whole, but I was really hurt by the one in the Advertiser. Had I tried to show the struggle of a soul, only to be greeted as the writer of a pleasant and harmless book for the young? No Sunday-school library could

afford to be without it? I hope that critic did not read my book, but this is what he said: —

"The book moves quietly as a summer stream, on whose calm surface is reflected the every-day affairs of those who dwell on its borders. The scrupulous avoidance of the sensational, and the dominance of the uneventful, far from weakening the book, impart an atmosphere of restful calm."

The climax of my success, however, came one August day, when I received a letter from Mr. John Arthur Overdon, asking if he might dramatize Broken Wings, and begging an interview in which to set forth the mutual advantages of such an arrangement. I knew of him as the author of a very successful farce, What 's the Matter with Tompkins? which was having a great run at one of the theatres, and I wondered what it was in my book that attracted him.

It was a small, alert man who rose neatly to meet me when I entered the drawing-room. He was below medium height, and his features, in no way remarkable of themselves, added to a general expression of keen watchfulness. His attire was careful, and he carried a silk hat. I thought of a fox terrier I had seen at the dog show, trained to wear a coat and walk upon his hind legs. I told him that I appreciated the compliment he paid me in wishing to put my book on the stage, but that I was forcibly reminded by the occurrence of Mrs. Stuart's suggestion that Mrs. Dana's How to Know the Wild Flowers be dramatized.

He admitted, unsmilingly, that the lack of incident in my story would add very much to his work. "I shall have to rearrange, to interpolate," he said. "There does seem to be very little to go on; but I have had some experience in this kind of thing, and you need not fear failure. I confess," he added candidly, — to pay me, perhaps, for doubting his ability to make a silk purse out of the meagre materials at hand, — "I don't see why the book has had such a run. It 's all out of the popular line. But it 's had a great sale, for some reason, and if I can get it on the stage before people forget all about the book, the name will help the play." He saw that I hesitated, and continued: "I 'll tell you what I 'll do: make a pretty full outline of it, and bring it up for you to see. There 's no occasion, though, for you to be a bit uneasy; the play will heighten, not spoil, the artistic effect of your book, beside bringing it to the knowledge of a greater public."

After he had gone I realized that I had consented to let my book go. The first break was made, and I must now try to see Mr. Overdon's point of view, and not to mind the few unimportant changes he might make. In my wildest flights of fancy, however, it never occurred to me that he might attempt to pass off my ewe lamb upon an unsuspecting public as a trick poodle.

"It 's not so *bad*," he said, the next time I saw him. "By a few trifling changes we can make it really very dramatic. The first act will be set at the picnic where Rose and Graham meet. That will give a chance for effective setting and costumes, — white muslin and blue ribbons, and all that sweet simplicity, you know. There will be some pretty scenes between some of the girls and young men, and we might bring in an old fortune teller and have her tell Rose's fortune: 'After youth comes age, after love comes death, after sorrow comes peace, but happiness never comes,' — something that sounds mysterious, and can be made to fit almost anything. To introduce a little action into the scene, Graham will fall into a ravine, and Rose will rescue him. Ropes and Rocks and Courage That Knows Not Fear and An Old Tree. It will be great."

"But Graham did not fall into a ravine," I pleaded, "and Rose never had her fortune told" —

"It is the spirit of the book I am try-

ing to get," he explained patiently. "We must make trifling concessions in detail to the demands of the drama. The only reason Robert Elsmere was not a success, when it was put on the stage, was because of a petty slavery to the letter of the book. To tell you the truth," he added, "I am thinking of the money, too. Why, do you realize that Barrie got more for his per cent on the play of The Little Minister than on the whole sales of the book? A quarter of a million dollars! Why, on my farce, What's the Matter with Tompkins? I took in forty thousand dollars in one year." There seemed to be nothing too high or too low for him to compare me with; but my head swam with the figures he set so alluringly before me.

When he brought the second act he was sure he had pleased me. "I've tried," he said, "in this act, to let you have things all your own way. Of course I've had to crowd events a little, but I've not put in a thing, and only changed one idea. I've opened up this act by the proposal" —

"But, Mr. Overdon," I cried, "the whole interest of the book lies in the development of Graham's character, and the key to his nature is his hesitation, his questioning! That is what brings his conduct in leaving Rose so suddenly out in strong relief. If he is rescued from sudden death at the end of Act I., and proposes at the beginning of Act II., you make it impossible for any one to get any idea of his character!"

"You could not very well *explain* his character without making it prosy," he replied. "It'll have to come out in the course of the play from his actions. That's what ruined Dr. Claudius on the stage. It was not put into dramatic form at all; everything was reported, and nothing was done. It was an awful failure."

"It is hardly fair," I admitted, "to judge so hastily. Pray go on, Mr. Overdon."

"Well, when he proposes to her he tells her a lot about her imagination and her poetry, — you know, what you make him say a little later; and just then they are interrupted. Oh! I did think, if you did not mind, we might introduce a little comedy right here in the person of a Swedish butler. Swedish is quite new, and would take like hot cakes. A kind of jolly 'Yump, Yonny, yump! Ay tank ye can mek it in tu yumps' fellow. He comes in and interrupts them, and Rose takes up a magazine to hide her confusion. In it she finds the poem, you know, and shows it to Graham; and then that scene is pretty straight out of the book, too. I have to prolong it a little, because it's the strong scene of the play, you see, and gives the hero a chance to do the stern, unrelenting, and haughty. Right in the middle I thought I'd have the butler come in again and tell a funny story, to relieve the situation a bit. An audience won't stand too much unadulterated tragedy. Coquelin told me himself that that is why Rostand introduced the character of Flambeau into L'Aiglon. Just at the end of the act I did make a trifling change. The idea is really the same, but it makes it a little more dramatic, more exciting. It turns out that the poem that Rose claims she has written was really written by Graham himself. I call that a pretty good idea. I wonder you did not think of it."

I eyed him sternly. "I should hardly call it a trifle," I said. He looked flattered. "In fact," I went on, "it changes and spoils the whole situation. Instead of Graham's being disappointed at the flaw in his ideal, it puts in an element of personal pique. It belittles him" —

"I think not," said Mr. Overdon, with the air of a man who, as he would have said, has the ace up his sleeve. "Graham's not going to tell her *at all* that he wrote the poem! The audience will know from his manner, but he's going away letting her think that he believes she wrote the poem. It always flatters

an audience to be in a secret when some of the people on the stage don't know it. There 's going to be a chance for some very pretty acting right there."

"What will be his reason for leaving her, then?" I inquired politely.

"Oh, I don't know. That 's not important. It 's always easy enough to trump up a lovers' quarrel, you know. This is only the outline; I have to fill it in later. There are lots of ragged ends that will have to be worked in. The prophecy of the fortune teller, for instance, will have to be alluded to in every act.

"Now one great fault of your book — that is, in staging it — is that there are so few good rôles. The whole play cannot be done by two actors. It would be too hard on them, and not fair to the rest of the company, to say nothing of the danger of tiring out the audience. In the third act, therefore, while I 've stuck closely to the spirit of the book, I 've deviated considerably from the lines. This act is divided into two scenes, which contrast the way Rose and Graham took their separation. The first scene will be laid in a café in Paris. Graham will be there with a stunning-looking adventuress, and there will be lots of pretty girls and students, and jokes and singing. Kind of a Trilby business, you know. That might not have been a good play, madam," glancing at my face. "I admire the Bard of Avon, myself; but Trilby drew bigger houses than Hamlet ever did, and in these days a man must consider his heirs. Besides," he went on shrewdly, "of course that scene 's not in the book, but John Arthur will wager considerable that 's just what Graham did in Paris."

As I had lost the power of speech, he took my silence for assent, and proceeded: "The adventuress will get in some tall work, and one of the girls will sing a song, — in French, you know, to make the audience think it 's something spicy. Then the tables will be piled up in the corner, and some of the girls will sit on the tables, and the rest will dance. How does that strike you?"

"Who am I," I replied feebly, "to block the way of Progress? They have introduced two little Evas and a cake walk into Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Mr. Overdon laughed genially. "I suppose it is tough on you," he said. "But if you 'd study the drama a little, and look up the books that have been staged, and why they succeeded or failed, you would feel better about this one of yours. I am honestly trying to get the spirit of your book, and to convey dramatically the same impression you created by the narrative."

I did not see Mr. Overdon again for some days. Then he informed me that he had been working very hard. "The second scene in the third act may seem simple to *you*," he remarked, "but it 's the kind of thing that 's got to ring true, or it 's not worth trying. There 's no effect, no sensation, to carry it through. In the first scene we have Graham in Paris; in the second, Rose in her simple New England home. That 's an effective contrast, in the first place. She will be simply dressed, and look a little pale. When the curtain goes up she will be seated by the lamp, sewing or knitting a shawl for a poor old woman. One or two neighbors come in to ask favors of her, showing her kind heart and the way she is loved in the village. Then the minister comes and proposes to her — I beg your pardon, I thought you were going to say something. The minister, I say, proposes to her. He is a good-looking chap, and full of these new-fangled ideas about making the church a centre for the poor, and mothers' clubs, and soup kitchens, and all that. He is fond of Rose, and then he appeals to her generosity, too, by telling her how much he needs her advice and help. The stage will be in half light, and the firelight will flicker on their faces and on the blue and white dishes on the dresser. That 's

another good contrast, you see, between these two and Graham and the adventuress in the glare of the lighted café. Those two scenes will work up finely for the posters. Rose tells the minister that a life of activity and usefulness appeals to her, and that she thanks him for his offer, but that her hand can never be his, because her heart belongs to another. Then he gives up talking about Sunday schools, and goes in for love-making; but though she is much affected, she remains firm, and he goes away. The curtain goes down as she sits there alone, looking into the fire."

I felt as though I were reading a continued story in a magazine, and waited eagerly for the next installment. There was a new expression on Mr. Overdon's face when I saw him again, and, after careful study, I made up my amazed mind that it was one of embarrassment.

"Yes," he confessed, "I 'm bunkered on this hole. There are two or three possible ways to get out, but the thing is, which way is going to take with the populace? Of course, an effective scene might be made of the village churchyard, and the white-haired old man and the sexton with leaves falling on them" —

"Cyrano de Bergerac?" I inquired.

"That would be a pretty risky attempt, though," he pursued. "You see, in Cyrano, the ending is tragic enough, but the hero and heroine are both there. Now we might have Graham get to Plattsburg just in time to have an affecting scene with Rose before she dies; but, to tell you the truth, I am plain afraid to put an unhappy ending to this play. The whole course of the story demands a reconciliation. I know that you did not have one, and that the book sold, but it 's different with a play. Did you ever hear what Fox said about an oration? 'Does it read well?' he asked. 'If it does, it 's a very bad oration.' Now that 's pretty true of a play; and just because one ending went in the book, it 's no sign it would in a play. There 's plenty of precedent for as great changes. When Henry Esmond was dramatized, Henry married Beatrix. What do you think?"

"My inexperience is infinite," I pleaded. "What, Mr. Overdon, would be your idea?"

"I *have* an idea in my mind of an ending that might be both effective and suitable. Set the last act after five years, say, and at the time of the Cuban war. Let Rose go as a nurse, and have the scene in a hospital ward in Cuba."

"I see," I interrupted; "and by some happy coincidence, Graham, who has been fired with patriotism and joined the army, is wounded, and brought into this very ward?"

"That 's the idea," he said cordially; "that 's it exactly. We might have one of his legs amputated, you know, and have an affecting scene; have the doctor say that Rose has saved his life, and the curtain go down on a God-bless you-they-all-lived-happy-after tableau.

"That happy scene reminds me I 've got some news for you. Rattling good news from a financial standpoint, — and from an artistic one, too, — though it means a rush for me. Juliette Irman wants to star in Broken Wings this season, and she wants the play all finished by the first of September."

"Miss Irman is a very charming actress," I said, much pleased, "but I should hardly think the part would give her enough scope. Even she would have difficulty in making much of Rose."

"Rose!" he cried. "Rose! Bless me, I thought I told you! She does not want to play Rose! She will play Graham!"

My acquaintance with Mr. Overdon had been a season of growing mortification to me. Consciously, day by day, I had lost my individuality. Powerless to prevent, I had seen my will power grow weaker and weaker. I had even begun to feel a sneaking sympathy for Rose, whom I had always looked down

upon. I felt now that my last opportunity was slipping away, and I tried for the last time to assert myself.

"Mr. Overdon," I asked coldly, in reply to his inquiry if we had not done pretty well, *after all*, — "Mr. Overdon, what did you think of calling your play?"

He looked puzzled for a moment, as if unable to fathom the reason for my discontent. "Oh, pshaw!" he declared generously. "Why, my dear young lady, it 's your book all right. You put altogether too much emphasis on the trifling innovations I 've made. No one else would even notice them. I 've only put your thoughts into dramatic form. Don't you be bothered by any ideas of false pride about the authorship. The credit is yours, and you 'll get it fast enough. All I have tried to do is to preserve the spirit of your book."

I succumbed weakly. Could degradation farther go? Desperate at my own weakness, I felt a mad desire to trample upon the upturned face of my fallen idol, as it lay at my feet, mutely reproaching me for its existence.

"Mr. Overdon," I cried gayly, "I think the last scene is a little dull! It might be improved. Set it in a hospital tent in Cuba, by all means, and have Rose there as nurse, and Graham as patient. The adventuress also will be there, having followed Graham from Paris; but she will be converted by the minister who was in love with Rose, and who now opportunely turns up as a fighting chaplain in one of the regiments stationed there. Then, why not have some of the negroes sing and dance to amuse the patients, and then have Colonel Roosevelt come in on horseback in his Rough Rider uniform? Don't you remember how well it took when Mansfield came in on horseback in Henry V.? And then any allusion to Roosevelt is sure to awaken applause just now. He could stop by Graham's cot and lean over to take his hand, saying, 'If there were more men like you, this would be a better country.' Then every one would cheer, and Roosevelt would go out to lead the charge up the San Juan hill. The flap of the tent could be left open, enabling the audience to see the charge, and hear the cheering and the guns. A few wounded might be brought in, and then cries of 'Victory! Victory!' be heard. Rose and Graham, who up to this time have been a little distant, find themselves together; and as the cry of 'Victory!' comes, Graham takes her hands, and says: 'We, too, Rose, have had our struggle. Thank God that we, too, have won a victory!' Tableau! Curtain!"

Mr. Overdon had been sitting on the edge of his chair, listening. As I finished he jumped up, and, seizing me by both hands, forced me to execute an uncouth dance in celebration of my complete defeat.

"It 's wonderful!" he said, when obliged to pause for want of breath. "Wonderful! There is not a play on the boards to-day that can touch it. We 'll make a dramatist of you yet," looking at me admiringly. "No one would ever have imagined from reading the book that you had it in you!"

I signed the contracts without a murmur. Mr. Overdon's patent-leather boots may have concealed a cloven hoof, for all I knew; I was too completely crushed to care. A vision of Peter Schlemil dickering with the devil for his shadow flitted through my mind. Ah, Peter Schlemil, the devil has more tricks than one!

Katharine Head.

A HERMIT'S NOTES ON THOREAU.

In a secluded spot in the peaceful valley of the Androscoggin I took upon myself to live two years as a hermit, after a mild Epicurean fashion of my own. Three maiden aunts wagged their heads ominously; my nearest friend inquired cautiously whether there was any taint of insanity in the family; an old gray-haired lady, a veritable saint, who had not been soured by her many deeds of charity, admonished me on the utter selfishness and godlessness of such a proceeding. But I clung heroically to my resolution. Summer tourists in that pleasant valley may still see the little red house among the pines, — empty now, I believe; and I dare say gaudy coaches still draw up at the door, as they used to do, when the gaudier bonnets and hats exchanged wondering remarks on the cabalistic inscription over the lintel, or spoke condescendingly to the great dog lying on the steps. As for the hermit within, having found it impossible to educe any meaning from the tangled habits of mankind while he himself was whirled about in the imbroglio, he had determined to try the efficacy of undisturbed meditation at a distance. So deficient had been his education that he was actually better acquainted with the aspirations and emotions of the old dwellers on the Ganges than with those of the modern toilers by the Hudson or the Potomac. He had been deafened by the "indistinguishable roar" of the streets, and could make no sense of the noisy jargon of the market place. But — shall it be confessed? — although he learned many things during his contemplative sojourn in the wilderness, he returned to civilization, alas, as ignorant of its meaning as when he left it.

However, it is not my intention to justify the saintly old lady's charge of egotism by telling the story of my exodus to the desert; that, perhaps, may come later and at a more suitable time. I wish now only to record the memories of one perfect day in June, when woods and mountains were as yet a new delight.

The fresh odors of morning were still swaying in the air when I set out on this particular day; and my steps turned instinctively to the great pine forest, called the Cathedral Woods, that filled the valley and climbed the hill slopes behind my house. There, many long roads, that are laid down in no map, wind hither and thither among the trees, whose leafless trunks tower into the sky, and then meet in evergreen arches overhead. There

> "The tumult of the times disconsolate"

never enters, and no noise of the world is heard save now and then, in winter, the ringing strokes of the woodchopper at his cruel task. How many times I have walked those quiet cathedral aisles, while my great dog paced faithfully on before! Underfoot the dry, purple-hued moss was stretched like a royal carpet; and at intervals a glimpse of the deep sky, caught through an aperture in the groined roof, reminded me of the other world, and carried my thoughts still farther from the desolating memories of this life. Nothing but pure odors were there, sweeter than cloistral incense; and murmurous voices of the pines, more harmonious than the chanting of trained choristers; and in the heart of the wanderer nothing but tranquillity and passionless peace. Often now the recollection of those scenes comes floating back upon his senses when, in the wakeful seasons of a summer night, he hears the wind at work among the trees; even in barren city streets some sound or spectacle can act upon him as a spell, banishing for a

moment the hideous contention of commerce, and placing him beneath the restful shadows of the pines. May his understanding cease its function, and his heart forget to feel, when the memory of those days has utterly left him, and he walks in the world without this consolation of remembered peace.

Nor can I recollect that my mind, in these walks, was much called away from contemplation by the petty curiosities of the herbalist or bird-lorist, for I am not one zealously addicted to scrutinizing closely into the secrets of Nature. It never seemed to me that a flower was made sweeter by knowing the construction of its ovaries, or assumed a new importance when I learned its trivial or scientific name. The wood thrush and the veery sing as melodiously to the uninformed as to the subtly curious. Indeed, I sometimes think a little ignorance is wholesome in our communion with Nature, until we are ready to part with her altogether. She is feminine in this as in other respects, and loves to shroud herself in illusions, as the Hindus taught in their books. For they called her Maya, the very person and power of deception, whose sway over the beholder must end as soon as her mystery is penetrated.

"Like as a dancing girl to sound of lyres
Delights the king and wakens sweet desires
For one brief hour, and having shown her art
With lingering bow behind the scene retires:

"So o'er the Soul alluring Nature vaunts
Her lyric spell, and all her beauty flaunts;
And she, too, in her time withdrawing, leaves
The Watcher to his peace — 't is all she wants.

"'Now have I seen it all!' the Watcher saith,
And wonders that the pageant lingereth:
And, 'He hath seen me!' then the other cries,
And wends her way: and this they call the Death."

Dear as the sound of the wood thrush's note still is to my ears, something of charm and allurement has gone from it since I have become intimate with the name and habits of the bird. As a child born and reared in the city, that wild, ringing call was perfectly new and strange to me when, one early dawn, I first heard it, during a visit to the Delaware Water Gap. To me, whose ears had grown familiar only with the rumble of paved streets, the sound was like a reiterated unearthly summons inviting me from my narrow prison existence out into a wide and unexplored world of impulse and adventure. Long afterwards I learned the name of the songster whose note had made so strong an impression on my childish senses, but still I associate the song with the grandiose scenery, with the sheer forests and streams and the rapid river of the Water Gap. I was indeed almost a man — though the confession may sound incredible in these days — before I again heard the wood thrush's note, and my second adventure impressed me almost as profoundly as the first. In the outer suburbs of the city where my home had always been, I was walking one day with a brother, when suddenly out of a grove of laurel oaks sounded, clear and triumphant, the note which I remembered so well, but which had come to have to my imagination the unreality and mystery of a dream of long ago. Instantly my heart leapt within me. "It is the fateful summons once more!" I cried; and, with my companion, who was equally ignorant of bird-lore, I ran into the grove to discover the wild trumpeter. That was a strange chase in the fading twilight, while the unknown songster led us on from tree to tree, ever deeper into the woods. Many times we saw him on one of the lower boughs, but could not for a long while bring ourselves to believe that so wondrous a melody should proceed from so plain a minstrel. And at last, when we had satisfied ourselves of his identity, and the night had fallen, we came out into the road with a strange

solemnity hanging over us. Our ears had been opened to the unceasing harmonies of creation, and our eyes had been made aware of the endless drama of natural life. We had been initiated into the lesser mysteries; and if the sacred pageantry was not then, and never was to be, perfectly clear to our understanding, the imagination was nevertheless awed and purified.

If the knowledge and experience of years have made me a little more callous to these deeper influences, at least I have not deliberately closed the door to them by incautious prying. Perhaps a long course of wayward reading has taught me to look upon the world with eyes quite different from those of the modern exquisite searchers into Nature. I remember the story of Prometheus, and think his punishment is typical of the penalty that falls upon those who grasp at powers and knowledge not intended for mankind, — some nemesis of a more material loneliness and a more barren pride torturing them because they have turned from human knowledge to an alien and forbidden sphere. Like Prometheus, they shall in the end cry out in vain: —

> "O air divine, and O swift-wingëd winds!
> Ye river fountains, and thou myriad-twinkling
> Laughter of ocean waves! O mother earth!
> And thou, O all-discerning orb o' the sun! —
> To you, I cry to you; behold what I,
> A god, endure of evil from the gods."

Nor is the tale of Prometheus alone in teaching this lesson of prudence, nor was Greece the only land of antiquity where reverence was deemed more salutary than curiosity. The myth of the veiled Isis passed, in those days, from people to people, and was everywhere received as a symbol of the veil of illusion about Nature, which no man might lift with impunity. And the same idea was, if anything, intensified in the Middle Ages. The common people, and the Church as well, looked with horror on such scholars as Pope Gerbert, who was thought, for his knowledge of Nature, to have sold himself to the devil; and on such discoverers as Roger Bacon, whose wicked searching into forbidden things cost him fourteen years in prison. And even in modern times did not the poet Blake say: "I fear Wordsworth loves nature, and nature is the work of the Devil. The Devil is in us as far as we are nature"? It has remained for an age of skepticism to substitute science for awe. After all, can any course of study or open-air pedagogics bring us into real communion with the world about us? I fear much of the talk about companionship with Nature that pervades our summer life is little better than cant and self-deception, and he best understands the veiled goddess who most frankly admits her impenetrable secrecy. The peace that comes to us from contemplating the vast panorama spread out before us is due rather to the sense of a great passionless power entirely out of our domain than to any real intimacy with the hidden deity. It was John Woolman, the famous New Jersey Quaker, who wrote, during a journey through the wilderness of Pennsylvania: "In my traveling on the road, I often felt a cry rise from the centre of my mind, thus, 'O Lord, I am a stranger on the earth, hide not thy face from me.'"

But I forget that I am myself traveling on the road; and all this long disquisition is only a chapter of reminiscences, due to the multitudinous singing of the thrushes on this side and that, as we — I and my great dog — trod the high cathedral aisles. After a while the sound of running water came to us above the deeper diapason of the pines, and, turning aside, we clambered down to a brook which we had already learned to make the terminus of our walks. Along this stream we had discovered a dozen secret nooks where man and dog might lie or sit at ease, and to-day I stretched myself on a cool, hollow rock, with my eyes

looking up the long, leafy chasm of the brook. Just above my couch the current was dammed by a row of mossy boulders, over which the water poured with a continual murmur and plash. My head was only a little higher than the pool beyond the boulders, and, lying motionless, I watched the flies weaving a pattern over the surface of the quiet water, and now and then was rewarded by seeing a greedy trout leap into the sunlight to capture one of the winged weavers. Surely, if there is any such thing as real intimacy with Nature, it is in just such quiet spots as this; the grander scenes require of us a moral enthusiasm which can come to the soul only at rare intervals and for brief moments.

But at last I turned from dreaming and moralizing on the little life about me, and began to read. The volume chosen was the most appropriate to the time and place that could be imagined, — Thoreau's Walden; and having entered upon an experiment not altogether unlike his, I now set myself to reading the record of his two years of solitude. I learned many things from that morning's perusal. Several times I had read the Odyssey within sight of the sea, and the murmur of the waves on the beach beating through the rhythm of the poem had taught me how vital a thing a book might be, and how it could acquire a peculiar validity from harmonious surroundings; but now the reading of Thoreau in this charmed and lonely spot emphasized this commonplace truth in a peculiar manner. Walden studied in the closet, and Walden mused over under the trees, by running water, are two quite different books. And then, from Thoreau, the greatest by far of our writers on Nature, and the creator of a new sentiment in literature, my mind turned to the long list of Americans who have left, or are still composing, a worthy record of their love and appreciation of the natural world. Our land of multiform activities has produced so little that is really creative in literature or art! Hawthorne and Poe, and possibly one or two others, were masters in their own field; yet even they chose not quite the highest realm for their genius to work in. But in one subject our writers have led the way, and are still preëminent: Thoreau was the creator of a new manner of writing about Nature. In its deeper essence his work is inimitable, as it is the voice of a unique personality; but in its superficial aspects it has been taken up by a host of living writers, who have caught something of his method, even if they lack his genius and singleness of heart. From these it was an easy transition to compare Thoreau's attitude of mind with that of Wordsworth and the other great poets of the century who have gone to Nature for their inspiration, and have made Nature-writing the characteristic note of modern verse. What is it in Thoreau that is not to be found in Byron and Shelley and Wordsworth, not to mention old Izaak Walton, Gilbert White of Selborne, and a host of others? It was a rare treat, as I lay in that leafy covert, to go over in memory the famous descriptive passages from these authors, and to contrast their spirit with that of the book in my hand.

As I considered these matters, it seemed to me that Thoreau's work was distinguished from that of his American predecessors and imitators by just these qualities of awe and wonder which we, in our communings with Nature, so often cast away. Mere description, though it may at times have a scientific value, is after all a very cheap form of literature; and, as I have already intimated, too much curiosity of detail is likely to exert a deadening influence on the philosophic and poetic contemplation of Nature. Such an influence is, as I believe, specially noticeable at the present time, and even Thoreau was not entirely free from its baneful effect. Much of his writing, perhaps the greater part, is the mere record of observation and classification,

and has not the slightest claim on our remembrance, — unless, indeed, it possesses some scientific value, which I doubt. Certainly the parts of his work having permanent interest are just those chapters where he is less the minute observer, and more the contemplative philosopher. Despite the width and exactness of his information, he was far from having the truly scientific spirit; the acquisition of knowledge, with him, was in the end quite subordinate to his interest in the moral significance of Nature, and the words he read in her obscure scroll were a language of strange mysteries, oftentimes of awe. It is a constant reproach to the prying, self-satisfied habits of small minds to see the reverence of this great-hearted observer before the supreme goddess he so loved and studied.

Much of this contemplative spirit of Thoreau is due to the soul of the man himself, to that personal force which no analysis of character can explain. But, besides this, it has always seemed to me that, more than any other descriptive writer of the country, his mind is the natural outgrowth, and his essays the natural expression, of a feeling deep-rooted in the historical beginnings of New England; and this foundation in the past gives a strength and convincing force to his words that lesser writers utterly lack. Consider the new life of the Puritan colonists in the strange surroundings of their desert home. Consider the case of the adventurous Pilgrims sailing from the comfortable city of Leyden to the unknown wilderness over the sea. As Governor Bradford wrote, "the place they had thoughts on was some of those vast & unpeopled countries of America, which are frutfull & fitt for habitation, being devoyd of all civill inhabitants, wher ther are only salvage & brutish men, which range up and downe, little otherwise than ye wild beasts of the same." In these vast and unpeopled countries, where beast and bird were strange to the eye, and where "salvage" men abounded, — men who did not always make the land so "fitt" for new inhabitants as Bradford might have desired, — it was inevitable that the mind should be turned to explore and report on natural phenomena and on savage life. It is a fact that some of the descriptions of sea and land made by wanderers to Virginia and Massachusetts have a directness and graphic power, touched occasionally with an element of wildness, that render them even to-day agreeable reading. This was before the time of Rousseau, and before Gray had discovered the beauty of wild mountain scenery; inevitably the early American writers were chiefly interested in Nature as the home of future colonists, and their books are for the most part semi-scientific accounts of what they studied from a utilitarian point of view.

But the dryness of detailed description in the New World was from the first modified and lighted up by the wondering awe of men set down in the midst of the strange and often threatening forces of an untried wilderness; and this sense of awful aloofness, which to a certain extent lay dormant in the earlier writers, did nevertheless sink deep into the heart of New England, and when, in the lapse of time, the country entered into its intellectual renaissance, and the genius came who was destined to give full expression to the thoughts of his people before the face of Nature, it was inevitable that his works should be dominated by just this sense of poetic mystery.

It is this New World inheritance, moreover, — joined, of course, with his own inexplicable personality, which must not be left out of account, — that makes Thoreau's attitude toward Nature something quite distinct from that of the great poets who just preceded him. There was in him none of the fiery spirit of the revolution which caused Byron to mingle hatred of men with enthusiasm for the Alpine solitudes. There was none of

the passion for beauty and voluptuous self-abandonment of Keats; these were not in the atmosphere he breathed at Concord. He was not touched with Shelley's unearthly mysticism, nor had he ever fed

"on the aerial kisses
Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses;"

his moral sinews were too stark and strong for that form of mental dissipation. Least of all did he, after the manner of Wordsworth, hear in the voice of Nature any compassionate plea for the weakness and sorrow of the downtrodden. Philanthropy and humanitarian sympathies were to him a desolation and a woe. "Philanthropy is almost the only virtue which is sufficiently appreciated by mankind. Nay, it is greatly overrated; and it is our selfishness which overrates it," he writes. And again: "The philanthropist too often surrounds mankind with the remembrance of his own cast-off griefs as an atmosphere, and calls it sympathy." Similarly his reliance on the human will was too sturdy to be much perturbed by the inequalities and sufferings of mankind, and his faith in the individual was too unshaken to be led into humanitarian interest in the masses. "Alas! this is the crying sin of the age," he declares, "this want of faith in the prevalence of a man."

But the deepest and most essential difference is the lack of pantheistic reverie in Thoreau. It is this brooding over the universal spirit embodied in the material world which almost always marks the return of sympathy with Nature, and which is particularly noticeable in the poets of the present century. So Lord Byron, wracked and broken by his social catastrophes, turns for relief to the fair scenes of Lake Leman, and finds in the high mountains and placid waters a consoling spirit akin to his own.

"Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?"

he asks; and in the bitterness of his human disappointment he would "be alone, and love Earth only for its earthly sake." Shelley, too, "mixed awful talk" with the "Great Parent," and heard in her voice an answer to all his vague dreams of the soul of universal love. No one, so far as I know, has yet studied the relation between Wordsworth's pantheism and his humanitarian sympathies, but we need only glance at his Lines on Tintern Abbey to see how closely the two feelings were interknit in his mind. It was because he felt this

"sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;"

it was because the distinctions of the human will and the consequent perception of individual responsibility were largely absorbed in this dream of the universal spirit, that he heard in Nature "the still, sad music of humanity," and reproduced it so sympathetically in his own song. Of all this pantheism, whether attended with revolt from responsibility or languid reverie or humanitarian dreams, there is hardly a trace in Thoreau. The memory of man's struggle with the primeval woods and fields was not so lost in antiquity that Nature had grown into an indistinguishable part of human life. Governor Bradford wrote his story of the Pilgrims, "that their children may see with what difficulties their fathers wrastled in going throug these things in their first beginnings," and the lesson had not been lost. If Nature smiled upon Thoreau at times, she was still an alien creature who only succumbed to his force and tenderness, as she had before given her bounty, though reluctantly, to the Pilgrim Fathers. A certain companionship he had with the plants and wild beasts of the field, a certain intimacy with the dumb earth; but he did not seek to merge his personality in their impersonal life, or look to them for a re-

sponse to his own inner moods; he associated with them as the soul associates with the body.

More characteristic is his sense of awe, even of dread, toward the great unsubdued forces of the world. The loneliness of the mountains such as they appeared to the early adventurers in a strange, unexplored country; the repellent loneliness of the barren heights frowning down inhospitably upon the pioneer who scratched the soil at their base; the loneliness and terror of the dark, untrodden forests, where the wanderer might stray away and be lost forever, where savage men were more feared than the wild animals, and where superstition saw the haunt of the Black Man and of all uncleanness, — all this tradition of sombre solitude made Nature to Thoreau something very different from the hills and valleys of Old England. "We have not seen pure Nature," he says, "unless we have seen her thus vast and drear and inhuman. . . . Man was not to be associated with it. It was Matter, vast, terrific, — not his Mother Earth that we have heard of, not for him to tread on, or be buried in, — no, it were being too familiar even to let his bones lie there, — the home, this, of Necessity and Fate." After reading Byron's invocation to the Alps as the palaces of Nature; or the ethereal mountain scenes in Shelley's Alastor, where all the sternness of the everlasting hills is dissolved into rainbow hues of shifting light as dainty as the poet's own soul; or Wordsworth's familiar musings in the vale of Grasmere, — if, after these, we turn to Thoreau's account of the ascent of Mount Katahdin, we seem at once to be in the home of another tradition. I am tempted to quote a few sentences of that account to emphasize the point. On the mountain heights, he says of the beholder: "He is more lone than you can imagine. There is less of substantial thought and fair understanding in him than in the plains where men inhabit. His reason is dispersed and shadowy, more thin and subtile, like the air. Vast, Titanic, inhuman Nature has got him at disadvantage, caught him alone, and pilfers him of some of his divine faculty. She does not smile on him as in the plains. She seems to say sternly, Why came ye here before your time? This ground is not prepared for you. Is it not enough that I smile in the valleys? I have never made this soil for thy feet, this air for thy breathing, these rocks for thy neighbors. I cannot pity nor fondle thee here, but forever relentlessly drive thee hence to where I *am* kind."

I do not mean to present the work of Thoreau as equal in value to the achievement of the great poets with whom I have compared him, but wish merely in this way to bring out more definitely his characteristic traits. Yet if his creative genius is less than theirs, I cannot but think his attitude toward Nature is in many respects truer and more wholesome. Pantheism, whether on the banks of the Ganges or of the Thames, seems to bring with it a spreading taint of effeminacy; and from this the mental attitude of our Concord naturalist was eminently free. There is something tonic and bracing in his intercourse with the rude forces of the forest; he went to Walden Pond because he had "private business to transact," not for relaxation and mystical reverie. "To be a philosopher," he said, "is not merely to have subtle thoughts, nor even to found a school, but so to love wisdom as to live according to its dictates, a life of simplicity, independence, magnanimity, and trust;" and by recurring to the solitudes of Nature he thought he could best develop in himself just these manly virtues. Nature was to him a discipline of the will as much as a stimulant to the imagination. He would, if it were possible, "combine the hardiness of the savages with the intellectualness of the civilized man;" and in this method of working

out the philosophical life we see again the influence of long and deep-rooted tradition. To the first settlers, the red man was as much an object of curiosity and demanded as much study as the earth they came to cultivate; their books are full of graphic pictures of savage life, and it would seem as if now in Thoreau this inherited interest had received at last its ripest expression. When he traveled in the wilderness of Maine, he was as much absorbed in learning the habits of his Indian guides as in exploring the woods. He had some innate sympathy or perception which taught him to find relics of old Indian life where others would pass them by, and there is a well-known story of his answer to one who asked him where such relics could be discovered: he merely stooped down and picked an arrowhead from the ground.

And withal his stoic virtues never dulled his sense of awe, and his long years of observation never lessened his feeling of strangeness in the presence of solitary Nature. If at times his writing descends into the cataloguing style of the ordinary naturalist, yet the old tradition of wonder was too strong in him to be more than temporarily obscured. Unfortunately, his occasional faults have become in some of his recent imitators the staple of their talent; but Thoreau was preëminently the poet and philosopher of his school, and I cannot do better than close these desultory notes with the quotation of a passage which seems to me to convey most vividly his sensitiveness to the solemn mystery of the deep forest.

"We heard," he writes in his Chesuncook, "come faintly echoing, or creeping from afar, through the moss-clad aisles, a dull, dry, rushing sound, with a solid core to it, yet as if half smothered under the grasp of the luxuriant and fungus-like forest, like the shutting of a door in some distant entry of the damp and shaggy wilderness. If we had not been there, no mortal had heard it. When we asked Joe [the Indian guide] in a whisper what it was, he answered, —'Tree fall.'"

Paul Elmer More.

TWO SONNETS.

SUMMUM BONUM.

How blest is he that can but love and do,
And has no skill of speech nor trick of art
Wherewith to tell what faith approveth true,
And show for fame the treasures of his heart!
When, wisely weak, upon the path of duty
Divine accord has made his footing sure,
With humble deeds he builds his life to beauty,
Strong to achieve, and patient to endure.
But they that in the market place we meet,
Each with his trumpet and his noisy faction,
Are leaky vessels, pouring on the street
The truth they know ere it has known its action.
And which, think ye, in His benign regard,
Or words or deeds shall merit the reward?

RESIGNATION.

When friends forsake, and fortune in despite
Of Thy rich bounty strips me to the wind,
With eye undimmed I mark their faithless flight,
Because in Thee a refuge still I find.
To them Thy love I may not tell or teach,
Lest they bemock, not me, but Thee through me;
What Thou dost give I may not give to speech,
Because in deeds my speech must ever be.
Oh, let me live so that my life will show
That I have treasure that they know not of;
So if, through envy, they would seek to know
And rob my secret, they will learn Thy love;
For thus the glory will be ever Thine,
And the reward of faithful service mine.

Peter McArthur.

THE DULL SEASON IN POLITICS.

It is a notable journey that President McKinley has undertaken, and there are none of his fellow citizens who will grudge him a holiday. He has carried his great responsibilities cheerfully, and, as he passes from state to state in his triumphal progress, he is certain to diffuse a comfortable glow of equanimity and optimism. Generations have passed since we have enjoyed, in our national politics, a similar "era of good feeling." The President will naturally make the most of it. His personal amiability is beyond dispute; he is supreme in a victorious party; and, with a political skill which those who fail to agree with him are the first to recognize, he has disarmed and disconcerted the opposition. He will receive everywhere a cordial welcome, as befits the President of the republic, and he will utilize with his accustomed sagacity his opportunities for ascertaining and following the drift of public opinion. He is anxious to please, and wants to be the kind of President we want him to be.

It is the dull season in politics, or he could not have planned so extensive a tour of inspection. For the first time since the war with Spain, there is a little breathing space in our foreign struggles. The establishment of civil government in the Philippines seems at last to have begun in good earnest. The Taft Commission is performing effective service. The political consequences of Aguinaldo's capture can scarcely fail to be advantageous to us, though it is to be regretted that the brave officer who trapped him resorted to methods which were apparently forbidden by our own rules of warfare, and which, if practiced upon American troops, would have been denounced as Malay perfidy. However, the ethics of war are puzzling at best, and the country has already forgotten the details of Aguinaldo's capture in its satisfaction with the fact that the Philippines are passing into a new and more orderly phase of political existence. Those of us who believe in their permanent retention, and those who still doubt both the righteousness and the wisdom of such a policy, may now join in sincere efforts

for the tranquillity and reorganization of the islands. The swifter the establishment of civil order, of commerce and law and education, the sooner will both Filipinos and Americans be able to decide what shall be their future relations.

Cuba, too, is quiet at present. Much will turn upon the unheralded and unknown development of opinion there in the next few months. In refusing assent to the terms of the Platt Amendment, the Constitutional Convention did what was to be expected. The Latin-American mind, agile as it is, seems to have difficulty in reconciling the Teller Resolution with the Platt Amendment, though this task is easy for some of our native sleight-of-hand performers, particularly those of the religious press. The plain truth is that there was some hysteria in Washington in the spring of 1898, together with much generosity of feeling toward the struggling Cubans; and that now we are in a very different mood, and are bent more upon safeguarding our own interests than upon preserving the Cubans' self-respect. Their *amour-propre* has of course been wounded; but the Anglo-Saxon has never been very lucky in dealing with the feelings of weaker peoples, and there is a reasonable hope that time and the exercise of mutual courtesy will allay all serious misunderstanding, and bring Cuba into still more amicable relations with the United States.

It is said that the State Department is taking advantage of the dull season to renew its efforts for a treaty with Great Britain, along the line of the Hay-Pauncefote convention. The importance of an Isthmian canal is obvious; the importance of keeping our national faith, as expressed in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, is less obvious, in the opinion of many of our public men. But we believe that the business sense of the country will, in this instance, strengthen the moral force of our treaty obligations, and that we shall ultimately have an unfortified canal, whose neutrality will be strictly guaranteed. Such is the recommendation of our army and navy experts, and a neutral canal will be one more step toward the goal of international good will.

Unless disquieting news comes from China, where our diplomacy and our soldiers have made such an admirable record, the summer opens with the foreign political horizon fairly clear, as far as we are directly concerned. At home, the reorganization of the Democratic party is still an affair of the future. Congress is not in session. The President is touring the country. Private citizens are engrossed in making and spending the incomes that prosperous times have made possible. And yet a great deal is silently happening, to shape our political destiny.

In this season of apathy toward the issues of partisan politics, and of freedom from the immediate stress of foreign complications, the real life of the American people is going steadily forward. Regrettable, on many grounds, as is our present temper of extreme reaction against theory, — particularly against those theories of democratic self-government to which we owe our very existence as a nation, — we are nevertheless learning long lessons in the school of fact. The vast mechanism of our social and industrial life is ceaselessly active. We are beginning to reach an understanding of the question of the trusts, not through heated congressional debate, but by actual experience with the good and the evil results of these gigantic combinations. While authors and editors are writing books and articles to prove that the negro will never fit himself for citizenship, Booker Washington and thousands of less distinguished men of his race are quietly demonstrating that the negro is already an excellent citizen. While politicians in high office are suavely treacherous to the cause of civil service reform, the business interests of practical men

are every day insisting upon and securing a better civil service. Whenever the excitement of national party politics subsides, in a thousand municipalities men are chosen to office on their merits, and recent municipal elections have illustrated anew the preference of the American voter for honest candidates, with opinions of their own and the courage of their convictions. We have not yet outgrown the evil of class legislation, — the very next Congress may pass a shipping subsidy measure as indefensible in principle as the recent bill, though more adroitly drawn, — but with each year the education of the masses and the wider distribution of political power are making class legislation more difficult.

In short, it is in the dull season of politics that the underlying structure of our self-governing, industrial democracy can most readily be perceived. Americans who are thrown into daily contact with wage-earners, with the normal life of our hard-working, peace-loving people, are seldom tempted to despair of the republic. They can see everywhere the growth of a more healthy municipal conscience, a greater willingness to test theory by fact, the evolution of a more real freedom for the individual. Doubtless there will always be blunders to confess, disasters to record, particularly when our institutions are confronted by foreign conditions and forces, undreamed of by the founders of the republic. But our mistakes may well teach us a little wholesome humility, without lessening our loyalty to American ideals and our faith in American character.

MAX MÜLLER AT OXFORD.

THE warmest of the late Mr. Max Müller's admirers will hardly refrain from a faint, fugitive, and tender smile when he reads the ingenuous apology prefixed to the newly published Autobiography of the Oriental scholar.[1] Friends, it seems, had complained to him that there was not enough of himself in the two volumes of reminiscences which were issued in 1898 and 1899 under the title of Auld Lang Syne. To that neutral being, the general reader, there seemed, no doubt, to be a good deal of himself even in those discursive memoirs. Yet to have known him, as the present writer did, from fifteen to twenty years ago, in the fullness of his mental power, and when even his extraordinary personal beauty was almost unimpaired by time, is to feel that the gracious and unique personality of the man was a more memorable thing than all his philological researches, metaphysical theories, and social advantages put together.

Historically the Autobiography is only a fragment; and Mr. Wilhelm Max Müller tells us in his modest preface under what affecting circumstances that fragment received its latest revision at his father's hands: "Even when he was lying in bed, far too weak to sit up in a chair, he continued to work at the manuscript with me. I would read portions aloud to him, and he would suggest alterations and dictate additions. I see that we were actually at work on this up to the 19th of October, and on the 28th he was taken to his well-earned rest." The connected narrative stops short altogether in the first years of the young German philologist's popularity in Oxford, when he was about thirty years of age, before he had fortified his uncertain social position in a foreign

[1] *My Autobiography.* By F. MAX MÜLLER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

land, as well as insured his own singular domestic happiness, by his marriage with Georgina Grenfell, whose maiden name represented so much of what is most admirable in England in the way both of civic and of military tradition.

Not the least engaging among Friedrich Max Müller's many pleasant personal qualities was a certain trustful and rather whimsical candor, which led him, upon occasion, to speak openly of things advantageous to himself, such as a more self-conscious and really vainer person would have kept sedulously concealed. When he relates how the librarian of the Bibliothèque Royale, in Paris, used to shout to Ernest Renan to fetch certain Sanskrit manuscripts for the use of Mr. Max Müller, he fully perceives the humor of the situation, and hopes and expects that his reader will perceive it, too. Nor did he ever cease to find an exquisite kind of amusement in his own position as Fellow of All Souls. For *him*, the self-devoted *Stubengelehrte*, the youth of austere training and unworldly ideals, to have drifted into that fat paradise of the voluptuaries of learning struck him as a delightful joke on the part of Fate, and one which he frankly enjoyed seeing appreciated by others. Two of the prizes which he most ardently desired, and which many thought he deserved and should have received, — the Boden Professorship of Sanskrit and the presidency of the Indian Institute, — fell to other competitors; but he accepted his defeat, and the compensations which were indirectly offered him therefor, with that unalterable sweetness which seemed a natural product of his own light, easy-going, but very genuine piety. "We must allow the gods to be good to us in their own way," he would have said, "and not in ours." He knew that he was a personage and a power in Oxford, and had done a most important work there in the impulse which he gave to philological, and especially Oriental studies, at that critical moment when the old rigid scholastic barriers were crumbling and everything was ripe for change. Some of his younger disciples came eventually to feel, as young disciples are so prone to do, that they had outstripped their teacher. It was almost one to him, whose main desire and most steadfast preoccupation were, after all, the prosperity of sound learning and the spread of essential truth. So, too, with the curiously impartial attitude which he managed to maintain through all the agitating conflicts and tragical episodes that accompanied the so-called Oxford Movement. He was freely accused of time-serving, and a canny determination to keep well with both the impassioned parties in that desperate strife. In reality, he viewed them both from the outside, in a spirit of mild and debonair detachment, serene in the enjoyment of his own simple creed, which was that of a highly diluted and idealized Lutheranism. "The religious and devotional element," he observes in the chapter on Childhood in Dessau, "is very strong in Germany, but the churches are mostly empty. A German keeps his religion for week days rather than Sundays." In this vague but genial belief he lived and died content; and it is in a spirit of the simplest good faith that he describes himself as trying earnestly, but vainly, to convince Froude and Kingsley and Liddon how entirely imaginary most of their spiritual troubles were. No doubt, also, as he himself suggests, he imbibed a certain amount of Oriental quietism from those philosophies of the East which early became his favorite study. He came to Oxford, as has been said, in the declining years of the fine old semi-monastic and yet exceedingly mundane order. He saw the centenarian Dr. Routh, of Magdalen, who had known a lady who had seen Charles I. walking in those dreamy "Parks" that derived their name from the disposition of the royal

artillery in the Civil War; and he lived to witness the æsthetically deplorable development of "villa land" in the direction of Woodstock and Banbury, and a numerous and influential society of married dons. He arrived from Leipsic, via Paris, in the light marching order of a wandering scholar, while Newman was yet at Littlemore, and he saw, before the close of his Oxford career, lecture rooms crowded with note-scribbling ladies, pupils flocking to the summer school, and Mansfield College completed and prosperous! By temperament he was German of the Germans; and it is one more proof of his gentle but invincible independence of spirit that, though so fully adopted into the British order of things, and highly distinguished by British Royalty (which, however, is also German), — "in spite," as one may say, "of all temptations to belong to other nations," — he was never to any appreciable degree Anglicized. Furthermore, he was a German of that speculative and romantic period from whose transcendental ideals the aggressive Germany of Bismarck and his creature the Emperor William III. appears, at least, to have reacted so far. Brought up by his pretty, pensive, and very early widowed mother, in the old-fashioned walled capital of the little mid-German state of Dessau, of which he gives, in his first chapter, a captivating description, his were not merely the simple habits and strict moral refinement, but the unconscious and therefore wholly unashamed sentimentality, the marked artistic and especially musical aptitude, and, above all, the passion for abstract truth, which belonged to the Germany of Kant and Hegel, Mendelssohn and Schubert, Schiller, Uhland, Adelbert von Chamisso, and de la Motte Fouqué. This was the very country of lisping lyrics, pious memories, and sober lives, which Longfellow discovered to the inquisitive spirits of Boston, Cambridge, and Concord, 't is sixty years since.

When the young Friedrich Maximilian was sent, at the age of twelve, from Dessau to a preparatory school in the university town of Leipsic, his darling ambition was to become a philosopher, and he is very entertaining about the metaphysical craze which raged, at that period, all over Germany. Kant and the Critique of Pure Reason he found discouraging upon first acquaintance, but Hegel's famous Idea seemed to promise the solution of every mystery. From the Minister of Instruction down to the village schoolmaster everybody claimed to be an Hegelian, and this was supposed to be the best road to advancement. "Ultimately, however," he characteristically adds, "while dreaming of a chair of philosophy in a German university, I began to feel that I must know something special, something that no other philosopher knew, and that induced me to learn Sanskrit, Arabic, and Persian. I had only heard what we call in Germany the chiming, not the striking of the bells of Indian philosophers." Later on, as all the world knows, he came to regard the study of language and the study of thought as one, and finally defended against all comers the thesis that there is no such thing as thought without language. People who had begun to read seriously in the sixties well remember how fresh and stimulating were the essays on the Study of Language and the Chips from a German Workshop; but the positive and permanent value of Max Müller's contributions to the science even of human speech has probably yet to be determined. No doubt he suffered unduly for a time from the first inevitable reaction against his vogue in Oxford. To the elder men of the old order, stagnating in their academic traditions, he was a welcome novelty; but precisely because these made a pet, the men of the new order were half inclined to make a butt of him, and it became the fairly wearisome *cliché* of a certain

clique to jeer at the sun myth. I have always thought, also, that the real originality of some of his views, at the time when they were first propounded, combined with a certain perverse insular distrust of his personal affability to foster something like the dogged prejudice with which the German Prince Consort had always to contend.

It will hardly be possible, however, to judge fairly either of his work or of the adequacy of its reward until the fuller memoirs which Mrs. Max Müller is now preparing shall have been given to the world; and assuredly there was never a wife better fitted, either by womanly sympathy or intellectual acumen, to interpret a distinguished husband to the public.

Meanwhile, the Autobiography, imperfect as it is, recalls delightfully to an old acquaintance, and must, I think, convey even to one who never knew him, a clear image of the man. He was usually at his best as a host; especially at All Souls, where I recall him upon a warm April day, "in such a time as comes before the leaf," but when the tall windows of the college hall were thrown wide open to an expanse of emerald English turf, bordered by a blaze of jonquils and *Pyrus japonica*, enthusiastically doing the honors of that stately place. He expatiated by turns, and with the same boyish zest, on the beauteous anomaly of a college without pupils; on the use of those ingeniously turned mahogany rods, ending, some in a horse-shoe-shaped appendage, and some in a large curve like that of a crosier, which had been invented by a gouty Fellow to facilitate the progress of the wine; and on the fitness of the word "tumbler" as originally applied to certain clumsy little silver cups with convex bottoms, which would stand upright only when filled and weighted with the potent college ale.

Of the more private hospitalities of that sunny house overlooking the Parks, where so many of our compatriots have received a hearty welcome, it seems hardly allowable to speak. The freedom of that house was to many an undergraduate one of the best boons of his Oxford days; and there was an old joke about claiming kinship with the family, embodied in one of the epigrammatic quatrains that were in vogue at one time, and of which the witty two upon the Master of Balliol and the Dean of Christ Church are familiar on both sides of the sea. The reader can safely fill in the blanks in the following with any one of a half dozen trochaic proper names, intimately associated with the more modern renown of Oxford: —

> "I am —— ——; I have dozens
> Of the most enchanting cousins.
> I 'm going across the Parks to tea;
> Won't you come along with me?"

The entertainment in that house was frequently musical, and always of the best. Both the then surviving daughters inherited their father's musical temperament and were accomplished performers, though neither ever quite attained to his own astonishing early proficiency at the piano. He gloried in telling that, as a boy of sixteen at Leipsic, he had been affectionately patted on the shoulder by Felix Mendelssohn for his manner of playing one of the master's own pieces; but he would explain with hardly inferior relish how it was his playing which won him admission, while he was yet green in Oxford, to the houses of some of the most exclusive heads, albeit those magnates never dissembled their opinion that it was no part of a gentleman's business to understand the pianoforte.

The first break in the ideal family circle at Norham Gardens — "husband, wife, and children three" — came with the marriage of the exquisite elder daughter, Mary, to Frederic Conybeare, a don of University College, since known to the world for his gallant exertions on behalf of Captain Dreyfus and for some pungent political pamphlets. In Mary

Conybeare, the genius of the father who idolized her and the exceptional physical beauty of both parents reappeared in a strangely etherealized form. She was one of those of whom we all seem to perceive, after they are gone, that a hundred mystic signs had always marked them for another world than this. I can see her still, with her classic head and straight, sweet features, with a wreath, in her dark hair, of gold olive leaves beaten flat and thin, which had been copied from an Etruscan model for one of her wedding gifts, — a vision of almost incredible human grace, "a dream of form in days of thought." I also remember her husband's telling me, to illustrate the astonishing quickness of her mind and her fine inherited aptitudes, how he taught her Greek orally, one summer when they passed six weeks at a German bath, and she accompanied him on the long forest and mountain walks which his physician had ordered. The alphabet she had known before, but she learned from his lips, in that short time, declensions, conjugations, a considerable vocabulary, and enough of syntax to be able to construe easy Greek, like that of Xenophon, with entire ease, the first time she opened a book.

"I do not wonder," as Ruskin says, "at what men suffer, but I do wonder at what they lose. . . . The fruit stricken to earth before its ripeness, . . . the dead, naked, eyeless *loss*, — what good comes of that?"

All Oxford was heartstricken by the tidings of Mrs. Conybeare's sudden death at the seaside, within three years after her marriage.

> "The light of her young life went down
> As sinks behind a hill
> The glory of a setting star,
> Clear, suddenly and still."

And the father whose pride she was, and who had remained young so long, began to be an old man from that sorrowful day.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Good Fortune of Benjamin Harrison.

I MUST introduce myself to the Club as an insatiable reader of obituaries. I cannot recall the time when I was not something of a connoisseur in epitaphs. Though I cannot claim the distinction of a genuinely melancholy temperament, I confess that when I open a newspaper I look first, indeed, — but this is mere habit, — at the baseball games, then at the death notices, and only thereafter do I settle down to the normal digestion of the news of the day. I am a lover of funeral oratory, — at least when I can read it over a quiet pipe; for I do not greatly like to listen to its delivery. My edition of Bossuet is well thumbed, and I have just filed away for a third reading the noble eulogy recently pronounced by Senator Lodge upon Governor Roger Wolcott of Massachusetts.

With such a passion for noting the judgment of the world upon those who have lately left it, I have naturally read every available comment upon the career of Benjamin Harrison. The American newspaper allows itself to speak frankly of the eminent dead, however it may occasionally take counsels of policy in speaking of the living. The character of the former President has been freely discussed in every quarter of the country, but I have noted scarcely an exception to the general heartiness of praise, to the widespread acknowledgment of his high character and patriotic spirit. Fortunate in many things, Benjamin Harrison was supremely fortunate

in winning the kindly and true word of eulogy when he passed away from us.

And yet it is curious that it should have been so. He was not a man of "magnetic" temperament. To most observers he seemed rather cold. His mental equipment was that of the logician. During most of his political life he was a partisan of the stricter sort, and often an ungenerous partisan. He was respected, even by his opponents, but was never really popular outside of his own state. He was the sort of political leader who is trusted, but not toasted. After relinquishing his high office he went back to hard work in his profession. He shunned notoriety. His public appearances were rare, although his felicity and dignity as a speaker made them memorable. It was a worthy record, out of the presidency as in it, but it does not seem to account entirely for the universal sense of loss in his death.

How much of that sense of loss was due to our instinctive recognition of the value of independent political opinion? In the last year of his life, Mr. Harrison, as everybody knows, differed fundamentally from his party upon certain momentous questions. In his Ann Arbor address and in his papers in the North American Review he gave forcible expression to his convictions. A few party newspapers declared that he "lacked tact," that he had "made a mistake." But the country at large, whether it agreed with him or not, was very much interested. It liked his courage. Furthermore, he showed unexpected wit and urbanity and good temper in asserting the rights of weak nations like the Boers, and the obligations of strong nations like our own. He knew that he stood, at least temporarily, in a minority, but instead of growing cynical and despairing on that account, he led the forlorn hope with imperturbable good nature.

Was it for such reasons that Mr. Harrison's influence was growing, to the very moment of his death? We Americans like the winner, and are quick enough to range ourselves upon the winning side, but we admire a cheerful loser, too. Benjamin Harrison had that sturdy old-fashioned American disposition which takes fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks, is not very prompt to discover when it is beaten, and in victory or defeat never takes itself so seriously as it does the good cause. Everybody seemed to recognize, at the hour of Mr. Harrison's passing, that here was a man of the fine old type; and this universal recognition of excellence is at once the great good fortune of the statesman who is gone, and the best evidence of the fundamental soundness of American public opinion.

On Knowing your Missionary.

MARK TWAIN has announced the verdict that the missionary's head is not so good as his heart, and that he is liable to errors of judgment. The *Tu quoque* argument is always embarrassing, but really, dear and honored Mark, have you not described in those words your own predicament? Your swift attack upon what you conceived to be outrageous wrong has made us like you even better than before, but could there be a more grave error of judgment than your readiness to pronounce sentence upon very scanty knowledge of the facts? When you lay bare the cant and hypocrisy of civilized nations, we applaud the moral courage that speaks the truth as it sees it, regardless of the popular fashion of the hour. But when you castigate American missionaries, please remember that they are the pride of a missionary-producing people. Some of us plain stay-at-homes, who have never had your opportunity for traveling around the world, are persuaded that we know the American missionaries rather better than you do. We were brought up with them, have summered and wintered with them, have gone through school and college with them, have read letters from them

and written letters to them all our lives. We have contributed hard cash — the Lord knows it was little enough! — to help them in their work; have welcomed them home on their rare vacations, and bidden them Godspeed when they returned. Missionaries? Professional globe-trotters and correspondents speak of them as a bloodless, sexless, inefficient order of beings, living on charity, and never getting at the facts of foreign politics or the real temper of foreign peoples. But we know better. There is scarcely a town in New England where foreign missionaries are not as well known as the village postmaster. We raise missionaries!

The writer never saw a missionary at work in the foreign field, but he has fished, and shot, and sailed, and tramped, and forgathered with dozens of them here. William S., you of the West Coast mission now, do you remember pulling No. 2 in that heart-breaking race so long ago? Billy M., of Asia Minor, you have forgotten how you surreptitiously gave me your blanket, that freezing night on Greylock, but I have not. Taciturn J. H., the Arabs of the desert have tried to murder you more than once, but you have never been nearer death than on that squally day off Rockland (it was Sunday, too!), when you were knocked overboard by the boom. Stanley P., the river fever of Siam took your life all too soon, but how gayly you went out there, with your favorite tennis racket strapped up with your Bible! Harry G., of South China, we have some good tackles nowadays, but never a man built as you were, or so quick in breaking through. And we missed you at centre, last fall, big Bob G., you who carried a rifle at the siege of Tien-tsin, and took care of the babies when off duty. And you, scholarly, book-loving S., who with your wife and child are holding your solitary post at the far end of Alaska, where the steamer touches but once a year, — Mark Twain may think your heart is better than your head, but I should be satisfied if I had either.

As for the missionary women, I have frankly lost my heart to more than one of them. Bright-eyed, brave, soft-voiced little strategists, I have heard you tell the story of Armenian massacres, when you cared, single-handed, for hundreds of refugees; the story of famines in India, when you were quartermasters-general. Only the other day I had the pleasure of lunching with one of you, who toiled side by side with the Rev. Mr. Ament through the siege of Pekin, and know him as only those who have faced death together can know each other. If you or he were more bent upon procuring food and shelter for your homeless converts than you were upon getting favorable press notices, it was the sort of error in judgment that does you infinite honor.

Dear Mark Twain, was not your hasty condemnation of such men and women as these a little like the conduct of your own delightful sea captain, who insisted, you remember, on hanging the nigger first and trying him afterwards? That course of procedure has a certain fascination for some of our fellow citizens to this day; but having yourself satirized the practice once, you cannot expect us to applaud when you range yourself with the lynchers.

My Friend Copperfield.

Unless the large new editions of Dickens are all bought for the sitting rooms of the vulgar, time has already proved his critics a little smug. That he is no realist has not for our romantic day the import of thirty years ago. And indeed, to insist that Dickens has no inkling of realism is to blink quite too many studies of his in that rendering of life which is the preoccupation of Mr. Hardy. The thirteenth chapter of David Copperfield, for example, has a scene in the very manner: —

"'What do you mean,' said the tinker, 'by wearing my brother's silk handker-

cher? Give it over here!' And he had mine off my neck in a moment, and tossed it to the woman.

"The woman burst into a fit of laughter, as if she thought this a joke, and tossed it back to me, nodded once, as slightly as before, and made the word 'Go!' with her lips. Before I could obey, however, the tinker seized the handkerchief out of my hand with a roughness that threw me away like a feather, and putting it loosely round his own neck, turned upon the woman with an oath and knocked her down. I never shall forget seeing her fall backward on the hard road, and lie there with her bonnet tumbled off, and her hair all whitened in the dust; nor, when I looked back from a distance, seeing her sitting on the pathway, which was a bank by the roadside, wiping the blood from her face with the corner of her shawl, while he went on ahead."

But that dust and blood are demonstrably of the accident of Dickens, not of the substance. Blunderstone is said to be in Suffolk; it might be in Yorkshire, where the Squeers set, for all their jargon, are not at home. The Yarmouth fisher folk are stage properties. Barring a few pieces of amazing verity, Dickens has no local truth. His London is a city of dreams. The glamour on his descriptions — are any more effective? — is what Ruskin, with a nice perversion of language, calls the pathetic fallacy. As the very watch of Uriah Heep has a "pale, inexpressive face," so in the haunting melancholy of the many broodings over Thames every physical detail is warped to the preconceived harmony.

In most of his characters, again, Dickens is even farther from realism. Yet it is uncritical to label them all grotesques. The truth of his best characterization seems none the less secure for not being truth of realism. That gallery of vague and vulgar heroines has yet the distinct and noble sketch of Agnes Wickfield. And not to insist on Betsey Trotwood, Micawber is what we agree to call a creation. Few men of fiction are more essentially human than that spring of hopeful grandiloquence. If the exposure of Heep is melodrama, what comedy is nearer humanity than Micawber's thrusting of the fork into his shirt front, when the untimely arrival of Littimer chilled the feast in David's chambers? That, indeed, is a scene of half-domestic conviviality, — and in the presentation of domestic happiness, as a bourgeois appanage including good cheer, the truth of Dickens has never been much contested; but to say that the Christmas stories are greater, therefore, than the novels is to proceed upon a false assumption. The stories are not superior in accuracy, in truth of detail. That kind of truth may be found here and there, in the novels as often as in the stories; but in either it is so far from being typical that it is obviously exceptional. What animates the Christmas stories is the feeling for good cheer, the feeling for homely joys, the feeling for homely pathos. And always the truth of Dickens is a sentimental truth. When, at his best, he realizes character, it is through imaginative grasp of feeling; when, in his inferior studies, he fails in character, it is through falsity of feeling. Mr. Peggotty's wandering search for his niece is a situation common enough on the provincial stage. In detail, in fact, it is false; but Dickens makes it pathetically true. The truth of Dickens, maintained with inalienable affection by the people that read novels, is truth of emotion.

This is bringing Dickens into great company: the company of Victor Hugo, the company — may her other friends be for a moment civil to the cockney intruder — of Charlotte Brontë. Find in Notre Dame a single piece of actuality. Yet the heart answers. And the two English novelists, essentially different in quality of emotion, are yet essen-

tially alike in that emotion defines the range of their powers. Beyond that they are both at fault. Dickens, indeed, had singular opportunities to know the facts of a certain limited range of life; but his presentation of facts even within that limited range is highly, sometimes falsely colored, and always devoted, as has been said often enough, to the extraordinary and the picturesque rather than to any consistent rendering of the normal. Charlotte Brontë knew the facts of life as little as any novelist that ever lived. No doubt she had common sense, and could conduct a household; none the less for that, her ignorance of the actual life of men and women is even ludicrous. Thus, far more than Dickens, but in the same manner, she prevails by imaginative grasp of emotion, as Victor Hugo prevails. Far more than Dickens; for she had not only less knowledge, but higher imagination. As if to point the distinction, she has no humor, whereas it is commonplace that Dickens is among the great humorists. It is in his humorous situations, eminently, that Dickens brings to bear such experience as he has; it is in her lack of humor, eminently, that Charlotte Brontë reveals the slightness of her hold on real life. There is the contrast; but it is a difference between geniuses essentially akin. The power of both is a poetic power. Charlotte Brontë's is a higher and especially purer poetry; but Charles Dickens, cockney or not, had his poetry, too.

Harvard College and the Atlantic.

Readers of this magazine have already had their attention called to Professor Barrett Wendell's noteworthy History of Literature in America. The book contains an entire chapter devoted to the Atlantic Monthly, and from another chapter, The Decline of New England, we quote a suggestive passage commenting upon the intimate relation which once existed between Harvard College and the magazine: —

"The men who started the North American Review, the later men who for a while expressed themselves in the Dial, and later still the men whose work was finally concentrated in the Atlantic Monthly had one point in common, which they shared with the orators, the scholars, and the Unitarians who flourished along with them. Almost all these men either had been educated at Harvard College, or else had early come under the influences of that oldest seat of American learning. How deeply coherent the Harvard spirit has always been may be felt by whoever will read that long series of occasional poems in which Dr. Holmes celebrated the history of the college and of the class of '29. Until Mr. Fields became editor of the Atlantic Monthly, then, the chief vehicles of literary expression in New England were controlled by men in whom this Harvard tradition was inbred. Though not a college man, Mr. Fields was in close and intimate sympathy with the college men of his day. The gentlemen who succeeded him in control of the Atlantic Monthly are still living, are eminent in contemporary letters, and are worthily respected and admired by whoever knows them, either personally or as authors. Neither of them, however, had chanced to have much to do with Harvard, nor had either, during his days of editorship, instinctive sympathy with Harvard character. For years, then, the New England youth who came to Harvard with literary aspiration found themselves at odds with the conscientious and admirable men of letters who controlled the chief organ of New England literature. The Atlantic Monthly ceased to understand the constituency from which its older contributors had been drawn; and Harvard College ceased perceptibly to affect the literature of New England."

Mr. Howells, who succeeded Mr. Fields in the editorship of the Atlantic, has reviewed Professor Wendell's book

in the April number of the North American Review. Our readers will be interested in his version of the familiar story of the founding of the Atlantic, and his impressions as to its relations with Harvard: —

"That periodical was imagined by Francis Underwood, the professional literary adviser of a successful publishing house, who had no conception of it as the avenue of Harvardized genius to the American public, or even as an outlet to the culture of New England, but who had an abiding faith in Lowell as the fittest man in the world to direct such a periodical. Lowell, as the first editor, divined that Holmes could do more than any man living to 'float the Atlantic,' and at his strong entreaty the Autocrat papers were written, and the Atlantic was floated. Lowell, if any one, characterized the magazine. He gave it literary conscience and human responsibility, and the best that his successive successors could do was to keep it true to his conception of its mission. Fields, whose generous love of letters and wide intelligence Professor Wendell does not overrate, could do no more than this, and he did no more. He left the Atlantic what he found it, and what it has since remained with marvelous constancy to the original impulse from Lowell's great nature and liberal mind. It is ludicrously mistaken to suppose that after Fields left the magazine it ceased to be in sympathy with Harvard. Fields had no special affinity with Harvard, and the young Harvard men — it is sufficient to name Mr. John Fiske alone — began writing for his successor in greater number than before, in proportion to their fitness or their willingness; if there was any change, it was because Harvard was becoming less literary, and the country at large more literary. The good things began to come from the West and the South and the middle states, and the editors took the good things wherever they came from."

Over a Copy of Keats.

I HAVE a Keats, — a thin book, whose flexible, dead leaf covers hold a slender stock of creamy, irregular pages sewn between; an alluring book, wherein the margins are of incredible width; a confidential book, whose leaves open to the heart, and stay open, you breakers-in after literature bound to the letter line, and held in hopeless durance within obdurate, Bastile walls of backs!

Furthermore, there are blank pages before and blank pages behind to the soul's content. I have sometimes endeavored to analyze the sense of pleasure afforded by the blank pages, prefacing and epilogizing the jewels between, but without success. Yet who so unappreciative as to deny that they do give pleasure, — yea, almost as much as the jewels, in some cases! Not in this instance, however, to return to the Keats which has been the companion of so many indolent strolls and inconsequential idlings in autumnal ways.

Sometimes it has but served to illustrate the half of an Emersonian quatrain, which runs in this wise: —

> "In my coat I bore a book:
> But seldom therein could I look,
> For I had so much to think —
> Heaven and earth to eat and drink."

True, the "coat" was apt to be an all-encompassing wrap, like to the falling leaves in hue, and the book scarcely remained unopened from superabundance of thought on my part; but in the main the quotation is applicable. There was the book, and therein I did not look. But there were days when I did, — days as dear, and spent none the less delightfully because dreamed away in company with the idlest brother that ever cast care to the four winds on the 21st of every June.

If one is artistic, and takes September walks with the reprehensible brother mentioned above, it gives a certain degree of satisfaction to know that he has hazel eyes to match the late sunlight, and

brown hair to match the late leaves; to observe that the smoke from his cigar seems an estray from the heliotrope wreaths of mist that float slowly above the circling hills; to feel that his tennis coat, with its bars of brown and tan, may be included in the same glance with the daffodil-lettered brown covers of the Keats. There! we are come to the Keats once more, and I am thinking of one especial day, a late September day. We had wandered up the slope into the cedars, and that day the slope slipped from sight as we descended the cedar hollow sleeping in the heart of the hill. Certain volumes were written to be read at certain seasons, under certain conditions. The poems of Keats were written to be read in the autumn, under cedars old as thought, — to be read where the yellow sunlight creeps and crouches in antique shifting shapes at the feet, where one remembers what one never could have known, and the memory obliterates the present tenses of life. Only then can one read with understanding. Was it reading, that day, or divination?

"Here," said the lounger at my side, his brown fingers turning a page to the Lamia, "we will rest under these trees, and you shall read this. I love to hear you read poetry."

One can be flattered into anything. Also, one can imagine anything — under the cedars.

"Ah, happy Lycius! — for she was a maid
More beautiful than ever twisted braid,
Or sigh'd, or blush'd, or on spring-flowered lea
Spread a green kirtle to the minstrelsy:
A virgin purest lipp'd, yet in the lore
Of love deep learned to the red heart's core:
. . . . . .
As though in Cupid's college she had spent
Sweet days a lovely graduate, still unshent,
And kept his rosy terms in idle languishment."

Here, looking up from the book, I perceived that the audience of one was not thinking of Lamia.

"Let a fellow be," said the audience, pulling his cap over his eyes, and blushing, though I had but looked. "There! turn to the evocation of the banquet room."

Do you who read remember the elfin magic of this passage? We are so used to attributing effects of this nature to Poe and Coleridge that we sometimes think them attained by no other poets. Lamia, after imploring Lycius to desist from his design of publicly proclaiming their union, makes ready the hall for the guests whose invitation prefaced her doom: —

"She set herself, high-thoughted, how to dress
The misery in fit magnificence.
She did so, but 't is doubtful how and whence
Came, and who were her subtle servitors.
About the halls, and to and from the doors,
There was a noise of wings, till in short space
The glowing banquet-room shone with wide-arched grace.
A haunting music, sole perhaps and lone
Supportress of the faery-roof, made moan
Throughout, as fearful the whole charm might fade."

"What a brute old Apollonius was, and is!" murmured the listener presently. . . . Our aimless hands met in turning the leaves. "The Odes?" . . . "The Sonnets?" "No, not yet. . . . Read this." We were suddenly sadder beneath the cedars, lingering long over the Isabella, content to softly echo the poet's subtilely mournful invocation: —

"O Melancholy, linger here awhile!
O Music, Music, breathe despondingly!
O Echo, Echo, from some sombre isle,
Unknown, Lethean, sigh to us — O sigh!"

"One could dream over that a year. . . . What comes next? Ah, Madeline asleep in lap of legends old. How Leigh Hunt raved about her! I did n't fall in love with her until I had utterly forgotten Leigh Hunt. And what next? The Odes."

We mused for the hundredth time over these poems, whose beauty not even popularity can mar, whose unspeakable charm not even that fatality can destroy, whose perfection no time can touch, whose exquisite sadness no joy can gainsay.

"Who shall say there is no genius, when a boy once lived who could write these!" cried my brother. "I have always thought how fortunate it was that Keats died young. Since the rhymes rung about his ears in youth, he had no need of longer life. How much better we love him than we love the poets who lived to become old! It is for what he leaves unsaid. 'It is not in mere death that men die most.' There are deaths and deaths. . . . How still it is!"

The pages fluttered once more. The violet mists, impalpable and encroaching, had come upon us as we loitered, softly blotting out the dim sunlight, lying like a shadow upon the leaf as we read aloud from the sonnet whose atmosphere of absolute quietude closed us in: —

"And calmest thoughts come round us; as, of leaves
Budding, — fruit ripening in stillness, — Autumn suns
Smiling at eve upon the quiet sheaves, —
Sweet Sappho's cheek, — a smiling infant's breath, —
The gradual sand that through an hour-glass runs, —
A woodland rivulet, — a Poet's death."

The last faint yellow rays from the mist-obscured sun distantly irradiated the beginnings of innumerable cedar colonnades up which a vague and unutterably saddening fragrance, as of burial flowers, floated finely to our senses.

We thought of the young poet face saved from the dead by the artist hand. We remembered the exquisite gentleness of the eternally closed lips; the womanish length of the dark lashes etched forever against the cheeks; the delicate, vexed brows drawn together for the last time over the intricate problem of life. . . . We bent above the shadowy page in silence.

A Breton Survival.

THERE is an element of pleasure in ignorance that it is sometimes an unkindness to attempt to take away. With the loss of ignorance goes the loss of satisfaction in making one's discovery for one's self. It would be difficult indeed, after experiencing it, to forget the exquisite surprise of coming suddenly upon one of the familiar customs of Brittany, and having its meaning and its historical association gradually dawn upon the mind. Brittany is full of an atmosphere of hoariness. Dolmens and menhirs, "lines" and tumuli, mark, of course, the far-off culminating point of her antiquity. But the rocks and even the vegetation seem here more rusted and time-worn than they do in other old provinces. The very broom that mingles everywhere its yellow blossoms with the pink of the heather smacks, to the imagination, of the centuries when it gave its name to the Plantagenets of England. Yet in spite of the vast age and awesomeness of the prehistoric remains, the attractiveness and interest of the architecture of the towns and churches, and the beauty of the scenery, there is nothing that fascinates the eye more at the time, or that fastens itself more tenderly in the memory afterwards, than the bit of battered shrub that hangs by a nail in the wall over the front door of every wayside inn or tavern.

It is true that the prevalence everywhere of this primitive signboard eloquently contradicts the proverb commonly attributed to our own greatest poet, who is quoted as saying that "good wine needs no bush." But it is with the axiom of the poet, and not with the custom of the country, that one finds one's self ready to fall out in rustic Brittany. It is impossible not to feel that the local advertisement of a host's good cheer is the most apposite that could be found. To realize its complete appropriateness, one must come upon a tavern where the bush over the doorway has been freshly renewed. Then it is easy to see what in the dried and shriveled state of the bunch may have escaped notice, namely, that it is of mistletoe. But the mistletoe in Brittany grows upon the *pommiers*, or apple trees; the pommiers give the fruit

for cider; cider is the drink of the country; it is to a cup of good, homely, home-made, familiar cider that the thirsty wayfarer is bidden to come and sit down. Could the chain of logic, even with the logical French disposition, be better sustained? And is it any wonder that, as one bowls along the hard, white, boardlike Breton roads, one is tempted, in passing an orchard, to keep an open eye for the curious green of the leaves of the shy parasite that feeds on the substance of the oldest of the gnarly, aged Breton apple trees?

Once in a while, though this is rare, there is to be seen swinging in the breeze, beside the ubiquitous tuft of *gui*, or mistletoe, still another bait hung out for the enticement of dry throats. This is, in shape and color, something like an old battered straw hat, though it has not the remotest kinship to the fascinating felt or muslin head covering of the Breton man or woman. Possibly an ingenious tourist may at once penetrate its identity and its significance. But there have been those who have been able to discover only by dint of questioning that the strange *affiche* is a beehive, and that its announcement is that a drink concocted of honey is sold on the premises. When the interpretation has been learned, the mead of our own Saxon forefathers flashes into recollection, and once more one enjoys the rare sensation of coming face to face with something that is part and parcel of a remote past.

The Breton peasant is not, even in modern France, the sole survivor in the old custom of advertising his wine by a bush. On turning a corner within a stone's throw of the stately Cathedral of St. Gatien, at Tours, one comes suddenly upon a large sapling of evergreen, which projects from over a barkeeper's front door halfway across the narrow street. It is by no means the only one of its kind in the elegant modernized little capital. By looking carefully along the vista of any of the narrower streets one is almost sure to catch a glimpse of a *bouchon de cabaret*, as it is technically called, though *bouchon* short and simple is its familiar designation. Sometimes the bouchon is a mere dried stick, sometimes it is a lively fresh evergreen; but always, in Tours, whatever its state of preservation, it is a bush of a goodly size, and of the fir species. The vintner who hangs it out does, unconsciously, more than offer to slake the thirst of a customer: he helps to appease the desire for the picturesque which, in a more or less insistent form, is chronic with the sightseer from overseas.

The choice of the bough of *sapin* by the publicans of Tours is not made from lack of a supply of mistletoe. Mistletoe in Touraine is as thick as blackberry bushes in New England. It has a more airy lodgment, in the branches of the tall poplar, and is always tantalizingly out of reach of the would-be possessor of a bit fresh from the limb. But there is not a poplar grove in the valleys of the Cher and the Loire that is not richly ornamented with the yellowish tufts of this mystic plant. Nor were its waxen berries lacking in England in the days when Rosalind was made to declare that "to good wine they do put good bushes." To Shakespeare, however, it was the "baleful mistletoe," which grew, not on the social, liberal apple tree, but in lonely solitudes, upon trees "forlorn and lean," a companion to the "nightly owl or fatal raven." Why the ivy should have seemed to his contemporaries a growth of genial omen is a point not clear to the uninstructed. But if scholarship and tradition are not at fault, it was a clump of this last-named evergreen that composed the bush at the vintner's door in Elizabethan England. It no doubt served its purpose excellently in catching the willing eye of the passer-by. To one traveler's mind, at least, they have made, nevertheless, a more poetical and more suggestive choice of a bush in the picturesque corner of

France that has been a fountain of so much happy inspiration to the painter and the novelist.

A Lady of the Past.

Times change, and so, apparently, do even such well-regulated objects as the heavenly bodies themselves.

There was a time — it was the day of our grandmothers — when the moon, regardless of the condition of the clouds or the season of the month, never failed "to turn night into day;" when lovers strolled abroad, or took seats upon balconies. It was then that harpstrings, swept by jeweled fingers, sounded "silver sweet" upon the jasmine-scented air; when voices, melting into melody, quivered and trembled through verses of Byron and Moore; when ladies, possessing necks "whose whiteness outrivaled their gowns," wore roses and jasmine in curls or braid; when gentlemen, existing but to play the part of suitors, stood ever ready, at the frown or smile of a lady, to put bullets through their own brains or through those of their rivals, with indiscriminate but always romantic devotion.

It was then that the Belle, a lady set apart from her sisters "by beauty and much admiration," played the game of hearts in city and town. Many are the traditions concerning her.

There was "the Magnolia Flower of the South," that lovely Alabama lady of whom Irving declared that such a woman exists but once in the course of an empire; there was the bewitchful E. M., pride of Gotham, about whose carriage thronged crowds, curious to catch but a glimpse of her loveliness; there was the ever famous "belle of Jackson's administration;" there was that Philadelphia matron, renowned as the Magnificent; there was the stately and radiant S. W., as illustrious among Kentucky's women as Clay among her men.

About the traditions of the Belle, about her very existence, there has ever lingered a glamour, a witchery, as subtile, as alluring, as the scent of her own favored jasmine.

There were her songs. We can see her now, seated in some dimly lighted parlor, her fingers lightly touching the strings of her harp, her bosom rising and falling in sentimental demand to her music. We wonder at the fullness of her skirts, at the languid grace of her movements, at her curls, "dark as the wing of the raven," "black as the robe of Night." And seeing her thus in her loveliness, we too, with the admiring gentlemen of the satin waistcoats and chin-touching stocks, lend attentive ear to the words of the song which, quivering in its struggle with emotion, trembles forth from the lovely throat of the singer: —

"We met, 't was in a crowd, and I thought he would shun me.
He came, I could not breathe, for his eye was upon me.
He spoke, his words were cold, and his smile was unaltered,
I knew how much he felt, for his deep-toned voice faltered.
I wore my bridal robe, and I rivalled its whiteness;
Bright gems were in my hair, — how I hated their brightness!
He called me by my name as the bride of another.
Oh, thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my mother!"

To-day the Belle has passed into oblivion. She is distinctly a lady of the past, and, as with Hamlet's father, we shall not look upon her like again. The moon, too, has become obedient to time, and is obliged, occasionally, to turn a dark face upon lovers. The harp is silent in other halls than in that of Tara, and the songs are remembered only by old ladies.

Meditating upon this lady of the past, reflecting upon her former autocracy, we are moved to speculate concerning the curious law which calls into existence distinct types of humanity only to banish them to the shades of oblivion with the changing of the conditions of society:

"the irksome brawling Scold;" "the light Coquette who sports and flutters in the fields of air;" that "man of dress," the Beau; the Euphuist; the famous French Précieuse; the Æsthete; and to-day, the Progressive Woman. Why, we ask, are a certain number of individuals so impressed by the spirit of an age as to be forced into bold relief as exponents of its abnormal tendencies, while, on the other hand, a much greater number pursue the eventless tenor of normal existence, unagitated by fads, unstirred by changing conditions?

Not long since, in a list of autograph letters advertised for sale in a New York newspaper, appeared mention of a note from "S. W., a noted Southern belle, requesting the editor of Harper's Bazar to deny the report of her marriage to the wealthy Mr. N." The price set upon this letter was one equal in value to that placed upon the autographs of the minor men of letters, and yet its sole source of value lay in the writer's one-time existence as a typical figure of a bygone society.

Wherein, we ask ourselves, lay the magic charm of this captivating Belle, and why, in spite of her once social power, has she become so distinctly a personage of the past?

It was not beauty alone which set apart the Belle. Nor, in all cases, was it birth, since local tradition hath more than one tale to tell of the elevation of some lovely Beggar Maid by an adoring King Cophetua. Nor was it alone charm, but haply a divine combination of many things, — beauty and tact and tolerance, with a flavor of assurance at times approaching the insolent, and that supremest of social gifts, graciousness, a possession too often denied a far higher type of woman. And the Belle understood the art of flattery. Of S. W. it was said that no man left her presence without being as much in love with himself as with her. Above all, the aim of the Belle was single.

Once it fell to my lot to share with one of these much-adored ladies — then past her grand climacteric — the re-reading of the letters of her youth. From their pages it was not difficult to discern that the life of the lady had been governed by one motive. Books on her head, board at her back, sunbonnet, veil, dancing master, harp practice, — all were but agents in a preparation for the future subjugation of man and a possibility of bellehood. In proof of their success there were the letters, each of their lines bespeaking his homage.

The energies of the Belle wasted themselves in no side issues, but concentrated in the inclination to enchant, to subdue. All her bewitchments, all her genius, all her aspirations, bent in a single direction, and divided not, as do those of her modern sister, upon clubs and colleges, reforms and rights.

When the ante-bellum civilization bowed its head, and the sun of those halcyon days "befo' de wahr" set forever, this all-powerful lady, this Queen of Yesterday, laid down her sceptre and vanished with the past. Is it not strange that so distinct a type, so regal a lady, has played no part in American fiction? She was a rare exotic of the social soil, nourished by romance, cherished by chivalry, in the mere conditions of her existence making an appeal to fiction.

We have met her, it is true, in those mild old stories of the once popular Sartain and Union magazines, those stories whose heroines were invariably belles, and always surpassingly lovely; but as a living, bewitchful, enrapturing woman, a very American Beatrix Esmond, the Belle yet has to appear in the pages of our novel.

Those who would consider her but a creature of the harp and jasmine should betake themselves to the Letters of Elizabeth Patterson, and there make discovery that beneath the personal attraction of at least one Belle there existed a power far more compelling than charm of fea-

ture or grace of manner. Madame Jerome Bonaparte, it will be found, possessed the social intellect, and so, perchance, did her sisters, the Belles.

To-day, woman, wearying of shadows in the glass, turns her eyes to Camelot. And there, apparently, she discovereth objects of interest other than Sir Lancelot. So the New Woman has become possible, the Belle is no more. Not the least interesting phase of the affair is that, through all the changes of the social horizon, the every-day woman lives peacefully and marries naturally, reigning in her home, and seeking but the homage of her household; existing in an even fashion, undisturbed by the vagaries of her more impressionable sisters, unaffected by conditions, unchanged by environment, never at any time an exponent of aught but the normal conditions of every-day existence. Truly, as Madame Bonaparte assured her father, "in mediocrity alone can be found happiness."

Pausing for a moment, may we not ask ourselves if, when all is said, it is not this same every-day woman who, after all, achieves most permanently the object of her less stable sister, the unswerving and ever willing homage of the individual called man?

Booker Washington and Benjamin Franklin.

HAS any one pointed out the singular parallel between the recently published autobiography of Booker Washington and the famous autobiography of Franklin? Some one commented the other day, it is true, upon the similarity between Mr. Washington's first arrival in Richmond, when he slept under a board sidewalk, and Franklin's walking the streets of Philadelphia with his rolls of bread under his arm. But the likeness of these two life records of great and useful Americans goes much further than such accidental coincidences.

Both men were born poor and had to make their way against social barriers, though the task of the tallow chandler's son was as nothing compared with that struggle against race antagonism which has always been the lot of the American negro. Both had boundless patience, tact, self-mastery. Both were shrewd and practical, with feet planted firmly on the ground. Each has magnified the humble virtues of health, prudence, thrift; and Booker Washington's homely gospel of the bath and the toothbrush has already reached more millions of people than ever endeavored, in our colonial days, to follow the maxims of "Poor Richard." Both men have exhibited a rare public spirit, and each has been recognized, in his day and generation, as one of his country's most distinguished citizens.

Their autobiographies are admirably written: Franklin's with superior ease, fluency, unction; Washington's with more *naïveté*, candor, warmth. Franklin's has long been a classic. We think it not unlikely that the story of Booker Washington's life will also become a classic; but whether it does or not, it has already proved itself something better than another classic, namely, an inspiration to an unfortunate race, — a book that by an irresistible compulsion teaches youth to live cleanly, to work honestly, to love one's neighbor, and to have that long patience which is another name for faith.

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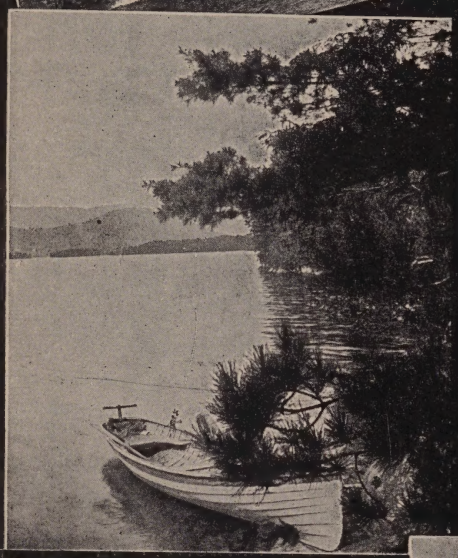

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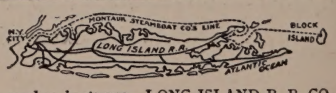

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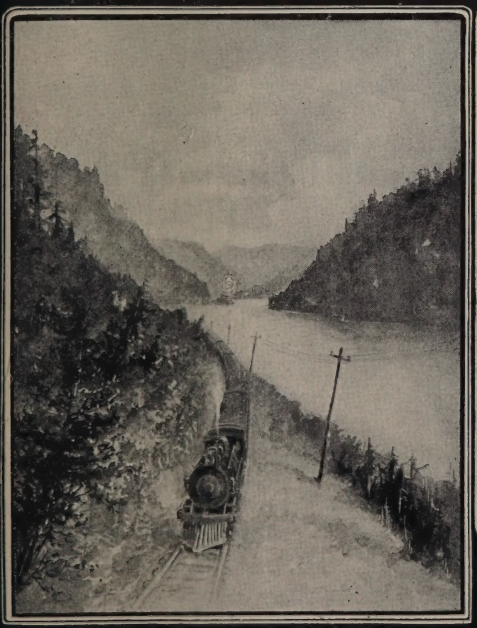

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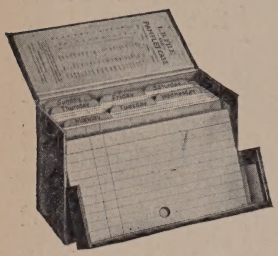

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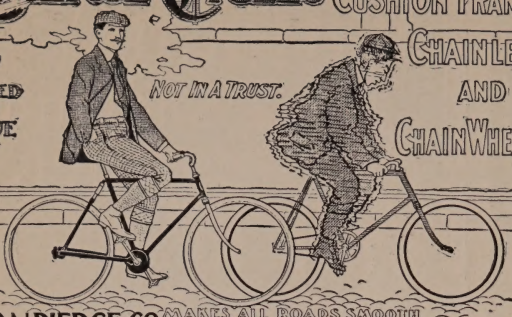

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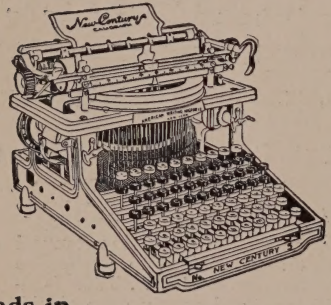

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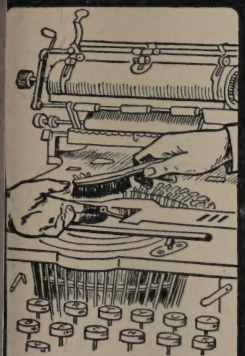

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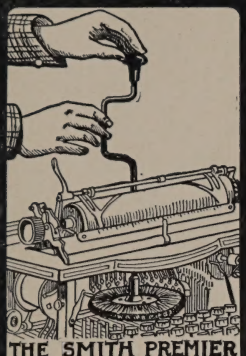

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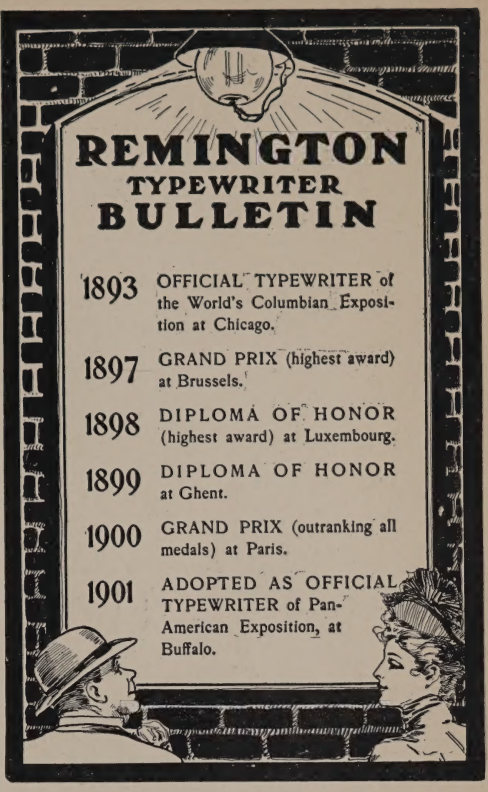
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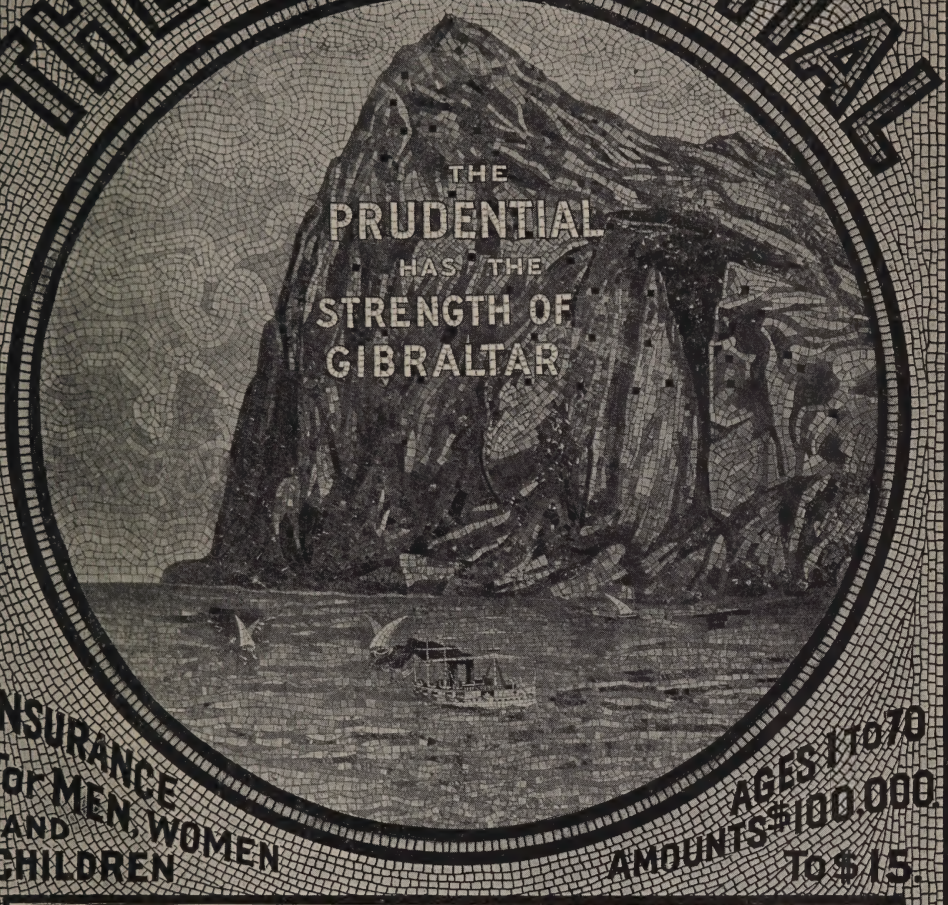

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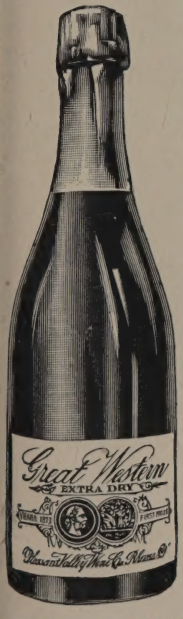

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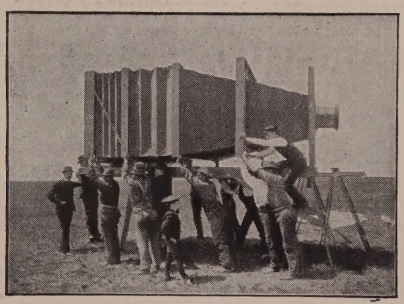

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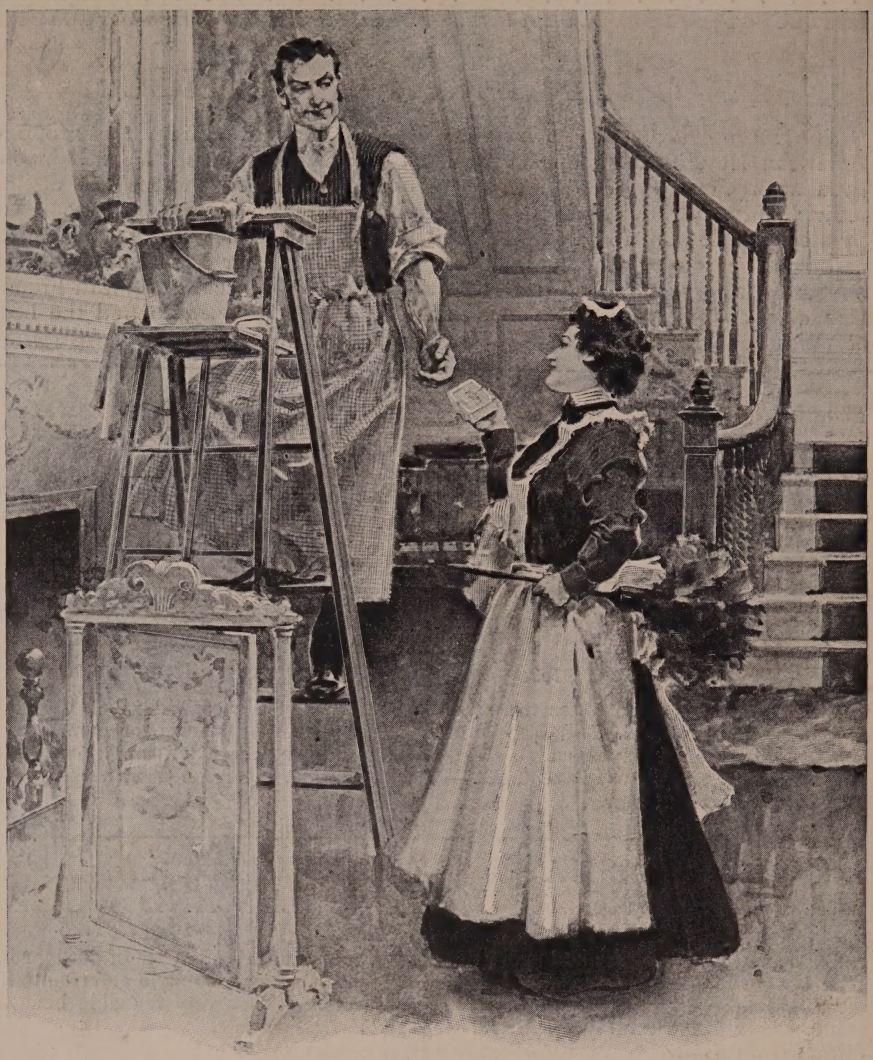

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